STANOLIND RECORD

Vol. 3 JANUARY 1922 No. 3

R. H. McELROY

PUBLISHED FOR THE EMPLOYEES
by the
STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(INDIANA)

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Indiana)

Board of Directors

R. W. Stewart, *Chairman*

W. M. Burton, *President*
H. S. Morton, *1st Vice-President*
W. E. Warwick, *2nd Vice-President, Gen'l. Mgr., Mfg.*
B. Parks, *3d Vice-President, Ass't. Gen'l. Mgr., Mfg.*
E. G. Seubert, *4th Vice-President, Secretary-Treasurer*
Allan Jackson, *5th Vice-President*

Plant Managers and Superintendents

WHITING

R. E. Humphreys, *Manager*
G. Cash, *Superintendent*
J. E. Evans, *Assistant Superintendent*
H. F. Glair, *Assistant Superintendent*

SUGAR CREEK

G. H. Moffett, *Manager*
H. R. Boehmer, *Superintendent*
F. W. Bruckmiller, *Assistant Superintendent*
J. W. Kelly, *Assistant Superintendent*

WOOD RIVER

C. B. Manbeck, *Manager*
S. A. Beach, *Superintendent*
F. J. Gainer, *Assistant Superintendent*

ROCKY MOUNTAIN DIVISION

Thomas S. Cooke, *Manager*

Casper, Plants No. 1 and 2
R. M. Andrus, *Manager*
A. E. Thompson, *Superintendent*

Greybull
B. L. Warren, *Superintendent*

Casper, Plant No. 3
L. A. Reed, *General Superintendent*

Laramie
J. F. Cullin, *Superintendent*

Industrial Relations Department

J. W. Curry, *Director*, Chicago, Ill.
E. H. Fisher, *Assistant Director*, Chicago, Ill.
C. W. Smith, *Director Safety Division*, Chicago, Ill.
W. N. Bercaw, *Assistant Director*, Whiting, Ind.
C. F. Hall, *Assistant Director*, Wood River, Ill.
A. S. Hurt, *Assistant Director*, Sugar Creek, Mo.
D. M. Lobdell, *Assistant Director*, Casper, Wyo.

Joint General Committees

WHITING

Employees' Representatives

Div. 1—Frank Eaton
Thos. McFadden
Div. 2—Harry Banahan
Albert Romstock
Div. 3—Thos. Hayes
Div. 4—William Fuller
Div. 5—John Bodick
Howard Deveney
Div. 6—Nick Scholl
Div. 7—A. E. Dimmock
Div. 8—Joseph F. Scher
Div. 9—James Griffith
Div. 10—D. J. Gallagher

Management's Representatives

T. S. Boyle
A. D. Buchanan
C. H. Daugherty
Wm. Haman
M. J. Hannon
J. C. Melvin
L. C. Moore
R. T. Myrick
Charles E. Patten
M. R. Schmidt
J. E. Spanier
F. W. Lau
P. O. Vandeveer

SUGAR CREEK

Employees' Representatives

Div. 1—Chas. Spahr
Div. 2—W. C. Wright
Div. 3—C. K. Bowles
Div. 4—Matt Delles
Div. 5—W. M. Decker
Div. 6—L. C. Howard

Management's Representatives

H. O. Eyssell
F. H. Frisby
A. O. Hodges
Frank G. Lee
H. B. McCoy
G. W. Thompson

WOOD RIVER

Employees' Representatives

Div. 1—J. F. Evans
Div. 2—G. W. Pilcher
Div. 3—J. W. Stephenson
Div. 4—Fred Emmel
Div. 5—William E. Kelly
Div. 6—Orland Hemphill

Management's Representatives

Wm. Bacheldor
John Flanagan
M. E. Hartwig
W. I. Jolley
C. M. Shook
L. L. Tuley

CASPER

Employees' Representatives

Div. 1—H. R. Manbeck
Div. 2—Tom McCoy
Earl A. Dowler
Div. 3—John McClellan, Jr.
Div. 4—F. T. Keegan
Div. 5—J. D. Critchfield
Div. 6—R. R. Rausch
H. W. Eberstein
Div. 7—Richard Lott
Div. 8—Paul M. Walker
Div. 9—Fred B. Southwell
Div. 10—Guy Corrick

Management's Representatives

Pitt Covert, Jr.
Wm. L. Emmill
A. V. Forbes
Frank Francis
J. R. Freeman
R. V. Heinze
E. Hirshfield
J. R. Luxom
C. P. Taylor
W. H. Tolhurst
C. J. Warner
R. E. Wood

STANOLIND
RECORD
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STANDARD OIL COMPANY
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A New Year is Come

To the Stanolind Family:

Another year, with its joys and its trials, with its rewards, and its sacrifices, has been embalmed in history. Alive now only in our memories, we envision it as a year of struggle, yet replete it is with achievement which we may contemplate with satisfaction.

From the record of your accomplishments I comprehend the extent of your endeavor; and from my heart I thank you. Nor am I unmindful of the sturdy loyalty you have shown in making the sacrifices necessary to the stability and well-being of the company we serve. May I, and the men who labor with me in administering its affairs, fail never to reciprocate that loyalty.

Today we stand expectant upon the threshold of another cycle. Secure in our trust in one another, and possessed of the will to do, gladly we greet the opportunity for mutual and public service which the dawning of the New Year proffers us.

May the next twelve months be for you a period of happiness and prosperity.

Robert W. Stewart.

Chairman of the Board of Directors

FIRE DRIVES HURON OFFICE INTO HOTEL

"Business as usual" was the slogan of the Huron office folks who on November 17th were driven into the street by fire. The fire broke out at 9:10 A. M. and at 10:45 the cashier's department was functioning as usual in temporary headquarters.

Actual damage by fire was very small so far as this company is concerned but it was necessary to move furniture and equipment into the street, as is shown by the accompanying photographs. The entire office force pitched into the job of salvaging company property and all should be highly commended for the work they did. In the above are shown some of the folks resting after their arduous labors; below, a scene four hours after the fire. The equipment was moved into the new Marvin Hughitt hotel, where temporary headquarters were established. Mr. John L. Carter came from Minneapolis to help us and Mr. Reed came from Sioux City. Huron wishes to thank both these gentlemen for their able assistance.

HATS OFF TO OUR TRAFFIC DEPARTMENT

It has made a record during 1921 of which every traffic department employee, and all those executives and field managers who have given such excellent cooperation, may well be proud. The traffic department, though small in number of employees as compared with the great manufacturing and sales divisions, is as important as either of them, for on its proper functioning depends the manner of their functioning.—EDITOR.

By R. H. McELROY, *Manager, Traffic Department*

STANDARD OIL COMPANY

(INDIANA)

The traffic department, as an important factor in connection with industrial enterprise, has, generally speaking, developed only within the past ten or twelve years. The situation as applied to the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), however, is somewhat different.

As far back as the early nineties the men responsible for the destinies of this company recognized the importance of having, as part of the organization, competent traffic or transportation managers. The traffic department of this company as it exists today is the normal outgrowth of that wise policy established when the company was comparatively in its infancy and transportation problems were simple as compared with the complex questions of today.

I think it can be said, without fear of contradiction, that any concern doing a shipping business in volume, finds, in net results, a traffic department employing competent men versed in transportation matters, a splendid investment.

The duties assigned to the traffic department are many and varied. It is charged with the responsibility of making certain that lawful charges only are paid for transportation, and it must, therefore, be in direct and constant touch with federal and state regulations pertaining to transportation, as well as railroad tariffs, rules and regulations governing freight charges, demurrage, storage, reconsigning, etc.

To accomplish this a tariff file comprising approximately 15,000 tariffs is maintained, which necessarily must be revised right up to the minute in accordance with changes which are made from day to day in such tariff rules and regulations.

In the assembling and transportation of fuel, raw material and supplies, the advice of the traffic department is of great value.

Its efforts in obtaining equipment for transportation of the company's products, and in speeding up the movements to their destinations, are important factors in the success of the business, and its ability to secure fair and reasonable adjustments of transportation rates and charges to and from the various refineries or shipping points, has a direct bearing on the success or failure of the company in the distribution of its products.

Quality and service are two of the many things which have made this company successful. Included in service is transportation, without which quality would be a small factor, considering the wide scope of this company's operations, covering, as it does, eleven states in the middle west and serving a population of something like 30,000,000, which is accomplished through the operation of approximately 4,000 bulk stations having permanent storage at each for refined oil and gasoline, and in many cases, for lubricating oil as well.

Approximately 10,000 tank cars, of 160-barrel average capacity each, are required, under normal conditions, to meet the requirements of the company's business. This equipment must necessarily be available at the time it is required, and considering the fact that this company at present maintains, either directly or through purchase contracts, facilities for bulk or tank

OTHER REASONS FOR MILWAUKEE'S FAME

Milwaukee, Wis., Dec. 1.—The above picture represents a few of the smiling female sex of the Milwaukee office who spent one evening of jollification at Miss Margaret Flood's home, the pride of the record department. Miss Flood sure knows how to entertain as everyone present had a wonderful time. Since this picture was taken our mail clerk, Miss Ehlert, complains that our mail is overloaded with personal correspondence.

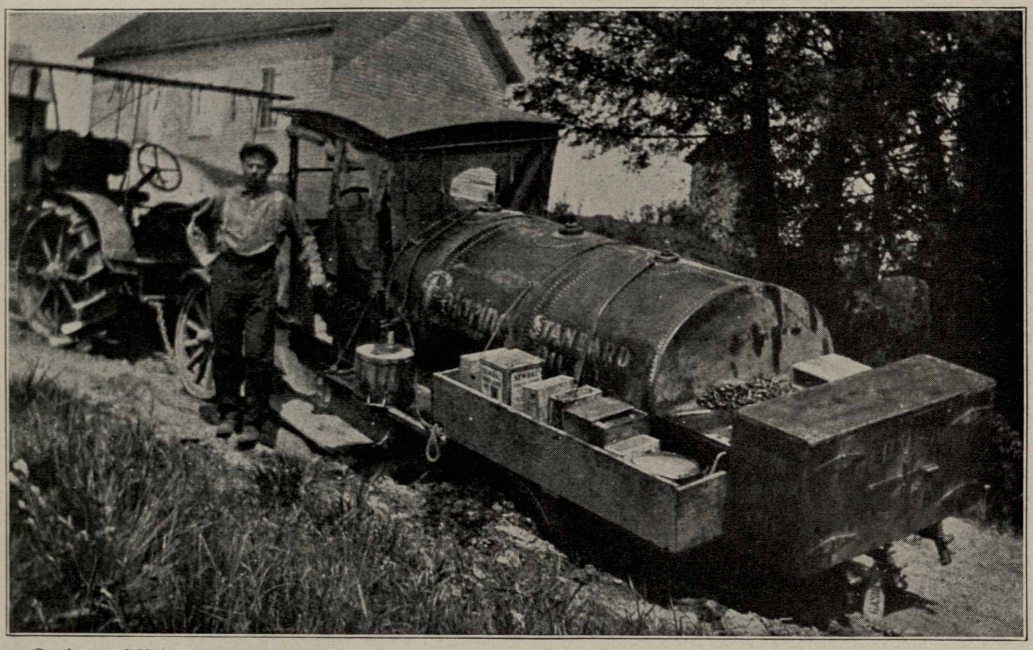
car loading at eleven points in eight different states, and having in mind also the different weather conditions prevailing at the same time in the various parts of the vast territory supplied, some conception will be gained of the problem involved in making the proper distribution of this equipment to meet the varying seasonal requirements and at the same time accomplish the transportation, for the benefit of the public, at the lowest possible freight cost.

In the course of a year there are shipped by this company about 150,000 to 175,000 tank cars of petroleum products; while miscellaneous shipments in railroad equipment, including inbound refinery material and supplies, approximate 90,000 cars bringing the total transportation volume up to between 250,000 and 275,000 cars. In addition to this, less than carload business is handled in considerable volume. In the course of the year, total freight bills amount approximately, to between $30,000,000 and $35,000,000.

It is not without some feeling of pride that reference is made to the record for the year 1921 up to the present time: During that period, and largely due to the support and cooperation received from executives and field managers, almost without exception no station has suffered from being out of stock, the exception being due to transportation failures such as wrecks, transfer of contents, and similar transportation difficulties.

The adjustment of claims, overcharge, loss and damage and personal injury, in

WE ALWAYS GET THERE SOMEHOW



Saginaw, Mich., December 1.—Recently our agent at Carsonville, Mich., D. H. Ward, received a call from one of his customers for Perfection for his tractor. Now, the roads around Carsonville are as much like a city pavement as a second-hand Ford is like a Cadillac, but a little thing like mud never stops a Standard Oil agent. Mr. Ward ended his trip in the customer's yard as shown in the accompanying picture. It was necessary to have the truck pulled out by the tractor, but the farmer got the Perfection.

which common carriers are involved, also comes under the work assigned to the traffic department, as well as assisting the refinery and sales organizations in arranging with transportation companies leases for locations on a reasonable basis, as well as necessary pipeline and sidetrack agreements.

In its relation with other departments of the company, the spirit of harmony and helpful cooperation are at all times evident and results obtained by consistently following out this policy reflect clearly the importance of team work in any large organization such as this, in the successful operation of which the services of several departments are required.

* * *

Patience—"How would you like to go for your honeymoon in an aeroplane?"

Patrice—"Not me—I should have to miss the tunnels."

* * *

She: "I saw you driving with a gentleman yesterday. He appeared to have only one arm."

Her: "Oh no; the other arm was around somewhere."

A DAMP GOOD EXCUSE

Huron, S. D., Dec. 1.—The following is an extract from a letter which we recently received from a customer who owes this company $12.21 for gasoline:

"In reply to yours of the 3rd in regard to the check I gave the Standard Oil Co. for $12.21. Will say that I got in a little trouble on account of having some moonshine in my possession and got a sentence of 30 days in the county jail. My time will be up the 12th. As soon as I get home I will send a draft to cover check. Trusting you can hold check until then,

Yours respectfully, etc.

"P. S.—Will send draft immediately I get home."

* * *

Mathematics Prof.: "Now, you understand, you cannot add quantities of different kinds. For example, what do you think you would get if you were to add apples and oranges?"

Society Youth: "Fruit salad."

CHAMPION PIE THROWER OF S. O. (INDIANA)

Peoria, Ill.—This picture, taken last summer, shows on the right Miss Jane Higgins, file clerk, Peoria office, for whom we claim the championship among the pie throwers of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana). She may not be able to throw a ball as straight as Anna Baumel of Whiting, but when it comes to hurling pies—oh, boy! Charlie Chaplin has nothing on her when it comes to making bull's eyes and no kinds of pie are barred; she is equally proficient with custard, mince or cocoanut custard.

IT'S SOME MAGAZINE!

Decatur, Ill., Dec. 1.—As an advertising medium the Record is "there" say Carrie Delaney and Rilla Peck, both having received letters from distant parts of the country as a result of the appearance in the November issue of the picture entitled "No, No, Not From Fiji But Decatur." One letter was from Florida, which is pretty close to the Fiji Islands, and it certainly is too bad that it is winter in Decatur at present, for we feel sure the editor of the Record would be swamped with "island photos" if it were the good old summer time.

* * *

"Everybody drowned, you say?" demanded Noah of his wife. "Too bad, too bad. And just when I've got the greatest menagerie on earth and in a position to take in a million." —*American Legion Weekly.*

TURKEY SHOOT

Whiting Works, Dec. 1.—Charles Patten, of the pipe house, won the turkey shoot held at Whiting park, Sunday, November 20, under the auspices of the Whiting S. O. A. A. Patten had twenty-six points. C. M. Ivy, of the barn, was second with twenty-five, and Julius Micklosy, of the can house, third with twenty-three. Forty-two contestants were entered. Shooting was done at a distance of 150 yards with 30-30 rifles. More of us might have hit the target if a very strong gale had not been blowing.—J. G. Taylor.

* * *

Contrib.—"You sit down on every joke I write."

Ed.—"Well, I wouldn't if there was any point to them."

—*The Christian Advocate (New York.)*

R. E. CLARKE, GENERAL AUDITOR —OTHER PROMOTIONS

Mr. R. E. Clarke, former auditor of the manufacturing department, on December 10 was appointed general auditor of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), according to an executive order issued on that date over the signature of Col. Robert W. Stewart, chairman of the Board of Directors. The same order notes the promotion of Mr. W. B. Haas to the position of auditor of the manufacturing department.

A second executive order of December 10 announces the following changes in the sales department:

Mr. T. B. Clifford, former assistant manager at South Bend, to manager at Decatur, Ill., to succeed Mr. H. F. Warren, retired.

Mr. John H. Budde, former district superintendent, Kansas City field, to assistant manager, Decatur field, succeeding Mr. W. A. Brown, transferred to other duties.

Mr. Ezra Warren, former district superintendent, South Bend field, to assistant manager at South Bend, Ind.

An announcement by Mr. E. G. Seubert, secretary-treasurer and fourth vice president, states that Mr. L. A. Reed, formerly of the Midwest Refining Company, who was named as general superintendent, plant No. 3, Casper, at the time the Midwest plant was consolidated with the Standard Oil plant at Casper, is no longer in the service of the company, and has been succeeded as general superintendent of plant No. 3 by Mr. M. G. Paulus, transferred from Whiting to Casper last year. Covers for this issue had been printed when the announcement was made so Mr. Paulus' name is not included in the list of executives of the Rocky Mountain division.

The Record also wishes to note an error in the spelling of the name of our superintendent at Laramie, as printed on the inside cover of this issue. It should be J. F. Cullen, not Cullin.

JOINT GENERAL COMMITTEE, WHITING, 1922

Top row, left to right: Chas. E. Patten, P. O. Vandeveer, Frank Eaton, Jas. E. Spanier, A. D. Buchanan; second row—Tom McFadden, James Griffith, Howard Deveney, J. C. Melvin, L. C. Moore; third row—M. J. Hannon, Thomas Hayes, F. W. Lau, John Bodick, M. R. Schmidt, Wm. Haman; fourth row—D. J. Gallagher, Wm. Fuller, T. S. Boyle, Harry Banahan, A. E. Dimmock, Albert Romstock, R. T. Myrick, Joseph Scher, C. H. Daugherty, Nick Scholl.

JOINT GENERAL COMMITTEE, WOOD RIVER, 1922

Lower row: Charles Shook, J. Flanagan, M. Hartwig, W. E. Kelly, J. Stephenson; center—L. L. Tuley, Orland Hemphill, F. Emmel, William Bacheldor; top—W. Irving Jolley, G. W. Pilcher, J. F. Evans.

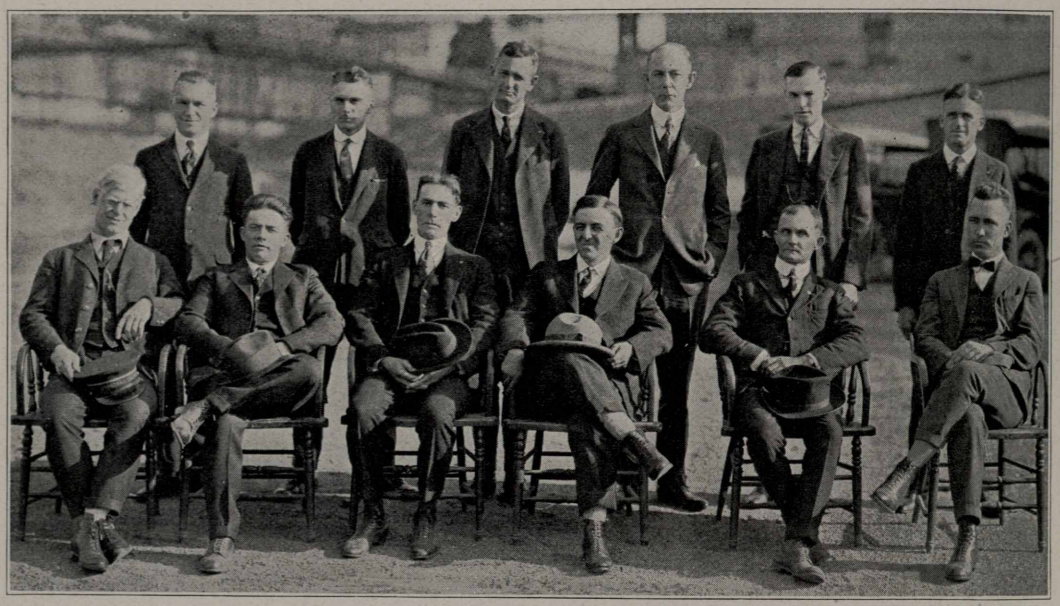
BOARD MEMBERS MEET NEW J. G. C. AT WHITING

In response to an invitation from the new Joint General Committee of the Whiting works, all members of the Board of Directors of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), together with the executives of the plant management, on the evening of Wednesday, November 23, attended a dinner and talk-fest held in the refinery lunchroom.

Since the Whiting meeting the Board has received invitations from the Joint General Committees of Wood River and Sugar Creek to visit those plants and meet with the new committees. The invitations have been accepted and while no dates have been set, it is understood the Board will go to those plants as soon as conditions permit. An invitation has also been received from Casper, and the Board hopes to be able to visit that plant also before the winter is over, though because of the great distance and the time required to make the trip, it is impossible at this time to indicate when the visit may be made.

Particularly significant at the Whiting meeting were the talks made by Tom Hayes and Albert Romstock, both employees' representatives. Mr. Hayes was a member of the first Joint General Committee of the

JOINT GENERAL COMMITTEE, SUGAR CREEK, 1922



Standing, left to right: H. O. Eyssell, A. O. Hodges, H. B. McCoy, G. W. Thompson, L. C. Howard, C. R. Spahr; seated—William Decker, W. C. Wright, F. H. Frisby, C. K. Bowles, Matt Delles, F. G. Lee

Whiting works, and served again in 1920. Last year he was not a member but was this year returned to represent Division 3.

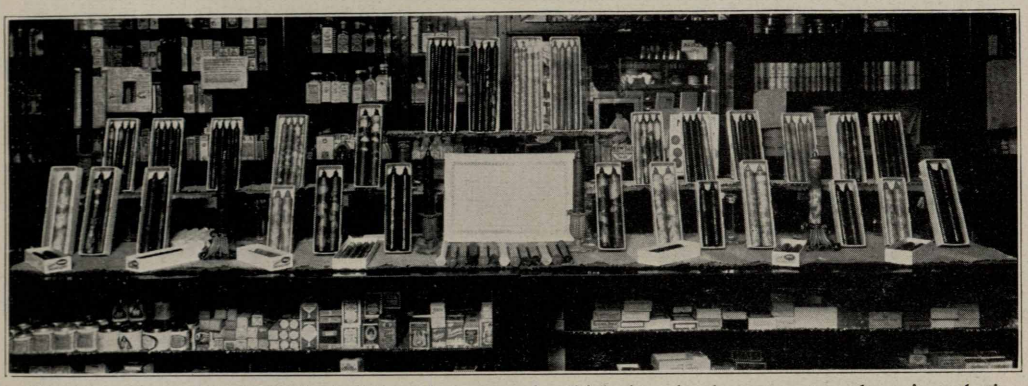
"No one appreciates more than I do what the Industrial Relations plan has accomplished at Whiting, and no one believes more than I do in its success in the future," said Mr. Hayes. "When the plan first went into effect back in 1919 there were not many people around the plant who thought very much of it. Some were suspicious of it, and a lot who weren't suspicious didn't see just what good it was going to do. Of course we had a lot of petitions, but if you'll look back you will see nearly all of them had to do with wages. The men on the plant didn't take up other things with their representatives.

"The attitude now is entirely different. Now, if the men want anything or if anything goes wrong, or they don't like something or other, they take it up with their representative and talk it over with him and if the employee has a good case we representatives bring it before the committee. Why, now if a man wants a new broom or has a toothache, he takes it up with his representative. That's the spirit we have here now, and that's the spirit we ought to have. And it shows that the plan has been a success and is going to be a greater success."

Directly addressing the members of the Board of Directors, Albert Romstock, elected to the Joint General Committee from the pressure stills, urged them so to conduct the business of the company, particularly in relation to the employees, that they would never have to ask for the loyalty of the employees, for loyalty would then come without its being asked.

"When I was in the army," said Mr. Romstock, "we had an officer in our outfit who was so square in everything he did that it was a common expression among us men that we 'would go to hell for him.' He never asked us for loyalty; he didn't have to. He treated us so that loyalty came without being asked. I want to ask you members of the Board of Directors so to conduct yourselves in dealing with us employees that we'll feel the same way towards you, that we'd be willing 'to go to hell for you,' so that you will never have to ask us to be

NO WONDER THE CANDLE FACTORY IS SWAMPED



The above, from Grand Rapids, indicates the manner in which the sales department got busy introducing our wonderful new Kalochrome candles to the public. This is a counter display in the window of West's drug store. There was also a window display in another store, ribbons and stickers being used to bring out the ten distinctive colors in which these candles are made up. Managers of both stores, after checking on their sales, testify to the efficacy of the displays.

loyal to you and the company. If you treat us that way, loyalty will then come without it ever being asked."

Colonel Robert W. Stewart, chairman of the Board of Directors, referred to Mr. Romstock's words when he was called upon to talk.

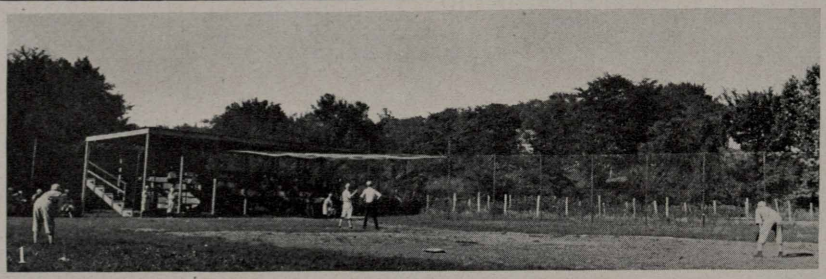
"I liked your speech, Mr. Romstock," said Col. Stewart. "I liked what you said, and I agree with you that it is our duty so to conduct ourselves that we will have the loyalty of the employees without having to ask for it. But I would have you go further; I would have you add to what you said, this: 'And let us, of the employees, so conduct ourselves towards the management and the company that the management will be loyal to us without our asking it; let us be so square and fair in dealing with the management that if it became necessary the management would go to hell for us.' What you said was fine, but you didn't go far enough. There must be fairness and square dealing on both sides. It must be 'fifty-fifty'."

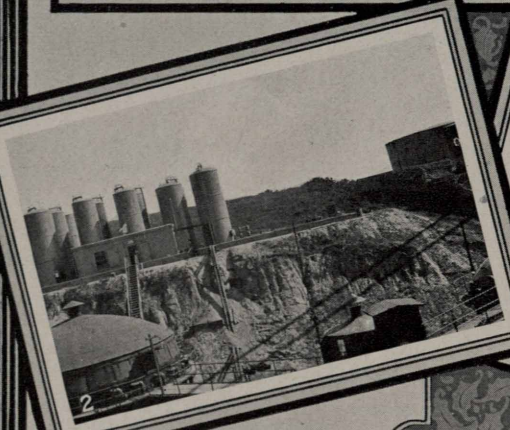
Colonel Stewart also reaffirmed the often announced determination of the Board of Directors that organized Industrial Relations shall remain a permanent fixture in the domestic affairs of this company.

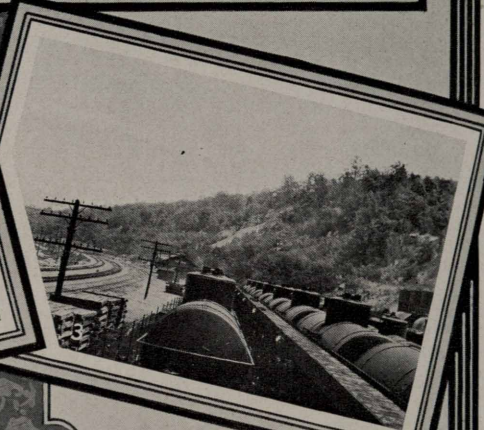
"It is here to stay," declared Colonel Stewart, "and there is no man, nor any group of men within this company, either in the plants or in the home office, either in the plant managements or in the Board of Directors itself, who has the power to stop it. For Industrial Relations has back of it the force of a great idea, and any man, or any group of men, who tries to withstand the impact of a great idea will be run over as by a Juggernaut car!"

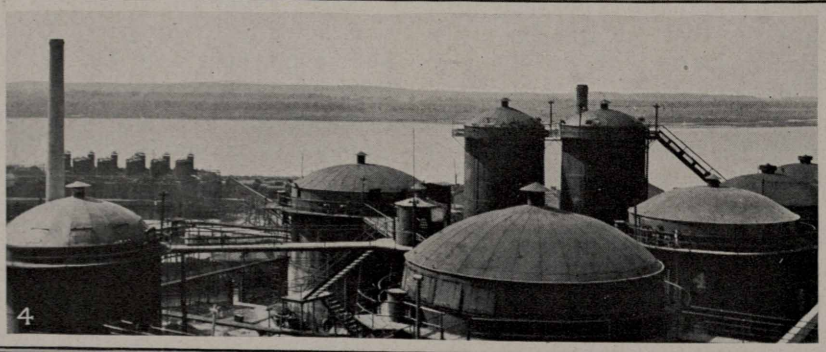
Harry Banahan, employees' representative, acted as toastmaster. Other speakers on the program were Dr. W. M. Burton, president of the company; Mr. W. E. Warwick, second vice president and general manager of manufacturing; Representative C. H. Daugherty; Dr. R. E. Humphreys, manager of the Whiting works, and Mr. J. W. Curry, director of industrial relations. Mr. H. S. Morton, Mr. B. Parks, Mr. Allan Jackson and Mr. E. G. Seubert, all members of the Board of Directors, were also called upon to speak, and all responded except Mr. E. G. Seubert, who had been called away from the meeting. Mr. Harry F. Glair, assistant superintendent of the Whiting works, was called upon both to speak and sing. Excellent music was furnished by an orchestra from the Whiting refinery band. The dinner itself consisted of turkey, cider, cranberries, et cetera, et cetera, and a vote of thanks was given to the ladies who prepared it.

In and About the Sugar Creek Refinery









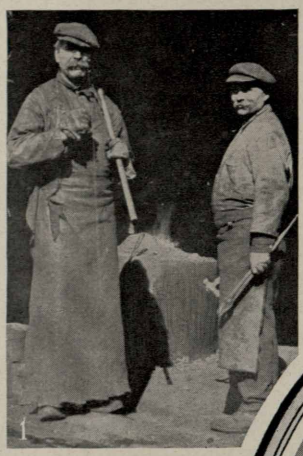
No. 1—The new Sugar Creek athletic field.

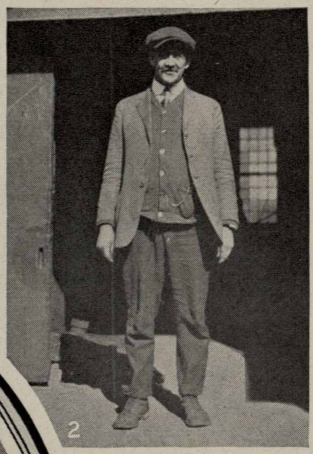
No. 2—New continuous treating plant agitators.

No. 3—Section of naphtha dumping racks.

No. 4—View across agitators and Missouri river into Clay county.

More Famous Folks from Sugar Creek, Mo.





No. 1—Mike Erickson, right, and Louis Varady, left. Mike is a blacksmith who came from Whiting to help build the Sugar Creek plant and has been with us ever since. Born in Finland he's a strong American. Louis was his helper when this photo was taken.

No. 2—George Hackett, general boilermakers' foreman, with company 36 years with no time lost on account of accidents. He is a strong advocate of Safety First.

No. 3—Matt Dellis, foreman in the boiler gang.

No. 4—Tom Hartigan, another boilershop foreman who came to Sugar Creek in 1909.

No. 5—The notorious Joe Bowers, boss of the naphtha dumping racks.

GREYBULL BECOMES INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS UNIT

Since December 9 the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) has had five instead of four joint general committees operating under the industrial relations plan. The new unit is that at the Greybull (Wyo.) refinery, which, by virtue of its consolidation with the old Midwest Refining Co. plant at that place, recently became large enough to support an industrial relations department.

Of the 398 qualified voters on the Greybull plant, 98.7 percent of those on duty on election day participated in the balloting. The deep interest indicated by the large number of voters participating in the plant's first election augurs favorably for the future success of the plan at that plant, especially as reports from there state that an exceptionally strong committee has been chosen.

Employees' representatives were elected as follows:

Division 1—J. J. Kelley, *chairman.*
Division 2—G. E. West.
Division 3—Roy Ludington, *secretary.*
Division 4—L. B. James, *vice chairman.*

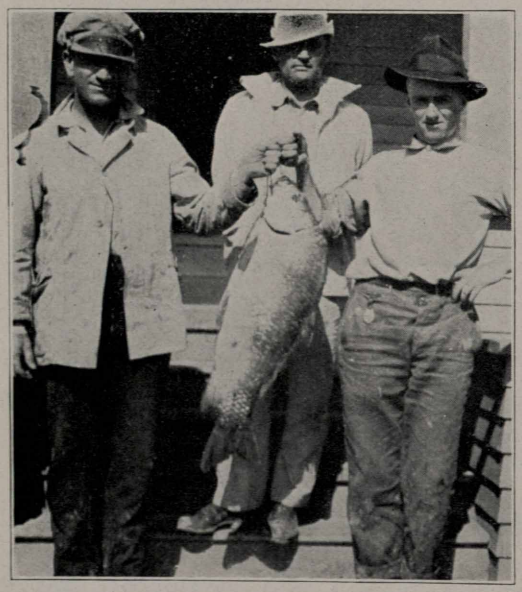
Management's representatives were appointed as follows:

Edmund B. Landers, *chairman.*
Troy Majors, *vice chairman.*
Le Roy Anchors.
L. E. Watson, *vice secretary.*

The Greybull J. G. C. held its first meeting on December 17. In addition to representatives, this was attended by Mr. T. S. Cooke, manager Rocky Mountain Division, Standard Oil Company (Indiana); Mr. J. W. Curry, director of industrial relations; Mr. D. M. Lobdell, assistant director, Casper; Mr. B. L. Warren and Mr. H. M. Lockard, executives of the Greybull management. Mr. L. A. Reed, former general superintendent of plant No. 3, Casper, who has now left the service of this company, was also at the meeting.

Mr. Curry and Mr. Lobdell outlined to the representatives the methods of transacting business used in the other plants, resulting in the naming of a committee on rules and procedure which was instructed to report at the next meeting. By the time this issue of the Record is in the hands of its readers, it is expected the Greybull committee will be functioning full blast.

SOME CAT!



Wood River Works.—This 22½ pound buffalo was caught in the Mississippi River by Doc Stocker, Crip Mitchell and Red Harrington. Equipment used: No. 8-0 hook on chalk line; bait, bough ball. During the struggle with the big cat, Red fell out of the boat so that Doc and Crip had the labor of landing two fish instead of one. Straws were drawn to see who would hold the fish before the camera and Mitch lost out. Can you beat it?

ADD NEW METHODS

Minneapolis, Minn., December 1.—The following was received at this office from E. L. Olson, of Morris:

"Standard Oil Company, Minneapolis, Gentlemen: Ticket No. 57226 to Andrew Norke. I exchanged this for a cow and as soon as he can bring in this cow the butcher here will buy same and I will remit for ticket which will be about the fourth of the month. Yours very truly, E. L. Olson."

* * *

1922 is here. Make the most of it.

ATTENTION KANSAS CITY AND JOLIET

St. Louis, Mo., December 1.—We suggest that the Kansas City folks, particularly those teams called the "Amazons", made up of their good looking young ladies, and the "Cossacks,' consisting of the male members, of course, always carefully read copies of the Stanolind Record, as from time to time there is shown therein articles of great importance with reference to various stations in the field.

On page 19 of the November issue we notice the Kansas City folks have thrown out their chest terribly to think of having sold 785 $10.00 coupon books and which they further say (so far as they have record) is the "largest sale put out by any office force and it is a record the entire Kansas City field is proud of."

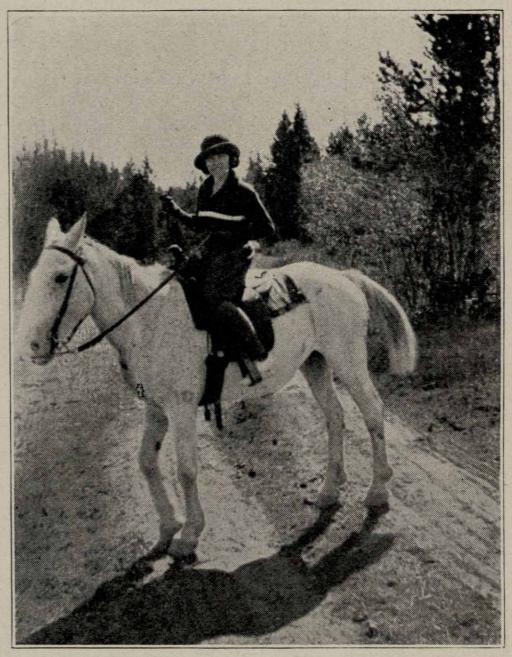
Now, we at St. Louis, are very modest to a certain extent and do not want to take any credit but what is due us, but when our office force sells a total of 1800 $10.00 coupon books, which is really the largest number sold by any division so far, after having carefully read every issue of the Record, we think that a wrong has been done. We wish they would refer to their files and peruse a copy of the August Record, on page 15, whereon is shown a report of our contest.

We really do not believe that the Kansas City folks want to take any credit which is not due them and consequently, the only conclusion we can come to is that they do not thoroughly observe the contents of each month's Record as one should. We sincerely trust, however, with this little reminder that their entire force will be able to peruse the August copy to which we refer in order to substantiate our statement.

HOME BREW

Thirteen correspondents, scattered over eleven states, last month sent in that recipe for Home Brew which begins: "Chase a wild bull frog umty miles, etc." As this recipe has already gained such widespread circulation, we decided its further advertisement was unnecessary.

NAPOLEON



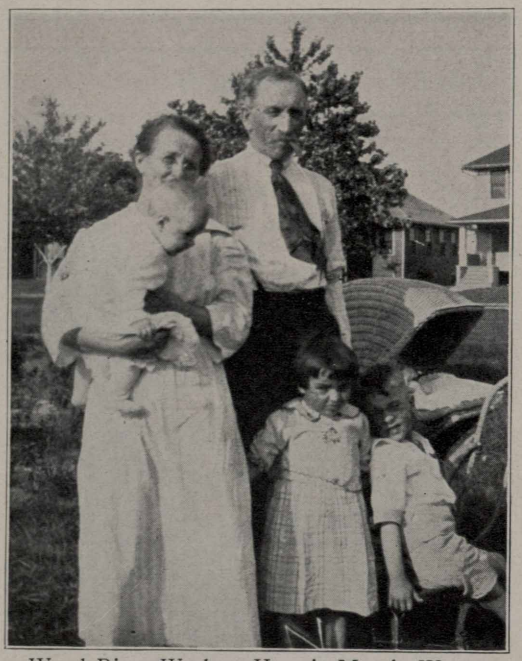
Casper, Wyo., Dec. 1.—The photo shows Mrs. Bangert, wife of M. C. Bangert, of the main office, on the road to the asbestos mine. You can readily see why she hankers for asbestos. She is riding her favorite steed, which she has named Napoleon, on account of his bony parts.

Oh, Napoleon, you are an awful horse!
Your head is wobbly, your legs are worse;
Your beauty will never earn you fame,
But you can get there just the same!

J. R. HALL DIES

South Bend, Ind.—In the death of Mr. John R. Hall, lubricating salesman in the South Bend field, which occurred at Indianapolis, October 22, we lost one of our most loyal and capable men. He was born November 1, 1857, and entered the employ of this company in March, 1903, and took up active work here when certain territory was assigned to this field from the Indianapolis division some years ago. His faithfulness in the performance of his duties, with his sterling loyalty to his company, were deep seated characteristics, nicely balanced by his sincere regard for the interests of his customers, and a desire to render them every possible service. Happiness and much service were his great love and he lived on the Sunny Side of the Hill. His passing has caused much mourning among his business associates, as well as his fellow employees.

DESCENDANTS OF GUS



Wood River Works.—Here is Mr. A. Wuestenfeld and his wife and three grandchildren.

WHO'LL HAVE THE DOUGH?

(With apologies to Walt Mason)

"Who gets the dough" is now the cry, and everybody says "Not I," you can't expect to save a cent when such large sums are charged for rent, our grocer digs us all the time—the clothing man commits a crime—why we just barely slide along—I guess you all well know this song. But why not stop and get a line on what 'twill be in five years' time if we now sluff off all our dough, what will we all then have to show for all our weary days of toil a digging for the STANDARD OIL. Isn't it about all true the trouble lies the most with you—can't you forego your pleasure bent and lay aside a set percent—not to hoard up in your sock but by purchase of a lot of stock, and when you save a dollar, laugh, the Company gives another half, and if you think this thing's not fair don't stand around and tear your hair and knock the guy who's acting wise and wants some money 'fore he dies for when the five year time is up you'll know then that you're in a rut, and you'll be yelling "times are hard" and kicking on the price of lard while Willie Wise will just set back and now and then will take a crack about his fine home on the hill and how he always eats his fill, while you remember with a sob you are dependent on a job. Take heed, you boys, of virgins old and stack away a bit of gold, the five wise ones that saved their oil and in the end were treated royal, while those who let their lights go out 'tis said that they were heard to shout about not getting their just due—don't let the same occur to you—if you in time don't want to rave, you must wade in and start to save.—*A. E. Hicks, Sugar Creek Works.*

HORSE PLAY—FUN

Held at Wood River Refinery Boiler House, September 26, 1921

The above head and the following statement are excerpts from the minutes of the Joint General Committee of the Wood River Works:

September 26, 1921, William A. Ewing, an employee of the Wood River refinery boiler house, died from the fact that some employees decided to have a good time.

In order to have a good time, compressed air, having a force of one hundred and twenty pounds pressure, was used. Remember, it was only joking, but during the joking the force of one hundred and twenty pounds was shot into the victim's body.

The rest of the story is an old one. After suffering untold misery, and after two operations at a local hospital had been performed, the employee who was the target of all the fun passed away. Today a widow and two children, aged three and five years, respectively, are left as a memorial to the good time that was had in the boiler house.

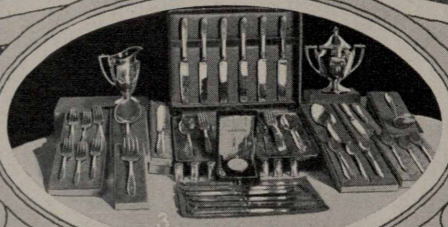
HERE'S THE POINT:

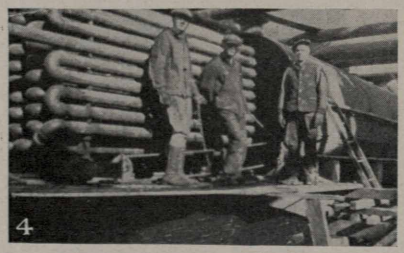
We do not wish to take a sledgehammer and a chisel in order to drive home into every employee's head that FOOLISHNESS, that HORSE PLAY, that TOMFOOLERY, are not a part of the day's work. THE UNSAFE EMPLOYEE MUST GO! USE YOUR HEAD.

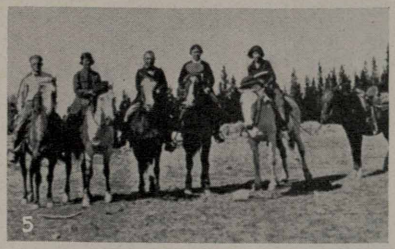
Little Ducklings of Michiganders

Detroit is one of the best of our sales divisions and this page proves it. No. 1: Henrietta McKee, age 16 months when this was taken, daughter of our tankwagon salesman out of Clay avenue plant; No. 2: James Barton, Jr., age 3, is son of our agent at Stockbridge, Mich., and is the youngest of seven children; No. 3: Lucille Wilma is the intriguing little daughter of Al Payne, route foreman at Bellevue avenue; No. 4: This bouncing boy is as good natured as his dad, Mr. Van Brook, of Bellevue avenue; No. 5: Little Mildred, age 2½, went with her daddy, William Gatlin, superintendent of the Clay avenue plant, to a show, and when a girl came out and danced and another came out and sang and danced, she cried: "Oh, good, that's what papa likes to see," so that the whole audience turned and looked at Bill.

Pictorial News of Casper Works

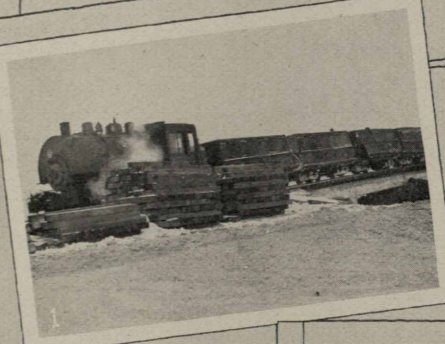


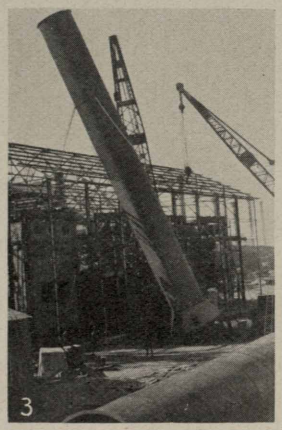


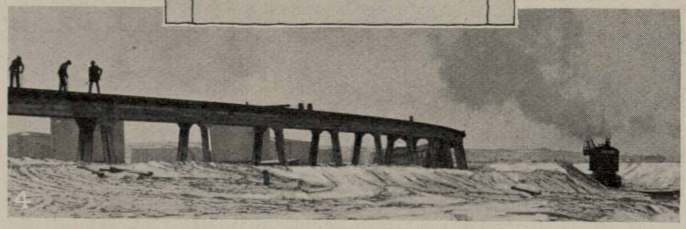


No. 1—Mrs. A. S. Hawley, wife of foreman of paint department, rustling meat for Hawley family; No. 2—Cecil Stinson had buck ague so bad his aim covered most of the universe so he couldn't miss this poor elk; No. 3—silver service, gold watch, chain and charm presented to Emil Hirshfeld, former master mechanic of Casper works, who resigned to enter business for himself; No. 4—Sailor Jack's gang putting his baby to bed, said baby being one end of tar heat exchanger, coils containing about 1,200 feet of 4-inch pipe, 180 fittings, whole weighing about seven tons, and should be leak-proof, every joint being tested with compressed air; No. 5—part of main office force enjoying outing on top of Casper mountains.

Pictorial News of Casper Works







No. 1—"Little Eva" on her way to coke dump with string of cars to be unloaded; No. 2 and No. 3—Erecting steel smokestacks at No. 2 boiler house, using company cranes; No. 4—Charlie Warnock and his gang finishing trestle for unloading coke cars. Cars are loaded from stills and pulled across river over Ead's bridge to trestle, where they are dumped.

A BUNCH OF HOOSIER FIXERS

South Bend, Ind., Dec. 1.—Personnel of South Bend repair shop, reading from left to right, top row: M. Hall, Geo. Ek, J. Graykowski, W. E. Stanley, G. F. Altice, O. Potts, R. Lydick, C. Emmons and G. Vosbury; bottom row: L. Kovatch and J. Bliss.

HORSESHOES

Whiting Works, Dec. 1.—The old time sports are again in vogue. So much interest was manifested in horseshoe pitching this fall that the athletic association placed it among the sporting events and appointed a committee to look after some contests. We have just completed a tournament in which any department could be represented in both doubles and singles. Sorry to say a few departments got their names in too late to get a chance at the prizes. The pitching was done chiefly during the noon hours. Whenever you saw a crowd out in the open or between buildings or tanks at such a time you could be sure that a game was on and that both sides had their followers.

Sixteen departments entered teams: Welding shop, machine shop, acid works, salvage yard, pipe shop, clean-up department, laboratory, barrel house, can house, buffalo side, grease works, filter plant, garage, employment bureau, steam engineering department and main office.

The final game was played off between the main office and the welding shop Saturday afternoon November 12. The welders won the doubles but Ray Whitmer of the main office won the singles. The "singles" was probably the more exciting game for Walter Beach of the welders is widely known over the plant for the number of ringers he can throw. Scores for the finals are as follows:

DOUBLES

Welders:		Main Office:	
Walter Beach		Ray Whitmer	
Louis Kasper		Oliver Bartels	
First Game	21	First Game	14
Second Game	20	Second Game	21
Third Game	21	Third Game	15

SINGLES

Welders,		Main Office,	
Walter Beach		Ray Whitmer	
First Game	3	First Game	21
Second Game	21	Second Game	9
Third Game	9	Third Game	21

The tournament was such a success that we are planning a more extensive one next spring. The Whiting boys think they have the best horseshoe pitchers around.

Violent Sports at Whiting Refinery

News of the Grand Tournament will be found on the opposite page. Here we have: No. 1—Walter Beach and Louis Kasper, welding shop team; No. 2—Oliver Bartells and Ray Whitmer, main office; No. 3—Andy Oliver, foreman, welding department, rabid fan; No. 4—Bill Graf, also in action; No. 5—Stenhouse in action.

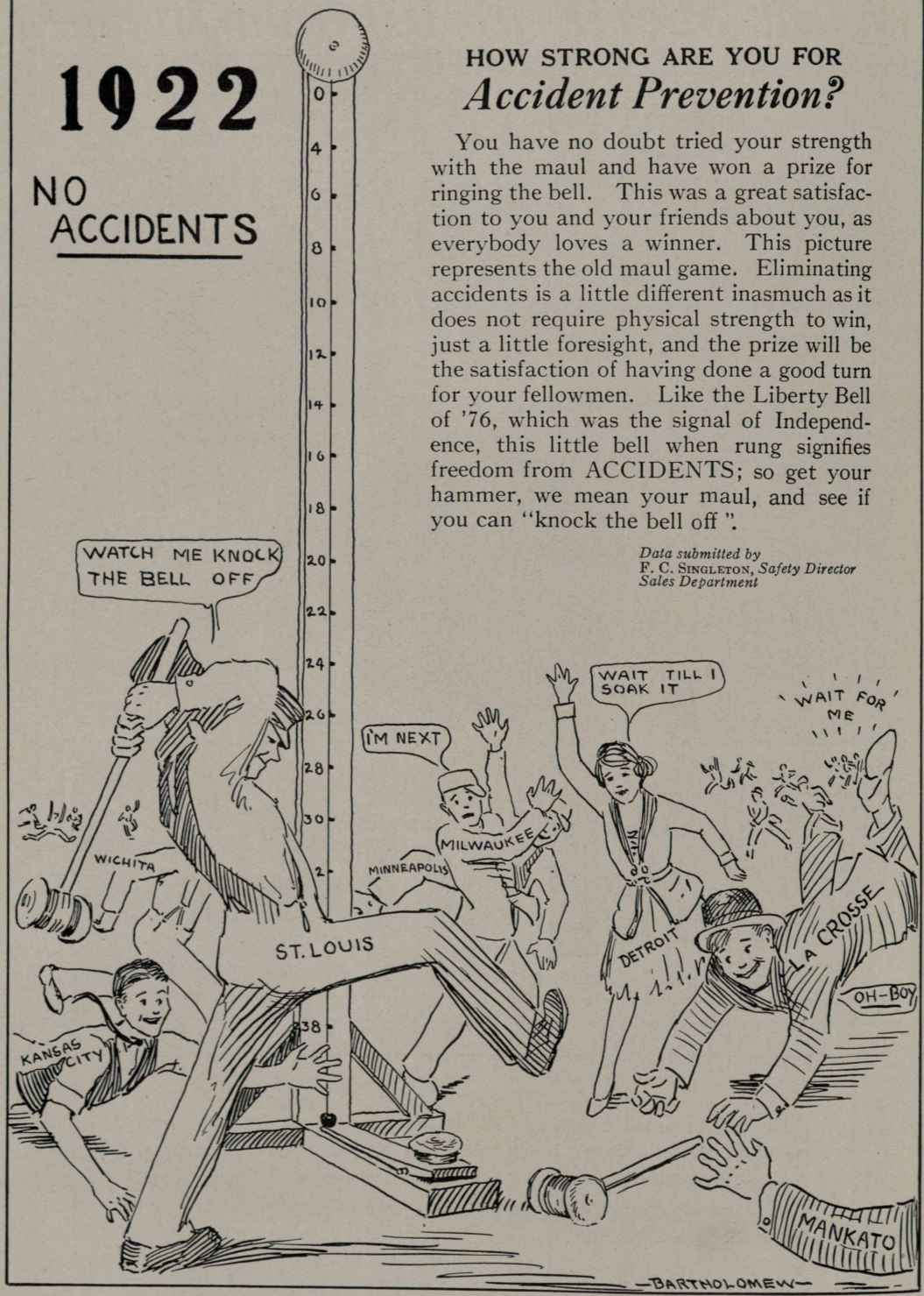
1922

NO ACCIDENTS

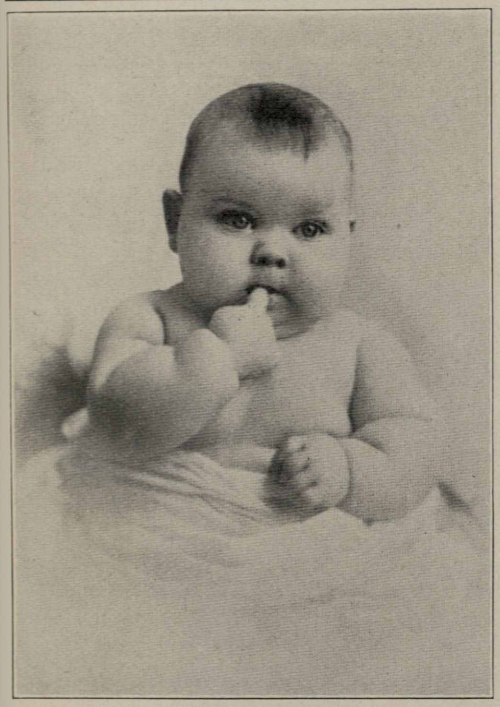
HOW STRONG ARE YOU FOR *Accident Prevention?*

You have no doubt tried your strength with the maul and have won a prize for ringing the bell. This was a great satisfaction to you and your friends about you, as everybody loves a winner. This picture represents the old maul game. Eliminating accidents is a little different inasmuch as it does not require physical strength to win, just a little foresight, and the prize will be the satisfaction of having done a good turn for your fellowmen. Like the Liberty Bell of '76, which was the signal of Independence, this little bell when rung signifies freedom from ACCIDENTS; so get your hammer, we mean your maul, and see if you can "knock the bell off".

Data submitted by
F. C. Singleton, *Safety Director*
Sales Department



HONEST, IT'S TRUE!



She is only nine months old and she weighs fifty-two pounds. Her name is Miss Elaine Osborn and she is the daughter of H. J. Osborn, tankwagon driver at Centralia, Ill., Decatur division. Decatur tells us the reason Friend Osborn works so hard selling the full line is that he is afraid if he doesn't Miss Elaine may land on him when he gets home.

186 ACCIDENTS

One hundred and eighty-six accidents, including 99 cases of personal injury and 87 cases of property damage, occurred in the sales department organization of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) during the month of October, according to the report of F. C. Singleton, safety director, sales department. In addition there were 41 accidents, in which Standard Oil employees or property suffered, but which were caused by persons not connected with the company.

St. Joseph in the Western division and Huron in the Northern led the field for October with perfect scores, while Detroit was low with 935, followed by Indianapolis with 940 and LaCrosse with 955. The Western division had the best division record with a score of 975 against 972 for the Northern division and 969 for Eastern. Safety record for October follows:

Territory	*Accidents*	*Standing*
WESTERN DIVISION		
St. Joseph	0	1000
Davenport	1	993
Keokuk	4	986
Des Moines	8	982
Wichita	5	978
Kansas City	12	972
St. Louis	9	964
Chicago	24	964
NORTHERN DIVISION		
Huron	0	1000
Sioux City	1	990
Mankato	1	990
Duluth	7	972
Fargo	8	968
Minneapolis	11	961
Milwaukee	13	961
LaCrosse	5	955
EASTERN DIVISION		
Decatur	1	994
Quincy	1	990
South Bend	5	980
Evansville	6	976
Peoria	4	976
Saginaw	6	970
Joliet	6	970
Grand Rapids	7	970
Indianapolis	15	940
Detroit	26	935

DIRTY FACES

Financial condition of the Whiting Mutual Benefit Association, November 1, 1921, as reported by Secretary W. O. Walker:

Balance in all funds October 1st, 1921	$15,430.79
Receipts	788.51
	16,219.30
Disbursements	367.00
Balance in all funds November 1st, 1921	15,852.30
The above is invested as follows:	
Liberty Bonds	$ 4,000.00
Whiting Savings & Loan Association	5,150.00
Saving Account—Bank of Whiting	5,461.53
War Saving Stamps	361.86
Checking Account	878.91
Balance in all funds November 1st, 1921	$15,852.30

* * *

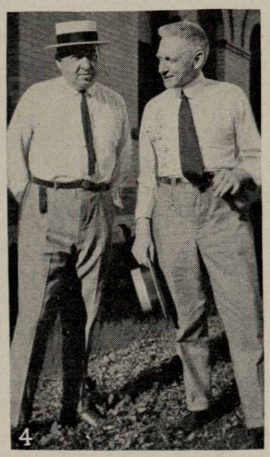
"Marry me?" he pleaded
Her answer—"If you dance!"
With one-step, he was by her side
And so she took a chance.

—*Dance Review.*

Familiar Figures of Fargo Field

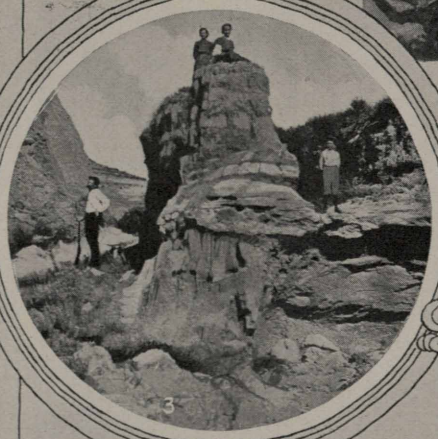
No. 1—left to right, top row: Station Examiner L. R. Daughenbough, Stock Clerk P. C. Kramer, General Clerk K. E. Burleigh, Head Station Examiner H. S. Westmiller, Assistant Stock Clerk Fred Tucker and Station Examiners E. H. Ericson, H. J. Worsley, H. G. Bergh, W. P. Fay; lower row: J. W. Peterson, L. H. Alexander, J. N. Schlagel, station examiners, and Chief Clerk A. E. Asleson. No. 2—Warehousemen, top row: P. Yates, A. Miester, A. McDonald, L. Veitz, A. V. Clark, F. Witt, John Parker; lower row: F. Heaton, E. Husen, F. Bogenrief, Martin Johnson, Ed. Rick. No. 3—Alex McDonald, warehouse; we'll back Mack from our bankroll to our B. V. D's against anyone when it comes to painting iron barrels. No. 4—Ewald, Jr., who keeps office supplied with Saturday Evening Posts.

Some Real Famous Folks of Fargo



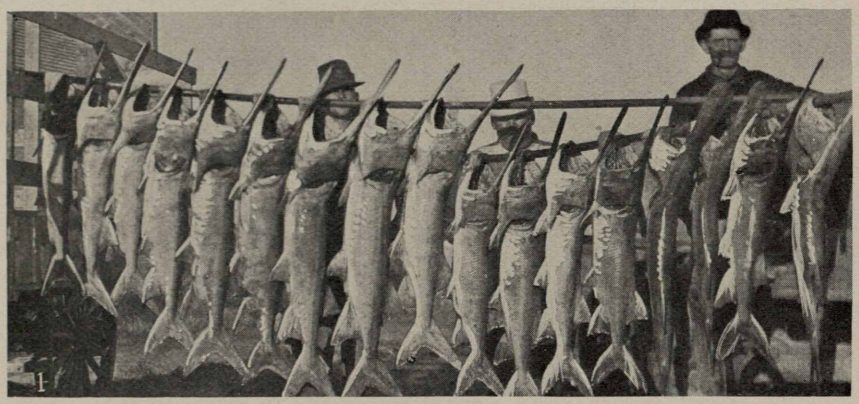
No. 1—The "Nelson family"; they seem to be all here but the admiral; left to right: Sybl Nelson, Alvina Nelson, Mr. Nelson, Emma Nelson, Mrs. Martha Nelson and Florence Nelson. No. 2—Wife of C. A. Steiner, and twin daughters, Margaurite and Maurine. No. 3—Homer Sands and Shorty Valline. No. 4—Fargo answers Peoria's challenge to show a handsomer pair; look at F. I. Packard, our manager, and P. A. Raupagh, assistant manager, and fade away, Peoria!

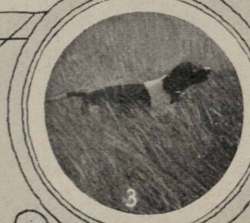
Popular Pastimes in Fargo Division



No. 1—Our Mr. B. E. Brancht, agent at Crosby, N. D., right in the above has a good day with the gun. No. 2—Chief Clerk Carnine, Fargo, and fish that somebody caught. No. 3—One would hardly believe Red Crown is used in the heart of these Bad Lands northeast of Buford, N. D., but our Standard Oil boys of the Red River valley will tell the world it is. No. 4—Also submitted by Mr. Carnine; we'll say he's good.

Popular Pastimes in Fargo Division





No. 1—"There used to be good perch fishing off the Standard Oil pier at Whiting but I wonder how Charlie Manbeck, Bo Andrus and Fitzgerald would like to visit the old location of Ft. Buford, Williston, N. D., and try their luck?" writes W. B. Sherman, who sends in this picture of a day's catch at that place. No. 2—In the center, Mr. Burleigh, general clerk, Fargo, and Fred Tucker, stock department. No. 3—Fred Tucker's dog holding covey of chickens. No. 4—Jack Synder, after his most successful dear hunt; Mrs. Jack also works in the Fargo office.

Does Anyone Know The Fare To Fargo?

1

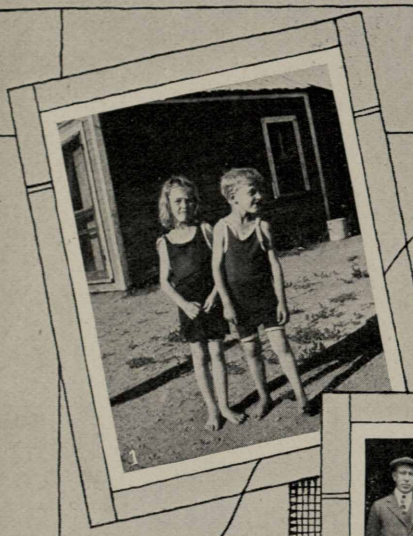
2

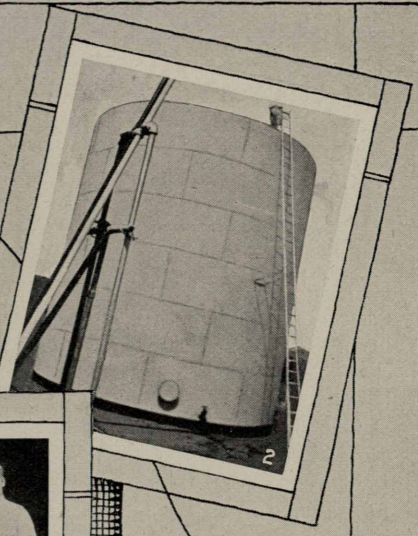
3

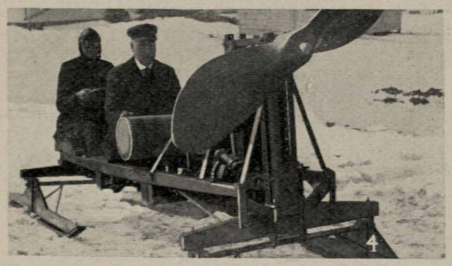
4

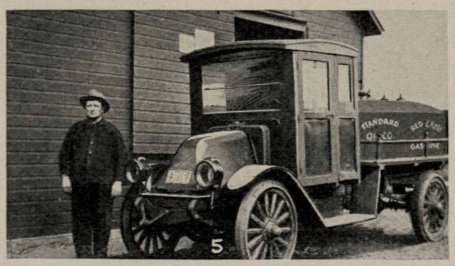
No. 1—Galoshes, spats and woolen ones seem to vie for favor among the fair misses of Fargo, who here are, left to right, back row: Ascha Henderson, Frances Green, Marvyl Larson, Helen McComb, Ada Anderson; front row: Ruth Percy, Margaret Cruickshank, Mary Dunn and Ann Wynand. No. 2—Miss Thelma Hagen. No. 3—Kinda late for bathing beauties but better late than never are Margaret Cruickshank, Marvyl Larson and Mary Dwyer, who sure does shoot a wicked wink. No. 4—Miss Sanda Johnson, letting her umbrella tell her story.

Scenes in The Field, Fargo Division









No. 1—Katie and Charlie Toliver of Bismarck, who are proud of their dad and the company he works for. No. 2—Mrs. Carl Toliver, wife of our "lub" man at Bismarck, N D., the first woman to reach the top of the big new tank erected last spring. No. 3—Dist. Supt. H. H. Hathaway, J. J. Mueller, agent at Mahnomen, Minn., and Salesman Ebelloft. No. 4—When snow ties up the autos this is the way Red Crown is consumed in North Dakota; picture submitted by our Mr. W. B. Sherman showing Mr. Peter Moe, Watford City, N. D., about to go out for a spin. No. 5—George W. Wright, agent at Halliday, N. D.

WE HAVE A FAST WORKER AT WYANDOTTE

Detroit, Mich., Dec. 1.—Fred Moore, agent at Wyandotte, with his Reo truck and 350 gallon tank, put out 4,200 gallons of oil and gasoline from 6 A. M. to 7 P. M. one day recently. We claim that is a good record.

SPEED AT ABERDEEN

Huron, S. D., Dec. 1.—In the construction of our new plant at Aberdeen—a cyclone destroyed the old one, you may recall—our construction crew made the following record: Four 4-compartment lubricating tanks, 10½ by 32, were unloaded from the flat cars and mounted on tank foundations in the tank house in 2 hours and 30 minutes. We believe this is a record that is hard to beat.—A. H. Dodsley, manager, Huron. (Aberdeen? Oh, yes, isn't that where that bird Pat Ryan, who is going to clean up the whole Stanolind Record, hangs out? Atta boy, Pat!).

* * *

Shopper: "I want to get something for my husband. He plays golf."

Shopman: "How about a new club?"

Shopper: "Oh, no, he belongs to three already, but won't you let me see your stock of caddies. My husband told me the other night he wished he had a good one."

* * *

Jessie: Bill swears awfully.

James (absent-mindedly): Yes, I can do better myself.—*Notre Dame Juggler.*

THE PRESENT NEED

The crying need of the universe,
To make all things go right,
Is not an idle careless bunch,
Or modern parasite.
What peace we now enjoy
Came not by luck or chance,
But by thinking true,
And laboring, too
We see the world advance.

Let him who deals with great affairs
And him who toils in less degree
Labor united hand in hand,
Willing, just, and free,
This will help the good man's cause
And shake that "Son of a gun"
Who idly walks in error's way,
And creates strife from day to day,
The unproductive *one.*

A. A. Yates,
Sugar Creek Works.

* * *

It's 1922! Let's Go!

AND MARINELLA RUNS A BEAUTY SHOP!

South Bend, Ind., Dec. 1.—Caught at meeting of E. P. Warren's salesmen and agents, LaFayette, Ind., South Bend division, on October 24. "Learning is Earning"—their motto. Seated, left to right: E. P. Warren, district superintendent; J. M. Hatch, sales manager; R. B. Michaels, agent, Logansport; B. V. Force, salesman. Standing: F. X. Schubert, salesman; R. W. Carington, division engineer; W. J. Kuhnle, agent, LaFayette; D. H. Campbell, salesman; Grant Maddox, agent, Kokomo; George W. Schilling, salesman; H. A. Osterling, special tank wagon driver; Q. A. Jones, salesman; A. G. Newell, salesman; B. C. Harris, special service station attendant. (The background probably tells the secret, folks, of those beautiful marcels. Suppose they all had a manicure, too?—Ed.)

GOOD WORK, VAN

The following newspaper clipping from the Detroit Free Press is proof that old Diogenes would not have been so unsuccessful in his search for an honest man if he had paged the ranks of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) workers:

"H. J. Jennings, of St. Louis, Mo., reads the Detroit crime news when he visits this city, but still he is convinced there is at least one honest man in the city. He lost his wallet, containing $301, Saturday night, and recovered it Sunday.

"Jennings said he visited the Standard Oil station at Fernwood and Grand River avenues, Saturday night, and, while paying for gasoline, accidentally dropped the money. He was not sure where he lost it, however, and Sunday he made the rounds of his Saturday night travels without result, until he reached the filling station.

"His query brought a smile from the manager, Roy B. Van Sycklen, he said. Van Sycklen had found the wallet, put the money in the safe and the wallet in the window. Jennings identified it as his property and got it back."

* * *

Lawyer: Will $25,000 for breech of promise be punishment enough for him?

Aggrieved: No, I want him to marry me.—*Owl.*

* * *

"Have some trouble?"

"No, thanks—just had some."—*Lemon Punch.*

* * *

Young Lady (with hopes): What do you think is the fashionable color for a bride?

Floorwalker: Tastes differ. But I should prefer a white one.—*Jester.*

* * *

Prof.: This is the third time you have been late. Don't you know you can't stay the flight of time?

Fresh: Oh, I don't know. I just stopped a couple of minutes down the street.—*Mugwump.*

REMEMBER THE FUN YOU HAD THAT DAY?

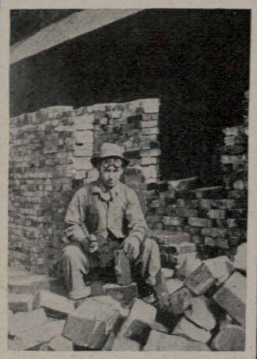
There were wondrous eats at the Evansville, Ind., outing; see two figures on the left.

These Standard Oilers picnicked at Excelsior Springs, Minn., August 20th, tho we can't locate Manager Cochran.

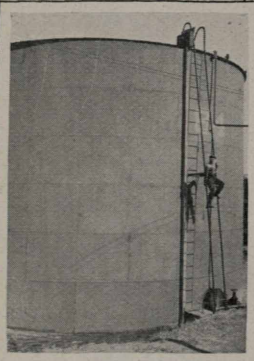
Here are the Standard Oil constituents of Mayor Shank of Indianapolis.

Brought to Light

Safety First!

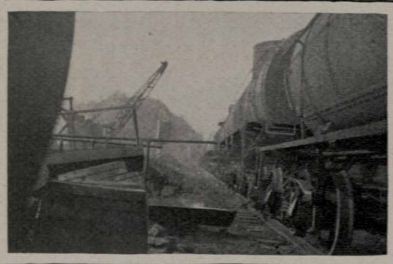


They wear them on their hats and even in their pockets, and this one wears them on his forehead. We grant they may protect his forehead to some extent, but why not wear them over the eyes and refuse to be a candidate for the "cane and dog" crew?



It may not seem probable, but it is true that some men insist on using a ladder as they would a stairway. If men were monkeys it might work safely, but the trouble is that most of us, physically at least, are too far removed from the simian state to get away with it.

Proper piling of materials is an important factor in safety work. The clean-up department at Whiting is proud of its lumber salvage yard, shown in this picture.



And still the switchmen have reasons to protest. They sure are trying to prevent accidents, so we say give them a chance to make good. You might as well set a bear trap in their path as to have a pile of junk like this in their way at night.

Submitted by

C. W. Smith, *Safety Director, Standard Oil Company (Indiana)*

and

H. B. McCoy, *Safety Director, Sugar Creek Works*

WHAT THREE YEARS OF THRIFT CAN DO

Wood River Works.—The above is a picture of the residence of Albert Dixon, one of our still cleaners. Dixon has been with the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) for three years and during that time has been away from the plant only five days, an excellent record. His beautiful home certainly indicates that Albert has prospered.

THE ONE IN FRONT IS NO AMATEUR

LaCrosse, Wis.—Here are four amateurs of the LaCrosse office crossing the Mississippi on a Sunday afternoon. Left to right: Frances Beranek, Eulalia Zimmer, Hazel Kiekbusch, Ellen Wood. (Well, Ellen has a rather unprofessional grip on that paddle, but Frances looks to us as if she could paddle her own canoe.)

* * *

Jokum—"Gracious! Your mud guard is all smashed! Did you bump into something?"

Bunkum—"No; we were standing perfectly still and a fire hydrant skidded into us."—*"Topics of the Day" Films.*

* * *

"You must have been walking carelessly," said the lady whose car had run down a man. "I'm very careful. I've been driving for seven years."

"Lady, that's nothing, I've been walking for for fifty-four years."

CAPTAINS OF WOOD RIVER BOWLING TEAMS

Above are the captains of the teams in the Wood River Standard Oil Bowling League, with William Adams, Jr., the mascot. Lower row, left to right: William Adams, Sr., William Adams, Jr., Louis Koenneker; upper row: J. Maloney, J. Kocher, C. Burris, O. W. Crews, B. Forsting, J. Kane. In the smaller photo to the right are members of the "big team" of the Wood River works. Lower row: J. Kocher, William Adams, Jr., A. P. McCormick; Upper row: William Adams, J. Maloney, J. Kane.

WHITING BOWLING

The Standard Oil Company Bowling League, Whiting, Indiana, is off to a good start for the season of 1921-1922. Eight teams comprise the league from various departments on the plant. The Tower Stills are out in front setting the pace with the expectation of holding the bowlers' trophy. Wilt of the Paraffine Works is the leading individual with Wilkinson of the Switching Department a close second. Standings will be published when the season gets more advanced.

"What is the love that passeth understanding?" asked the Old Fogey.

"The love of self," replied the Grouch.

—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Once a month the city salesmen of St. Louis, the local management and heads of accounting and operating departments, "get together" at a luncheon. These meetings are held the last Saturday of each month. In the above, third from the left at the "speakers' table", is Mr. Bemis, just promoted to assistant manager of the St. Louis division; on his left is L. W. Cameron, promoted from assistant manager of the St. Louis division to manager of the Davenport division. Mr. A. P. Robinson, manager St. Louis division, is fourth from the right at the center table.

WHITING, IND.

R. K. Kleiber of the machine shop has taken unto himself a wife. The young lady was formerly of Oak Park, Illinois, but for reasons other than convenience of distance, "Dick" has furnished a home in Whiting. The cigars were fine, Dick, and here's to your future happiness and success. "Dick" Kleiber has been overseas and has seen active service in Northern Russia. After many escapades, he has returned and finally attained one of his ambitions. (This one proved to be an asset of no small consideration.)

John Plau has been very unfortunate in the loss of his youngest daughter. The machine shop is in deep sympathy with the family.

C. J. Schroeder has attended and taken part in the Eighth Annual Older Boy's Conference of Illinois held at Decatur, Ill. on November 25, 26 and 27. He was sent as one of several delegates representing his district. The total delegation from Chicago numbered 300. He reported Decatur and its people as the very best of their kind and very hospitable, but returned with only one regret, and that was at not being able to visit the Standard Oil Co. at Decatur, which, however, he took special notice of and said although being a nice place, it didn't quite compare with our good old Whiting refinery. The Decatur Standard Oil Co. was the first sign of welcome and of home that greeted Schroeder after getting off the train.

Al. Bumhour from the machine shop was one lucky man with a Smile coupon. He wore a genuine broad five-dollar smile when his lucky number was announced. We believe that it wouldn't quite require one thousand dollars to "smile" some people to death. Here's wishing you more success, but hoping that fate will be considerate.

C. J. Schroeder of the machine shop is getting to be well known hereabouts as a speech maker and conference delegate. Another speech and conference has been "slated" by him for November 29 at the Y. M. C. A. hotel, Chicago. He is reported to be president of several clubs and organizations in South Chicago.

Miss Irene Katsvinsky, who became Mrs. F. B. Reppa on Thanksgiving Day, was an employee of the Printing Department at the Whiting Works. Irene was most popular among her co-workers who extend their best wishes. Although by her marriage she ceases to be a member of the Stanolind family, we feel that she will ever remain friendly to us. The young couple will make their home in Niles, Michigan, where Mr. Reppa is employed as a machinist.

WOOD RIVER, ILL.

A letter was received recently from Jas. S. Kugler, formerly in charge of the employment division, now located at San Diego, California with the Muehleisen Tent & Awning Co. Jim expresses his appreciation of the Stanolind Record having been sent him, and also sends his regards to old friends and associates at the refinery.

A letter was received recently by two former associates of Clyde Lewis on the experimental stills. Clyde is now in the hospital at Oteen, N. C., having been ill for some time. His friends hope for his speedy recovery. In the letter Clyde advises of the addition of twins to his family, a boy and a girl. The boy has been named Clyde Ernest, the middle name being that of both his friends on the experimental stills. The young lady has been named Sabra May.

It has been said that Max Hartwig of the carpenter department is using every effort to square himself since thanksgiving Day. It seems that Max is a great believer in Safety work, and for this reason instructed his foreman, Claude Burris, to arrange for all men connected with the carpenter department to be in the carpenter shop at noon of November 23rd. Claude carried out the instructions as to telling the men to be on hand, but in addition he told them that after Max had spoken to them on Safety he would present each man with a turkey for Thanksgiving Day. It can be well understood why the full crew was on hand to the minute, but we understand that Hartwig had a hard time explaining that turkey meat was hard to secure, especially at a price of sixty-odd cents per pound. We hope that the fact the boys did not get their turkey will not have a bad effect on their Safety precautions. We are inclined to believe that Max will come through next time.

Mrs. Franklin, mother-in-law of R. Locks, top man at the pressure stills, died at the Lock's home on November 26. Friends extend their sympathy.

Lundgen Stahoviak, who is taking a course in accounting in St. Louis university, visited his parents Armistice Day. Lundgen is the son of Tom Stahoviak of the paraffine department.

It is reported that Jno. Dooling of the press house has been living on wild game for the last three weeks.

Mrs. Chas. Zweig was called to Gary, Indiana, recently account of the death of her sister.

Louis Timar is the proud father of a baby girl, born on November 9. The name of the new arrival is Irma.

Ike Crofton spent Thanksgiving Day at the home of his father-in-law in Bunker Hill. When Ike returned home he brought with him a half cow. He is now well supplied for the winter. (What is the other half?—Ed.)

Riley Hefner spent a few days hunting in Jersey county. He had pretty good luck, bringing home eight rabbits, ten quail and two pints.

Bill Woods of the safety valve department is a lover of horses. Bill has a horse that he is proud of. He is thinking seriously of starting him on the race track next spring. Bill recently had him insured for $15.00.

Bass Miller had his hand badly bruised the other day while cutting a bolt. Bass took a swing with a hammer and missed the chisel and hit his hand. He was afraid at first that he might lose his hand, but it is all right now. Practice Safety First always, Bass.

The boys at No. 5 pressure house caught a blind bat the other day and kept it in the house for a few days for the men to look it over. One day after work Jerry Kennedy came down to see it. Jerry said he had seen every kind of a bird but a bat. For further particulars ask Jerry.

Swampy Marrs, the man who traded the cow for a Ford, wants his cow back. Swampy says that he could drive his cow out of the gate, but this he cannot do with the Ford. He got a man to take it out of the yard for him one day and he started for St. Louis via East St. Louis. He reached there at 10:00 o'clock—gave her a little water and started right back, and when he got to Wood River he had a man driving it for him and he was walking in front of it with a flashlight. Swampy said he never did have to lead his cow with a flashlight.

Something is going to happen in the pipe department. Tom Kinsella was seen buying an engagement ring in Alton one night last week. Take your time, Tom, you are still young.

Ed Trigg, wife, and daughter, Bernice, motored to Alton November 25 to attend the K. of C. minstrel.

Frank Walters was absent for a few days visiting in Godfrey at the home of relatives.

Rex Craddock is visiting in St. Louis looking for a bargain in Fords. Rex says things are a little dull and he wants to move just a little faster.

C. Pelican spent Thanksgiving at his home at Dow, Illinois.

The pipe department claims they have the original Mike and Ike. They don't look alike as Mike Gerenda weighs 200 pounds and Ike Crofton weighs 100 pounds. They have worked together for the last three years on the tube gang.

Surprises in the pipe department: Fred Sims without a toothpick; Simon Halloran refusing to talk; Bill Woods with a shave; Bass Miller always smiling; Jerry Kennedy looking sad; Charley Cason picking flowers; Ike Crofton refusing a transfer; J. Dooley without a chew; Otto Flack telling a joke; Doc. Henick quit figuring; E. Trigg smoking cigarettes; Otto Tecklenberg laughing; P. Donelly speaking loud; Doc. Lyons quit chewing gum; Bill Redmond losing weight; Howard Jenkins learned to run his car; F. Levick looking pleasant.

Jitney Joe is back with the pipe department after two years' absence. Jitney always comes back.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Dooley entertained a few friends at their home in honor of their fourteenth wedding anniversary on November 7.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Maloney attended the K. of C. minstrel at the Grand Theatre, Alton, Friday, November 25.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Wainwright spent Thanksgiving at Winchester, Ill., as guests of Mr. Wainwright's parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe V. Mareing have a new (?). Well, Joe says she is some girl and they will call her "Lizzie."

Bill Obermiller, Dave Moore and Chas. Smith enjoyed a fine rabbit hunt a short time ago and bagged a goodly number. Bill says all there was to it was to put a spot with black paint on the end of a log and Charlie chased the rabbits around, and the rabbit mistaking the black spot for a hole dived for it. He and Dave stood near by and the rest was easy; just pick 'em up.

Dorothy Redmond, daughter of Geo. Redmond, pressure still stillman, is ill at their home on 7th Street with smallpox. We hope for a speedy recovery.

Art Heuer, Gus Stalhut and W. A. Grove enjoyed a quail and rabbit hunt out at Prairietown on the 21st and report fair luck.

George Buck of the crude stills returned from Florida recently, where he visited his ten-acre alligator farm. It appears that the alligators are thriving in great shape, but there seems to be complaints that Buck did not bring back some alligator butter with him for the boys, as he had promised to do. It is understood that it is Mr. Buck's intention to try out alligator farming in Wood River. This, of course, is rather an experiment as yet, but if the alligators now on hand thrive all right, it will result in his establishing a real alligator farm here.

Howard Ferguson, son of Homer Ferguson of the brass foundry, is ill with scarlet fever. We hope for an early recovery.

Charlie Shook, foreman at the filling racks, has been quarantined at home for some time account of one of his children having scarlet fever. However, Charlie is out again and he tells us that the child is getting along nicely.

It is claimed by some of the boys that Tom Mathie, the truck driver of pleasing personality, has aged ten years. Upon investigation as to the cause we find that a carnival which visited Wood River a short time ago had among other things, to amuse, a trick bear. It seems that Mattie drove his truck uptown and in returning was blocked by a train. He was watching either the train or some fair damsel when he felt a dig in the ribs and on looking around he discovered a bear trying to embrace him. Mattie lost no time in quitting the vicinity and left the bear in full charge of the truck. It was only after a lady from the Carnival crew induced the bear to return to its domicile by use of a doughnut that Mattie could be persuaded to return to his truck, and we understand he lost no time in putting considerable distance between himself and that locality. This, it would appear, is the explanation of this young man aging so rapidly of late.

Jack Kennedy, formerly employed in the cashier's office, but now residing and working in Denver, Colo., had one of his funny cartoons on football published in the Rocky Mountain News on November 13. This was Jack's first big assignment and the lad handled it very cleverly. He has had several of his cartoons published in the Stanolind Record, and we hope to see several more in the near future. Jack has been studying hard under experienced newspaper cartoonists in Denver and we predict a big future for him. He is the son of Jerry Kennedy of the pipe shop and former employees' representative of Division 4.

Horseshoe is still being played by the officials here during the noon hour and interest is at its highest when Gainer and Halloran are paired off to play Jolley and McCormick. These fellows are pretty evenly matched and the cheers and jeers that go up from the onlookers when this bunch get together can be heard for blocks. (That's the stuff! Bawl 'em out. When we tried to enter the game down there they ruled us off the field.—Ed.)

Jno. F. Halloran, office manager, made a hurry-up trip to Kansas City and Sugar Creek the week the American Legion were holding its annual convention there. John says K. C. was crowded with ex-service men and a mere civilian was out of place amongst this noisy bunch.

Why is it that A. P. McCormick abhors the sound of falling plaster? Is it because of the recent occurrence in the hall of the main office which was the result of some one failing to turn off the water?

Lester Geltz spent a day of his installment plan vacation in St. Louis last week attending the Orpheum theatre.

William Sloat of the filling racks has sold his property on 9th street.

Julius Kocher, Jr., a former employee of the Wood River refinery, has entered a partnership with Otto J. Hoffman in the garage business on Ferguson avenue. Both gentleman are well known here and there seems to be no reason why they should not do a thriving business.

W. I. Jolley, construction engineer, is wearing a broad smile. The reason for this smile is a new boy heir at the Jolley home. Papa is getting along nicely.

F. D. Owen of the main office entertained his mother Saturday and Sunday, November 19 and 20. Her home is in Valley Park, Mo.

A picked five from the Wood River bowling alleys journeyed to Wellston, Mo., on November 19 to take on the Wellston Muellers. Among the Wood River men were Messrs. Kocher, Koenneker and Adams of the refinery. The boys rolled an

exceedingly good score, and although up against a high class team, they brought home the bacon. The Wood River boys had previously defeated this same team on our home alleys.

The Standard Oil Company was represented in the large parade of over a hundred floats held in Alton on Armistice Day by a decorated truck from the Alton sales depot. It presented a fine appearance.

Frank Graham, of the shipping department office, as treasurer of the Alton Legion Football Team this season, handled things in a manner satisfactory to all concerned.

The boys of the main office are all wondering why J. C. McDaniels insists on addressing F. D. Owen as "Chick chick" or "Shoo shoo" since their return from a week-end party at Piasa Creek. Can you enlighten us, Freddie?

Walter Hubbard, former messenger boy, has been promoted as first assistant to Walter Blakely, main office royal speed merchant. C. Bandy, who succeeds Hubbard, has tackled his new job with vigor and vim and says he is going to be the best little "carrier of messages" this plant has ever had That's the spirit, Bandy.

Paul Graff, junior clerk of the shipping department, is a great lover of horses, and he may be seen any Sunday morning astride one of his favorite steeds bound for Clifton Terrace to spend the day, accompanied by his friend, "Burley" Matthews. Paul, it is reported, makes a fine appearance in his riding togs and has all the young high school girls in the vicinity of State and Bluff Streets peeking out of heavily-curtained windows at him when he rides by.

Wash McDonald, fireman at the pressure stills, was one of the prominent football players on the Legion team at Alton this season. This team, one of the best in Southern Illinois, was composed of former service men and played Sunday football in Alton. It closed the season on Armistice Day by defeating Auburn, 56 to 0. "Wash," at fullback, was the outstanding star of this game, intercepting forward passes and running forty yards for a touchdown on two occasions. The Legion team went through the season without being scored upon.

Mrs. Fenton Soliday was a St. Louis visitor November 22.

Louie Stern, formerly with the Wood River refinery, has reopened a grocery store in Wood River. We wish you luck, Louie.

W. A. Tipton, Jr., has written his father, Mr. W. A. Tipton, Sr., of the refinery, that he was fortunate enough to hold the lucky number on a $900.00 piano recently. This is certainly a prize worth while.

J. Cooper, of the refinery labor department, was called away on the 17th by a telegram telling of the death of his mother. His friends and acquaintances extend their sympathy.

Curley Andrews and Henry Gerdes departed recently on a hunting trip. We have not learned whether or not the sport was good.

Gus Haller is a mighty hunter; at least from the talk Gus puts out around the plant, he must be. However, recently Gus suffered a misfortune. It seems that Bill Penrose rather doubted the veracity of Haller in connection with these hunting stories and took a bet with him that he (Gus) could hunt all day and not bring back a duck. To be sure of winning this bet Gus chartered a boat and employed a man to run it so that he could devote his entire time and skill in an endeavor to secure at least one duck during the day. It seems that Gus was somewhat out of luck in locating any of the feathery tribe, but eventually did discover a lonesome duck, and this so excited him that in his hurry to move out on the bow of the boat to be as close as possible to the game, he capsized the boat and floundered with the fishes. He was rescued in some manner, but we have not been able to learn whether Penrose was the hero in the case or not.

The Standard Bowling League standings have been changed somewhat since the last issue. The Kocher team has replaced the Adams team in first place. The Crews team continues to hold down the cellar, but Maloney's team is now keeping them company. The following is standing of the teams at this time: Kochers, .636; Adams, .606; Koenneker, .575; Forsting, .545; Burris, .515; Kane, .484; Maloney, .333; Crews, .333. Many of the bowlers have hit their stride and in consequence good scores are seen on the boards. However, it seems impossible for some to get going, but they are living in hopes that their turn may come before the season is over. Much enthusiasm continues to be manifested and the games are a source of much enjoyment and amusement. When it comes to rooters for their respective teams we think that Jolley, Kane, Durham, Cason and Burris take the cake. One would especially think that something had broken loose when he attends a game between Koenneker and Kane. These teams are made up of stormy boys to a considerable extent. The favorite "goat" in the league seems to be Gus Haller. Whenever Gus rolls we notice that he is always the recipient of a noisy demonstration. We believe they are jealous of your bowling, Gus, particularly Bill Penrose.

Mr. C. W. Smith, Safety Director, spent November 29 and 30 in Wood River in connection with Safety matters. While Mr. Smith was here Dr. Flanagan displayed his salesmanship by selling Mr. Smith a ticket for the card party to be given shortly for the benefit of Christmas charity. It seems that Mr. Smith balked at first, stating that charity begins at home, but he was informed by Flanagan that it might begin at home but it did not end there. It was impossible to get away from this argument so Mr. Smith "bit."

Elaborate preparations are being made for a card party to be given on December 6 at Schillinger's Hall, Wood River, the proceeds to be used for the benefit of the worthy poor of Wood River, that they may enjoy the Christmas holidays. This social function is being promoted by the Women's Club, Standard Oil employees, and the business men of Wood River. It was realized that the business depression, which caused many men to be out of work, would cause the Christmas cheer in many homes to be very scant, and for this reason the parties mentioned got together with the idea of relieving the situation. This is meritorious work, and from present indications ticket sales to the amount of $600.00 will be realized.

On the way to work the other morning some of the boys complained of hearing very loud language, and on investigation found that it was Bill Hoffman talking with himself or with the neighborhood generally. It was finally imparted by Hoffman that he and his Ford and a Mississippi Sand Truck had locked horns on the Wood River bridge the previous evening, and even after a night of contemplation Hoffman had not quieted down; hence all the noise. It seems that Hoffman and the large truck met middleway of the bridge and one asked the other if he were blind, or something to that effect. It appears that the truck driver insisted that Hoffman

could have seen him more easily as his truck would make about four of Hoffman's Ford. Believe that the matter was finally compromised as to who was to cross first by flipping a coin.

Ed. Counsil reports the arrival of an 8 pound baby girl at his home on the morning of November 29.

A. G. Smith is the proud father of a bouncing baby girl. A. G. is some chesty over the incident.

Ben Purcell, who has been ill for some three weeks with influenza, is back on the job at No. 1 crude house. All are glad to see Ben out again.

A campaign against old ladders unfit for service was inaugurated recently at the Wood River refinery, and with the able assistance of the carpenter department and Mr. Max Hartwig, foreman, several old ladders have been collected around the plant. A picture of these old and unsafe ladders was taken recently, which photograph will appear in the Stanolind at a later date. This is a step in the right direction, as it is very dangerous to have old ladders of this nature around the plant.

SUGAR CREEK, MO.

Dear Bill:—Since you left the refinery I suppose you will be interested in gossip concerning the boys and girls around here. Hope you will soon be back at work with us and suppose you will, as the pressure stills are starting up again. First I want to say that your old friend, Miss Blanche Remington, nurse, is getting ready to leave, so rumor has it. We are not certain whether the wedding bells will ring or not, but it looks mighty suspicious. Mrs. C. O. Taylor, wife of our friend Taylor, of the paraffiine department, is learning the ropes, and I believe he had better label her "My Wife" or some of the other boys will be trying to run away with her. While we regret to lose Miss Remington, I believe the management is to be congratulated upon securing such a competent nurse as Mrs. Taylor to take her place. Anyhow I suppose Clifford—our old friend "Tippy"—will not be so interested in First Aid work from now on. And by the way, Clifford Howard was elected Representative to the J. G. C. from his division at the last election. John Waller, Jr. ran second, and Fred Miller, former representative, ran third. Howard threatened everybody with free board at the hospital if they didn't vote for him and it was practically unanimous, with the possible exception of John Healy, Jr., and after sizing him up Howard said the election was decisive enough. You remember Healy, don't you? He is still pulling off fistic stunts and recently mixed up with the glass windshield of an auto. While John was considerably bunged up, witnesses state the windshield was put entirely out of business. Was up to the pressure stills the other day and saw a gang of men around another fellow. Went up to investigate and found Walter McCredie the center of attraction. He has all his teeth pulled out and was trying to eat a baked potato. Mac says he wants everybody to cuss him so he won't get the swelled head as he is doing everything in his power to make his gums shrink. They say that Eddie Webb saw Mac up around the West Hill the other night and thought he was the leopard which recently escaped from the zoo, and it is now impossible to get Webb to leave the pump house without a bodyguard. You also remember Herb Fleck, the boy who put out the ice cream a year or so ago when he got married? Well, now Herb is strutting around with a proud look on his face. Yes, it's a girl. Our old friends Oscar Westwood and Frank McInturff are still doing the heavy at the main pump house. Frank is still raising chickens and eating them. However, Oscar seems to have developed a liking for chickens also, since his wife went to the country, although of a different kind. However, friends of Oscar have cautioned him to be careful as Dub Beatty was almost caught at the Century one night. Dub is a mighty hunter now and also claims the honor (?) of naming wornout motor tires as "Tender Tires." And speaking of hunting, D. A. Scott, Jesse P. Reeder and Prof. Earl Jackson Cox went hunting Armistice Day and after getting several—miles out from Independence, stripped the gears on the Saxon, and had to hunt help the rest of the day to get home. Guess they were successful as all were back to work the next day. John Wirthman, machinist, was also hunting for a few days and I understand he just slaughtered the ducks on the Missouri river. John, though, is a regular guy and makes the ducks, as well as the "chickens," look up to him. By the way, Doc Eyesell of the paraffine department is now a widower, his wife taking the two children and spending a few weeks with her mother in Toronto, Canada. Doc has been busy the last few days figuring out the duty on Scotch. And I sure don't want to forget to write you about Frank Searcy. Of course you remember the young lad the boys nicknamed "Sweetie." Lately he has been raising boils and a small moustache, being exceptionally successful with the boils. However, the Charlie Chaplin effect of the moustache makes me believe it is really a third eyebrow, but, as Searcy says, why should us fellows worry so long as it is O. K. with his wife. Johnnie "Yonko" Burke, the pumper who works with Searcy, has a new home in Fairmount and is otherwise dealing extensively in real estate. Also our old friend John Schneider, member of the J. G. C. of 1920, recently took his wife and two children, and spent the week visiting relatives in St. Louis. John had a little hard luck on the night of November 15, as his garage burned down and entirely destroyed his new Saxon auto. Was sure sorry to hear it. John Collier and George Erickson, machinists, who were laid off recently, are back at work again. Collier spent his vacation down in the hills of Arkansas, while Erickson wiled away the time in Omaha. And, Oh Boy! You wouldn't know Kenneth F. Jaques of the storehouse since he got married last June. Married life sure does agree with him. Also when the boys say "darn" right out loud in his presence he has ceased to blush. In fact, Earl Roby has just about quit swearing, saying there is no pleasure in it any more. Mike Cauley, ex-chairman of the J. G. C., recently had the misfortune of losing his mother, through death. The boys all sympathize deeply with him. The smallpox epidemic and the Ford car craze seem to have reached here about the same time, Fred J. Bergin of the main office and Howard Clardy, pumper, having recently suffered from the last named affliction. Bergin has been busy studying all the books he could find and Clardy has been trying to accept all the advice the boys gave him concerning the upkeep of the Liz. Howard says he is now convinced that the boys around here handle the truth mighty recklessly, but would still like to know why the boys call Raymond E. Taylor "Goofie," stating that it is like Grapenuts—i. e.: "There's a reason." The boys at the pump houses recently got together and tried to agree upon a trade for Helper Thos. Chandler, and out of the six votes cast, one was plumber, one tinner, one salesman, one carpenter, one blacksmith and one trained nurse, Tommy having convinced each one separately, that he was an

OUR VALIANT NIMRODS OF SUGAR CREEK

November 11 was Armistice Day at Sugar Creek for everybody except the ducks. In this exceedingly life like picture R. C. Harris and J. W. Kelly are shown face to face with a "covey of ducks," as Mr. Kelly insists on calling it. For lack of space the gun bearers, valets, chaperones, guides, correspondents, photographers and medical train are not included. The picture was taken just as that moment when Mr. Harris was stricken with a severe attack of that well known hunters' malady, buck ague. Mr. Harris is the figure in the left foreground, holding the shotgun like a guitar. Attention is directed to the carefree expression on the duck's face as compared to that the hunters wear. The large mallard (figure in water in right foreground, with no clothes on) apparently feels so secure that he has turned his back on the hunters. There were no fatalities, on land, water or in the air, but Mr. Harris, when he became separated from the party, had a harrowing encounter with a man eating rabbit, and, but for the heroic work of one of the guides, who was attracted by the roars of the rabbit, would have been badly mangled. Mr. Kelly had the rare good fortune of bagging a fine speciman of Corvus Americanus, more commonly called crow. When it was identified for him Mr. Kelly was very badly disappointed as he thought it was a Canada Goose. However, he is having it mounted to add to his extensive (?) collection of "game" trophies.

expert in each profession. And speaking of the smallpox, it is said that H. L. Broughton has been accused of having had a correspondence course graduate work on his arm, much to the amusement of B. Fred Miller, who proudly sports a celluloid cover on his arm. The big fight I wrote you about has now been called off, as Arthur "Swede" Henry has quit training and is now devoting all his time to keeping the Independence girls from getting lonesome. His managers, Floyd Lowe and Harrison Shiffner, have suffered considerable financial loss, but believe they will come clear—Lowe having had considerable success as a banana tree salesman and a cultivator of spaghetti, while Shiffner is now busy pumping rings around the other fellows and planning for his next year's crop of sauerkraut. Well, Old Man, I will have to chop this. Hope everything will soon be running full capacity, so that you will be back with us again. Your friend, MIKE.

The members of the Sugar Creek band were guests of the Tirey Ford Post, American Legion, of Independence, Mo., at a banquet and entertainment given Armistice night. When one of the entertainers—a nifty little vamp, dressed in the "height" of fashion—knelt before the occupant of a front seat and sang, "Won't you take a chance with me?" 'tis said Alex Nylund immediately asked for a front seat, claiming that as he had no hair he was entitled to a seat in the "bald-headed row," and also that he was always lucky in lotteries.

Ralph Liggett, of the machine shop, bought an antique tin auto of well known make, some time ago, and after working on it for several months, says that it looks so classy he is going to call it a "Phorde."

Hancock says to Hogue—"You are not as dumb as I thought you were—you are dumber."

Mr. A. E. Hauptley, our storekeeper, just returned from three days' jury service in Judge Latshaw's court. He says he was mighty glad to be released so that he can go on with his preparations for the semi-annual inventory.

Did you see Joe Whitcombe's new Ford coupe lying over on its side? Yes, Joe broke an axle. We tried to tell him that he couldn't load up that coupe with girls and expect it to stand up.

Jesse Reeder has a pair of pedigreed trousers. Ask him about them.

"Jay" Turner evidently believes in convincing the boss that he does not lay off only when it is absolutely necessary. "Jay" laid off the other day,

telling Mr. Hininger that he wanted to get a couple of teeth pulled. When returning to work the following morning he presented Mr. Hininger with the two teeth.

"Wally" Hodge, our inveterate antique collector, is especially desirious of obtaining old copies of the Stanolind Record, By-Laws of the Sugar Creek Mutual Benefit Association and Industrial Relations Plan. Have you any old copies of these?

Has John Daniels told you his snake story yet? John claims to have seen three or four live snakes right here in the plant, the other day. I really think that prohibition should be done away with. The stuff they are making nowadays is terrible.

Clarence Spitzer went hunting on Armistice day and shot his dog. What's the matter "Spitz," couldn't you find any game?

J. O. Hinde, of three ball fame, who presides over the labor desk, had two misfortunes befall him recently. He lost two spring leaves out of his lizzie, and bid seventy-five dollars on a share of S. O. Co. stock—but didn't get it.

One of the denizens of Sugar Creek was arrested on a charge of moonshining and bootlegging the other day. A search of his cellar revealed about fifty gallons of roastin' ear juice (corn whiskey), and one hundred gallons of wine. He was highly indignant on being called a bootlegger, saying that he had just enough for family use. Some happy family.

All the stenographers at the main office readily admit that W. C. McLean has it all over them when it comes to cutting stencils. As a stencil cutter "Mac" can't be beat.

Mr. Carl Johnson, our chemist, has been laying off a few days because of an injured eye. He went to one of the water treating plants to get a sample of certain chemicals, and came back with the sample in his eye.

Did you see our bandmaster, Professor Earl Jackson Cox, all dressed up for the American Legion parade, in his cute naval uniform? Earl has never explained how he got those two gold "metals."

If you want to tell one better than our loquacious office boy, Joe Hattey, make him tell his first.

A. P. Stover, our venerable cashier, is getting to be an adept in pecking on the Woodstock. Wonder if his finger ever gets sore?

Neil Erickson says no more climbing persimmon trees for him, it's too expensive, even if it is a good way to reduce.

"Look here, Janitor," said Mr. Phillips of the Acid Works, "I can write my name in the dirt on this glass door." "That is nothing more than I can do," said the Janitor. "Education is great, isn't it?"

A. B. Jones says he is through with women as he never would believe that a lady would strike a southern gentlemen—and when he had no intentions of getting personal anyway!

The horseshoe pitchers have a 6-inch limit on counting a championship game. A game between Hackett and McCoy ended after a 30 minute trial as neither could get close enough to count.

John Healy is one of the most promising young men in the plant. In fact, John has made so many promises that everybody is next to him now and he is having poor success in making a touch.

During band practice recently the chair on which Jess Flowers was sitting collapsed and Jess was deposited on the hard cement floor. The boys say Jess has been sleeping so much lately that he had taken on a surplus of flesh. Jess denies this, saying he had taken some Jazz dope before coming to practice and was doing the shimmie to the ragtime music they were playing.

Anyone finding lost glass instruments please notify Bill Beatty of the tin shop, also known as Dr. Beatty. He has been practicing lately on bull pups, but has found it going rather hard especially on his unionalls.

We have at last found out the pedigree of Pete Akers' "Beagle Hound." It is an offapring of Alex Nylunds' famous Scotch Collie. Pete finally gave in and told us; we know now why it will not chase rabbits.

Alex Nylund got real peeved the other day when the rag man yelled—"Rags, Rags, Rags" at him. Oh, well, Alex, we know why, but please don't let it happen again.

A 9-pound girl born to Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Valentine, October 31, 1921.

Johnnie "Soapstick" said he wasn't going to be vaccinated against smallpox. He said he had a nurse that would pull him through. What?

Tony Phillips took his vacation during Legion week and judging from some of the tales he tells there is still a lot of grape juice left. He always had some excuse to go by himself, telling the wife and kids the crowds were too big for them and that they might get hurt. One day he came home with a big tale of woe, saying he broke an axle and that they charged him $10.50 for a new one, but upon investigation it was found that the old axle he brought home as proof, was an old Ford axle. Be more careful next time, Tony, and be sure to fix up the right kind of an alibi

The editor received a letter some time ago asking if he knew any one who raised watermelons, if so, please to let him know. So, after running an ad in one of our daily newspapers for a week, Mr. Orville Mulligan Curry of Mt. Washington, Mo., answered that he was an old head at the business. We mailed him an order to get busy, and he did at once by taking a trip in his neighbor's Lizzie down a dark and winding road to the patch. Well, we won't go into details, but will tell this much of the sad story: There wasn't enough left of the seat of his pants to flag a will billy goat in a one-foot space; whether he got shot or whipped we are unable to say. Our last report was that Mr. Ciurry still has one watermellon left.

Ed. Richmond is the "Information Kid" in regard to Grand Opera. He is positive Schuman-Heink has Galli-Curci backed off the boards. Dern them critics anyway.

If you want to know where the ducks fly best and the bunnies hang out, you should consult "Buck" Weaver, Leon Milton, Fay Holloeay & Co., our gallant huntsmen.

Searcy Watts, the boy with the stout lungs, says that blowing tubes and walking the floor in the wee hours of the morning won't go together. It's a girl.

Wm. ("Shorty") Wright, our diminutive representative, is as busy as a cranberry merchant in little Italy. He is planning a wicked speech on behalf of the waterboys' union. Oh—You—Shorty.

W. R. Lowmiller, better known as handsome Max, was a brilliant light in the big American Legion parade. We are told that he wielded a wicked smile which caused many hearts to flutter along the line of march.

Frank Pippenger, while discussing the H. C. of L. and the market prices, accidently let the chain give way and he took a plunge backward, a la Annette Kellerman, into the ash pit. Watch your step, Si; Doc McCoy will get you.

Chas. O. Taylor got lost on 12th and Grand. Was chaperoned by his wife, who brought him home safely. They pick them up on that corner.

Sunday morning, October 30, Larry Lynch of the acid works was awakened by an awful noise; he thought it was a chicken hawk, but when he got out he was just in time to see a stork leaving. She weighed 7 pounds.

Warren "Sally" Starke is back on his feet again after his operation for appendicitis, but is not able to come back to work yet. He looks better now that the doctor cut about 25 pounds of excess baggage off of him.

William "Bill" Decker has strapped another gun on his hip since he was elected a member on the Joint General Committee.

Who said a man could not get "henpecked" in several months of married life? Roscoe Harris' wife drive up to the office several weeks ago and honked the horn for Roscoe—Roscoe could not get the door open quick enough, so he jumped through the glass. Went through without a scratch, lit on his feet and kept going.

While returning from Kansas City several weeks ago, an intoxicated lizzie chauffeur bumped into Geo. W. Thompson's new Dodge. The lizzie chauffeur would have put his initials on George's neck if it hadn't been for some of the female passengers of the lizzie who begged the intoxicated chauffeur to spare George. After excusing himself for living, George resumed his journey with a stiff neck and a couple of knocked down fenders. Those Zion City traffic rules won't work in Kansas City.

F. G. Lee sure has a good time kidding the boys at the lunch table every day. We wonder where he gets all his jokes. The Kuckle burs on "Bums Hill" must whisper them to him.

CASPER, WYO.

Walter M. Compton, pumper at No. 3 transfer house, was married to Miss Alma Reiman, of Middleton, Neb., on November 23. Mr. Compton has been with the Midwest Refinery since 1916. The cigars from this survivor of the World War and the Midwest were of the right flavor. Here's good luck to the newlyweds. May we have more of the same brand.

"Doc" Jenkins and our fighting man, Jack Thomas, with their associates, have donated a nifty Ford touring car (four passenger), but in time expect some show of reciprocity from our honorable Bing-'em. Giant the big bully says so.

Fred Kistler attended the Armistice ball in full Gob uniform. Freddy stayed up until 12:30 and said it was some ball. Numerous friends state he is beginning to regain his natural pink color.

McGrieve, well known to the chemical warehouse boys, is failing to make the favorite Tom Cat do his well known back flip. Whatsa matter, Mac?

Mr. Cotraine was honored by three wild Irishmen Thanksgiving day; fine feed, nothing left out but the bones. Too bad for Colley that Thanksgiving didn't come on Friday this year.

Roy Johnson has repeatedly written back East: "Oh, Alice, when are you coming home?"

Roger L. Crawford reports a bumper strawberry crop from his Mountain Dew Ranch (mostly dew) and expects to give a dance in honor of same.

J. K. Davis, star designer and fisherman, winner of the Holmes Hardware bamboo fish pole, has a new one. Anyone wishing to procure a good mess of fish by vamping method see J. K.; no bait required.

Mr. Rummel, just as the poets sang and painters painted in days of yore, with tears in his eyes was heard to quote: "Oh where are my youths of yesterday?" Note: Mr. Rummel now has one man on his gang.

Mr. Riddle just returned from a training trip in California. "Yep, boys, that trip sure put the fringes on me. I'll beat J. C. Warkley yet." You know people, J. C. kind of put it over him in the 100-yard dash last summer. Before the race, Riddle was singing, "I'm just as young at sixty as I was at sweet sixteen."

Marvin reports Columbine to have jumped from 5c to 25c. Some jump. Why didn't we all buy some? But say, Mary, how long did you say you have had that five dollars' worth?

Once we heard a story about the men who, having unwillingly abandoned the luxurious growth of hair of their youth resembling the Heights of Arlington at Washington, D. C., conceived a brilliant idea. That idea is presented for your consideration—the formation of a club. Readers, behold:

THE ARLINGTON CLUB

Eminent Supreme Noble Dander..... M. L. Allen (now at Laramie)
Supreme Noble Dander..... John Glendinning
Noble Dander..... Fred Cormack
Plain Dander..... "Bo" Andrus
D——..... D. M. Lobdell
Chief Engineer..... "Red" Anderson

Other members in good standing: T. S. Cooke, Geo. Holthuis, W. D. McKay, Lew Price, E. W. Mudge, O. E. Gerber and Joe King.

Creed: "There's no parting there."

Annual Dues and Initiation Fee..... *A Hairless (not Mexican)*
Pass Word..... *"Danderine"*
Salutation..... *"Herpicide"*
Response to both..... *"Knoxit"*
Favorite Author..... *Rudyard Skipling*
Hymn.... *"Till We Meet Again" (the receding edges)*

Any employee omitted, but duly qualified for membership in the above organized society, may be taken in upon presentation of evidence of annual dues paid. Apply at the Sanctum Sanctorum of the Eminent Supreme Receiver—Lobdell.

Note· A member of the Literary Board of the Stanolind said that we just had to produce something for the next issue, and if we survive this spasm another effort will be made later. Watch another Record for the Appendicitis Club. Fee, $700.00.

B. W. (Bing) Wyman, stillman at No. 5 Tower Stills, is sporting a new Ford.

PO-WHAT

A "bull gang" upon mischief bent,
Gathered 'round, they thought, a circus tent;
But to their sorrow they couldn't stand pat—
'Twas only Kelsey's new cowboy hat.

Andrew Sather is stepping high and handsome lately. Daughter Irene arrived October 31. Everyone well and happy.

FOUNDRY SKIMMINGS

We claim that Howard Twitchell wins the fur-lined shaving mug. If ever there was a contest for the honors, it ceased to be a contest on Thanksgiving Day when Twitch discovered that he had forgotten to remove the craw from his barnyard buzzard. You win, Twitch.

Speaking of candidates for honors, we believe that Charley Anderson can easily qualify as being the busiest man on the plant, predicating the claim on the fact that he carried a fractured right elbow around for a month before he had time to notice it. His disability, it is rumored, gives Charley Fowler a clear field for the championship in the Horse Shoe League.

Two of the Three Musketeers, Bill McConkey and Joe Doran, were discussing current events. The conversation turned finally to things theatrical. "Can you tell me, Bill," asked the Anaconda Adonis, "why it is that we never hear any more of Pearl White, the movie actress?" "You sure keep track of things, you do," replied Bill. "I s'pose you'll be askin' me next if Bryan ever ran for president. This Pearl White that you are tryin' to count out is right here in Casper now, runnin' a laundry under her own name."

Inky O'Neill, who inspired the immortal lines, "Inky O'Neill, too lazy to work, too honest to steal," is responsible for a good one on Fred Leschinsky: "Whattell is this here poll tax that they're holdin' out on us now?" inquired Ignatz Morris. "Damfino," said Inky, "unless it's some graft of Leschinsky's. He's the only Pole that I know."

ELECTRICAL DEPARTMENT

We don't believe in boasting, but want to say that during the past two months not a single man lost a day in our department, either through injury or sickness. "On the job all the time" is the motto of our score of men.

Mr. George Snyder, our former safety director, now manager of the Snyder Terrace Gardens, opened his heart and also his dancing floor, gratis, to a number of Standard Oil Company employees. Thanks, George, we never refuse such a treat.

Mr. Harry Ballard, from Plant No. 3, is now helping in the shipping department, Plant No. 1.

Wm. Lydon, of the machine shop, became the proud father of Robert William Lydon on October 14, 1921. Why should he not smile?

A. P. Honigh, of the pipe department, carries with him the sympathy of all his acquaintances as he goes to Detroit, Michigan, to attend the funeral of his father.

H. G. Beason smiles. Baby boy born at Cameron, Missouri, November 7, 1921.

Frank Hogue, foreman of the asbestos department, has tendered his resignation to engage in the production of coal. We presume it will not be long before Frank will be among the bloated coal barons of the great West. Good luck, Frank.

"Red" Blair is our latest oil magnate, holding the position of vice president of the Burke-Templeton Oil Co. And Bill Taft's overcoat wouldn't make a vest for him now.

Guy Darby, who was started on the firing lien last August, has just been promoted to topman. Go to it, Guy, we're for you.

Armistice Day was a great day in Casper. Most of us celebrated by throwing a brick at the alarm clock and sleeping the rest of the day.

Winter has hit Casper at last, and the boys in the pipe department are trying to decide whether it would be cheaper to hunt a warmer climate or buy more clothes. D. C. K. says he's in favor of a warmer climate.

Someone should suggest to Chief Fred Place that a quantity of moonshine be supplied to nightwatchmen on cloudy nights.

Thomas Dinneen, confirmed bachelor labor foreman, has purchased a Buick Six, and is taking lessons in up-to-date dancing. Explanations are in order, Thomas.

Mike LaVelle, foreman of the plasterers, assisted by his new-fangled "Splatter Gun," has just established a new world's record in plastering, to wit: 20 square yards of side wall, 150 square yards of the earth's surface, two 1,000 H. P. boilers, one hoist engine, six teams of horses, 12,000 feet of lumber, 76 boilermakers, 120 pipefitters and a couple of dozen etceteras were in the blow-up of Mike's infernal machine. He just missed smearing up the entire plant.

Harold Manbeck has voiced his intentions to sign with the Yale or Harvard grid eleven next season. Atta boy, Harry, We'll lend you our moral support, as we know you can cover considerable territory, even though standing still.

E. N. Henley, who has been in the main office since May, was transferred on November 7 to our new plant at Glenrock, Wyo., as chief clerk. Success to you, Henley.

Lee G. Miller, late of the Midwest Refining Company, is a new arrival in the main office, Plant No. 1. Welcome to our family, Mr. Miller.

Looking over previous Stanolind Records, we find Jean Mignolet as tennis manager in July, 1920, and baseball manager in August, 1921. How about a little basket-ball, Jean?

J. F. Wright, pump repairman, has been on the sick list for four days. He returned to work on November 8.

Tower still foreman, N. B. Loden, is wearing one of those smiles that will not rub off. The reason? —an 8-pound girl arrived at his home on November 4th. Congratulations, Bill.

Mrs. C. D. and Mr. Frank Roberts, mother and brother of W. M. Roberts, shift foreman, returned home on October 27 from Los Angeles, Cal., where they spent the summer. We thought Roberts had another reason for building that new five-room house.

Mr. A. V. Forbes has returned from Denver, where he accompanied Mrs. Forbes, who was successfully operated on at Mercy hospital in that city. From reports we are glad to learn that Mrs. Forbes is rapidly recovering.

Mrs. Paul Arrighi, who was partially paralyzed by a stroke of lightning during the time of our tank fires last summer, returned with her children from her former home in Montana on November 6. Her stay at home aided in her complete recovery.

Mr. M. J. Furlong was married on October 17 to Miss Gladys McLearn of Wayburn, Can. He was given a leave of absence for that purpose, and came in behind the schedule. But then, work doesn't count in cases of this kind. He got the girl. Good luck to you, Jack.

Mr. Gerber is asking for a competent lady to mend clothes at the acid plant. He has required certain external qualifications in addition to mending ability. Why not bring your daughter to work with you, Mr. Gerber?

Shorty Scott, formerly separator man at the No. 3 plant separators, has been promoted to acid stillman at No. 3 acid house.

Walter Roberts, Charley Strickler and Joe Degan are now eating soup, hash and mush.

J. L. Pierce, pumper helper at No. 1 power house, is the owner of a new Studebaker car.

Tom McCoy, newly elected representative to the Joint General Committee, from the refinery, says: "We are sure to have home rule now."

Vic Gher, pressure still helper, who was married on November 15, returned from his honeymoon trip. Vic sure puts out some good cigars.

Gus Johnson, pumper, is enjoying the hot springs baths at Thermopolis. Gus came out from Whiting about a year ago.

Elof Engdahl, pressure still stillman, has been transferred to No. 3 pump house.

Mickey McGuire says he can't resist the old game, so during his leisure time acts as trainer for Jack Taylor, Casper's leading mat artist:

It looks as though the pumpers are a prosperous bunch. Oscar Davault, pumper at No. 2 house, is driving a new Ford.

Waitress in Casper restaurant: "Mr. Loganberry, will you have a piece of Logeman pie?" Exit waitress.

George (Slim) Weller was seen Saturday morning driving his recently purchased Lizzie. It must be a good one, as it runs over the curb and onto the sidewalk as well as it runs on a paved street.

J. A. Degan has returned from his vacation. He was working on his car, and it ought to be in fine shape now, as Joe is some mechanician.

Whooppee! Powder River! Cigars! Ha,Ha! What is the matter with Joe Bagby? Just look at him! Naw, he ain't dippy; it's a boy. Mother and baby doing well.

Why is it that some people will wind and crank and cuss a Ford for half an hour on these cold mornings, merely to ride a few blocks, when they could walk it in ten minutes? Perhaps Jack Logeman can tell us.

GREYBULL, WYO.

D. E. Yandel and George Haddenhorst went duck hunting recently but did not bring home any ducks. What's the matter with our nimrods this year?

Bartie Bentley and Wm. Patterson won the guns raffled off by Troy Majors recently. "Bill" sold his gun back to Majors again, for says Bill: "Troy is perfectly harmless with a gun."

H. M. Lockard was a Casper visitor recently. He reports everyone at Casper as well and happy.

George Patterson is the proud owner of a brand new Reo car. Some class to our top helpers.

Much interest is being taken in the Indian carvings found on the cliff along the Big Horn River at this place. Several parties from the plant have been down to see them.

Thomas Evans, still cleaner on Nos. 1 and 2 batteries, was called to Thermopolis recently because of his wife's serious illness. We hope for her speedy recovery.

Wm. Hergert, one of our still cleaners, has been on the sick list, but we are glad to see him back to work again.

B. I. Perkins returned from a trip to Denver recently and says Denver is a live town.

Chester Meyer, one of our overseas veterans, was quite busy Armistice Day celebrating the happy occasion.

CARLINVILLE, ILL.

Wm. Briggs, one of our handsome motormen, was passing around the cigars recently, the occasion being his marriage to Miss Olive Taylor, daughter of our local "Chili" king. Good luck to you, Bill.

Andrew Wargo was all smiles recently, due to the fact that the "Mrs." presented him with an 8-pound baby girl. Mother and daughter are reported getting along nicely.

Freddie Kerstein went Andy Wargo one better, he being the proud father recently of twin boys. Lucky Freddie.

Joe Formea recently decided to work in double harness, taking Miss Harriet Beasley as his *better* half. Here's to you, Joe.

Forrest Nifong, engineer at Berry, also decided that the life he was leading was too lonesome, so he took unto himself a wife in the person of Miss Marie Craggs, only daughter of Wm. A. Craggs.

Tony Fuller decided to join the ranks of the benedicts and took Miss Green of Girard as helpmate through life.

Henry Malcor, the Carlinville coal miner, has been making a big hit boxing in St. Louis during the past few months. His victory over Banker Kerns proves that he is not slow as a welterweight.

The Mothers' Club, in providing a glass of milk a day for every child in the Standard Addition school is doing a noble work. They recently gave a Charity Benefit, euchre and dance, which netted them about a hundred dollars. Let us hope that all will help the Mothers' Club when asked to, as their work is highly commendable.

Jake Werner, our supple janitor, is still somewhat of a boxer. If you do not believe it, ask "Hib."

W. R. Smith, office manager, Earl Hessenauer and Gene Kasten, had a very successful hunting trip during the quail season, and succeeded in bagging the limit.

Thomas Sweeney's "White Mule" ran away with the scraper at Berry the other day. Until this happened we always thought Tom could handle "the mule" without trouble, but now we are a little dubious.

Mr. W. H. Myers, road oil department, Chicago office, while here looking after the paving of Standard Addition, broke all previous records as a rhummy player, when he rhummied six times straight in a four-handed game.

George P. Allen, formerly an employee of the general office, has accepted a position with a large mercantile firm in Las Vegas, New Mexico, and with his family will soon leave for that city, where they will make their future home. During their residence in this city Mr. and Mrs. Allen made many friends who regret to have them leave.

Misses Edith B. Ambrose and Elizabeth M. Harkins, stenographers at the general office, spent the Armistice day holiday in Staunton, visiting with relatives and friends.

CHICAGO, ILL.

For classy A-1 girls, the fifth floor will challenge the world. Good lookers, good dressers and good girls; but this is not an invitation, gentlemen; stay in your own back-yard.

Speaking of good dressers, the other day one of our esteemed young ladies came in with a tan sweater, trimmed in bright red, which caused some of the bevy of beauties to register something that looked like envy, but we presume it must have been admiration.

Our chief clerk, Mr. H. M. Rummelhoff, purchased the biggest turkey in the market for Thanksgiving and invited his whole family in for dinner. Perhaps the knowledge that his sister Ingrid has the reputation of Queen of the Royal Order of Knife and Fork Artists had something to do with his picking a good sized bird. Might say for the benefit of the uninformed that the exalted position held by Miss Ingrid is only obtained by conquest.

Miss Beulah Johnson of the fifth floor won the hand painted —— raffled off by Mrs. Banville. (Please excuse the omission, but the censor blue penciled it.) However, the latest dance has the same name.

Miss Elsie Seeberger of the distribution department, fifth floor, was seen with a car on the boulevard one day last week. No, not a Rolls-Royce. It was Mr. Bernard Carr, an employee, also of the distribution department.

A high honor was accorded two members of the accounting division, 5th floor, when the Field museum delegated Rudolph Thorstensen and Einor "Red" Crown to hunt for an almost extinct specimen of duck, last seen in the wilds of Illinois near the Iowa border. After two weeks of terrible hardship and privation and the expenditure of several hundred dollars, the specimen was captured. Before taking its place in the hall of fame at the museum, the duck will be exhibited January 15—payday.

DAVENPORT, IOWA

My Bonnie leaned over the gas tank,
The depth of its contents to see;
He lighted a match to assist him,
Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me.

We announce the marriage of Mr. Theo. Shotwell, hustling attendant at S.S. No. 69, Vinton, Iowa, to Miss Barbara Meister. They are to visit a week with relatives at Creston, Ill., and then return to their home at Vinton.

CEDAR RAPIDS NEWS: Mr. J. H. Clark, of the Davenport office, was a visitor in our office the week of the 7th.

Michael Quinlan, our janitor, has been sick the last week. Hurry back, Mike, we need a good fire.

A. G. Minor, mechanic, is now superintendent of the garage.

Frank Robinson, mechanic, was called to Chicago last week by the death of his father. He has the sympathy of the entire force.

Mr. Kibby is house hunting and says he will be moved by Christmas. We wish him luck.

Mr. Thomas and Mr. Cahill, of Mr. Stewart's office, spent several days with us at Davenport and we certainly enjoyed their visit.

It is with regret we announce the death of Mr. E. A. Drake, annuitant, former agent at Oskaloosa, Iowa. His death occurred October 4 from blood poisoning resulting from a slight accident, with a combination of pneumonia. Our manager, Mr. Thomson, and his assistant, Mr. Flanigan, attended the funeral.

The girls of the Davenport office knocked us off our feet with a Hallowe'en party on the evening of October 31. The hall was decorated in season. Games (no poker or dice) were played, and everyone danced—or tried to. They had big eats. The other divisions are indeed lucky if they can boast of such girls as are employed in the Davenport office. Nearly forgot about the cider—apple cider—not quite hard enough.

Some of our salesmen are wearing new black and green hats. Can you tell us where the fire was, Mr. Tappert.

P. B. Parsons, warehouse superintendent, will start in the shoe business—or at least he has purchased part of his stock already.

James Muntz, John House and Harold Sage, of the warehouse, are growing mustaches; Muntz to save expenses, Sage so he won't lose the bet, and House to captivate the female species. Perhaps they will.

Winter is sure coming as some of the tank truck drivers are installing heaters in their trucks. How about you, Ole?

Mr. F. C. Lauritzen, tank truck salesman, was the winner of the point contest, having sold the most full line goods. Were the smokes good?

Dewey Exner and Wm. Schnoor both are thinking of starting to teach school next year.

Johnnie Grogon, our little service station truck driver, weighing 230 pounds, has lost his mittens. Finder please return to No. 84 and receive reward.

Jerry Preston, garage foreman, was out to a dance Saturday night, held by the Lady Turners, and reports a fine time. We take his word for it.

S. A. Sergeant, district superintendent, and R. J. Ives, tank wagon superintendent, were hunting Sunday (why hunt for it? It will come even though you stay in your warm bed). However, they challenge any hunter to beat their record of killing every rabbit shot at—not telling how many they shot.

Watch Wm. Young, thirty-three years in Davenport tank wagon service. We understand he is learning to dance. Youth is wonderful.

Bill Reynolds wishes to state in this issue that winter and snow are here and it is time Bill Smith wakes up his ferret and gets ready for business. Pay attention, Bill.

Wanted to buy: A Yeast Factory. Ordex and Parsons.

DECATUR, ILL.

On Tuesday evening, December 6, the Stanolind Fellowship Club will hold its regular meeting, and will also elect new officers for the ensuing six months. From all advance reports, this meeting bids fair to be a lively session.

Agent L. B. Redman, Centralia, Ill., claims to have a system of collecting delinquent accounts that cannot be beat. Our idea of the matter is that he stays in close proximity to the customer until said customer exhibits a roll of "green-backs" and then appears on the scene. RESULT: Customer drops money and "beats it" across country. Agent Redman does not explain it in exactly this manner, he stating that every time one of that kind of customers spies him or his tank truck he starts running across country and L. B. then goes in and helps himself.

"Hams" are getting more numerous as is shown in the following: Agents' instructor, James Hams, of the Southern District, is the proud possessor of a little "Ham," and an 8-pound one at that, arriving November 20, 1921. We all join in extending our heartiest congratulations to the proud parents. Both mother and "sonny" are doing fine.

R. W. Madeira, formerly service station superintendent, has been appointed district superintendent of the Eastern district, with headquarters at Danville, Ill., succeeding M. V. Bushman, whose death occurred recently.

Yes! Rita is still on her "man hunt," it having led her this time to the Windy City, Saturday, November 26, in company with Bessie Delaney. Rita comes back with the same old hard-luck story, "Too many to choose from."

Some said it would never happen; others said it would—the "others" won. Minnie Andrick did the "deed" and slipped away quietly and became Mrs. Fred Snyder, on Saturday morning, November 26, the wedding taking place at Monticello, Ill. From there, Mr. and Mrs. Snyder proceeded to Chicago, and after a short stay in the Windy City, they are now at home to their many friends, on

Central avenue. We all wish to say at this time that it is a pleasure to join as one and wish Mr. and Mrs. Snyder the very best of success in their venture, and a happiness that will have no ending. The above simply goes to show that when they do "fall" they just tumble all over themselves.

Agent Kirts of Oblong, Ill., in explaining his output of the small amount of Perfection and no gasoline on November 28, states as his reason that he drove thirty miles, got stuck three times in mud holes, and in general, had a h— of a time. From the above description F. W., we agree with you.

Can some one give us an insight as to why the commotion on the second floor on November 29? We are very much of the opinion that it all was caused by a little article appearing on Florence Walters' desk, somewhere in the vicinity of the northwest corner.

Poor Mary! She all the time does the unexpected. This time we saw her pet gambling device, "the Put and Take top," lying close to some other article in her desk which should never have been there. Mary looked like a rose bush of varied colors when Mr. W. A. Brown spied the assortment. A better system is needed about your desk, Mary, in order to uphold the traditions of your predecessor who formerly occupied said desk.

A very enjoyable evening was spent Tuesday, November 29, by a number of girls of the Standard Oil office, they giving a miscellaneous shower at the home of Mrs. Julius Strocher, 2130 E. Main street. The occasion for all this merriment being Mr. and Mrs. Fred Snyder, Mrs. Snyder formerly being Miss Minnie Andrick, filing clerk on the third floor. The happy couple were the recipients of a number of beautiful gifts consisting of kitchen utensils, linen, and articles of great use to a young couple at their stage of the game. The evening was spent with music and games, after which refreshments of chocolate ice cream, cake and mints were served. Those present were: Mrs. C. O. Andrick, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Anderson, Mrs. Angie Linn, Misses Kathryn Minor, Irene Bramble, Annamary Ellis, Birdie Reen, Nellie Neyhard and Cora Russell.

DETROIT, MICH.

Charles Knapp, equipment superintendent, should be on the detective force. A short time ago when one of the men called up and informed Mr. Knapp that he had just had his Ford stolen, Mr. Knapp jumped into his car and drove around town until he located the stolen car. Charlie says he saw it when he was a couple of blocks away but he could tell it by the scent, "Red Crown." Bill O'Mara is sorry that he didn't have Mr. Knapp look for his car last winter when it was stolen, instead of reporting it to the police department.

Lee Wise, B-3 bookkeeper, to George Waseman, A-1: "What is the difference between a window cleaner and a bookkeeper?"

George: "Eh—eh—I don't know."

Lee: "A window cleaner works to keep his balance and a bookkeeper works to find his balance."

George: "A fine bunch of athletes! We all try to balance ourselves."

A. Jackson, Webberville agent, to his local druggist: "Gee, this place smells strong of camphor."

Druggist to Jackson: "Who are you to talk of odors? Eureka (You reek o') Harness Oil."

Miss Knox, our tankwagon record clerk at Bellevue avenue, said it never would be done. Lo and behold! Monday morning she appeared on the scene with a "sparkler" on the third finger of her left hand. Best wishes to you, Knoxie, and also to Yours Truly at Clay avenue. (Yes, we know who the lucky man is.)

A. L. Kurtz, superintendent of Bellevue avenue plant, better be on the lookout for a tankwagon record clerk or have an interview with Al Stepp, garage foreman.

L. C. Lavey, our Pinckney agent, is having one continuous round of pleasure (?) with boils on his neck. In spite of this, he does not get grouchy with his customers—what do you think of that?

We have noticed of late that our Mr. Henry Fischer, cost accountant at the Clay avenue garage, has been parting his hair in the middle. Look out, girls!

Raymond Potter, new truck driver at Royal Oak, says it requires the services of six men to keep his new "Wilson" well "Semdac-ed" on account of the mud they have in that village.

Arnold Renner has been added to the tankwagon force at Monroe and has already proven he can sell Perfection.

On November 28th Mr. V. V. Green, service station superintendent and Mr. L. J. Anteau, construction department, drove to Mt. Clemens in the company's Chevrolet 490 roadster. These two men together weigh in the neighborhood of a quarter of a ton and they were warned before leaving the office that a car of the Chevrolet type was not strong enough to carry such enormous weight. However, they would not listen to the warnings given them and started on their trip. It was rather late in the afternoon when Mr. Green called the office and advised that he would not be in as he was at the garage having a new spring put in his car. We understand the equipment department is about to issue orders forbidding the carrying of weight in any roadsters exceeding 350 pounds.

Stenographer: "Do you know why Mr. Cochran signs all circular letters in red?"

Mr. McIntyre: "Why?"

Stenographer: "So as to make sure they will be read (red)."

C. Mickler, driver at Clay avenue plant, has resigned to accept a position with the Detroit police force.

H. E. Woodmancy, general salesman out of Lansing, after making a few choice and well appointed remarks concerning his Ford, turned it over to the garage man for further attention. The latter promptly administered a suitable supply of Red Crown and the little old bus rambled perfectly. Even an S. O. Co. flivver won't always run on its reputation.

Mr. McKee, our Hastings street "King", working out of Bellevue avenue, has his customers trained so he only has to drive up in front of a store and omit a whoop and the customer comes to the door and says "Yes" or "No." This might be a tip for some people who say it's impossible to train customers. That's all right, if he has them trained to always say "Yes."

Miss Bessie Hicks, efficient and congenial little clerk at the Lansing office, is enjoying a well earned vacation. The boys all report that she is very much missed.

Everybody at Bellevue avenue is wondering if there is a raise or "sumthin" in the wind because Cashier Alverson has been down to the office and at work by 6:30 A. M.

At the feather party at Clay avenue, Thanksgiving, Mr. Gatlin was fortunate in winning a ten pound turkey. He said he had intended having liver for dinner until he won the bird.

Our Mr. Robert T. Hetherington, stenographer at the Clay avenue garage, may have had a better chance of winning the turkey for his Thanksgiving dinner if he had only turned in his stubs with his signature on them.

The monthly sales meetings at Monroe station have become so instructive to the tankwagon men that they want to hold them twice a month. These meetings are held on the first Monday night of each month.

Our new agent at Warren, Mich., Mr. Gus Pokrifke, is doing fine. His new Ford truck can be seen in most any part of the field any time. Gus says Eureka Harness and Semdac are his meat. Watch his sales! Mr. Pokrifke was formerly tankwagon driver at Clay avenue plant.

One of the three ladies occupying the little office opening into the construction department walked to the doorway one day and remarked: "I smell rubber burning? Is anybody smoking in here?" Mr. Palmerlee considered this an insult and came back with: "Oh, it's probably one of you girls chewing gum until it got hot."

John McDale, Clay avenue driver, has a new girl since he secured a classy new winter top on his Ford. Who's the girl, John? Don't be so stingy; come on and put her on parade some day.

The sun was the only thing that didn't shine in Detroit, Saturday, November 23, when everybody was demonstrating Semdac in the big one-day campaign, which was a HUGE SUCCESS. One of the reasons it was so successful, so it has leaked out, is the fact that the shy, young bachelor who has been running the campaign in the lubricating department offered to give a kiss to the girls in the office for each *can* they sold. Perhaps it has nothing to do with the matter, but we are wondering if that is the reason a certain young lady sold hers in pints and quarts, instead of gallon cans. The janitor thinks we ought to have a Semdac Day quite often, in order that Dick Lubnau will shine up the desks, demonstrating how to sell it.

All employes at Clay avenue plant are very much interested in our Safety First meetings being conducted at the main office, Detroit. All are looking forward to the meeting when Al. Stepp will make his speech, "Why I am interested in Safety First."

The many friends of Frank Burbank, agent Reading, will be sorry to learn that November 28 he was injured in a railroad accident. At the time this goes to press the exact nature of his injuries has not been determined.

Mr. Ransdell, electrician at the Clay avenue garage, has just lately traded his old Reo touring car for a Ford coupe. After the agreement had been signed by Mr. Ransdell, he looked over the new trade and found that he was short the battery and the drop windows. We would advise Mr. Ransdell to look them over closely on his next trade (which we anticipate will be soon, judging from the way he apparently got "stung" in the above mentioned "swap").

A lady called on the telephone the other day when the regular operator was at lunch and she talked so low that the operator misunderstood the name of the party for whom she asked. As the party she presumably wanted was out, the lady asked the operator to take a message, which was as follows: "Have Mr. —— come to his sister-in-law's for dinner tonight." If the operator had not asked the lady again to repeat the name of the party she really wanted, we are all wondering what would have happened had the wrong gentleman gone to his wife's sister's for dinner.

Repairman: "Give me 3 ¼inch carriage bolts."
Stockkeeper: "How long do you want them?"
Repairman: "I want them a long time. I'm going to put them on a car."

It certainly seems good to see Mr. Schneider's smiling face again after his vacation. Even though his remarks concerning the three old maids in the equipment department were somewhat caustic at times, still they say while they can't get along with him, it is certainly much harder to get along without him.

DULUTH, MINN.

Miss Fontaine is back at her desk after her illness, round, rosy and saucy and reports feeling "top-notch" after a month's absence from the office.

Mr. Shields brought home the bacon from the Shrine Keno game, in the form of three turkeys. He won them fairly enough, but he refuses to tell how much he paid for them.

Ask Fletcher McKenzie how he keeps his desk dustless. He claims he works so fast he doesn't give it a chance to settle. Maybe yes, maybe no. Miss Larson can't keep her arms clean and she says she washes them every morning and dusts her desk too. How come, Fletch?

Christopher Anderson, affectionately called Kissey, leaves us the first of the month to go into the clothing business with his father. Our prophetic eye sees quite a clientele from the office, if Kissey succeeds in turning 'em out as slick as he does himself.

Mr. W. H. Bowman, salesman at Hibbing, paid the Duluth office a visit recently.

When it comes to making sales quotas Paddy Moher, of Rhinelander, is right there! Not so long ago he didn't have a single case of Yuletides to his credit. The other day a letter was received, "Sold my fifty-first case today. Will it be a breach of etiquette if I go over my quota?" To date he totals sixty-three cases, being a close second to "Hit 'Em Hard" Dick Carlson in the Copper Country, who leads the field with sixty-eight cases of 1's to his credit.

Miss Lynott and Miss Pomroy have returned from a few day's vacation at Minneapolis. Good time? Ask Esthyre. She's certainly learning her way about, isn't she?

Mr. Sorensen, who operates the Red Crown station at Carlton, Minnesota, was a recent Duluth office visitor.

Noticed the light in his eye and the spring in Mr. Ellison's step since he has moved up to the wild fastnesses of the far North? He walks to work every morning and is a great advocate of getting your exercise that way.

Mr. Edyvean, superintendent of District Four, recently addressed the Rotary Clubs of Houghton and Marquette, Michigan, on gasoline and a description of the distillation apparatus. His talk was along educational lines.

Ray Pinney, chief clerk at Mankato, visited the Duluth office recently. His many friends are always glad to see him.

Henry Fosmoe, now covering the territory at Ironwood, is a new one on the sales force but we had to wire him the other day to cut out selling Yuletides! No limit on Red Crown and Polarine, though, Henry.

Worried querry: What in the WORLD will I get Norris for Christmas?

Russell thinks parting is such sweet sorrow! But Margaret says vacations are fine—there's the parting, the staying at the Andrews, and the getting back!

R. G. Bowers is now agent at Hancock, Michigan. "Cap" Bussiere, former agent, will assume charge of certain outside construction work.

What misguided soul persuaded Jake that he ought to be a clerk? With his wonderful power of conversation he ought to be guided into the salesmanship line!

While unloading a tank recently, Mr. Wm. Godfrey, agent at Iron Mountain, was injured, his hand being severed at the wrist. This is the first serious injury of this nature in the Duluth field for a number of years, and we regret very much this unfortunate accident.

Bill Jacobs, Kenny MacGregor, Charlie Bowen and Al Samways are numbered among our successful hunters. It's an open season on Red Crown prospects, boys—go get 'em!

Red Crown Winter Gasoline signs are now being displayed at all service stations, and pumps where the good old Red Crown—King of All—is on sale.

W. P. Moher recently addressed the geography class of the high school at Prentice, Wisconsin on, "The Petroleum Industry." Our educational exhibit was also displayed. Salesman W. T. Mueller made a talk similar at the high school at Hinckley, Minnesota.

The Safety organization is holding a series of meetings at the Duluth warehouse, which includes employes in all branches of our work. Addresses are given at each meeting by the heads of different departments in each branch of work, and we are getting some beneficial information.

EVANSVILLE, IND.

Starting as a little surprise for Mrs. W. J. Lang's birthday, the salesman of Evansville and their wives so enjoyed their social evening at the manager's home during the early part of November, that the group is now contemplating the organization of a permanent club, to meet, probably bimonthly, at the homes of the various salesmen. Since the first meeting, there have been other evenings at the homes of John Schmitt, Mrs. Elizabeth Leahy and a stag birthday party at the home of E. J. Stikeman. Among those who have been in regular attendance at the affairs have been Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Lang, Mr. and Mrs. Ewald Brauns, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Stikeman, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Schulte, Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Otto Schinneman, Mr. and Mrs. John Limp, Mr. and Mrs. John Schmitt, Mrs. Leahy and Miss Anna Leahy. Others have attended at one or more of the meetings, as occasion permitted them. Lunches, music, dancing and "happy nonsense," as one of the persons entitled it, have served to pass the evenings in a hurry.

Charlie Taylor set a new record for quick recoveries when he appeared at the office November 14 and resumed his regular duties after an absence of only three weeks, during which time he underwent a serious double operation for appendicitis and gall stones. Charlie says if you just keep smiling everything goes along in fine shape.

E. L. Mentzer, president of the Evansville Standard Oil Company Pleasure Club, says any immediate activity upon the part of the club depends upon the promptness with which the members pay their dues. With a little money in the treasury, the club officers will endeavor to stage an affair early in the new year or possibly during the holiday season.

Several men in the division are making good on new jobs which they have only recently assumed. Otto Schineman, new salesman in Evansville, is collecting orders fast and furious as he walks his beat on the west end of town. Otto claims his shoe bill is mounting to the skies, but so are the stacks of Semdac, Finol and all the other specialty brands which he is specializing upon.

George Gymer, formerly of the stock department, is covering a lot of territory in a creditable manner on his new job as sub-station examiner. Gymer was started out on the dirt roads of southern Illinois and claims he was given a real initiation as the rainy season began shortly after. If he finds a hotel where they give him enough cover to absorb all the rain that pours through the roof, he says he is happy to crawl in bed at night.

Clarence Mann, who assumed George's duties in the stock department, is taking care of that desk like a veteran stock man.

John Stemper, since assuming his duties at Service Station 115, Evansville, has been making a hit with the patrons of this station by his ready service and ever accompanying smile.

Two new agents are making good on the jobs they have recently assumed. These are Franklin G. Charley at Bicknell, Ind., and William W. Hart at Dahlgreen, Ill. Mr. Hart has a big job before him as the station was just opened with his appointment, but, judging by his early reports he is getting down to business in fine shape.

Four more new agents are just getting settled in their new positions. These are C. M. Day at Shoals, Ind., Edward O. Elrod at Pekin, Ind., C. C. McDowell at Rasiclare, Ill., and Fred L. Phelps, who succeeded his father as agent at Norris City, Ill.

Jacob B. Donohoo, for almost four years guardian of the greases and miscellaneous items in the Evansville division, is now planning to leave the company and build up a farm in the state of Arkansas. Donohoo intends to specialize in poultry and fruit, especially apples and peaches. According to his tentative plans he will leave late in January or early in February. As expressed by one of his department fellows, "Donohoo has been one of the best liked and least obtrusive members of the office. His departure will leave an empty niche."

Miss Esther Childress, of Peoria, Ill., visited her sister, Francis, comptometer operator for the Evansville office, for a few days during the latter part of November.

The girls of the Evansville office decided early in November that they could get away with almost anything the boys could, and the result was the organization of a Girl's Bowling Team. To date the girls have only lost one game, which was the only one they have played, but are confident of staging a big comeback in their next contest. The team is composed of Mable Ruff, Helen Zachmann, Francis Childress, Lois Powers and Margaret Blondin. As Alexander, captain of the boy's team put it, "The girls put up a fine appearance, if they never win a game." (Pictures?—Ed.) It has been the habit of the young ladies to stay after their contests and root for the men, which may account for the latter's recent climb to the top.

William Ralston is unusually happy over his recent promotion to the saleswriting department, for it puts him just across the aisle from the young lady of his choice.

After hovering in second and third place for sev-

eral weeks, the Standard Oil Office Bowling Team has finally landed in first place in the industrial league standings, which include a number of factory and office teams. Horace Alexander, A. J. Hartlein, Clarence Ramsey, Harry Schriver and E. J. Stikeman are doing the bulk of the bowling for the office this year. Three of these men, Alexander, Hartlein and Schriver were members of the vetrean team which won the huge silver loving cup last year. With a fair run of good form the boys are hopeful of winning another cup this year.

Joseph Saberton, the Beau Brummel of the office force at Evansville, has become a confirmed equestrian, hiring a horse regularly each Sunday for a ride on Houston avenue. Joe has never admitted a preference for this particular street, although he has been frequently seen in that neighborhood at other times, principally Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday evenings. (Gee whiz, it he were an honest man he'd pay her dad's electric light bills.—Ed.)

Walter Erwin, warehouse clerk, has given his new baby girl an old fashioned Kentucky name, the kind of a name which pervades the stories of Southern chivalry, "Jane Ellen."

Effective December 1, Miss L. M. Powers, of the Evansville office, was appointed official photographer for the Stanolind Record in the Evansville field for the purpose of enlivening the news of this division. (Miss Powers, we are delighted to meet you. —Ed.)

Due to his constantly increasing duties, with work piling upon him with no relief, John L. Edmonds, who has handled the correspondence of the Evansville division for the Stanolind Record since its enlargement to include the sales department, was forced to resign his position. Effective November 23, William J. McBrian was appointed to succeed him.

FARGO, N. D.

Chief Clerk Carnine has just returned from Chicago where he had been called on the banking and credit situation.

The inhabitants of the first floor recently issued a challenge to the third floor for a bowling match, the losers to buy the winners a turkey feed, but as yet no answer has been received.

Mr. Gotto, credit man, has visited several points in the field during the past few weeks and reports that merchants are finding collections slow, but are optimistic and feel that with a good crop next year, North Dakota will be its old self.

We have been waiting so long and patiently for the announcement of the marriage of Mr. Einar Bjerge and Miss Sue Hoffman, that when the announcement was really made we came very close to wiring Mr. Julian for a special edition of the Record. However, as the January issue was to be the real issue for the Fargo division, we saved the news. The wedding took place November 8 at St. Mary's Cathedral, Father Egan officiating. It was a quiet affair, only intimate friends and members of the family being in attendance. Both Mr. and Mrs. Bjerge have been in the employ of the company at Fargo for several years, Mrs. Bjerge occupying the position as head of the stenographic department, and Mr. Bjerge head of the recording department. They are now busily engaged in adjusting things in their new little bungalow at First street and Tenth avenue, North, but announce at home to their many friends after December 31.

Mr. J. P. Beaton goes one better than the girls. He wears four-buckle overshoes with four buckles open.

Mr. J. E. Rood, of the garage force, has taken unto himself a wife. All the boys are smoking cigars and wishing Mr. Rood the best of luck.

District Superintendents Duane Clapp, Minot, Harris of Jamestown, and Hathaway of Crookston and Thief River Falls, were Fargo visitors during the last week.

Salesman Erickson in charge of the Warren, Minn., field, recently drove from that point to Fargo. After seeing his little jitney safely stowed away for the winter and making a brief trip "over the office," he again was on the way, anxious to "GET HIS 1922 START NOW!"

The Standard Oil Social Club fittingly solemnized the opening of the dancing season by obtaining the Glacier National Park Orchestra for the first dance. About forty couples were in attendance. President Tehelka and Mr. Brubaker in charge of the arrangements, are to be congratulated upon their choice, and the wish was generally expressed that we might see more of the Glacier National Park Orchestra.

Miss Ella Ramstad, of the Weum apartments, Moorhead, Minn., entertained in honor of Miss Hilma Flaa, prospective bride of the coming month. After presenting Miss Flaa with numerous presents for her hope chest, the evening was pleasantly spent in singing and playing games. After a dandy luncheon the girls departed, wishing Miss Flaa the best of luck and voting Miss Ramstad a very good entertainer.

Mmes. Bennett, of the cartage department, Randall, of the sales department, and Snyder, of the check department, are leaving the employ of the company within the near future to take up the duties of the housewife. Ladies, we hate to see you go, but wish you the best of luck in your new work.

Another Standard Oil Company romance culminated in the marriage of Miss Elsie Hughes and Merle Gingrey. The wedding took place at the bride's home at Sheldon, N. D., her father performing the ceremeny. Both have been employees of the Company for some time, and have always proven to be live wires, not only in their work but in the social doings of the company as well. Mr. and Mrs. Gingrey, we wish you the best of luck.

Mrs. Beauchamp and Miss Kelly have both been seriously ill during the past few weeks. It is reported that they are both much improved and we hope to soon have them back with us at the office.

It is rumored that the next benedict will be Mr. Ralph Wilkinson, of the garage force. They are sure going fast. A single person will soon be a novelty in the Fargo office.

Mrs. Charles Gullans, who has been seriously ill at St. John's Hospital, is much improved, and has been removed to her home.

During the last Standard Oil dance, Semdac and Prepared Wax staged some little battle. The latter was materially aided by forty pairs of feet slipping, sliding, and skidding over the floor with the hope of rubbing the wax into the floor. However, twelve o'clock found Mr. Wax rolled up in little balls and Semdac covering the floor with an even coat. The wax could have been swept up and the floor would have shown no trace of it. While this was disconcerting to the dancers, it clearly proves that Semdac affords the floor real protection, and covers it with an even coat leaving no opening for foreign substances.

Mr. Cowell, lubricating expert, tells the following on Salesman Stribley: While driving from one

town to the other, they stopped to see a farmer who owed us a rather large account. Mr. Stribley entered with a brave heart and determination to clean up the account even though it might be necessary to get hard boiled. He was met by the lady of the house, who, after learning his errand, told him such a pitiful tale as to their circumstances, that Mr. Stribley not only left without collecting, but "left" a dollar and a half of his own money for some purchases made from the good lady. In justice to Mr. Stribley, we might say that the man of the house recently did meet with a very serious accident which left him a cripple.

Mr. Westmiller, head of the station examining department, has spent considerable time in the field during the past month.

Mr. R. J. Miners, of the Fergus Falls territory, was a Fargo visitor recently.

Messrs. Packard, Raupagh and Carnine have just returned from a business trip to the home office at Chicago.

Mr. Oscar Inberg, Standard Oil agent at Hendrum, Minn., was a visitor at the Fargo office on business.

We are certainly pleased to note Manager Packard is again back at his desk, he having just returned from a short vacation spent in recuperating from recent illness. Mr. Packard appears to be his same old self, which proves that Standard Oil people, as well as products, have a quick pick up.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

Service Station Attendant O. J. Hunt of Fremont, Mich., is the proud daddy of a 9½-pound baby girl born October 16. Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Hunt.

Mr. H. L. Slarrow, agent at Traverse City, has our most sincere sympathy in his recent bereavement, the loss of his father and sister within the past six weeks.

It was on the pretty morning of November 9 that Edith Pierson said "I do" and became Mrs. Russell Cryder. Russell works in the Grand Rapids office and agrees that "It is not good that man liveth alone."

The way some of the employees respond to sending in news for the Stanolind Record is a joke in itself. Some of these days, we will be surprised to see the "new babies" walk in and announce their own arrival. On June 18, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Fuller of Coldwater, Mich., became the proud parents of an 8-pound son. (We thought we would hurry and put this in before "sonny" requested announcement.)

On September 27, Mr. Earl Coffman, warehouseman at Kalamazoo, passed around the Virginia Cheroots in honor of his 10½-pound son, just arrived. Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Coffman, may he be a great man some day.

Standard Oil Service? There's nothing like it. Just recently our country driver, Mr. Emmet Parker of Traverse City, was returning home after his day's labor. A Dodge sedan in an awful hurry passed his truck and another car ahead of him and then swerved into a ditch and turned over. Mr. Parker hurried to the scene and with four other men righted the car up and with his truck towed it up into the road. The sedan wasn't damaged much but the Cylinder Oil had leaked out. Mr. Parker sold the man one gallon of Polarine and he went on.

From a society item in the press we notice that Cliff Worden, station examiner from the Grand Rapids office, is going to leap into the sea of matrimony and Miss Lucile Chase of this city is to become the Mrs. Good luck and much happiness to you both, Cliff.

Mr. Roy Pease of the garage is recovering after having undergone an operation. May your recovery be a speedy one, Roy.

Have you all been down in the new machine room? Yes, and girls operating the machines. Who said girls can't run a machine? Ask Gertrude or Elsa. The Ediphones are installed.

Our telephone operator has joined the "Bobbed Hair Union." Fleurette is her name now, 'cos she sure does look "kittenish."

We wish to extend our heartfelt sympathy to Mr. Wm. Martz, salesman in the Grand Rapids field, in his recent bereavement, the death of his wife.

We will certainly miss Lawrence Hanna's smiling countenance around the office. Mr. Hanna has been auditing at the Grand Rapids office. We hate to have you leave us, we got so used to you now. Come again.

Al Terpenning tried to stop a Paige car. Al wanted to see how it seemed to ride in one, but the driver didn't even pick him up and Al had to limp around for a day or so. It might have been worse, Al; don't try it again. It may be all right with a Ford, but even that isn't healthy for a small boy.

It never rains but what it pours for some people. Mr. Roy Middleton is convalescing after having undergone an operation in Chicago. His wife is recovering from an attack of pleurisy. Every cloud has a silver lining and we hope better days are coming.

Mr. L. J. Thompson, manager at Saginaw, dropped in the office the other day, and it seemed perfectly natural to have him around. Come again, L. J. T.

Let us introduce Mr. John C. Ryan, our new lubricating engineer. Glad to have you with us, Mr. Ryan.

Harold Gelders, of the bookkeeping department, went to a stag party recently. He took his first lesson in smoking "coffin nails" and wonders if moonshine has the same effect on a fellow. He says it may be all right after the first hundred, but oh the first one, what an effect it has on the head.

Mr. C. McDonald, of the credit department, went on a hunting trip up north. Mac took wifey along "up home." We didn't hear what "game" they brought back, but he did tell us one incident. Two skunks were hovering around the farm, getting the chickens. They didn't want to set a trap because it would catch the cats. Mac always finds a way out and being in want of something to shoot, shot the cats and then set the traps, catching two valuable (?) skunks.

HURON, S. D.

Our former agent at Newell, S. D., Mr. C. R. Nelson, was accidently killed about two weeks ago in an automobile accident. He had made a wager with the competitor at Newell that he could deliver a load of oil and gasoline to Fairpoint, 40 miles away, in less time than the competitor could. The start was made and Mr. Nelson failed to arrive at the destination. On sending out the searching party, they found him dead and the truck had been overturned. No one seems to know what caused the accident. We all extend our sympathy to Mrs. Nelson and the family.

We are going to start a furniture moving concern in Huron. Most of the clerks have had a lot of

experience in moving furniture which they acquired during the fire on Friday the 17th.

Agent Croft at Watertown was in the office recently and says that he picked up a lot of pointers.

Mr. Dodsley and Mr. Bailey recently returned from Chicago where they have been on Company business.

Mrs. C. L. Bailey is in the hospital recovering from an operation. She is doing very nicely and will be up in a short time.

Walsh very nearly got stepped on. He was crawling around on his hands and knees while the smoke was pretty heavy and someone very nearly dropped a load of stationery on him.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

When last seen William Krumrine, SS utility attendant, was still looking for his grip which he left on a prominent corner in the city of Anderson and expected to find it there the next day; the grip, we mean.

Mary Thompson is back at her duties of checking the stream of forms 0130, having fully recovered from her illness of several months duration.

V. H. (Mose) Moore thinks he had better stick with his usual headgear, a cap. He bought one of these latter-day "narrow rims" but all the kids on the street followed him so that he got in bad with the traffic cops.

Our Polarine Social Club is about to become a regular organization with by-laws, constitution, officers, executive committee and all the trimmings. In line with some very substantial promises of good times to be staged later, a popular election will be held on the evening of December 5. So far, we "aint seen no 'lectioneering seegars."

Popular second floor inquiry: "Say, Bill, why do you pick on Eddie all the time for?"

The inseparables—Roy Poland and the adding machine.

November 1 was an event for Garnet Aikens, who came into his twentieth Standard Oil Company birthday. The much prized button arrived in due time and called for a very appropriate presentation speech from Manager E. P. Galbreath.

In all justice to our two leading billiard "sharks" the Beatty-Gaston duo, Young Jake Schaeffer should not have considered the Hoppe challenge until he gave one of these boys a chance. To prove their claims it might be mentioned in passing that in an elaborately planned match recently these two wizards started a 100-point series on Saturday night and managed to finish the set just in time to make the Monday morning assemblage at the office.

Ray G. Miller, service station attendant, has been promoted to city salesman.

Driver "Mike" McClung, Bloomington driver, went hunting on Armistice Day but so far Agent Voss Cox has not noticed the shadow even of the rabbit which Mike promised him. Driver Alfred Blewett has been afflicted with boils. After eating his meals on the "standing" plan, Al now has a jaw of broad proportions. Billy Isom, salesman, must fear for his correspondence school course on hunting, for while he has taken out the necessary license, no one is able to entice him out with a gun. Serves him right, for on Thanksgiving Mrs. Isom put Bill to sawing wood—real wood in a real wood shed—a real backache, too.

Salesman C. E. Wiseman is in hiding. He advised a customer to clean a bathtub with Semdac instead of oil soap. The victim not only took a plunge, he skidded.

Former Chief Clerk J. F. Hinch, now retired, was a caller at the Indianapolis office recently, the first time since his retirement last winter. Sometimes we think he does not come around often, fearing we will put him to work.

Change of surroundings was a little too much for E. V. Brannan, who is acting as utility driver. Accustomed to the mild Blue River, the mighty Ohio at flood soon had E. V.'s "goat." You know how a wharf seems to move out as a steamer comes in; well, Mr. Brannan simply did the natural—he called for help and in no mild tones either. Says his "spectatoring" covering boat stops will be confined to both feet on the floor of mother earth, starting from even date.

A royal time is reported from Anderson, when the employes gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Long for an oyster supper. The guests for the supper were: Mr. and Mrs. John Williams and children, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Shuman, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Nicholson and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Hertenstein and children, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Rector and children, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Miller and son, Mr. and Mrs. C. K. Likens and son, and Mr. Lewis of Knightstown.

Johnnie Galvin, clerk at the Richmond plant, has a new way to crank a Ford; he gets someone else to do it. Bright idea, John. This ought to make driver A. McGunegill laugh for Mac is always on the verge of a broad grin, anyway.

Auditor J. B. Graham, checked in from Decatur, looking for mistakes, no doubt. We don't make them.

C. Fletcher, service station utility, can prove to the most sceptical that a "32 cannon" has a 14-inch hole—he looked in one the other night.

For some reason SS 88 has been receiving only one Stanolind Record, so Al Roush gets to look at the pictures and Charley Brough the reading matter, being pals as it seems.

George Lewis, SS 134, Anderson, has bought a big farm and expects to move out in the spring and raise chickens, pigs, etc.—two acres.

Kenneth Likens, driver, reports a new son at his house. Kenneth says he is the greatest boy in the world and already shows signs of being the boss of the family.

JOLIET, ILL.

During the night of Sunday, Nov. 7th, the safe at Kankakee, Joliet field, was blown and robbed, taking place some time between 11 and 12 p. m. Judging from the damage caused by the explosion an extremely large quantity of nitroglycerine was used, as part of the safe door was blown through the front door out onto the loading platform of the warehouse. The desks and chairs were badly broken by pieces of smaller size. Coupon books were strewn over the floor. The explosion was heard by people living in the neighborhood and was mistaken for the discharge of a railroad torpedo.

The bowling team, Joliet office, is promoting a great deal of enthusiasm toward a series of matches. The scores for November 22 show Kallman's Wonders winning with 2287 points in 3 games over Johnson's Colts, score of 2245.

Chas. Voight, our local Sampson and Goliath's only rival, also head of the equipment department, was recently overheard asking one of the mechanics what part of a Ford was called "The Crank." Unlike a lady crank, Charley, a Ford crank can sometimes be handled.

Mr. James Arthur has been appointed credit man to fill the vacancy left by Mr. J. J. Reinhard's

death and Bernard Muentnich appointed assistant credit man to fill the position left by Mr. Arthur's promotion.

Why does Leo Pesavento always place his hand over his left breast when he complains of a pain in his side? It is a generally known fact that the traffic department is publishing a new and revised physiology.

Joliet office received a three-day visit from Mr. T. E. McCahill, who came with a flock of good ideas for lubricating, smokestack and farm sales.

Miss Margaret Murphy displayed great efficiency in the way refreshments were served by her committee at our Hallowe'en party. Why not make it a daily affair?

Upon the return of some of our noble hunters with a flock of nice rabbits, they were informed by Pat Morrisey that the rabbit season was not yet open as there was no snow on the ground.

Bill Watson is studying the peculiar traits of grasshoppers and trying to discover what enables them to emit a liquid similar to tobacco juice without having to buy the plug.

Mr. T. W. Cameron paid a flying visit to Mr. C. M. Monson while passing through Joliet recently, meeting Mr. E. E. Morton, Joliet manager.

There was a panic caused by the placing of a mouse on Catherine Kane's desk. It sure raised "Kane." The only part of Elsie Fritz that could be seen were the soles of her shoes, but we expect her back within the next few days.

Carl Kallman's bowling team now heads the list; that is, if you read Chinese fluently.

M. P. Harmon, salesman in Elgin territory, and his wife, recently of the office force, have taken an apartment in the Honeymoon Flat at Elgin. What's the big idea, Mat? This can't go on forever.

Norman Armstrong has been presented with a solid ivory comb inlayed with pure gold. By the way, Norman, we suggest that the cigars and candy be placed on a table in the main hall, as we are advised that you recently became a proud Fawthaw.

Mr. E. T. Putnam who just returned to work after a serious accident in June at Mt. Carroll, has unfortunately had to take his wife to the hospital at Clinton for an operation. Our sympathies are with Mr. Putnam and although we know his expenses will be great, we are sure it will only take him a short time to make up all the loss as he is a heavy seller of Mica and commissions count up fast.

Mr. R. M. Schmaling, who acted as agent at Mt. Carroll during Mr. Putnam's absence, has just informed us, since his transfer to Dixon, that he is averse to driving trucks as there is no chance of getting a shot at Mica commissions. Judging from terms used by agents, hunting Mica customers is quite as thrilling a sport as goose or rabbit hunting. At any rate they all seem to be bringing home the "bacon."

Roy Olson, formerly in charge of the stationery room, who has been absent for several days on account of illness, is now back on the job and transferred to the barrel department.

Somebody said George Ball, district superintendent, was arrested in Aurora for speeding. Whose car did you have, George? We know it could not be done in the Buick.

Eva Corp offers a nightly prayer in which are always the words "Please do not cut the plumbers' wages."

Harry Berst is a new member of the bookkeeping department and it is understood he is a cornet artist. We hope that he blows in for some of our parties.

Mr. Hughie E. Boyle, recently transferred from the Chicago office was promptly dubbed "The Wandering Jew."

The field force has not been intentionally neglected in this issue, but there has been no report from that source up to date. Watch for the next edition.

Some time ago there was a contest held to pick the world's greatest kisser. This took place in the old country, but why go there when almost any noon Lil Trackman will give a demonstration at the entrance of the office. She claims it is her brother, but we know differently.

Speaking of colors—Raphael Byrnes turned a delicious purplish pink from embarrassment on occasion of hooking the point of his mud scow in the cord attached to Ray Nelson's 'phone.

Ethel Dixon was asked if she would like to become Howard Connor's secretary when he receives appointment as an "A" station agent (a promotion which is bound to come). Her reply was: "What do you mean his secretary?"

Joliet boasts of something Kansas City hasn't got, a Ford coupe painted an azure blue. Not the shade of blue that envelops Kansas City after our reply to their "Pooh-Pooh." The proud owner of this repainted fliver is Dan Otis, the boy with the broad smile.

It has been Mr. Morton's desire to meet what is commonly known as a skunk, which was fully realized on the evening of November 2 while returning from a field trip. Although there were no casualties, it was considered by all a narrow escape and all members of the party, with Mr. Morton's exception, were quite willing to let well enough alone, so they promised that the next one that passed would be given to him. Yesterday, Mr. Monson assistant manager, was overheard dictating a request to the purchasing department for a trailer to be sent down for use on the Cadillac, and in the same breath he issued instructions for the digging of a pit at the rear of the garage. 'Nuff said.

Some time during the night of November 6, the safe at Kankakee was blown up and robbed. On the evening of November 7, Mr. C. M. Monson, assistant manager, breezed into the Joliet office with a new Scotch plaid overcoat. Of course, it is not our thought to connect the prosperity with the pilfering of the safe. P. S.—Earl Gray, superintendent of service stations, has been willed Mr. Monson's old overcoat.

Geo. Brill, tank wagon driver at Joliet, challenges any individual driver to a contest in Semdac selling. We are not publishing his record, as there would be no possibility of your believing it.

Mr. R. J. Waldecker, formerly assistant to Joliet agent, has been appointed agent at Kewanee. Mr. Dan Otis, formerly of equipment department, is filling the vacancy caused by Mr. Waldecker's transfer.

We have learned the reason that J. B. Sontag must put forth 75% more action than any other person does to the same amount of production. It is because he is kept busy answering long distance telephone calls for Roy White and John Kiep. By the way, did you notice that Mr. Sontag got all "bawled up" at the party and had his suit "checked?"

Helen Reimke has a new beau. Here is the proof. Night before last the rain was snowing fast and Helen bought herself a ten-cent ride on the street car, Cass street line. At the transfer point she calmly got off the Cass street carand waited at

the corner for her own, which is the Wilcox, and from force of habit, or absent mindedness, mounted the first car that came along. After about 15 minutes' ride she woke up to the fact that she had gotten back onto the Cass street car. "Whittle your own."

Joe Horan is trying to rummage off her green sweater at 98 cents. Must be raising a Christmas fund.

J. B. Sontag, Joliet agent, was seen filling his Ford at a competitor's service station. If any one has a slightly used measuring stick, please leave same at correspondent's desk to be given to Mr. Sontag.

C. L. Creagan and C. E. Bowman, salesmen, visited the Joliet office November 15. Seem to be still full of the "Old Pep."

What is that streak of black down Myrtle Lenander's neck? Is it possible ear-rings are back in style again?

A big flock of cheers for Aurora. Look over the following contribs. Who says they are asleep out there? We expect to have at least one item from every station in the field in next month's issue.

Mr. Ernest Hoch, the handsome country driver, operating out of Aurora, wagers that he can sell more Semdac and Eureka Harness Oil than all the other country drivers at that station. Evidently Ernie is as much of a hit with users of those products as he is with the ladies.

Aurora drivers recently held a meeting at which the discussion of "What Is Good Gasoline" was the principal subject.

Homer Fuquay, stake truck driver, has submitted a resolution to all non-smokers instructing them to grab a cigar for him when passed. He still has a few left from last Friday's meeting.

Tank Truck Driver, Joe Kline, Aurora station, is taking a practical course in domestic science while his wife is in the hospital. Mrs. Kline is doing nicely and will soon be in the best of health again, but advises that she will refuse to take a chance on Joe's cooking.

We are all wondering why Joe Hodgson, country driver, arranges to eat his meals at the Sugar Grove hotel? Blonde or brunette?

Mr. A. H. Innis, our popular salesman in Polo territory, announces the arrival of a 9-pound girl at his home in Polo. Miss Innis, who resembles daddy, has already learned to say "Mica."

We regret to report the death of Mr. J. J. Reinhard on Monday morning, October 31. Mr. Reinhard had been in the services of the Standard Oil, Joliet field, since October 10, 1918, starting as a stock clerk. On July 5, 1919, his efforts were rewarded by a promotion to credit man, which position he has most faithfully filled up until the day of his death. He was considered one of the most jovial in the office force. His smile was always ready for anyone with whom he came in contact and as usual, on the night of the Hallowe'en celebration, seemed one of the most hale and hearty in the entire congregation. It will be possible to fill his vacant chair, but hardly probable that anyone will ever take his place in the hearts of his fellow workers.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

Chas. Hogan, mail toter, left the employ of the company. He agreed with P. Connor that winter had arrived and nothing appealed to him less than piloting a Ford around in the winter time; his idea of perfect comfort in the cold season is to crawl in a hole and pull the hole in after him—a case of rare judgment, to quote Mr. Busch.

Earl Boughan informed us that he was being transferred, which we mistook for accepting a new position, hence we are a shy a news item. This will act as a substitute.

Oberlander of the order desk has been transferred to the traffic department. He is fairly well versed in that line of work, his chief diversion heretofore having been to learn the route of the pay wagon, tracing overdue ditto wagon, etc.

Emmett Coulson, formerly of the traffic department, has resigned. He will be missed by his friends here, of which he has many of same. Wonder what specie of gas he will use in his new 1922 Chevrolet?

The stock department has two additions, viz.: McElroy, transferred from the bookkeeping department, and Dan Davison, from the auditing department. Dan is filling Mr. Sala's chair temporarily, he being on his vacation. The stock department is Dan's old stamping ground, and we believe Mac is familiar with the routine also.

Bill Merrick says his greatest ambition has been realized—working in the auditing department. With apologies to the sales department.

Jack Roady, sales department, has left the company to take up auditing work in Oklahoma City. He has been putting in some pretty hard licks studying accounting and deserves the success which we wish him. Go to 'er, Jack.

Mr. Dayhoff says "Don't start things you can't stop." This furnishes a splendid opportunity for a guessing contest as to whether he refers to Fords, free-for-alls, or gossip, all three having about the same scope. The party submitting the best solution will be voted the winner.

The sherlock of the offis reports that he lamped Dave Gardesky and Miss Martin in front of a jewelry store not long ago, wistfully eyeing some diamond rings on display, absolutely dead to their surroundings. That's the last stage.

Miss Bulson visited in Iowa on her vacation, at Ottumwa, her old home town, and Des Moines. While at Des Moines she had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Ross, and dining at his home. Our prophecy about the vacant chair has been fulfilled. She was also dined by the Des Moines Chamber of Commerce. Gosh, she must have some pull in Iowa, eh?

Wanted—A general clerk to fill the vacancy left by Joe Helling who resigned. Joe has served in various capacities during his 12 years of service and has always acquitted himself in a commendable manner.

The only place to find Joe Wilhelm from 12:30 noon to 1:00 o'clock is at the National Cloak & Suit Co., parked out in front in his goin' Ford. The attraction isn't suits, it's cloaks and dresses. We don't blame you, Joe.

We hear that the street car company has lost a good reliable customer, who formerly made three or four trips weekly to Independence, Mo. Watsmatter, Mac?

John Kornefeld, stock department, used to work for a radiator company. Yes, that's why he radiates so.

The commotion in the west section of the office, upper deck, is not occasioned by turning over desks, chairs, etc., as might be suspected, just Ernie Monks and Lou Gardesky having a little business meeting—or understanding. No casualties to date.

Our basket ball team made its debut November 28, and won from the Needles Institute. Score, 22-20.

Paul Whitney has been all smiles lately, not that he isn't in the habit of wearing a sort of smile or grin continually, but now it reaches from ear to ear. How long will she be in the country, Paul?

Ed Hull, iron barrel department, is lamenting the high price of kicks. It seems that those trips in quest of a chip off the old plug horse-shoe) work havoc with his gun-boats.

On November 14, fire of unknown origin broke out on the west side of the office. It threatened serious results, as the leaping flames crept up the awning, but don't get excited. Enter the heroes. The twins, undaunted by the sight of the seething mass of flames, rushed madly to the scene and applied emergency antidotes. Some thoughtful person brought the fire extinguisher into play and thus ended the sensational event. Damage consisted of a very small hole in the awning.

This has been a mighty sore outfit of late—physically. Due to the epidemic of smallpox, and as a precaution, the majority of the force were vaccinated. Luckily, no one has been a victim to date.

E. A. Wetmore visited his relatives in Boston, while on his vacation a short time ago. Someone suggested that he save train fare by just starting out at his usual gait and walk it, as he'd undoubtedly arrive not far behind train schedule. Not being possessed of a Rand-McNally for guidance, he decided not to attempt it.

We propose that Miss Carpenter use the elevator hereafter, or else attach sandpaper to her shoes, when coming up the stairs.

Miss Gladys Collins, Miss Blanche Schultz and Miss Agnes Walker are no longer with us. Miss Steele, comptometer operator, also resigned, to accept a steady job for life.

KEOKUK, IOWA

Mr. Homer Cresap, agent at Ottumwa, Iowa, has been in the employ of this company for twenty-five years. He writes that he is proud to think he has been with us for a quarter of a century, and that he hopes the remaining years will be as pleasant as the ones past.

Mr. H. J. Bomford, Chicago office, spent several days with us recently. Mr. Bomford is a very pleasant and agreeable gentleman, and we hope he will return soon.

Kenneth Hollibaugh, formerly of Prescott, Iowa, has moved to Creston, Iowa, and is now employed as Packard truck driver at that station. Kenneth says the gear shift is different from the "Lizzie" he drove at Prescott.

H. A. Brunat, district superintendent, recently completed a "SAFETY FIRST" organization at Creston, with A. N. Pierson as chairman, E. G. Smeltzer, assistant chairman, and Miss Danielson, secretary. Monthly meetings are to be held on the second Monday of each month, at which time committeemen appointed will report, and a full debate on "SAFETY FIRST" will follow.

Herbert Spencer, shop foreman, Creston, Iowa, has just completed the overhauling and painting of our Packard truck. She rolls along like a coach now, and Herb says they will certainly have to keep it clean from now on.

Frank Arnold, efficient drayman, Keokuk, certainly takes great pride in the appearance of his Peerless truck. Frank is certainly setting a good example for the other truck drivers.

Miss Florence Wheeler, stenographer at Ottumwa, Iowa, is proving herself a good "shepherdess."

Miss Winnie Welsh, daughter of O. S. Welsh, service station attendant at No. 124, Ottumwa, Iowa, was married recently.

Mr. W. T. Moore, warehouseman, Keokuk, slipped one over on his friends (that is, he thought he did) by motoring to Fort Madison and taking unto himself a "better half," Miss Mabel Kennedy. We hear he had some luck on his return trip, having had two blowouts, and he had to leave his car in Montrose, returning on the train. Here's hoping he has better luck on the matrimonial sea. He will have to walk the straight and narrow path, as the lady is just a little larger than he; also, he is stopping at his mother-in-law's for the present. Pretty soft, hey, Teleford! Cellar full of fruit, and coal bin full of coal. How lucky some guys are! Congratulations and thanks for the cigars and candy!

A. L. Martin, manager at Quincy, Ill., accompanied by Mr. Leuers, paid Keokuk office a visit recently.

LA CROSSE, WIS.

Manager J. H. Lambert, Assistant Manager J. E. Monegan and Mr. A. B. Nichols, chief clerk, spent November 22 and 23 at the home office in Chicago.

The Standard Oil Bowling League is going full blast and in a short time we will have some crack bowlers. We have four teams which bowl every Monday night at the La Crosse club, namely: Red Crowns, Polarines, Perfections and Finols. From the way the boys are turning out each bowling night, Manager "Scoop" Volz looks forward to having the best bowlers in the city at the close of the season. The standing of the teams will be published next month.

A new service station, No. 352, was opened at Winona, Minnesota, November 22. Mr. D. V. Guentz, attendant, was transferred from No. 54. West enders are proud of the addition to that part of the city. Watch out for Mr. Guentz in his new home.

Mrs. Prosser says that since her husband, Salesman E. A., has been furnished the new car, "you just can't keep him home at all," and is right now contemplating writing to Mr. Ford, asking to put some sort of a stopper on their cars as well as a self-starter.

A new bulk station was opened at Soldiers Grove, Wis., Mr. G. H. Bailey, agent.

Mr. H. A. Hanson, former assistant manager, paid us a visit on November 25. We were glad to see him look so well and happy.

Mr. K. F. Dyer, agent at De Soto, Wisconsin reports a brand new baby girl arrived at his home on November 1. Congratulations to the new daddy.

On November 13, about 12:45 a. m. a burglar made his way into the La Crosse office and proceeded to lay his hands on the cash box. He succeeded in blowing the combination off the first door and blowing off the other two doors entirely, made his escape with a small amount of cash. Lucky for us, he didn't touch the savings of the Social Club which happened to be in the same compartment. Mr. Riehms, an employee of the company, spied the thief, but on account of his telephone being out of order, which necessitated his walking to the police station, it was impossible for him to notify the police in time to capture the intruder.

We have just learned of the marriage of our Kendall, Wis., agent, Mr. Chas. A. Dams, which

took place some time during the week of November 13. We wish them a long and happy wedded life.

The marriage of William Multhaup, a tank wagon salesman at Winona, Minnesota, to Miss Aldrecht of Pickwick, Minnesota, took place Tuesday, November 8. They will reside in Winona. Undoubtedly his stops at Pickwick hereafter will be less frequent, making possible his getting in earlier from the country trips.

MANKATO, MINN.

Those long in the employ of the Standard Oil Company will be grieved to learn of the passing away of William W. Howe, Winnebago, on November 10, 1921. Mr. Howe, who was agent at Winnebago for our company from 1882 to 1912, when he retired on pension, died at the ripe old age of 86. The editor of the Winnebago Enterprise writes as follows: "Mr. Howe was the soul of honor and industry personified. He was an incessant worker, and kept up his labors until the very last. He was a man who was held in the very highest esteem by all, and no citizen of our town was more highly respected than he."

An old-fashioned spelling bee was held in the offices on the evening of November 22 by the members of the Red Crown Club of the Mankato office force. The contest was waged with an almost breathless interest right up to the moment when the champion speller of the office won the laurels. A most peculiar feature of this spelling bee was that the entire floor was cleared of spellers on one word. The contestants had been spelled down until three were but four remaining—John Grimes, order department; R. W. Pinney, chief clerk; R. E. Nuebel, sales promotion department; and Harriet Kircher, stenographer. The word "aberration" proved to be the downfall of these, but Mrs. Kircher, being the last lady speller, was declared the prize-winner and given a beautiful fountain pen. The above three gentlemen, all having succumbed, then engaged in the finals to decide the man entitled to the prize. John Grimes went down on "derivative" and Roman Nuebel forgot how many "l's" there are in "allude" which Mr. Pinney spelled correctly and was presented with a gold Eversharp. Other words which proved stumbling blocks were "owing, primary, opulent, accrued, competency, management, clientele." Delightful refreshments were served immediately after the champions were declared, the mental effort seemingly being the cause of huge appetites, for Mrs. Anderson's coffee and cake which was served under the direction of Miss Sawyer. It is the intention to have another spelling bee in the near future for a great deal of enthusiasm was aroused and many expressed their conviction that they would be the prize winner the "next time."

J. M. Stover, chemist from the Whiting refinery, was in the Mankato division on November 7. Mr. Stover's stay at the Mankato office was very brief but we appreciated his visit and hope that his next trip to the Mankato division will be so timed as to give him an opportunity to broaden his acquaintance among us.

W. H. Tell, assistant auditor, was a visitor at Mankato over Monday and Tuesday, November 14 and 15. On Monday evening, Mr. Tell was the guest of Mr. Monson and Mr. Chesbrough at the Garden City Inn, an eating place near Mankato famous for its wonderful chicken dinners ever to be remembered as an epicurean delight and a gastronomic joy. Each season thousands of visitors, old and new, flock to this hostelry to feast once more on chicken cooked like "mother used to." We do not doubt but that Mr. Tell was well prepared for the repast set before him and consequently possibly regaled his appetite a trifle more than is his usual custom, but "ye correspondent" has it on the best of authority that the gentleman from Chicago captured, undisputed, the extremely distinguished honor of being "THE CHAMPION CHICKEN DINNER CONSUMER" of the Garden City Inn, and that's some honor! The Mankato force expresses the hope that business will again call Mr. Tell to Mankato in order that the entire force may accompany him to Garden City and see a real champion in action! (If you ate regularly at the Grant Park Inn you would understand Mr. Tell's wild enthusiasm when a real meal is placed before him.—Ed.)

Citizens of Fairmont and employees of the Mankato division were greatly shocked to learn of the sudden death of Clifford A. Smith, popular service station attendant at S. S. No. 121. Mr. Smith left Fairmont on November 4 on a trip to the northern Minnesota woods to hunt deer. On November 10, when about 15 miles from the nearest civilization, he was suddenly stricken with acute appendicitis. His companions managed to get Mr. Smith to Bemidji where an operation was perform d in the hope of saving his life, but without avail, the end coming Tuesday morning, November 15. The Fairmont Sentinel says: "Clifford Smith made scores of friends as an employe at the filling station. Scores remarked that he was one of the filling station employees who volunteered to fill their radiators or tires, acting as though it was a genuine pleasure to be of service to his customers. Fairmont citizens will miss his cheery, 'Thank you; call again,' parting salutation after he had attended to their wants. The heartfelt sympathy of Standard Oil Company employees goes to the family of Mr. Smith in their bereavement.

Mrs. Anderson delightfully entertained the girls of the office at a six o'clock dinner served at her home on Tuesday evening, October 25. After dinner the wives of the men employed at the office arrived and assisted the girls in tieing two beautiful comforters for the hostess. The remainder of the evening was spent with music, dancing and cards. And then another lunch was served at ten o'clock. Everyone who was there say they had the "grandest time!!!" and it is easy to believe judging from the number of times refreshments were served. Comforter tieing must be strenuous labor requiring great amounts of Mrs. Anderson's wonderful angel-food cake and coffee to sustain the participants.

When the Veteran Flying Circus appeared at Mankato on October 27, 28 and 29, their manager, Lieut. C. H. Smith, had first ascertained that Standard Oil Company (Indiana) products would be on hand, for he himself, together with his corps of flyers, are satisfied that their absolute safety in the air depends on securing the best in the world. The daring flights and stunts by these men brought great applause and the three day program of thrilling aerial events was brought to a successful close without any accidents. Chief Pilot Crewdson and Manager Lieut. Smith were highly pleased with the service rendered by Salesman Thompson and the Mankato division organization, and expressed their appreciation in glowing terms before they left the grounds on their flight to Kansas City where they gave exhibitions during the National meeting of the American Legion.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Mr. Chas. Nohr of the stock department, had the misfortune the other evening to have his touring car, which was parked at the curb, smashed by a large truck. No doubt the driver of the truck was using Red Crown and underestimated the *power* of that product as the condition of the touring car will substantiate.

Has anybody heard anything from the accounting department? How about it Mr. V. C. Kenney?

Our engineers, Messrs. H. J. Malchow and A. J. Hutchinson, spent November 11th and 12th at the engineer's meeting held at Chicago.

We were all glad to see Mr. J. L. Carter again, who visited this office, Wednesday, November 2. A meeting was called in which Mr. T. H. Lang, Mr. Ivan Prather, our marketing department, city salesmen and also all smoke stack salesmen participated.

Our Mr. J. J. Blenker has been off the firing line for the past few weeks due to a serious operation. Mr. Blenker, by the way, in one of our city salesmen and was sure missed during his absence by all his fellow employes. We were all glad to see Mr. Blenker make his appearance in the main office a few days ago and he claims he expects to hit the old stride again in the very near future.

There has been a rumor around that our order clerk, Mr. A. C. Rohde, and Miss Grace Milbrath will join hands and unite on December 6, 1921. Mr. Rohde is a very progressive young man and it is no wonder that he has made such a beautiful catch. We all wish to extend our congratulations and wish you both the best of luck and good health the rest of your lives.

Our Mr. Geo. W. Larkin, live wire salesman, while calling on one of his customers on the 15th day of November at the hour of 5:30 P. M., came in contact with a motorist who had run out of gasoline. The motorist, who was in a hurry, inquired where he could obtain some gasoline as his car was stalled a few blocks away. Our Mr. Larkin spoke up and told him that he was the fellow to see and could help him out, so he invited him to step into his car which invitation was accepted, and they both drove to one of our service stations, where he secured five gallons. This party was heretofore using a competitor's product but on account of the service rendered, he was made a sound Red Crown customer. This is only one of the many instances in which we can render service and that is what the public is seeking today. A kind favor is always appreciated and is generally rewarded to the one who assists the other party in getting it.

Our agent, Mr. Richard Bernhagen, of Ashippun, was unable to attend the agents' meeting at Hartford, Wisconsin, on November 14. He was unable to attend on account of a new born oil man arriving that evening. Congratulations and the best of health to your wife and babe.

The Milwaukee Division regrets to announce the loss of Mr. Bruno Jordan, agent at Hartford, Wisconsin, who announces his retirement from the company, as he intends to spend the remainder of his life in leisure. One of the Hartford newspapers had this to say of him: "After 31 years of faithful service and untiring effort, Bruno Jordan, well known manager and agent of the Standard Oil Company, of this city, resigned his position with that concern this week to take a well earned and deserved rest. Mr. Jordan began as local agent in 1894, and has since built up one of the largest oil businesses in the state, which includes the villages of Hustisford, Rubicon, Neosho, Thompson and St. Lawrence, as well as a large patronage in this city and town. In the primary years of his career as oil agent, Mr. Jordan used a horse and wagon to deliver oils and gasoline, but since the increase in popularity of the automobile, his business increased accordingly, and he has now two large Kissel trucks and a team of horses and wagon in constant use. Mr. Jordan has already passed his sixty-eighth milestone in life and decided that he would retire and spend the remainder of his life in leisure. The Standard Oil Company, in losing the services of Mr. Jordan, loses not only a good agent but a man who has put his whole heart and soul into the business and who has built up a splendid business in Dodge and Washington counties.

"A successor to Mr. Jordan was appointed by officials for the Standard Oil Company this week when Gordon A. Le Count accepted the position as local manager and agent. Teed is no stranger to Hartford people, being a son of Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Le Count, and a thorough hustling young business man. During the past year he has gained a wide acquaintance and friendship through his position as salesman for the Lohr Auto Co. of this city. Mr. Le Count will conduct the Standard Oil Company's interests in this city on the same basis that they have been conducted by his predecessor. In taking over the local agency, Mr. Le Count acquires all of the local equipment and facilities for handling of oils, etc. He will aslo retain his office headquarters at the Central hotel. Ed Radke and Fred Felske, who have been in Mr. Jordan's employ for many years, will also remain under the new management."

Mr. C. J. Anderson, our assistant cartage clerk, was married to Miss Mildred Royce at Marshfield, Wisconsin, November 5, 1921. They are now at home at 3323 McKinley boulevard. Greetings and the best of luck to both of them.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

1921 is gone—forget it. 1922 is here—use it.

Steffes leads the bowlers in the Standard Oil league with an average of 177, and the Red Crowns lead in the team standing.

Vic Olson announces the arrival of a son on his premises.

Miss Larson drove to Mankato recently and on her return, she stated that she liked Mankato, but prefers to live in Minneapolis.

Anderson of the checking department plays the piano for the girls. They say he is very willing.

Ralph Sheley, formerly of Minneapolis but now of Des Moines, came all the way from Des Moines to attend a dance given by the Red Crown Social Club. Miss Grosbusch, you surely are a drawing card as far as Des Moines in concerned.

"3000" Hunt hit the ball on the nose when he signed that big contract. We all know what it is.

Mr. Guy L. Gustafson, formerly our agent at Pillager, is now salesman in the territory formerly worked by Mr. L. W. Harris. Mr. Harris is in Minneapolis where he replaced Mr. R. L. Walton. Mr. R. L. Walton has been assigned to the position of service station collector.

Mr. Cochran, our manager, and Mr. Vincent, our chief clerk, were almost blown away while in Chicago recently. They rounded the corner at the Standard Oil building on Michigan avenue and Mr. Vincent was blown four blocks out of his course. Mr. Cochran grabbed a lamp post and held his own. (And he was in our office and didn't offer us any! Stingy thing!—Ed.)

Mr. Cochran has acquired a pair of glasses. We are at a loss to understand why they were purchased, but we assume for the purpose of seeing every sale that is on the 029 during 1922. A tip to the salesmen—don't forget the boss has glasses.

H. T. Christensen visited our refinery at Whiting for the first time recently and he returned with an abundance of knowledge. Mr. Christensen said he never dreamed the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) was so big.

While enroute to one of our Red Crown Social Club events, Patrick C. Dickey was arrested for speeding and set back fifteen simoleons.

C. V. Bartley, country salesman, feels at home among tractor owners. Bartley is a former tractor salesman. He is in the heart of our tractor territory.

Estenson promises that all of his agents will be right on top on future orders. All right, Este, don't forget what you said.

A clean and attractive service station gets business according to Mr. Eul, service station attendant at Morris.

Mr. Chas. E. Keith, special salesman, is going to make his territory a Standard Oil territory. If we can all do this it will mean some tremendous increase. Let's cut out the "if"; we can do it.

Miss Napier leads the ladies in the Girls' Bowling League. She is a "southpaw."

Mr. R. M. Taylor, agent at Glenwood, Minn., claims the rabbit championship of the Indiana division. Seven Jacks in one Sunday afternoon.

Mr. Blodgett, of Mr. Carter's office, spent two days with us recently and incidentally attended a meeting of our district superintendents and sales promoters.

The Minneapolis division is all set. We are all going to get a flying start and the first of the year will see us "going."

ST. PAUL

'S funny to notice that Minneapolis never figures on St. Paul in most of her social doings. Are we in a class by ourselves? Give us a regular honest-to-goodness warm welcome to your affairs and we'll be there every time.

Look out, Red Crown bowlers. St. Paul's best will challenge you if you win the Minneapolis league championship, and then you'll be out of luck!

Mr. Stiff is one of our new salesmen and he sure knocks 'em stiff, too. Yet they say there's nothing in a name!

Mr. Rademaker, new salesman in St. Paul, says St. Paul streets are confusing. That's nothing, Rodie, Minneapolis car lines are worse than confusing—they get one dizzy.

Mr. Chapman, of St. Paul, can sure tell lots of funny stories—ask him the one about the flivver.

Mr. Moosebrugger recently celebrated the eighth anniversary of his wedding. Is he happy? You bet.

George McGrath, warehouse superintendent, said: "Klebba sure looks good to me" during his "Pavlowa" at the last Red Crown dance.

Our own Mr. Beale is the most careful flivver driver in town. Watch him take the alleys on low!

Hauck's team of lady bowlers took the Huck out of Huckenpahler's gang. The ladies are in fine shape, what say, Joe?

Miss Halverson is king pin among the ladies. Her score is 129. Not so bad for second time at bat.

Miss Thomas, after bowling, begs: "Oh, feel my thumb!" Don't worry, Cecil, you'll get over it, though you'll never be the same.

Tony Young is the garage salesman in St. Paul. He has worked in our garage so long he sure knows what Red Crown and Polarine are, and, believe us, he tells 'em where they head in. Good luck, Toney.

PEORIA, ILL.

W. H. Flanagan, chief station examiner, is with us again after an enforced idleness of two weeks, due to an infected foot. Trust that lad to figure out a vacation some way. Bill says being sick has its advantages, such as "Shorty" dropping 'round every Saturday afternoon. Call for Mr. Volstead!

The Mayor of Chatsworth, Ill. advises us that he has recently received a number of inquiries from one of our young ladies, relative to the merits of his city from a residential standpoint. S. S. 159 would make a good bungaloo, Zillah.

Mr. M. F. Worley, who left us a short time ago to become chief clerk at Quincy, dropped in unexpectedly the other day. After hearing his account of one of those "all night" river excursions, Heser hit him for a job.

Question: When Miss Wertz arrived at the office that Monday morning, with her hair all deviled up in such ravishing fashion, was she finishing up or starting out? You ask her.

Peoria's genial shipping clerk, "Jimmy Smith" Kossieck, specializes as a cat herder. The felines like him.

The stenos recommend that Kathryn Lyons carry her money in her—er—sock after this. Good idea, Katie, but don't roll 'em.

Verna Kennedy hasn't been with us very long, but she's a fast worker. D'ja notice Harley Caldwell sidling over to whisper confidentially in her ear the last time he was in the office? How come, Harley? The stenos have visions of five pounds of Fanny May's best. Here's hoping.

Bernice Moran's elaborately arranged tresses were the admiration of the office, until Brother Battin irreverently referred to her as "Maggie." Righto, but where's Jiggs?

Picture Mahlon Powell refusing to enter the warehouse office on account of the presence of a little weazened two-by-four black kitten. Get a rabbit's foot from O'Hara, M. P.

December's blustering winds hold no terrors for the enterprising Mr. Watson and Mary Holtquist. Daily they stroll down Voris street, and oh, so slowly.

O'Hara's gun solves the rabbit hunters' problems, as witness: Scene; a cornfield. Enter Mr. O'Hara, fully armed. Stares feverishly about. Ha! A victim. Raises weapon vengefully. Presses trigger. Bunny remains rigid, upright, petrified—wood.

On the evening of November 16th, several members of the Peoria office force, together with their friends, were invited to the home of Miss Ethel Wertz. Dancing and bunco sped the early hours, followed by a dainty luncheon. The merrymakers departed voting the affair a wonderful (howling, one put it) success. (We'll bet it was, with Wagner at the luncheon and Sabine at the bones.) Those present were Zillah Pritchard, Loraine Claudin, Jane Higgins, Ethel Wertz, Cletus Wagner, Ernie Peterson, E. Folger and Rex Sabine.

Gramm and Bouton, overseas men, "dig in" whenever Miss Holtquist begins "spacing" on her typewriter. Regular machine gun effect.

Get Bert McReady to tell you how he picks out the married ones.

Powell has been mentioned, so we can't very well let this issue go to press without saying something about Bernard Kelly. There! How's that for publicity?

There's a rumor about that our esteemed fellow worker, Mr. Waugh, is distributing free theatre tickets to the ladies. How about passes for the press representatives, Mr. Cashier?

The three cushion hounds, Messrs. Sherwin and Adams, by dint of nightly parctice for the past several months, are rapidly approaching the limelight. Ye scribe "horned in" on several occasions, but found the company to fast, and got out, ingloriously.

Hank Melzer may go hunting again, but nevermore will he make friendly advances to any black and white striped denizens of the timber. Hank had to sleep on the porch.

By this sign ye shall know them: Dorothy McKee: "I wonder if I'll get a card this morning?" Sadie Markowsky: "Do you suppose I'll be late?" Hanna Ahrends: "I wonder if my sweetie will meet me?" Jane Higgins: "Anybody going up?" Ethel Wertz: "Got any gum?" Bertha Rimmey: "Any work for me to do?" Alice Fitzpatrick: "Are you through with this adding machine?" Bernice Moran: "Got a token, Marg?" Katie Adams: "Does my hair look all right?" Mrs. Edna Fuller: "You're kidding me, Mr. Waugh." Ernest Peterson: "Do you still love me?" John Sherwin: "I wish I was rich instead of good looking." Rex Sabin: "Ain't she keen?" Oliver Hurst: "Ought to see the stencils."

Bill Fueger and Eddie Naylor occupy a box at the Orpheum every Sunday evening. Eddie says: "After you once sit so close—Oh, boy! You'll never want to go back further."

The overburdened (?) stock department finds daily relief from care in the warblings of the song birds across the aisle.

After throwing the dozen eggs Powell delivered him in the waste basket, Brandwig alibied by explaining that he thought they were stones. What are those fowls, Mahlon Theophilus Plymouth Rocks?

Mr. Wantling dons his hunting outfit every Sunday, and goes gunning for anything from mallards to squabs. Despite best of intentions, claims there's no game to be had. Try Main street, afternoons, W. I. W.

Flanagan and Martin posting figures from Form 250 to 059 stock loss and gain. Martin: "Yates City (last station), 178 gallons." Flanagan: "Is that Red?" Martin: "Yep, they're all read."

Leo Seitz, the newcomer in the sales department, set the boys smoking November 28. Reason—Myra Jean, weight seven pounds, arrived all okeh. Congratulations (we were about to add "old man," but that would hardly be fitting.)

Grover Taylor, Fairbury agent, announces a daughter, born October 23. Grover carelessly neglects to furnish details, name, weight, etc., except that the young lady is "medium heavy."

Mr. Tom Sweeney, the genial boss of Gilman Station, says Taylor has nothing on him. Tom has a new daughter, 8 pounds, born October 24.

Dispatches from Bloomington contain a glowing account of a Thanksgiving Day "spread" at the home of Salesman E. W. Ritchey, partaken of by a number of the resident Standard Oil representatives, and friends. The "eaters" included: Salesman and Mrs. W. H. Caldwell and daughter Winifred, Motor Mechanic and Mrs. Lloyd Snyder, Agent-Salesman and Mrs. F. E. Purcell and daughter Yvonne, Salesman and Mrs. E. W. Ritchey and daughter Betty Aline, Mr. Eugene Martin, recently transferred from Springfield office, and Mr. Roy Gruble. Some "feed" undoubtedly, but we'd have given five dollars for a flashlight of Host Everett inhaling mince pie.

Mr. Eugene Martin, formerly with the Standard Oil Company at Springfield and Peoria, has returned to the fold at Bloomington. His smiling face is welcome—and "smiling" is the right word. The Peoria office has pleasant recollections of 'Gene and his infectious grin.

W. C. Fleisher, warehouseman at Bloomington, left the employ of this company on October 26 to take charge of the new Consistory building, just completed at that point. Bill was a good fellow, and will be missed. The best wishes of his friends for his success go with him.

The Bloomington stake truck has a new driver in the person of Mr. Ray Gravette, while the former pilot, Mr. Eddie Klawitter, has taken over the country route, previously covered by Walter Jordan, resigned.

Mr. Klawitter, referred to above, recently suffered a badly sprained wrist while cranking his dependable truck preparatory to making a delivery. He is recuperating nicely under a physician's care. Meanwhile he wants to know who in tarnation named that truck.

Changes in the marketing department sales force are as follows: Mr. S. B. Reed takes over the territory of C. W. McLean, resigned; Messrs. R. E. Stevenson and O. E. Snyder join our ranks as Knights of the Grip at Peoria and Springfield, respectively; Mr. H. W. Lewis, after wandering for a time in outer darkness, has returned to the fold at his former stamping ground, Galesburg. Welcome back, H. W.

QUINCY, ILL.

In the November issue on page 63, under the caption, "A Tragedy," we note Manager Quinlan, Assistant Manager Kelly and Salesman I. B. Smith of the Wichita, Kansas division, experienced considerable difficulty in getting over the muddy roads between Salina and Wichita on the night of September 24, following a meeting of district superintendents and salesmen held at Salina. The roads in Illinois and Missouri territory surrounding Quincy have been the cause of so many episodes like the one referred to in the above mentioned article that to publish news of the experience which befell Manager Martin and Mr. N. R. Grimshaw, assistant general manager, while driving over a muddy road out of Moberly during the latter's visit here recently, would be using Record space lavishly. We wish to say this, however, that they were four hours getting over twelve miles of road.

Art Hoar and Laura Beckman, seated side by side, cooing dove-like. Soft drink peddler approached and yelled "Pop!" "I did," said Art, "but she won't have me."

We were very much pleased to receive a visit from Mr. H. J. Bomford of the Chicago office on November 14. While Mr. Bomford may not have been instrumental in driving the snakes out of the "Emerald Isle" we can truthfully say, he does his share toward driving away the blues from any gathering at which he happens to be present. Furthermore he is "chock full" of helpful suggestions and we one and all appreciate his visits.

We wish to acknowledge gratefully the receipt from Bill Ames, M. T. driver, who was recently

married, one of his new bride's biscuits. We were badly in need of a paperweight. (Yes, Mrs. Ames, there are cases where murder is justifiable and we will refuse to defend our correspondent against any action you may take.—Editor, Record.)

"The mail was late being sorted last Wednesday," writes R. S. Bennett, agent at Clayton, Ill. "There were several postal cards in the consignment, and Miss Squibbs, the postmaster's assistant, can't read as fast as she were wont to do at one time."

Agent William L. Mobley at Palmyra informs us that the railroad company has purchased a new rain coat for Station Agent Chopper, because on rainy days when there are a couple of passengers waiting for a train there isn't room for the agent and he has to stand outside.

The Great White Way in Barry, Ill., was darkened last Thursday night because the oil all leaked out of the lamp in front of the Emporium General Store and Agent J. H. Lippincott did not return from the country until after the curfew had blown. To top it all off the peanut roaster man had been arrested for speeding. It's a cruel and uncertain world.

J. W. Egbers, Mendon, Ill., was presented with a Red Crown thermometer a short time ago. Later a Standard Oil salesman on his regular visit in that village called on Mr. Egbers, reaching his place of of business about dusk, and was surprised to see the proud business man carrying the temperature instrument into the garage. When questioned regarding his action the Mendonite said he did not trust the villagers with such an attractive and useful article hanging on the outside of the building overnight. The performance is being repeated daily.

By the time this article is published we will have tasted some palatable quail meat furnished by R. C. Boger, cashier, who is spending his vacation in and around Camp Point, hunting and otherwise trying to have an enjoyable time. Camp Point is R. C. B.'s former home town.

From Kirksville, Mo., Daily Express: "M. R. Pierce, the Standard Oil agent at Queen City, Mo., goes every day when others stop but it remained for the rough road to Worthington to stop his going. It takes a strong car to hit those bumps every week and not weaken. And so the Standard's faithful carrier broke down Saturday and put M. R. Pierce on foot." Agent Pierce adds, "Every time I go over that road I think if there is no h—l, I'm lost."

There, just when everybody had it all framed up for November to be a no-accident month, Lee Manuel, machine shop workman, slipped beneath a falling truck tank and broke a rib. I's too bad, Lee.

Some of the hoi polli of the office went on a weener-roast Tuesday night near Menke's lime kiln and mistook a box of dynamite and other explosives for a tool chest, and can now be said to be in the smart set.

The weather was so gol-dinged cold the past week that it warped the front axle of Station Examiner Gaines' roadster so bad that it now runs as smooth and slick as Mica. It's an ill wind that blows nobody no good, say we.

We note as times goes on the girls in the office seem to think more and more about clothes and to wear them less and less. Aldo Schwagmeyer, office boy, says it will be interesting when they think of nothin' else.

Salesman O. D. McKasson and Agent W. S. Dowell were trying to get an order from a bee fancier during a recent mica campaign. "Is Mica good for bees?" amusingly asked the customer. "Certainly!" replied Messrs. McKasson and Dowell in one voice. Result: A sale of one 25 lb. tin of Mica. A few days later the S. O. gentlemen were driving by the customer's house and noticed a sign on the gate post which read: "Mica Honey!"

Miss Margaret Ernst, general stenographer, wishes to be transferred to Casper, Wyoming. This she believes will afford a better opportunity to vamp and wed a wealthy ranch owner, which is her biggest ambition in life.

"Some hills in Missouri," exclaimed Salesman R. L. Wilson. While ascending an incline in that state recently the engine in his runabout died. He applied the brake, got out of the roadster, placed a large, flat rock behind one of the rear wheels, repaired the engine, returned to the seat and drove on. Glancing over his shoulder he was astonished to see the large, flat rock rolling down the hill.

The office boy now insists that the heads of the departments are responsible for what noise is heard in the office. He gathered his opinion during a recent meeting of department heads, when the office was very quiet, but when the meeting adjourned every typewriter and adding machine and any other kind of machine on the room began to buzz and hum. You know your stuph, Aldo.

Schwagmeyer, please tell us what "sockedevoo" means. We've been looking everywhere and searching every dictionary for this word, but our efforts have been in vain.

SAGINAW, MICH.

The social activities of the Saginaw main office, which have died out during the past year, were fanned back to white heat on the evening of November 17, at which time the employees and their friends gathered at the K. C. Club for a big Get-together Party, and if the employees not present could have stepped in about 11 P. M. they would have seen old and young dancing to the wonderful music furnished by three of Saginaw's most popular musicians, one of them, John Duncan, being an ex-employee of this company. We have more of these parties planned for the winter, so let us all watch for the dates.

One cannot help but admire the apparent indifference to the laws of gravity that a certain ice vendor in Saginaw displays as he mounts the stairs of our main office with a two-hundred pound cake of ice resting leisurely on his brawny shoulders. Arriving at the top he does a light terpischorean movement to the customary reservoirs, and then, after divorcing his physique of the alibi, turns around and lets his magnificent optics percolate cornerward and linger in a dying-calf expression that provokes a blush from a certain young lady and much laughter from the rubber-necks. The climax is reached with the pseudo bow that immediately follows. Ah, Romeo, thou wert indeed a ham.

For some time we have noticed that "Chief" Petoskey forgot to wash (?) his face before coming to work. Being rather timid about mentioning the fact to him, we said nothing, but finally, curiosity overcoming our timidity, we broached the subject to him, and discovered to our surprise that the ornate embellishment on his upper lip was not dirt, but a moustache. That is, he thinks it is a moustache, but the consensus is that it may grow to be one if "Chief" lives to be 110 years old.

Our genial and loquacious credit man, W. T. Hubbard, is certainly in luck at last. He has been

provided with a dictaphone, that will listen to him all day and not say a word back.

Now that January is upon us and cold weather is certain it seems to us that the girls of the office should discard the "galoshes" and return to the silk hose and oxfords. Too cold for "galoshes" now.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Mr. Wm. Zipp, our Beau Brummel, who was on the winning team in the coupon campaign, has decided to keep up the good work. He is now in the race for a $1,500.00 prize, offered by a local theatre for the largest amount of books sold. Leave it to Bill. If there is anyone in the office he has failed to ask at least six times to buy books, please hand your name to Bill, and watch his step.

For any pointers needed in entertaining salesmen, refer to Mr. George Dain. He knows how.

Mr. E. S. Hopen, service station attendant at Jefferson City, Missouri, purchased a lot on West High. Mr. Hopen did not state whether he bought this lot for a baseball park or not, but we rather suspect that he entertained hopes of getting a certain schoolmarm's consent to build a bungalow.

Mr. Leonard Gainer has taken over the bulk station at California. Mr. Gainer succeeded Mr. S. H. Bowers, who resigned because of illness. Since he has been in charge of this station he has shown a real swatting record. "Here's to you, Leonard."

Mr. G. Schubkegel has succeeded Mr. E. J. Wishen as salesman, having his headquarters at Montgomery, Missouri.

Mr. C. O. Foster has succeeded Mr. G. Schubkegel with headquarters at Jefferson City, Mo.

Mr. Frank Turner, formerly a truck driver at Jefferson City, is located at Wellsville, Mo.

Our former co-worker, Mrs. Florence Warren, is now engaged in the dry-goods business at Union and North Market. Florence was remembered by the bunch at the office with flowers on the opening day of her new store and a few of her intimate friends made personal calls. Florence advertises "It will be a pleasure to show our goods." Frank Watts said pie was also furnished.

Miss Thelma Thomure, steno, iron barrel dept., St. Louis main office, believes in "donating." Some months ago she left her umbrella on a street car on her way to work, and on inquiring that afternoon, the conductor informed her a "friend" had gotten on the car and claimed the umbrella but Thelma has not found the "friend"—therefore, has not found the umbrella.

Mr. Geo. Neitzert was seen brushing his hair like wild one morning. We asked him if it was cooties. He said it wasn't, but somebody put sand in his cap and he got it in his hair. Since then, George puts his cap in his locker at night.

Mr. Norton was seen polishing up his gun and looking over the shells, leggins and hunting coat. Guess that means another hunting trip. He goes hunting often, but somehow, always fails to bring back any game—usually has some hard-luck story. He went possum hunting several weeks ago without a dog. You can't get possums without a dog. How about it, Bill?

Mr. Noel Tarver, known otherwise as Red, has been promoted to the position of assistant pumper. Good luck, Red.

Mr. Phillip Herzog has been appointed agent at Kirkwood, Missouri. Phil believes in making business good.

Mr. Herbert Martin, otherwise Fat, failed to report for work Monday A. M. However, he came in at noon with a badly swollen jaw, claiming he had the toothache, but we think the other fellow was a little bigger than Fat. Yuh never can tell.

A farewell luncheon was given in honor of Mr. Cameron on the eve of his departure. Much talk was exchanged of the glad hand type and a handsome healthier traveling bag will gladden the eyes of the train porters in the future, when L. W. C. travels. While we all regret to have L. W. C. leave, we feel proud of the fact that the St. Louis division is supplying the new manager for Davenport.

Mr. H. J. Bemis, formerly district superintendent in St. Louis, has been appointed assistant manager to succeed Mr. L. W. Cameron. Sunny Jim assumes the title with the same happy smile that has become a fixture since coming to the St. Louis division.

Mr. C. R. Ewing, formerly a salesman at Joplin, has been appointed district superintendent, St. Louis division.

SOUTH BEND, IND.

Mr. V. J. Porter, attendant at Delphi service station No. 756, has just closed a large contract near Burrows, Indiana, by presenting a nice young lady with a new sparkler. We don't blame you, Vick. It would be a cold ride down to see her every Sunday night this winter.

Mr. V. C. Thompson, who just recently started operating the Delphi bulk station on a commission, was asking the salesman how to make out the income tax returns. But unfortunately the salesman didn't know.

Rufus Jay, agent at Monticello, is back on the job again after being off duty all summer on account of sickness. Glad to see you back, Rufus.

WICHITA, KANSAS

Our volley ball team, the "Polarines," beat the Dold Packing Company team on their own grounds November 7, two out of three games. The Dold team is reputed to be the best team in the city. By beating them on the first clash we feel confident that our boys are going to give the rest of the city teams a hard run for the city championship. At present there are six teams in the league: Y. M. C. A., Cudahy Packing Company, Dold Packing Company, Coleman Lamp Company, Friends University, Standard Oil Company. "Fellers," let's get out at each game and boost our boys. They have the goods and our encouragement will help keep them on top.

Wanted—A good map of South America. Also would like to get information as to whether two can live as cheap as one in Southern Hemisphere. Address Vida Hall, care manager's office.

One hundred and fifty employees met at the office building November 19 for a good time socially and to honor the birthday of P. J. Quinlan, manager. A mammoth birthday cake with (the proper number, maybe) candles, the handiwork of L. J. Black, auditing department, was cut by M. F. Van Keuren, former manager and presented to Mr. Quinlan by Assistant Manager Kelly. The evening was spent in playing games and dancing. Some folks outside the office, either relatives of employees or friends, assisted in the program: Mrs. P. B. Youle sang; Miss Vela Brickler accompanied Virgil Sherwood in a zelophone solo; Miss Grace Benning gave a reading and Master Parker Dale Dumbauld gave two dances, "The Clown" and the "Flirt"; Miss Melvina Chapman gave a violin solo; Mr. Quinlan and Barney Wright gave interesting talks

and Abe Martin and L. J. Black put on a clean, snappy, boxing match. The entertainment was a high class one all the way through, and the members of the entertainment committee, J. T. Akin, Miss Amy Jewett, and Fred Cave, were highly praised.

Fritz Wallerstedt, agent at Abilene, made a bad bet. He bet it would be a girl and O Boy! yes, a ten pounder. Go to it, Fritz, we must have news for the field. We hope every agent has—good luck.

David Larson is the new steno in the marketing department. He looks as happy as if he were married; but he "ain't," girls.

John Sherrick, plant engineer, reports his wife is getting better. Mrs. Sherrick is in the hospital recovering from an operation for appendicitis.

Claude M. Foster takes Neil Harrison's place in the stationery department. Mr. Harrison goes on the road as station examiner.

R. C. Muller, chief clerk, has a new cognomen. Recently he ran across a few sets of Polarine dominoes such as were distributed for advertising purposes a few years ago. He gave one set to I. D. Hudson, order clerk, who took them home to his children. His youngest son is a great believer in Standard Oil Company and its representatives in general, and was very much pleased when his father informed him that Mr. Muller of the Standard Oil Company had sent them to him. Thinking it over a minute he replied, "Say, daddy, Mr. Muller sure is some Santa, isn't he?"

A central Safety Committee has been formed at Wichita, which will meet once a month in the interest of accident prevention. Representatives from all branches of the service are members of this committee. At each meeting methods for accident prevention are discussed and in addition all accidents reported since the previous meeting are reviewed. In the bulletins after each meeting these accidents will be recorded. Naturally none of us wants to be in the limelight on this bulletin. Barney Wright, veteran tank wagon driver, who is always bubbling over with something new, comes forth with this one: "He who stops and looks each way, will live to look another day." Not so bad, eh?

W. R. Greenwell, salesman, was recently called to Kansas City by the serious illness of his mother.

J. J. Carpenter, traffic department, is again at his desk. He was quarantined because of diphtheria in his family.

One honest hunter has been found: P. E. Baker, order department, has been spending his vacation around Arkansas City. He went hunting but says he didn't catch a thing. Honest boy—O you Diogenes, you don't need your antiquated flash light any more.

Howard D. Smith, stock department, has been afflicted with an infection in the right sub-maxillary gland. That will do, Howard. We don't care anything about your remarks that you are glad you are not a woman because it interfered with your talking machine.

New men in the credit department: D. C. Lilley, Lawrence F. Dickson.

Huh! New bill clerk? O yes, Marie Martindale. No, she's not married, you inquisitive boy.

Having found that the Standard Oil Company possessed numerous volley ball experts beside the "Polarines" now playing, we, Hoit, Bishop, Knight, and Jones, have decided to organize another team and obtain games with firms in the city. We are making great plans to trim the "First Team" as soon as opportunity presents itself. Our name? We are infants yet but even infants will grow and the next time you see us in print we will have a name, a string of victories, and a working team all right. Hoit, serve 'er over the net!

Thomas Taylor, equipment department, was born in Old England but he can appreciate a joke even if it is on himself. Recently he and his family were visiting another English family. During the evening the conversation turned to policemen and the thought was expressed that in England the police were always on the job and that here in Wichita you never saw a policeman out in the suburbs. Then Thomas arose, comforted by the thought of the majesty of the English law, and went out to crank up his tin lizzie preparatory to conveying his family to his own American domicile, but shades of Oliver Cromwell! there was a tag on his steering wheel inviting him to the police station to pay his fine for not having his tail light burning! I love my roast beef and my foggy London, but, oh, you American tail light! I'll keep you burning forever as a beacon to all people that America is the best country in the world.

Upon waking up one morning recently the little son of Joe Honomichl, assistant chief clerk, came forth with this: "Daddy, if I had some soldier shoes, and a soldier suit, yes, and a soldier hat why I'd be a ball player."

SAVING VAN HORN

From Des Moines comes word that the health of District Superintendent W. C. Van Horn, of Council Bluffs, is in grave danger because the above photo of Ruth Collister, Kathryn Nelson and Gertrude Lincoln, S. O. sisters of the Council Bluffs' office and all single, has not been printed in the Record. It wasn't Mr. Van Horn's fault, girls, nor Mr. Hansen's, of Des Moines; blame it on us, we're used to it.

REAL SALESMAN

Des Moines, Iowa, Dec. 1.—This is Robert Carl Gienapp, 5½ years old, son of A. C. Gienapp, agent-salesman at Fort Dodge, beside a carton of electric light candles which he actually sold to H. W. Robinson, grocer at Fort Dodge. He is also a continual booster for Red Crown and Polarine.

ALL STARS

Whiting Works, Dec. 1.—As it is now time to pick all star football teams, we most humbly request the Stanolind Record to publish the All Star Can Factory Football team. They are all stars at their respective positions and are always talking about football. We do not see much news concerning the can factory. Are we a back number? No! We only wish we had a reporter for the Record.—Respectfully yours, the Can House.

Here is the All Star team as submitted and we hope the Whiting publications' committee will see that the can house gets a reporter: Alfred Peterson, l. e., East Side A. A.; Edward Zurbriggan, l. t., unattached; Andrew Semancik, l. g., St. Cyrils; Frank Fisher, center, Cherokee A. A. of Chicago; Joseph Hannsin, r. g., Cecho A. A.; Jacob Berhens, r. t., Monarch A. A. A. of Chicago; John Konya, r. e., Can House All Stars, 1920; Walter Mackowiak, q. b., unattached; Peter Protulipac, l. h., Copenhagens; John Rokarz, r. h., Whiting Greys; Ray Lamberth, f. b., Calumet Bulldogs of Chicago.

WATCHFUL WAITING!

South Bend, Ind., Dec. 1.—Reading from left to right they are, Mabel Miller, Margaret Burns, Helen Kerr, Dorothy Jones; the girl on the extreme right is Miss Louise DeGroote; we have been told this is the pose she assumed when waiting for "Amandus."

* * *

A negro mammy had a family of boys so well behaved that one day her mistress asked:

"Sally, how did you raise your boys so well?"

"Ah'll tell yo', Miss," answered Sally. "Ah raised dem boys with a barrel stave, and Ah raise 'em frequent."

* * *

All Aboard for 1922!

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Indiana)

General Sales Department

H. S. Morton, *Vice-President*

Allan Jackson, *Vice-President*

General Manager

T. J. Thompson

Assistant General Managers

John L. Carter, Northern Division
R. G. Stewart, Central Division

N. R. Grimshaw, Eastern Division
Amos Ball, Western Division

Lubricating Department

B. T. Thompson, *General Manager*

C. O. Wilson, *Assistant General Manager*

Asphalt Department

F. P. Allen, *Manager*

Branch Offices

CHICAGO, ILL.
H. A. Lewis, *Manager*
C. F. Hatmaker, *Assistant Manager*

DAVENPORT, IOWA
L. W. Cameron, *Manager*
C. W. Flanagan, *Assistant Manager*

DECATUR, ILL.
T. B. Clifford, *Manager*
John H. Budde, *Assistant Manager*

DES MOINES, IOWA
H. A. Monson, *Manager*
J. N. Elkert, *Assistant Manager*

DETROIT, MICH.
H. R. Cochran, *Manager*
H. H. Keating, *Assistant Manager*

DULUTH, MINN.
I. J. Shields, *Manager*
G. E. Webb, *Assistant Manager*

EVANSVILLE, IND.
W. J. Lang, *Manager*
Ewald Brauns, *Assistant Manager*

FARGO, N. D.
F. I. Packard, *Manager*
P. A. Raupagh, *Assistant Manager*

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.
J. C. Marshall, *Manager*
R. F. McConnell, *Assistant Manager*

HURON, S. D.
A. H. Dodsley, *Manager*
C. L. Bailey, *Assistant Manager*

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
E. P. Galbreath, *Manager*
H. E. Bruce, *Assistant Manager*

JOLIET, ILL.
E. E. Morton, *Manager*
Carl Monson, *Assistant Manager*

KANSAS CITY, MO.
H. C. Griffin, *Manager*
J. W. Wilson, *Assistant Manager*

LA CROSSE, WIS.
J. H. Lambert, *Manager*
J. E. Monegan, *Assistant Manager*

MANKATO, MINN.
M. H. Chesbrough, *Manager*
John Beaton, *Assistant Manager*

MILWAUKEE, WIS.
T. H. Lang, *Manager*
Ivan Prather, *Assistant Manager*

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
F. L. Cochran, *Manager*
W. H. Brown, *Assistant Manager*

PEORIA, ILL.
J. R. Coleman, *Manager*
G. F. Phillips, *Assistant Manager*

QUINCY, ILL.
A. L. Martin, *Manager*
T. P. Jones, *Assistant Manager*

SAGINAW, MICH.
L. J. Thompson, *Manager*
E. R. Soop, *Assistant Manager*

ST. JOSEPH, MO.
Geo. M. Whelan, *Manager*
T. D. Warren, *Assistant Manager*

ST. LOUIS, MO.
A. P. Robinson, *Manager*
H. J. Bemis, *Assistant Manager*

SIOUX CITY, IOWA
D. B. Thayer, *Manager*
B. F. Leonard, *Assistant Manager*

SOUTH BEND, IND.
D. L. Guilfoyle, *Manager*
Ezra Warren, *Assistant Manager*

WICHITA, KAS.
P. J. Quinlan, *Manager*
W. C. Van Horne, *Assistant Manager*

Getting Acquainted

In the issue of October 27, Mr. Ed F. Summers, of the Advocate-Democrat of Marysville, Kansas, says:

HAVE MADE FRIENDS

About three years ago the Standard Oil Company began a campaign of publicity which covered the whole country. No attempt was made to pay any attention to what had been charged up against the organization in that distant past, but a plain statement was sent out showing the attitude of the company, the diversity of its ownership and its policy in dealing with the public. And that campaign has been effective. No longer do you hear Rockefeller and the Standard Oil continuously roasted by the general public. Other "goats" have been picked up and in every section you will hear the admissions made that the Standard Oil Company gives service and piles up profit by being content to work on a small margin and develop a bigger business.

The experience is well worth thinking over for it goes to show what we have always contended and that is that the average man is fair and only wants to be shown. Take him into your confidence if your business is legitimate and you silence knocking. The Standard Oil has won favor by its policy of publicity and the favor is deserved.

The spontaneous response which the announcements of this Company have received from many of the newspapers of the country has been most gratifying. That such a response has come from a better understanding of the Company, its purposes and its policies goes without saying. It is purely a matter of getting acquainted.

Those we do not know we are likely to suspect. Those we know we respect if respect is deserved.

The Board of Directors intend that this Company shall deserve the respect of its customers, its employes, its stockholders, and its competitors by maintaining a policy of fair dealing.

The operations of this Company are carried on with a straightforward directness, and with the deep conviction that bigness is possible only through service; that through service comes volume, and through volume comes profits.

Standard Oil Company
(Indiana)
910 So. Michigan Ave. **Chicago, Ill.**

NEWMAN MONROE CO., CHICAGO

STANOLIND RECORD

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E. J. BULLOCK

PUBLISHED FOR THE EMPLOYEES
by the
STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(INDIANA)

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Indiana)

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H. F. Glair, *Assistant Superintendent*

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F. W. Bruckmiller, *Assistant Superintendent*
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Casper, Plant No. 3
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J. E. Rouse, *Assistant Superintendent*

Greybull, Plant No. 1
H. M. Lockard, *Superintendent*

Greybull, Plant No. 2
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C. W. Smith, *Director Safety Division*, Chicago, Ill.
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C. F. Hall, *Assistant Director*, Wood River, Ill.
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Div. 3—C. K. Bowles
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Div. 3—J. W. Stephenson
Div. 4—Fred Emmel
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DR. BURTON WINS HIGHEST AMERICAN HONOR IN CHEMISTRY

Dr. W. M. Burton, president of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), has been awarded the highest American honors in chemistry. On Friday, January 13, he was given the "Perkin Medal" by the New York section of the Society of Chemical Industry. The history of the medal follows:

In 1906 the 50th anniversary of the foundation of the coal tar industry was celebrated by the chief scientific and chemical societies of the world. The celebration occurred in London on July 26 and in America in October of that year in honor of Sir William Henry Perkin, whose discovery of mauve led to the development of the coal tar industry.

At the suggestion of Mr. H. A. Metz, a sum was set aside to provide for the awarding of a gold medal, to be called the "Perkin Medal," to that chemist residing in the United States who had accomplished the most valuable work in applied chemistry during his career. The medal is given each year by the New York section of the Society of Chemical Industry. The first impression in gold of the medal designed by the artists of Tiffany under the direction of Dr. Kunz was presented to Sir William Henry Perkin on the occasion of his visit to America in 1906. The first award of the Perkin Medal was to Mr. J. B. Francis Herreshoff in 1908 for his work in chemical metallurgical lines, chiefly in the manufacture of sulphuric acid.

Following is a list of other medalists:

1909—Dr. Arno Behr, for his developments in the corn products industry.

1910—Dr. Edward Goodrich Acheson, for his work in the production of carborundum and artificial graphite.

1911—Dr. Martin Hall, in recognition of his discoveries and inventions in connection with the manufacture of aluminum.

1912—Mr. Herman Frasch, for his work on the removal of sulphur from petroleum and his inventions in connection with the mining of sulphur.

1913—Mr. James Gayley, for his work on the use of dry air in the production of pig iron.

1914—Mr. John Wesley Hyatt, for his work in producing celluloid and anti-friction roller bearings.

1915—Dr. Edward Weston, for his contributions in the form of standard electrical measuring instruments.

1916—Dr. H. L. Baekeland, for the production of artificial resin, known as "Bakelite."

1917—Dr. Ernest Twitchell, for his work in the fat industry and the development of the Twitchell Process for the production of glycerin and fatty acids.

1918—Mr. Augustus J. Rossi, for his contributions to the metallurgy of Titanium.

1919—Dr. Frederick G. Cottrell, in recognition of his work in the field of electrical precipitation.

1920—Dr. Charles Frederick Chandler, in recognition of his service in the building up of our chemical industries.

Dr. W. M. Burton

STANDARD OIL (INDIANA) REVOLUTIONIZES INDUSTRY

"No industry was ever so profoundly modified by any process as the oil business has been modified by the Burton process," Mr. Russell Wiles, Chicago patent attorney, told the Society of Chemical Industry in his address at the New York meeting, "but the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) has done more than that: it has proved by the acid test of practice that the scientifically trained chemist is not only a good theorist but nine times out of ten a first-class executive, and that as an executive he is supremely successful, because of the accuracy with which he can predict results and the speed and directness with which he attains them."

Mr. Russell Wiles, Chicago patent attorney whom Dr. Burton names as one of the men who gave assistance in working out the pressure still process, was one of the main speakers at the New York meeting where the president of this company was awarded the Perkin medal. His address, in part, follows:

"That the oil industry, as particularly exemplified by the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, has been perhaps the first big established industry to be thoroughly overturned by the work of the chemist, is partly fortuitous,—partly due to the remarkable ability of him whom we gather to honor tonight, and partly due to the remarkable organization which he has built up.

"It was the discovery of the evil-smelling sulphur-bearing oil in Ohio which forced the chemist into the oil business. Dr. Burton was one of the very first thoroughly trained chemists in the oil industry. His solid groundwork in pure science had been acquired under Dr. Ira Remsen, who, perhaps more than anyone else, is responsible for what the American chemist is today. Bringing a thoroughly scientific point of view and applying to his problems the methods of pure science, with his great natural ability and indefatigable industry, it was entirely unavoidable that Dr. Burton should profoundly affect the industry in one way if not in another. No man ever had a more promising field,—an enormous industry dealing with problems which ought to be handled in an essentially chemical manner and having no chemists at all. Dr. Burton would be the first to recognize his splendid opportunity, and it is characteristic of him that his opportunity never was neglected.

"But Dr. Burton alone could never have accomplished what has been done by the Standard Oil Company of Indiana. There has been much discussion in big corporations as to the best method of correlating the scientific force with the manufacturing force. All sorts of experiments have been attempted and all sorts of systems have been devised. The system worked out by the Standard Oil Company of Indiana is unique and amazingly successful. None but a scientifically trained man would have dreamed of such a system and the operations of the Indiana company are the best demonstration of the industrial value of scientific training.

"The system of this company is founded on the premise that a scientifically trained man is a good man for any job; the scientific staff does not cooperate with the manufacturing staff—it has become the manufacturing staff. The practice, so far as concerns chemists, has been to take on trained men for the laboratory force precisely as in many other plants. After brief association with the laboratory, during which the newcomer can become familiar with the peculiar problems of the works and particularly of some special department to whose problems he is assigned, he leaves the laboratory and goes into the works in some subordinate capacity. It then becomes his prime duty to test, on a practical scale, whatever improvements may fall within the sphere of his department. Having once become

established in the works, it has been found that almost without exception the scientific men become excellent executives and their promotion is rapid.

"The result is that the manufacturing department of the Standard Oil Company not only maintains an excellent research department, but that the whole manufacturing organization from top to bottom is largely dominated and controlled by men of scientific training. The Standard Oil Company of Indiana is unique in this regard and the tremendous success of its manufacturing department must be very largely attributed to the superb organization which Dr. Burton conceived and has built.

"The system has been worked out to the fullest extent at the Whiting refinery, the largest plant of the company. Let it not be understood that the chemists are the only men of scientific training in the organization. There are more chemists here in executive positions than in any other industry of which I am aware, but along with them are a considerable number of engineers holding equally important positions, and whose co-operation on many problems is vitally necessary. We have become accustomed to finding engineers in executive positions; the Standard Oil Company of Indiana is unique in the number of chemists similarly employed. And it is unique, too, in the almost complete control of its manufacturing department by men of scientific college training. A brief survey of the personnel of the company is extremely illuminating and is one complete answer to the problem of the relation of the scientific man to industry. Of the men I am about to enumerate, the majority hold a Doctor's degree, and those who do not have had undergraduate training of an extremely thorough character in science or have the training of engineers.

"The scientists in the Indiana company include the president, another director, the general manager of western plants and his assistant, the superintendent, assistant superintendent, refinery superintendent, paraffin works superintendent, assistant superintendent of acid works, and head chemists, all of Whiting, the head of the department of service to licensees, in addition to the usual corps of research men in the laboratory. With such an organization no problem in applied chemistry seems difficult. There is scarcely a man on the manufacturing staff who is not personally capable of solving any ordinary chemical problem, of clearly understanding and passing judgment on any chemical processes submitted or of putting any ordinary chemical process into practical operation.

"Dr. Burton must be given the credit for evolving this system and developing this organization. He has proved by the acid test of practice that the scientifically trained chemist is not only a good theorist but nine times out of ten a first-class executive, and that as an executive he is supremely successful, because of the accuracy with which he can predict results and the speed and directness with which he attains them. This work of Dr. Burton ranks high in importance beside the creation of the process which bears his name.

"Of the process itself I shall say little, for Dr. Burton has covered it fully. That you through your committee should have recognized its importance as you have is only proper. No new process in a like period of time has ever added more to the sum total of human wealth. From the purely scientific point of view the Burton process is of fascinating interest. A process which can make wax out of oil that contains no wax (and, in turn make gasoline out of the wax so made)—which can take a cheap by-product oil and make from it such diverse products as gasoline, kerosene, wax, asphalt and lubricants, a process which produces a petroleum oil heavier than water—requires no praise from the scientific point of view.

"From the industrial point of view it is this process only which has made possible the continued rapid development of the internal combustion engine and the automobile.

"No industry was ever so profoundly modified by any process as the oil business has been modified by this process. How profoundly the Burton process has affected the refining practice in plants

where it is in full operation can never be thoroughly comprehended by one outside the industry. There are, however, some points which might be overlooked which are illustrative.

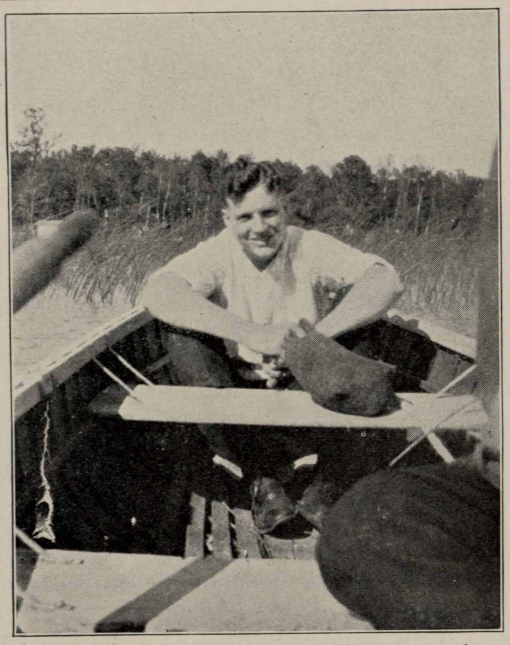
"The Burton process has more than doubled the yield of gasoline from a given quantity of crude run. Practically, this means that a given quantity of crude oil supplies twice as many engines with fuel. But these engines have to be lubricated, the cars they propel have to be provided with grease, and the very road surfaces upon which they run have to be provided with asphalt. The increased supply of gasoline has enormously increased the demand for these other products, and, at the same time, the normal increase in demand for other petroleum products, such as wax, petroleum-jelly, etc., has been greatly augmented, as might be expected with the increase in population.

"The problem of finding the increased supplies of all these commodities, when more than twice as much of the crude oil run is going into gasoline, has been extremely serious. Indeed, at times, some oil refineries have been essentially on a lubricant basis, i. e., the amount of crude run was determined primarily by the lubricant demand instead of the gasoline demand, but the ingenuity of the scientific staff has proved itself entirely equal to the problem. Running methods throughout the plants have been modified in one way and another to produce all the needed products in quantities so balanced as to meet the market demands, but the practical working out of the Burton process by no means has consisted in setting up the Burton stills and running them as a side line or excrescence of the refinery. The entire operation of the refinery has had to be readjusted fundamentally to cooperate with the pressure still plant.

"And it may be added that the profound shift in the ratio in which products are being produced and the practical withdrawal by the Standard Oil Company of Indiana of gas and fuel oil from the market has very profoundly modified marketing methods. The full extent to which the changes in marketing methods, largely caused by the existence of the Burton process, may affect this and other industries in the future is problematical. The new problem was met satisfactorily but in a manner which may have far-reaching future consequences.

"In closing, something ought to be said in praise of the physical courage of the men who developed this process. The process was developed without a serious accident and was run for years before there was a fatality. It probably has the cleanest record in this regard of any great industrial process. But in the early stages of its development a great deal of courageous faith in scientifically based premises was required. The practical men in the industry feared to run stills under pressure at all. The method of construction adopted was ordinary riveted boiler construction

BY REQUEST



Fargo, N. D.—This is our amiable correspondent, Melville Rufer, enjoying a day of angling. We don't see how Mel can spend a whole day fishing as he is always so preoccupied that he often forgets his Humble Ford when going home from the office—F. I. Packard, manager, Fargo. P. S.—Our correspondent's suggestion for the season is: "Pine Tar cough syrup is a new cure for cough—but be careful where you are when you drink it."

TO DR. W. M. BURTON

I FEEL that I speak not only for myself but for all employees of this company who have been so fortunate as to come in personal contact with you, when I say that we rejoice that you have again been honored by the leaders in that science in which you are so pre-eminent. We were pleased when you were awarded the Gibbs medal; we are elated when that is followed by the conferring upon you of the Perkin medal.

We among the executives of this company, who more than all others are best acquainted with the work which you have done, know how merited is this award; know that it is even more merited than the society which made it comprehends.

But it is not mere admiration of your scientific attainments, nor gratification over sharing, as fellow-employees, the prestige which your achievements reflect upon the whole organization, that moves us to rejoicing; it is love of your own personality that inspires it.

Always, in spite of your heavy labors in the field of science, coupled with your arduous duties in administering the details of refinery operation, you have found time to remain human, to be the same old "Bill", the same old "Doc", of the laboratory days at Whiting. It is that, Dr. Burton, which is the inspiration of our elation over this new honor which has come to you.

Robert W. Stewart.

Chairman, Board of Directors.

and the stills leaked badly, and of course every leak took fire. Eventually it was found that the leaks sealed themselves with carbon. A pressure still containing 8,000 gallons of oil and flaming all over its surface is a very terrifying object. Only brave men with the courage of their convictions will stand up to a still like this and continue to run it long enough to discover that the leaks are self-sealing. A still which accumulates a thin layer of coke on its inside wall will overheat and bulge. It requires great physical bravery to see a still bottom bulge 13 inches, as once happened in the early stages of this process, pump out the still, clean the plates, hammer the bottom back to position and go on, and it requires, in addition, the most minute scientific and painstaking care to operate hundreds of stills for years on end without a fatal accident.

"In extending to Wm. M. Burton this highest honor in your power, you honor one who has brought honor and credit to your profession, a scientist of scholarly ideals and high attainments—an organizer of broad vision and confident faith in the future—an efficient and successful executive and, perhaps, greatest of all, a leader of men. Dr. Burton asks nothing of his men which he is not capable of doing himself. His greatest tribute, greater far than any award for scientific attainments, is the affectionate regard of those with whom he has worked for so many years and who know him best. Our greatest rewards are not degrees, or diplomas, medals or decorations, but the esteem and affection of our associates. These Dr. Burton has long had in abundant measure."

DR. BURTON PAYS TRIBUTE TO HIS AIDS

"If it had not been for the invaluable assistance of Dr. R. E. Humphreys, Mr. E. M. Clark and Mr. T. S. Cooke, and others connected with the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), satisfactory results never would have been secured," he declares, telling how the pressure still system came into being.

Dr. Burton's address before the Society of Chemical Industry, on the occasion of his receiving the highest American honor in chemistry, follows in part:

The work done under my direction which has perhaps attracted the most attention was carried on principally in the laboratory and refinery of the Standard Oil Company at Whiting, Indiana, a suburb of Chicago, and consisted in devising ways and means for the practical conversion of high-boiling fractions of petroleum into low-boiling fractions in such a way as to insure substantial yields of suitable products with a minimum loss and at a reasonable expense.

The problem became imperative with the advent of the internal combustion engine about fifteen years ago. The most commonly known example of such an engine is, of course, the automobile which, as constructed today, requires a fuel that evaporates at comparatively low temperatures, has a high heat value expressed in British Thermal Units, burns without leaving objectionable residues, does not possess an objectionable odor, is low-priced and can be produced in large quantities. Benzole, toluol and alcohol are fairly well suited for the purpose, but their cost and their small volume of production render them largely unavailable.

The low-boiling fractions of petroleum naturally came into use for this purpose and up to about 1910 the supply of this fuel was sufficient to meet the demand. In fact, the automobile provided an outlet for the sale of these products which, to some extent, had been a drug on the market in the oil world. The older refiners in the country will remember when these so-called naphtha products were thrown away and allowed to run down the streams adjacent to the refineries, thereby causing a willful waste and a fire menace to the surrounding neighborhood.

Prior to 1910 the average yield of naphtha or gasoline products from crude oil in the United States was about 11 per cent, this yield representing only the amount of such products (of the quality desired at that time) normally present in the crude petroleum, the separation of them being secured by ordinary methods of distillation at atmospheric pressure; and, further, this small yield was sufficient to furnish all that was needed for gasoline stoves and other industrial purposes prior to the advent of the internal combustion engine for transportation purposes.

When the automobile came into general use, however, it was perfectly clear that the normal yield of naphtha products suitable for fuel in self-propelled vehicles would not be nearly enough. At that time our refineries were selling about forty per cent of the products of crude oil for use as fuel and for gas-making purposes in lieu of coal. The remaining sixty per cent represented the normal yield of naphtha and gasoline, illuminating and lubricating oils.

The above-mentioned forty per cent fuel and gas oil comprised fractions boiling between 225° C. and 375° C. These oils could, if necessary, be withdrawn from the market, and our problem was to convert them as far as possible into fractions boiling between 40° C. and 200° C., the product to be equal in quality to normal naphtha products and the yield and operating expense to be commercially practicable.

Our first experiments were directed toward making a suitable product by superheating the high-boiling vapors as such, but without pressure, somewhat along the practice observed in making Pintsch Gas. We soon found, however, that this so-called "cracking" in the vapor

OUR FIGHTING FORCE AT ALBION, ILLINOIS

"Editor Record: The enclosed photograph and following letter came to us from our agent at Albion, Ill.: 'Here is the Albion fighting force, the Agent and Right Hand Bower. The lady is the one who takes care of the farm trade; never lets one get away. If we don't hear from a tractor as soon as we think we ought, she calls them on the phone and finds out what they are doing; has a chat if she finds out they don't need anything. We have two phones, always have one working, and she can't be beat at working one of them either. Yours truly, L. F. Diesner.' Mr. Diesner has used the right term, 'fighting force.' He's right on the firing line, so to speak, always on the aggressive and never retreating.—*W. J. Lang, Manager, Evansville, division.*"

phase required a temperature so high that the aliphatic hydrocarbons contained in the petroleum were largely converted into cyclic and aromatic bodies and fixed gases—unsuited for our purpose. The yield was poor and the quality most undesirable. Obviously our problem included the proposition of reducing the molecular weight without changing the general structure.

We next tried the use of various reagents and catalyzers, such as aluminum chloride and ferric oxide. Anhydrous aluminum chloride, indeed, produced some rather remarkable results. The yield and quality of naphtha products were fairly satisfactory but there was a substantial loss of oil in the operations and the first cost of the anhydrous aluminum chloride, as well as the difficulty in recovering it from the residues, rendered this plan unattractive.

Nearly thirty years ago Sir Boverton Redwood and Professor Dewar in England had patented a pressure distilling process for the purpose of increasing the yield of kerosene oil from the residues of Russian crude petroleum but it never was applied industrially. It had been known, therefore, for some years that distilling petroleum under pressure served to break down the high-boiling fractions into low-boiling fractions but, as far as we could learn, no one had ever done it on the large scale and, in fact, such a proposition could not commend itself to a practical refiner because of the obvious dangers from explosions and fires that would be present in handling large stills under such conditions.

But having tried everything else that suggested itself, we attacked the problem of distilling petroleum in considerable quantities (8,000 to 12,000 gallons) under pressure of about five atmospheres. The first still we built was of a welded design and was planned to handle 100 gallons of the high-boiling fractions. Obviously, the raw material first to be tried consisted of

THIS IS OUR IDEA OF REAL WINDOW DECORATION

The above display appeared in the window of the Comstock Five and Ten Cent store at Monroe, Michigan. We've seen Semdac window displays in Kansas City, Mo., and in Manistee, Michigan, in Chicago, Illinois, and in Watertown, S. D., but of all the displays we've seen yet this makes the most direct appeal to us. (Agent, Monroe: Pst! Can't you slip us her phone number?)

the so-called fuel oil, or reduced crude, meaning the residue of crude oil after the more valuable products had been removed. We soon found that we could not work profitably with this product; when distilled with or without pressure it produced quantities of coke that deposited on the bottom of the still and caused a red hot bottom that would not stand any rise in pressure. The next proposition comprised the use of high-boiling distillates from the crude, viz.: oils boiling from 225° C. upwards. By using these oils as raw materials we secured our first encouraging results. We distilled these distillates at a pressure of about five atmospheres and were thereby able to hold down the temperature to a moderate figure, the cracking being done in the so-called liquid phase. By doing the work in this way we found to our intense gratification that the low-boiling fractions produced belonged mostly to the aliphatic or paraffine series, which were easily deodorized and finished into products suitable for sale. Further—the yield of salable liquid was good and the production of fixed gases and coke was small.

Experimentally, therefore, our work was successful. But the big problem remained to be solved. Could we build large equipment that would, in a practical way, secure the desired results and at the same time be durable and reasonably free from the fire hazard that always attends operations in an oil refinery? Some of our practical men said we could, but more of them said we couldn't. In this case, however, the majority was overruled and we immediately prepared plans and specifications for a still 8 feet in diameter and 20 feet long,

WHAT! WHAT! SERVICE STATION MEN NEVER WORK?

Indianapolis, Ind.—Agent Voss Cox, of Bloomington, in a note attached to the accompanying photograph says: "Here is a picture of workers. Service station men are not included as they do nothing but wear white collars and overalls." We foresee for Cox a sudden and violent end when this appears in print, but he will have no one but himself to blame. In the picture, left to right: Driver M. C. McClung, Driver Homer Hazel, Salesman W. H. Isom, Agent Cox, Drivers W. H. Brown, A. P. Blewett and D. A. Smith.

built of ½-inch mild steel plate, which would charge 6,000 gallons of raw material. It had a safety factor of 5, the working pressure to be 100 pounds and the bursting pressure 500 pounds.

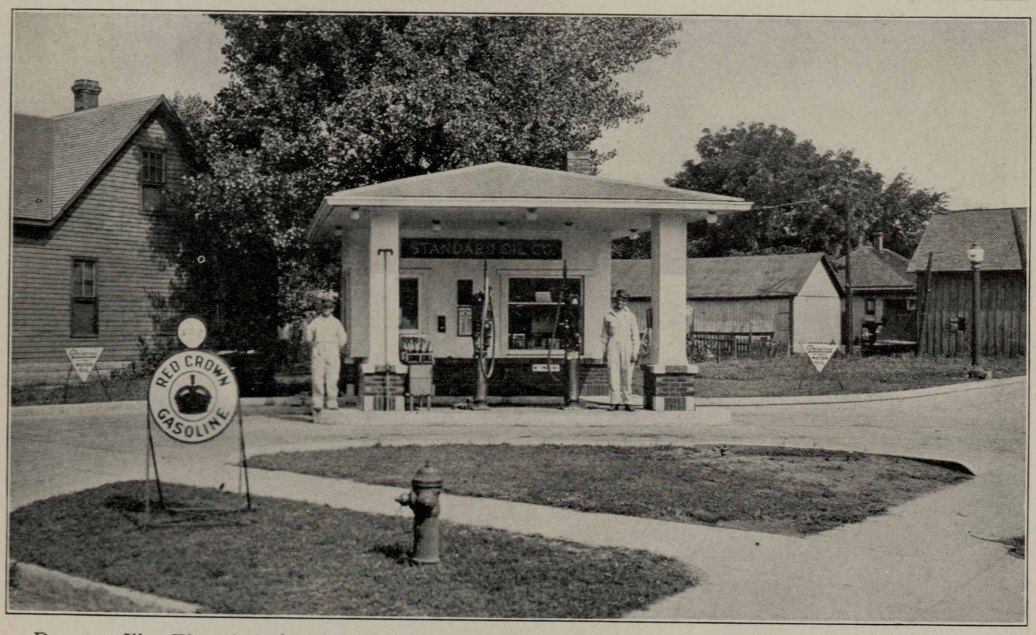
The still was built and charged, with many misgivings on the part of the doubters, but with boldness and confidence exhibited by the rest of us. So soon as we had the still hot and pressure began to develop, we encountered our first difficulty. The still was built in a workmanlike manner and would have made a good steam boiler, but we found rivets and seams leaked badly under oil pressure where they would not under steam pressure. It was difficult to induce boilermakers to caulk the leaks while the still was hot and under pressure, but we found men bold enough to do it and the first run was sufficiently encouraging to induce us to proceed further. But the leaks persisted until Nature came to our aid and the minute portions of oil in the leaks gradually carbonized and they closed without our aid.

The experiments with the large still proved our results with the small one, viz.: the yield of suitable gasoline fractions was good; the loss was trifling; the cost was reasonable and the fire hazard under close caution and supervision was not excessive. Further, we were astonished to find that the residue remaining in the still contained substantial quantities of asphaltine actually created (from a distillate containing none of it) by distillation under pressure.

We learned early in the work that operating at moderate pressure required a substantial dephlegmating system that would return to the still fractions boiling too high for our purpose, and allow the others to pass on.

A suitable safety valve that would operate properly with oil vapors at high temperatures had to be devised. After

THEY SHOWED THE CITY FOLKS HOW TO SELL



Decatur, Ill.—Though located in a town of only 7,000 people, this service station, No 113, during the recent coupon book campaign sold more coupon books than any other station in the Decatur field, and we are proud to introduce to the Stanolind family, Mr. Lewis W. Cogswell, left, and his assistant, Mr. Jesse C. Flannery, right, of Taylorville, Ill. We claim that Taylorville is some town and that Cogswell and Flannery are some salesmen!

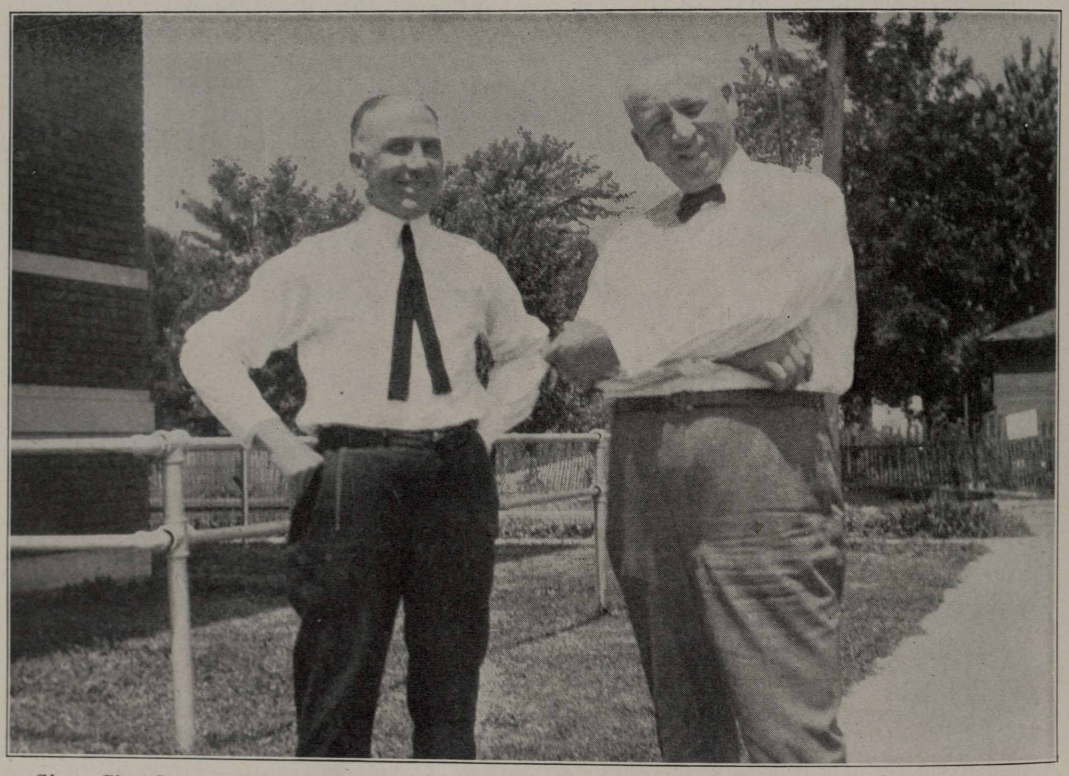
making a number of runs with our 8 x 20 still, and in view of the fact that the demand for gasoline was increasing at a rapid rate, we asked for an appropriation of one million dollars to build sixty pressure stills 8 feet in diameter and 30 feet long, each charging 8,000 gallons of raw material. It required considerable argument to convince any of our Directors that such a revolutionary proposition could possibly be successful, but finally they voted in favor of it, and we went ahead.

It would require much more time than I have at my disposal this evening to give a full account of the minor difficulties that arose. We had solved the big points, but there were many smaller ones. For successful results we must operate with the oil at temperatures from 370° to 400° C. in the still. At 450° C. steel begins to lose its tensile strength and its capacity to withstand pressure. It is clear, therefore, that with this narrow margin great caution must be exercised to prevent overheating. The human element enters here, as it does in every feature of pressure-still operation, but we operated over eight years with hundreds of these stills in daily use, and manufactured millions of barrels of gasoline by this method before we had a fatal accident.

From the humble beginning of the 100-gallon still in our experimental laboratory, the Standard Oil Company of Indiana has in operation today over eight hundred pressure stills having a gross charging capacity of eight million gallons. and Licensees under our patents are operating as many more, giving a daily production of two million gallons of gasoline out of about twelve and a half million gallons total daily output in the United States and Canada.

This amount of gasoline makes possible the use of two millions of motor vehicles more than could otherwise have been supplied from a given consumption of crude petroleum, and as a corollary of that

IF YOU GO TO SIOUX CITY DEMAND BLUEBERRY PIE



Sioux City, Iowa.—This is the kind of smile they wear after eating Mrs. Cowles' blueberry pie. Mr. W. J. Dyer, chief clerk, left, and Mr. B. D. Thayer, manager, right, have just had some.

proposition and assuming 20 per cent of gasoline as a normal average yield from crude oil, the pressure-still process is conserving for future consumption an amount of crude oil nearly equal to one hundred million barrels per year.

The consumption of gasoline by internal combustion engines during the past decade has increased at a terrific rate. In 1910 the United States consumed approximately 700 million gallons, while for 1920 the Bureau of Mines statistics show a total gasoline production of four billion six hundred million gallons, of which 850 millions were made from natural gas, something over three billion gallons made by straight crude oil distillation and 750 million gallons made by the cracking process. Further, statistics show that while the increase in crude oil production during the past decade has been 142 per cent, the increase in gasoline production has been over 700 per cent, and although some of this gasoline has been exported, the larger portion has been consumed by the ever increasing number of automotive vehicles in this country.

The increase in production of crude oil has not been commensurate with the increased demand for its products, and the pressure-still process filled at least part of the gap. Naturally, one is inclined to speculate on what the future will be regarding an adequate supply of these important commodities. One suggestion would be that some of the large amounts of oil now being used for fuel and gas-making purposes be replaced with coal, and substantial portions of the oil used for making gasoline, the coal consumption, in turn, to be replaced in part by the further development of hydro-electric power.

HE FOUND THIS BARREL, LOST FIVE YEARS

Wichita, Kan.—I. E. Affholder, salesman, is shown emerging from a hole near Grainfield, Kan., which had been the hiding place of iron barrel No. 43737 for five years. We'll say he has developed a wonderful nose for iron barrels. The hole where he found this one is in the back of an adobe house located in what is known as "Little Russia," near Grainfield. Incidentally, Mr. Affholder stands six feet, seven inches, stripped for gym.

The American people are notoriously wasteful in the use of natural resources with which they are so richly endowed. It is hoped the work outlined in the foregoing will be considered a slight contribution toward the curtailment of such waste.

It would be obviously unfair and unjust to close this paper without duly acknowledging the work done by my associates in successfully establishing the pressure-still process. Our patent attorneys, represented by Mr. Russell Wiles, contributed many useful and practical suggestions, and if it had not been for the invaluable assistance of Dr. R. E. Humphreys, Mr. E. M. Clark and Mr. T. S. Cooke and many others connected with the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, satisfactory results never would have been secured.

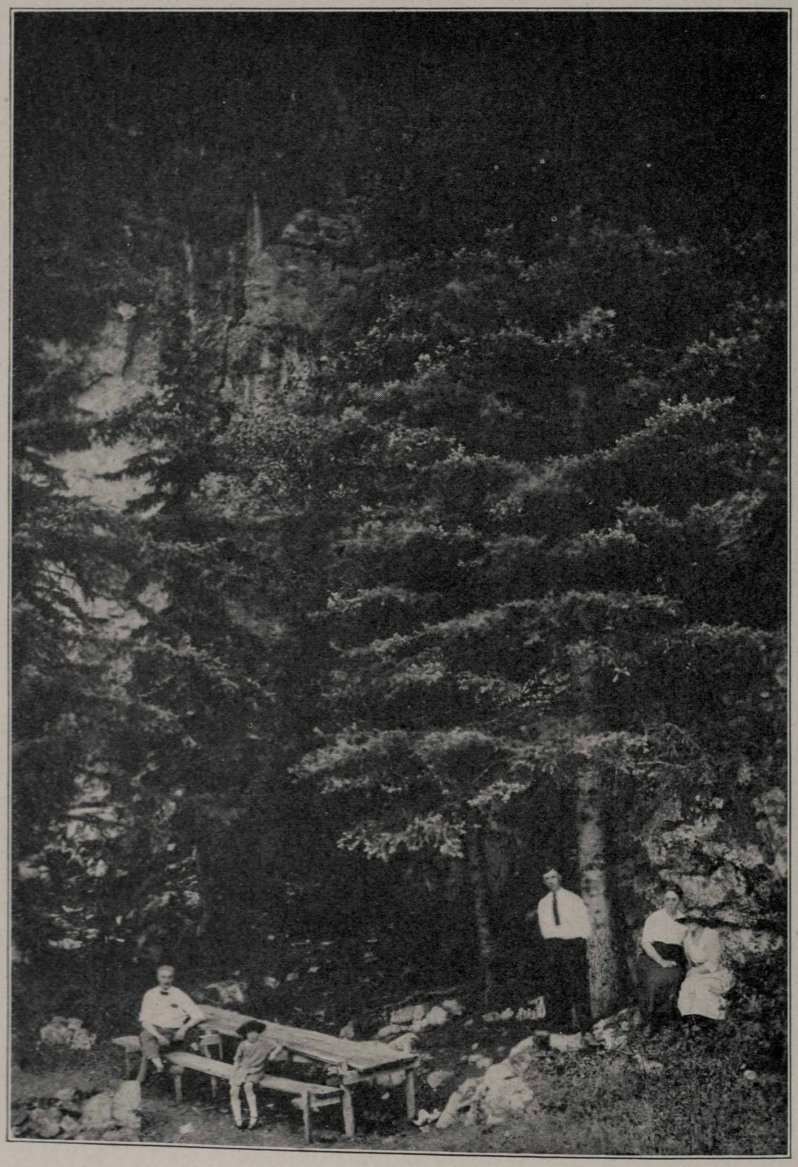
TO OUR READERS

The dispute between engravers and their employers in Chicago and other cities, which in Chicago resulted in cessation of work in the engraving shops on January 3, made it impossible to have halftones made of any of the pictures submitted by correspondents and others for this issue of the Record. That the magazine is not devoid of illustration is due to the use of old halftones, crowded out of previous issues and held for such an emergency. It is to be regretted that the engraving shops are closed at this time, as an unusually large number of good pictures depicting current events within the organization were received last month.

* * *

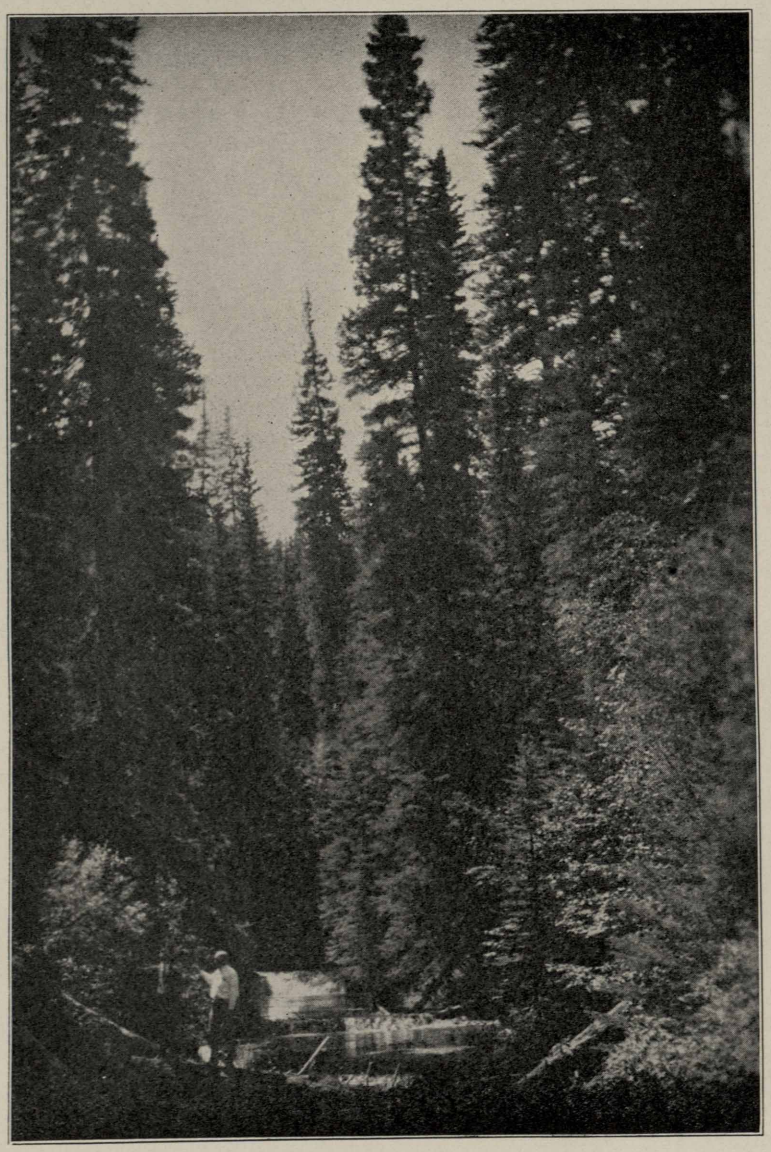
Speaking of woman's place in business—the loose leaf system was invented by Eve.

IF THIS BE ENTRANCE TO HADES, WE SHOULD WORRY



Here is Devil's Gap in the Black Hills, South Dakota, between Deadwood and Spearfish. In the photo are Manager and Mrs. Dodsley, Huron division, and Salesman Lang and family.

AND YET PEOPLE GO TO SWITZERLAND FOR SCENERY



This is a scene in the beautiful Spearfish canyon, visited by Manager Dodsley of the Huron (S. D.) division during a trip over his territory. The sparkling stream is crowded with trout and one of Mr. Dodsley's greatest regrets is that he didn't have time to fish. He is shown, coat off, in the left foreground of the photograph.

CLIMBS TO SUCCESS VIA A SOAP BOX

Proving that well known article may be put to more constructive uses than that of serving as a rostrum for bolshevik oratory

THOUGH Mr. E. J. Bullock, whose portrait appears on the outside cover of this magazine, began at the bottom, he did not utilize the proverbial ladder in making his ascent to success; he climbed up on a soap box.

Back in August, 1889, Mr. R. G. Collins, at that time manager of the Milwaukee division, hired the smallest office boy then at large. He wore knee-breeches and had a piping voice, and was the last youngster in the world to be suspected of ever aspiring to the height of six feet; yet he cherished that ambition and numerous others besides.

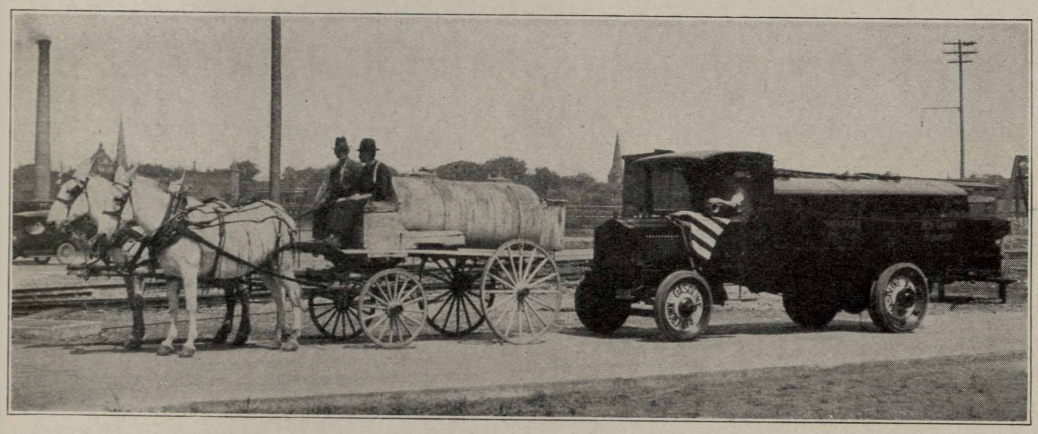
And today we find this diminutive kid of '89, a husky specimen, six feet tall, who, when he sallies forth in knickerbockers to indulge in the adult paraphrase of his childhood game of shinny, fills out that portion of his stocking just below the knee rather more abundantly than he did in '89. Also, we discover him as Director of Purchases, Standard Oil Company (Indiana). He's grown all over, you see.

His first step upward came soon after his employment. Essaying to answer the telephone, he was chagrined to find that he could not reach it, but Mr. Collins, noting the difficulty, provided him with a soap box. Mounting this, Eddie felt that he was rising in the world, and, as is the way of those who talk from soap boxes, he shrilled a challenge to the universe. But his was heard at greater distances than that of the ordinary soap box shriller, because, first, it had a friendly tone, and the world is prone to lend a more complacent ear to a friendly voice than to a complaining one; and second, because Eddie, being even then progressive, and inspired mayhap by the bright idea that the invention of Dr. Bell would give to his voice a wider range, used the telephone!

Meanwhile he did many other things besides talk, and fifteen years later, in 1904, he came to Chicago as assistant manager in the lubricating oil sales department. In 1915 he was made manager of the Chicago sales division, and when the oil products purchasing department was created in 1919, he was placed at its head. In 1921 he was made Director of Purchases, having supervision over the entire purchasing department, while still giving his personal attention to the buying of oil products. On his shoulders rests the great responsibility of keeping the refineries supplied with crude, which he must procure at prices which will permit operation at a profit.

All of which indicates what startling potentialities there are in knee-breeches and a soap box.

HOW WE HAVE MET PUBLIC DEMAND FOR SERVICE



Milwaukee, Wis.—The American public, more than any other public in the world, demands service. The Standard Oil Company (Indiana) has not only kept pace with that demand, but has been several jumps ahead of it, which is the real reason why this company occupies the preeminent position in the gasoline marketing field. The above, showing the old and new way of delivering gasoline and refined oil, is a practical demonstration of betterment of service. The picture was taken at Green Bay, Wis. The old wagon once bore the name of "The Cannon Ball" and its driver, who died in the service of the company after being with us for thirty years, was very reluctant to part with it in favor of the more fashionable "new fangled" three compartment tanks. "The Cannon Ball" was resurrected from the back yard of a thresher, who now owns it, for the purpose of leading its successor, the five-ton Packard, in the Pageant of Progress parade held at Green Bay last year.

OH, MR. SINGLETON

Thor, guardian of the door for Mr. F. L. King, fifth floor, and Bill, boy-of-all-work for the advertising department, constituting the only official Board of Critics recognized by the editor, have this to report concerning the safety cartoon in last month's issue of the Record, printed under the caption of "How Strong Are You for Accident Prevention":

"Say, that's a fine Safety cartoon, that is! There's St. Louis swinging a reckless maul, and LaCrosse doing an Annette Kellerman that's a peach of a start for getting a crusher on the dome, while Kansas City's shovin' out his mitt for a nice little slap on the wrist. Safety! Oh, my eye!" (Maybe, Hon. Thor and Hon. Bill, Messrs. Singleton and Bartholomew meant the prospective wallops in store for LaCrosse and Kansas City to be figurative —wallops in the Safety percentage column, 'ef they don't watch out! And then, again, maybe they didn't.)

* * *

"I hear Charlie's on his feet again."

"Yes, poor boy, his creditors took his car."—Sydney Bulletin.

* * *

"I hope you are not afraid of microbes," apologized the paying-teller as he cashed the school-teacher's check with soiled currency.

"Don't worry," said the young lady. "A microbe couldn't live on my salary."—*The Seaman's Journal.*

TO CONTRIBUTORS

Please make a distinction between "don't" and "doesn't." "Don't" is plural and "doesn't," singular. Thus it is always "He doesn't," not "He don't." Also please refer to a baby as a "who" rather than a "which."

HERE ENDS 1921 COUPON SQUABBLE

Editor Record: In the December Stanolind Record we noticed one entire page devoted to coupon books sold by Kansas City, Joliet and also Sioux City. The article was very well arranged and covered all the fine points even down to the percentage based on the number of books sold and the population. We believe that Huron is entitled to a place on the map when it comes to selling coupon books. In a 25-day drive from December 1 to December 25, the Huron office force sold coupon books in the city to automobile owners and others and succeeded in piling up a total of 838 books. We believe that we have a record that is going to make some of the other divisions step some to beat us when you figure on the number of books sold based on the population of the town. Our population is somewhere between 8,500 and 10,000. We might also add that during the month of December, exclusive of the books sold by the office force, our selling force, not including service station attendants, but merely salesmen, succeeded in piling up a total of 1,800 coupon books. Again referring to the population, we believe there are a good many cities in the Indiana field that have almost as much population as our entire field.—A. H. Dodsley, Manager, Huron.

The Record is also in receipt of a communication from Quincy in which a table carries an intimation that Joliet's average should be figured on a basis of 60,000 population, rather than 38,000. The Quincy figures, based on the sale of 276 books during a 14-day campaign, give Quincy a lead over Joliet and Kansas City, as follows: Quincy average, 130.5; Joliet (revised on basis of 60,000 population) average, 141.2; Kansas City average, 150.3. Inasmuch as the Huron record appears to shoot Quincy and the others all to pieces, only the following is quoted from the Quincy communication:

"The Sioux City office is to be congratulated in having among its members Miss Evelyn Peterson, who seems to be the individual champion, having sold 110 books in one afternoon."

With this article ends the 1921 coupon book squabble so far as the Stanolind Record is concerned. The year of 1921 is gone, so records made during that year are now "dead stuff." We will be glad, however, to recount your exploits during 1922. Huron has given you a mark to shoot at. Hop to it, folks!

FOREMEN MEET

Wood River, Jan. 1.—A foremen's meeting was held December 20 at which all of the foremen were present with the exception of five, who were unavoidably absent.

The subject of "Frankness" was the theme of the meeting, and talks were made along this line by Messrs. Manbeck, Beach, McCormick, Flanagan, Hartwig, and Hall. The importance of foremen being frank in all matters was impressed upon them. The meeting was an enthusiastic one and the points made were well received by all. The meeting dealt particularly with Safety and Industrial Relations matters, and it is hoped that every executive in the plant will realize the importance of dealing frankly, openly and justly with all employees in the plant. If this is not done Industrial Relations as well as Safety will fall by the wayside.

At this meeting the suggestion of forming a Foremen's Club was brought up, which is now receiving due consideration. It is hoped that such organization may be formed and these meetings held regularly.

* * *

"Did that employment agency you tried make any real effort to satisfy you?"

"Well, yes. I asked particularly for a cook who could make a veal loaf, and they sent me an I. W. W."

* * *

"Bills have one queer quality."

"What is it?"

"The more you contract them, the more they expand."

RUTH AND DAD SURE KEEP THINGS NEAT

Fargo, N. D.—These are pictures of our service station at Argyle, Minn., with attendants, John Nichols and his daughter, Miss Ruth. They have taken great pains to beautify their station and keep it neat, and it has become one of the show spots of Argyle.

A small girl was "afraid of the dark." Her mother, anxious to overcome this weakness, said as she was leaving her, "Remember, darling, that an angel will still be with you when I take the candle away."

"Mummy," pleaded a small voice, "I'd much rather you took the angel and left the candle."—*Boston Globe.*

* * *

Success in business depends not so much upon lying awake nights as in keeping awake daytime.

The important young prosecutor was trying to make things hot for the burly negro who had admitted in court that he was engaged in a crap game at the time of his arrest.

"Now," he said, "I want you to tell the jury just how you deal craps."

"Whass dat?" asked the witness, rolling his eyes.

"Address the jury," thundered the attorney, "and tell them how you deal craps."

"Lemme outa here," shrieked the darky, wildly. "Fust thing Ah know dis gemman heah gwine ask me how to drink a samwich."

THIS MAKES GRIEF FOR TRAFFIC DEPARTMENT

Among other things with which our traffic department has to contend are occasional wrecks. Here is the wreck of a U. T. L. train near Lancaster, Minn., Fargo division.

RED CROWNS LOSE

Milwaukee, Wis., Dec. 19.—Three hundred people, among them many Standard Oil employees of the Milwaukee division, were on hand December 16 to cheer the Red Crown basketball team from the Whiting refinery when it clashed with the Milwaukee Bright Spots at the Auditorium in this city. In spite of our backing, the Red Crowns lost, 24 to 22, but they put up a good game. The following account appeared in a Milwaukee newspaper:

"A spectacular finish, in which Kibbe's defensive work stood out prominently, gave the Milwaukee Bright Spot basketball team a 24 to 22 verdict over the Red Crowns, champions of Indiana at the Auditorium Friday night. Behind 15 to 9 at the half way mark, the Spots found their caging eyes in the final chapter and ran up ten points while the Crowns were standing still.

"The Red Crowns started off like champions and it looked like a bad night for the Bright Spot supporters, but the Hoosiers were unable to locate the basket in the second half until near the close. Kibbe, who took the floor for the last period, broke up the Crowns' offensive when it reached the basket.

"Watson, the new man on the Bright Spot squad went in for Feeney near the close of the first half and his work also stood out prominently. Watson can cover a lot of territory and does it well. The two O'Connors and Mike Knapp also figured in the surprise victory.

"The Red Crowns urged on by the cheering of 300 employes of the Standard Oil Company, came here to cart back another championship, but lost their own instead. Griesal, the big center, had the Spots baffled for the first ten minutes, but he gradually petered out under the savage attack. Fouls were frequent, with the Crowns the chief offenders."

Our Mr. T. H. Kane, during the halves, surely amused the crowd by dressing up as a policeman with a sign: "I am looking for O'Connor." Our office boys gave him considerable help by dressing up as service station attendants and playing with the dice. Ed Taylor, as usual, was there with the goods, playing the roll of yell leader. He yelled so loud he could hardly talk next day.

HE CERTAINLY KEEPS IT SPICK AND SPAN

Waterloo, Iowa (Sioux City Division).—This is our beautiful service station No. 321, located at Fifth and South streets, Waterloo. It is in charge of George Davis, shown in the photo, who has had charge of it since it was built three years ago and who is responsible for the continuous growth of business it has enjoyed. We believe Mr. Davis is the best service station attendant in the employ of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), which is taking in some territory.—*A. C. Wilcox, Agent.*

SOCIAL CLUBS, NOTE

Knowing that the social clubs in the various stations are always on the lookout for new stunts, the Record wishes to call attention to the Mankato gossip for last month. They pulled one there so old that it's new—a spelling bee. And they had a grand time. You know folks in this world had a pretty good time long before jazz and its concomitants were invented, and every once in awhile somebody proves that you can have just as good, or a better time without it today. Here's to the old fashioned spelling bee! We're for it—and besides, it will do some of our correspondents a lot of good.

* * *

"Mamma," said five-year-old Archie, "come out on the lawn and play football with me."

"I can't play football, dear."

"Huh!" exclaimed the little fellow, "that's what comes of having a woman for a mother."—*Boston Transcript.*

STEAM AT FARGO

Fargo, N. D., Jan. 1.—An amusing, but rather disconcerting incident recently occurred in Manager Packard's office. Mr. Packard, feeling a little chilly, called the telephone girl asking for "steam." Miss Foy, the operator, understood the word as "Stem" and asked John Stem of the cartage department to go up to Mr. Packard's office. Upon calling, John was told by Mr. Packard that he was not wanted, but that he wanted "steam." John understood him as wanting "Stehm" and called Walt Stehm of the equipment department. Walt was not in, and John returned to acquaint Mr. Packard with this fact. Our worthy leader had by this time secured his "steam" but it was hardly necessary, for he was getting pretty warm without it.

* * *

Don't wait for business to pick up. Go out and pick up business!

HE GETS 'EM WITHOUT BEING URGED

Milwaukee, Wis.—We have with us Mr. H. C. Marquardt, better known as "Schultz" of the warehouse. This truck has 53 barrels on it and has been in continuous service since September, 1919. When it comes to picking up empties, you have to hand it to Schultz.

CHILDREN

Children are naturally imaginative. The fancies of a child are many and varied and serve a proper role in the intellectual and emotional development. Unfortunately, the fancies may assume an improper trend fraught with serious consequences. This fact is brought out when it is recalled that children as a rule do not harbor resentment, but naturally attempt to settle their quarrels by argument. On the other hand, a number of children do harbor resentment when their power of self-assertion has been stunted through following the lines of least resistance in the settlement of childish disputes and discords instead of meeting them frankly and squarely. The children of this type are given to so-called day dreams and reflections over supposed wrongs. They weave fancies about suppositious injuries which give a species of satisfaction and contentment. These fancies, unless properly directed, ultimately become fixed habits of thought, which make for poor mental adjustment in after life. For this reason, any system of training children should take into consideration their imaginative faculties and the tendency to build air castles and weave fancies. When properly controlled these are healthy substitutes for the whimsical and capricious longings of childhood that may ultimately result in mental maladjustment. For this reason the real or fancied wrongs of children should be settled without delay, the discomforts and discords should be smoothed to the satisfaction of the child and he should be encouraged to make confession of his feelings and desires—

—*United States Public Health Service.*

FOR FUTURE FILE

Joliet, Ill., Jan. 1.—It is said Santa Claus was an extremely busy person at Rockford. According to Mr. L. W. Pietsch, agent at that point, gasoline pumps were camouflaged with Christmas trees and service station attendants wore the proverbial white beards. Agents in other territories may wish to file this idea for use next year.

PUSHING THE FULL LINE IN MINNESOTA

Minneapolis, Minn.—This truck appeared in the July 4th parade at Alexandria, Minn., where the service station, shown in the picture, had just been completed and placed in operation. Some truck, some station. Men in the picture are, left, Barney Bentson, agent; right, Charles E. Keith, salesman.

VALUE OF A SMILE?

How much is your smile worth? "I would give a million dollars to have Charles Schwab's smile," said J. Ogden Armour.

If a smile can be worth a million for Schwab, and a quarter of a million dollars for Douglas Fairbanks and Wallace Reid, it should be worth while developing this asset on your face.

No man will be engaged at a high salary by Frank A. Vanderlip, the New York financier, who has not shown ability to make friends. "One malcontent in an organization," said Vanderlip, "is a rotten apple in a basket of fresh fruit."

Did you ever think how far along a vaudeville actor would get if he came on the stage with a frown on his face?

He's got to be happy—to smile and keep smiling! If he fails he will score a reception that will make him frown with reason.

The sign over the desk: "Smile—damn you—Smile!" has a good philosophy behind its crudeness.

If a smile never brings you a million dollars, it doesn't cost you anything.

And it warms the heart in an atmosphere that is often too cold. It enables you to give more—and in giving, to get more.

—*Shelby Comet.*

TWO ANNUITANTS DIE

The Record regrets to report the death of two annuitants:

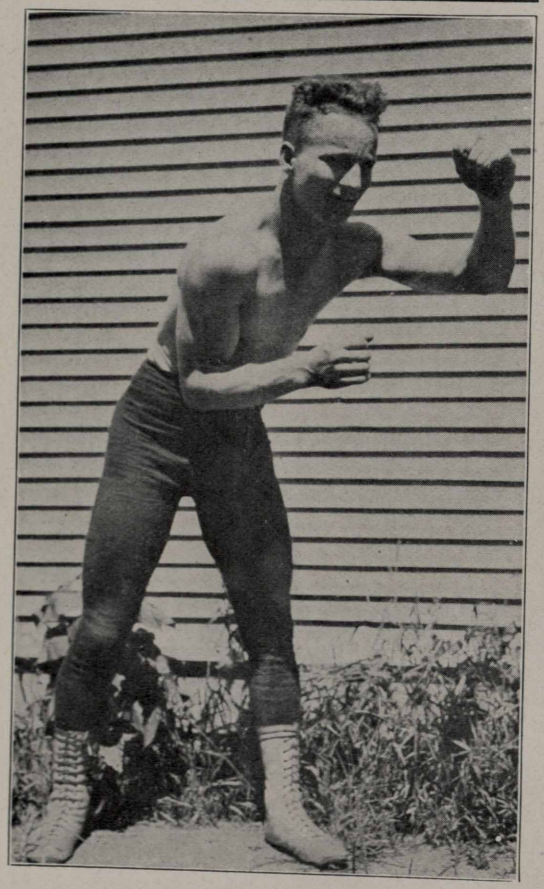
Mr. Charles M. Kennedy, Indianapolis, Ind., died Nov. 6, 1921. He was formerly a cooper and was in the service of the company twenty years before being placed on the annuity payroll, May 1, 1907.

Mr. Emory A. Drake, Oskaloosa, Iowa, died Oct. 4, 1921. He was formerly an agent in the Davenport division and was in the service of the company twenty-two years and four months before being placed on the annuity payroll, June 15, 1921.

* * *

There will always be a place for the man who knows how, but the man who knows why will always be his boss.

ALL-AROUND CHAMP



Mankato, Minn.— Basket ball, foot ball, base ball, kitten ball, volley ball, hockey and swimming are all sports in which "Wally" Anderson scintillates, but to Mankato people his prowess as a wrestler shines forth with the greatest luster of all. In Mankato, and in fact in Southern Minnesota, to mention athletics is to say "Wally Anderson" with the second breath, for here is an athlete who plays the game fairly. There are no black marks opposite the name of "Our Wally" for, win or lose, he is on the square.

Wally is head sales clerk in the Mankato office while at work, and captain of the speedy Polarines who were first in the Mankato Kitten Ball league. He was captain of the Mankato High School basket ball team, champions of their district; captain of the star Loyola basket ball team for two years; stellar performer on the Y. M. C. A. basket ball team and various independent teams of the city; captain of M. H. S. foot ball team two years, during which time the team was unbeaten; besides numerous other titles and honors too numerous to remember. But at wrestling—the Mankato office will put Wally against any wrestler in the world, and that's a lot of territory. Wally weighs only 156 pounds but he'll wrestle anybody that wants to go on the mat. No, he doesn't think he can throw anyone in the world. Wally wrestles for fun; but the man that goes against him will know that he's in a wrestling match and Wally will wrestle clean—win or lose. He likes to win but he would rather lose than to give anyone in the world a chance to say that he didn't fight fair. That's why all the kids look up to Wally Anderson. That's why the people of Southern Minnesota like to see Wally in action. Call up any man, woman or child in Mankato. They'll tell you lots more about our Wally Anderson.

DIRTY FACES

Financial condition of the Whiting Mutual Benefit Association, December 1, 1921, as reported by Secretary W. O. Walker:

Balance in all funds Nov. 1, 1921	$15,852.30
Receipts	555.00
	$16,407.30
Disbursements	712.00
Balance in all funds Dec. 1, 1921	$15,695.30
The above funds are invested as follows:	
Liberty Bonds	$ 4,000.00
Whiting Savings & Loan Association	5,150.00
Savings Account—Bank of Whiting	5,851.78
War Savings Stamps	361.86
Checking Account	331.66
Balance in all funds Dec. 1, 1921	$15,695.30

* * *

A retail dealer in leather goods, doing business in Baltimore, wrote to a firm in southern Massachusetts ordering a carload of merchandise. The firm wired him:—

"Cannot ship your order until last consignment is paid for."

"Unable to wait so long," telegraphed the merchant. "Cancel the order."—*Joy Book.*

* * *

In a way getting married is a good deal like using the telephone. You don't always get the party you want.—*Ness City* (Kan.) *News.*

WELL, WELL, WELL, AND SO THIS IS FARGO!

Fargo division made a special effort to swamp us with material for last month's Stanolind Record and they succeeded so well we expect to be explaining for the next six months why it wasn't all used. Above we have the G. H. Q. of the Fargo division, Standard Oil Company (Indiana). It looks like quite a place.

YOU'RE RIGHT, NELLIE

"The poorest employe is the employe who is squeezed to the last atom of what he has to give.

"The greediest and slave-driving employer is the employer who gets the least for his money.

"One can be very proud of some big men and big firms in America which are examples for the world in their treatment of employes. There are persons and institutions which reflect glory upon America. There is Henry Ford, who has shown the world how to pay high wages on an eight-hour day and make millions by doing it. The Standard Oil stands as a model in its treatment and pay of its employes. Happily there are numerous other American institutions whose treatment of employes gives us cause to be proud.

"One gets better work and more loyal service out of an employe who values his position and his treatment. The abused worker never misses a chance to get even, and there are a million ways by which he can do this to the detriment of a successful business.

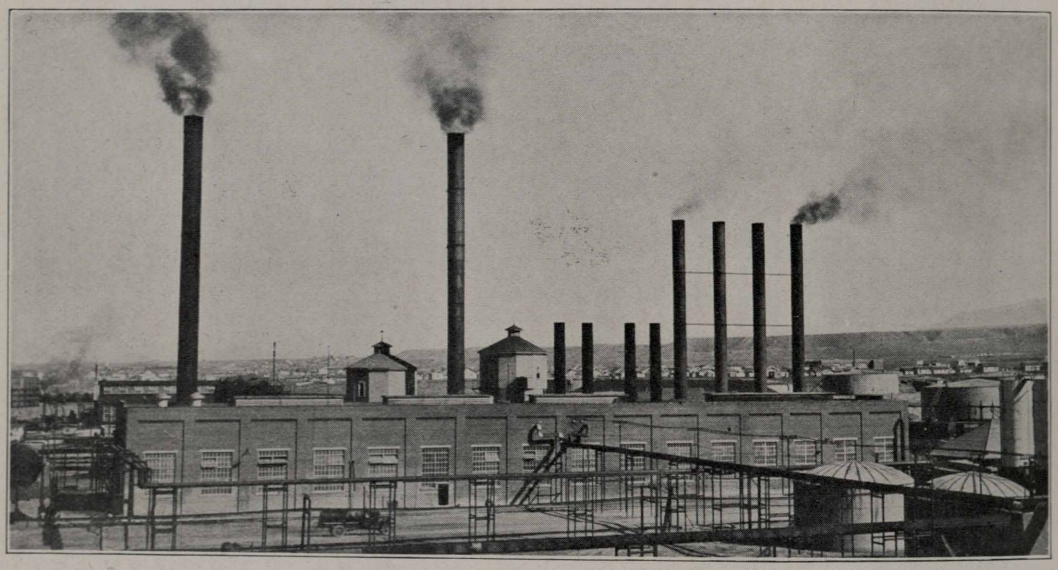
"The golden rule is the best rule in this world to guide one's conduct. To treat others only as we would wish to be treated, to do to others only as we would wish others to do to us, is the safest and surest motto on which to build one's life and conduct. That motto alone will prevent crime and lesser misdeeds in this world.

"Why not begin today by adopting this rule as your religion, your guide in life?

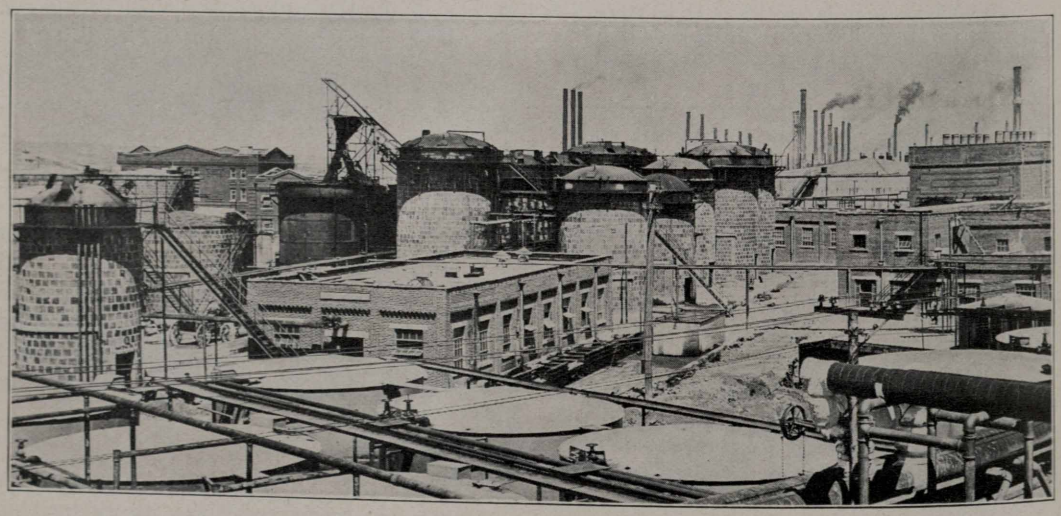
"Try it. Put the motto up where you will gaze on it daily. Write it on the inside of your purse. Fasten it to the inside of your handbag. Let it govern each move and act which you make. Let it be your guiding star.

"Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you."—*Nellie Bly, in Hearst's Chicago Evening American.*

NOW PART OF STANDARD OIL CASPER WORKS



Above is the boiler house of Plant No. 3, Casper; below, the paraffine works.



It was in one of the "ten, twent, thirt" vaudeville houses where moving pictures are shown. An Oriental act had been concluded and incense filled the house.

"Usher," complained a pompous man in an aisle seat, "I smell punk."

"That's all right," whispered the usher confidentially, "just sit where you are, and I won't put anyone near you."

* * *

Nature can make a squash in six months, but when she sets out to make an oak she stays on the job a hundred years.

"Can I be of any assistance?" asked the sympathetic motorist of a man who was looking unutterable thoughts at a disabled car.

"How is your vocabulary?"

"I'm a minister, sir."

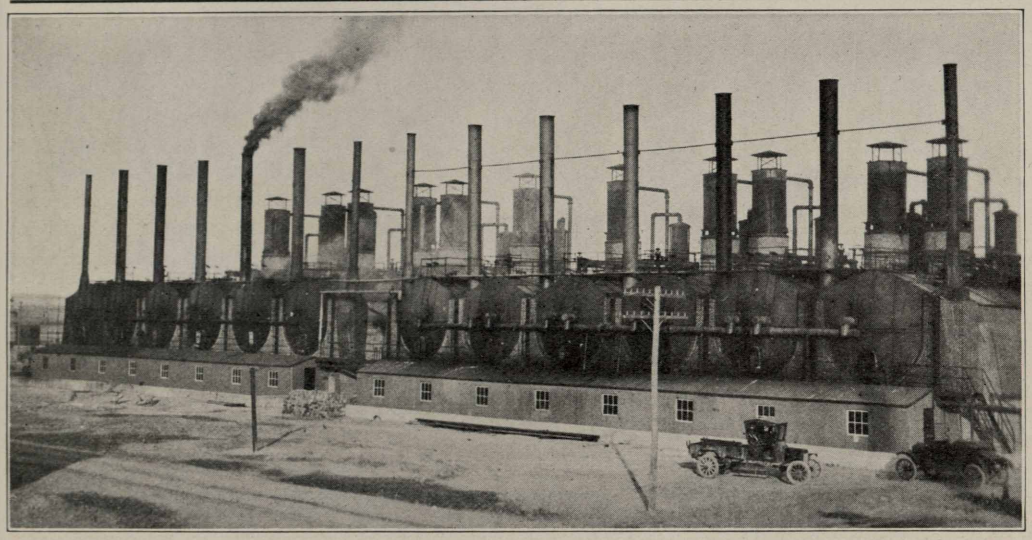
"Drive on."

* * *

He (making the time-worn excuse)—I'm afraid we'll have to stop here; the engine's getting pretty warm.

Fair Companion—You men are such hypocrites; you always say "the engine."

TOWER STILLS, PLANT NO. 3, CASPER WORKS



138 ACCIDENTS

One hundred and thirty-eight accidents, 68 resulting in injury to employees, and 70 causing property damage, occurred in the sales department of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) during the month of November, according to the report of Mr. F. C. Singleton, safety director, sales department. There were in addition 55 accidents, in which Standard Oil employees or properties were involved, but which were caused by persons not affiliated with this company.

Standing of the divisions (the report was compiled before the change creating the Central division and re-arranging the jurisdictions) follows:

NORTHERN DIVISION

Territory	*Accidents*	*Standing*
Mankato	0	1000
LaCrosse	1	991
Sioux City	1	989
Huron	1	988
Fargo	4	980
Minneapolis	6	976
Duluth	5	975
Milwaukee	11	967
Division Score	29	983

EASTERN DIVISION

Decatur	0	1000
Peoria	8	992
Quincy	1	986
South Bend	10	985
Joliet	3	985
Grand Rapids	4	984
Saginaw	3	984
Detroit	7	982
Indianapolis	8	972
Evansville	11	949
Division Score	55	978

WESTERN DIVISION

Davenport	0	1000
St. Joseph	1	990
Wichita	2	989
Kansas City	8	982
Keokuk	2	980
DesMoines	9	978
Chicago	23	968
St. Louis	9	964
Division Score	54	977

NOTE: Percentages are figured on the basis of accidents per 1000 employees.

ATTENTION
Board of Directors

HOW AN EDITOR GOT RICH

When he started he was as poor as the proverbial church mouse twenty years ago. Now he has retired, with a comfortable fortune of $50,000.

This money was acquired through industry, economy, conscientious effort to give full value, indomitable perserverance, and the death of an uncle, who left the editor $49,999.50.—*Empeco Paper News.*

A SALESMAN OF 1922
By Salesman Chapman, St. Paul

Have you analized the 1922 situation? Do you know exactly what it holds for you? Are you going to get everything out of it that your company and yourself deserve? Or are you going to just try to "get by" and come in and go out with the tide? The chap who chooses the latter course is going "out" with the tide—and stay out—there will be no room for him in the selling game. It won't make any difference what you are selling—the sales reports will not get over the manager's desk filled with "not ins" and "all stocked." He is going to remove "not in" from the English vocabulary and will probably understand that "stocked" means the competitor's goods.

The dominating factors towards the success of a salesman in 1922 are going to be: Above all KNOW YOUR PRODUCT; then the neatness of personal appearance; sincerity, and a real interest in the success of your customer. A salesman comes in contact with all kinds of business and all sorts of men and if he is observing of every good method he sees, he will soon be a kind of an efficiency expert in all lines. Many merchants are in dire need of exactly the information that you can give them—it is for you to find out what they want to know. Many times they do not know they want any particular information but if you suggest it to them in a diplomatic way you will get credit for it and will have made a personal friend. They may not acknowledge that they have learned anything from you but their estimation of you in their own mind has jumped 100% and you can know that a welcome reception will await you on your next call.

And then there is always a little personal satisfaction you will get after having sold in a clean cut manner your product to a man "who didn't want anything." You have battled wits and have attained victory by having proved yourself and product, superior. In going out of that man's store with a signed order you have somewhat the same feeling an architect must have when viewing the completed structure of a master building from a blue print—he has built this with his mind and knowledge—from a *plan*. And believe me, gentlemen, we are all going to have to *plan* if we are going to build anything in 1922.

Many men in the selling game today who have big records—in the past—are not going to be able to keep up to any kind of record in 1922 and they will be forced out. Many will come into it who have never sold and make big marks because they were willing to follow the times and plan ahead.

Let's get together, fellows, and make 1922 the biggest year ever by good honest effort—and remember—*KNOW YOUR PRODUCT*.

NO NATURE FAKER

Before some of our Argus-eyed critics rise up and accuse us of being a nature faker because of our headline of "Little Ducklings of Michiganders" in last month's Record, we wish to explain that we wrote the caption while suffering from a temporary aberration and when we did discover our error in natural history it was too late to rectify it except at considerable cost, so we let it ride. Anyhow, we'd rather be a duckling than a gosling—more likely to be in the swim, you know.

* * *

WHEN STEADINESS IS GOLDEN

"What attracted you to your bride?" asked the judge, after the ceremony.

"Well, sah," replied the ebony-hued bridegroom, "de fust time I seed Dinah here she kinder tuk my eye. She was such a likely lookin' woman an' so handy wid herself, but when I learnt dat she was doin' steady washing for seven families, sah, right den an' dar I surrendered.

* * *

One of the boys went into the hosiery department of a dry goods store a few days ago and asked the young saleswoman to show him some ladies' hose. "Do you want them for your wife, or do you want something expensive?" she asked him.

* * *

Steno—"Really, I seldom cross my feet in a street car."

Second Steno—"I hardly ever wear silk ones, either."

* * *

Some girls blush naturally. With others it is put on.

VACCINATION A FACT
Not an Opinion

Opinions and conscientious objections will not protect you against disease. Some people do not "believe in" germs or vaccination but their faith and opinion will not protect them or prevent epidemics.

In our Army and Navy smallpox is almost unknown, and typhoid fever is far less prevalent than among the civilian population in the United States. Why? Because all these men are protected by vaccination. Do you believe for one instant that the Army and Navy would vaccinate their men if it did not protect them and was not absolutely safe? They learned their lesson by sad experience.

Mr. Citizen Worker, you can get the same protection that is given to the boys in uniform.

Can you afford to lose from four to eight weeks' pay? Do you wish to be "quarantined" because of smallpox in your family?

Vaccination is not an experiment. Experience has proven beyond doubt that unvaccinated persons contract these diseases much more frequently than do those who are vaccinated. And remember this—both smallpox and typhoid fever are much less fatal in persons who have been vaccinated.

Get vaccinated today. It is good insurance.

United States Public
Health Service.

Patient: "There is an awful rumbling in my stomach, doctor, like a wagon going over a street car track."

Doctor: "H'm, probably that truck you ate last night."

* * *

Pastor: "So God has sent you two more little brothers, Dolly?"

Dolly (brightly): "Yes, and He knows where the money's coming from—I heard Daddy say so."

* * *

"Papa, give me a nickel."

"Why, son, you're too old to be begging for nickels."

"I guess you're right, papa; make it a dime."

EFFICIENCY AND EYES

In a careful examination of ten thousand industrial and commercial workers, active in their work and supposedly in good condition, fifty-three percent showed defective vision uncorrected. It is an absolute fact that many employees are accused of inefficiency and carelessness when it is entirely a matter of imperfect vision.

The motion picture camera is made in imitation of the eye. The better the condition of the lens and the better the illumination of the object, the better the result of the photographer's effort. Just so with the more perfect instrument, the eye. It behooves everyone to see that his eyes are kept in good condition and free from eye-strain coming from defects which may be corrected by glasses, or the strain due to improper lighting.

A well-known specialist addressing a national conference stated: "For every blind person we generally can count from one to three who are what it termed near-blind, and a still greater number with markedly deficient vision. So we may continue to estimate until we come to what seems an almost universal lack of eye perfection.

"We shall better understand by the number of young men between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-one years who were refused entrance to the army because of deficient vision; so deficient that the glasses failed to bring it up even sufficiently for one draftee to be acceptable for limited service.

"Just as it is necessary for school children to be examined, so every individual between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-nine years should have the ocular state ascertained, as was done in the case of the army draftees.

"Early tendency toward the development of cataract may also occur during this period. Refractive errors (defective vision) when corrected lessen this tendency. Correction of defective eyesight, therefore, is a stitch in time, for it will save and prolong the usefulness of the eye."—*Eye Sight Conservation Council of America.*

13 NEW ANNUITANTS

The following have been placed on the annuity payroll, according to an announcement by Mr. E. G. Seubert, secretary-treasurer and fourth vice president:

CHARLES R. BURWELL, 1830 Longwood avenue, Kansas City, Kansas; formerly warehouseman at Armourdale station, Kansas City division; with the company 15 years.

M. F. VANKUEREN, 333 No. Hillside, Wichita, Kansas; formerly manager at Wichita, Kansas; with company 34 years.

RILEY O. HAMMOND, 712 East 7th street, Pittsburg, Kansas; formerly motor truck driver in Kansas City division; with company 18 years and 3 months.

TOM ZUPEK, Rockville, Ind., care State Sanatorium; formerly laborer and fireman at Whiting, Ind.; with company 16 years and 5 months.

W. G. BOULTON, 7141 Yale avenue, Chicago, Ill.; formerly car distributor in traffic department; with company 41 years and 3 months.

H. F. WARREN, 1417 W. Macon street, Decatur, Ill.; formerly manager at Decatur; with company 37 years and 4 months.

George Monaghan, Alpena, Mich.; formerly agent at Alpena; with company 19 years and 8 months.

M. F. KING, P. O. Box 273, Keokuk, Iowa; formerly manager at Keokuk; with company 34 years and 3 months.

R. A. Thomson, 204 Denison avenue, Davenport, Iowa; formerly manager at Davenport; with company 29 years and 2 months.

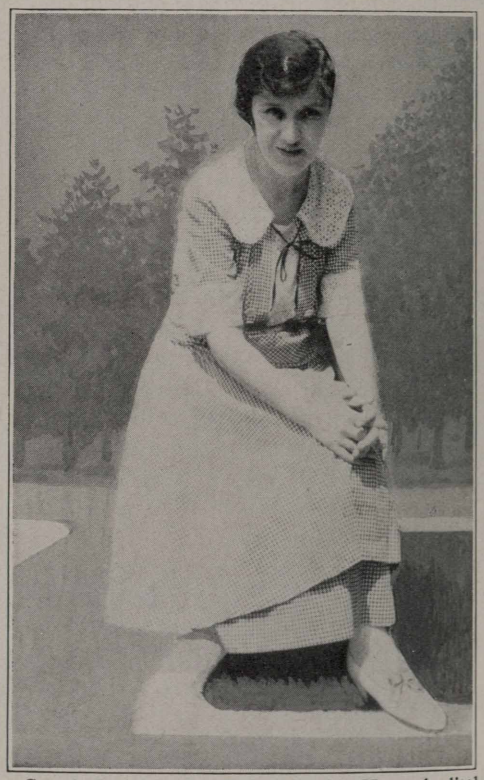
JOHN R. FRINK, Mitchell, S. D.; formerly warehouseman in Huron; with company 31 years and 8 months.

J. D. ROOP, 1020 Ravenna Blvd., Seattle; formerly employed in general manager's office at Chicago; with company 23 years and 6 months.

MISS EMMA SHOTTS, 1542 Cornelia avenue, Chicago; formerly clerk in lubricating department; with company 30 years and 3 months.

H. M. BATTIN, care Armitage agency, Loan & Trust Bldg., Milwaukee; formerly traveling auditor for sales department; with company 37 years and 7 months.

JIM GOT HER YET?



South Bend, Ind.—This is Helen Kerr, the little lady who takes dictation from the man in authority, Mr. Guilfoyle. Here's to her good health. No better toast could be drunk. Her's is a difficult task, but she is a brave little soul and wise. It is hoped she will be in our midst a long time to come in spite of the persuasive influences of her "Jim." (Attached to the foregoing was such an urgent request that we run this in an early issue that we suspect Mr. Guilfoyle is scared to death he's going to lose a star stenographer.—*Ed.*)

TO CORRESPONDENTS

Correspondents who have a hard time understanding what sort of material we want are advised to study the gossip from South Bend printed in this issue. And those who understand, but are unable to get the items, are advised to write the South Bend correspondent and find out how he does it. He has not confined himself to gossip of the office folks; he has notes of agents, salesmen and service station men from many parts of the field.

MR. JONTZ HAS A GREAT IDEA

South Bend, Ind.—On Sept. 18th our live general salesman, Mr. C. R. Jontz, of Warsaw, Ind., arranged a picnic at Myrtle Glen park at Silver lake, for all of Standard Oil men and their families in his territory. Forty-five were there and from the picture you will find that they are a fine looking aggregation. Horse-shoe, baseball, tug-of-war and swimming were the entertainments. Mr. John Marcus, our chief clerk, tried to make them believe that he was attending to Company business when he drove in. The fat man you see in the picture is our lubricating salesman, Mr. Irvine; he weighs only 300 pounds and can turn fourteen flip-flops without stopping. The Polarine Line may be "Perfect" but it was not in it with the meal that was prepared by the ladies. Those present were: John Marcus; Fred Irvine, C. R. Jontz; Van Schrom; Russell Arnsbarger; Frank Benton; W. C. Stevenson; Howard Risley; C. G. Carter; Don Ernsberger; Harry Howard; J. A. Glassley; Chas. Waymire; Carl Schmalzried; Roy Timmons; and their families.

* * *

He—What is your ideal man?

She—One who is clever enough to make money, and fool enough to spend it.

* * *

He—Well, I guess I'll kiss you good-bye until tomorrow.

She—No, George, I couldn't hold my breath that long; and, besides, I must go inside in ten minutes.

* * *

"The storm burst upon us so suddenly we had no warning of its approach," related the tornado victim. "In an instant the house was demolished and scattered to the four winds. How I escaped being torn to pieces I do not know—"

"Good Lord!" ejaculated little Mr. Meek. "That reminds me—I almost forgot to do an errand for my wife."—*The American Legion Weekly.*

* * *

We suppose that now when a man becomes pie-eyed on Toilet Water, the charge against him is "fragrancy."

* * *

She: "Have you ever kissed a girl?"

He: "Is that an invitation or are you merely gathering statistics?"

* * *

Sunday School Teacher—"Who was it saw the handwriting on the wall, Bobby?"

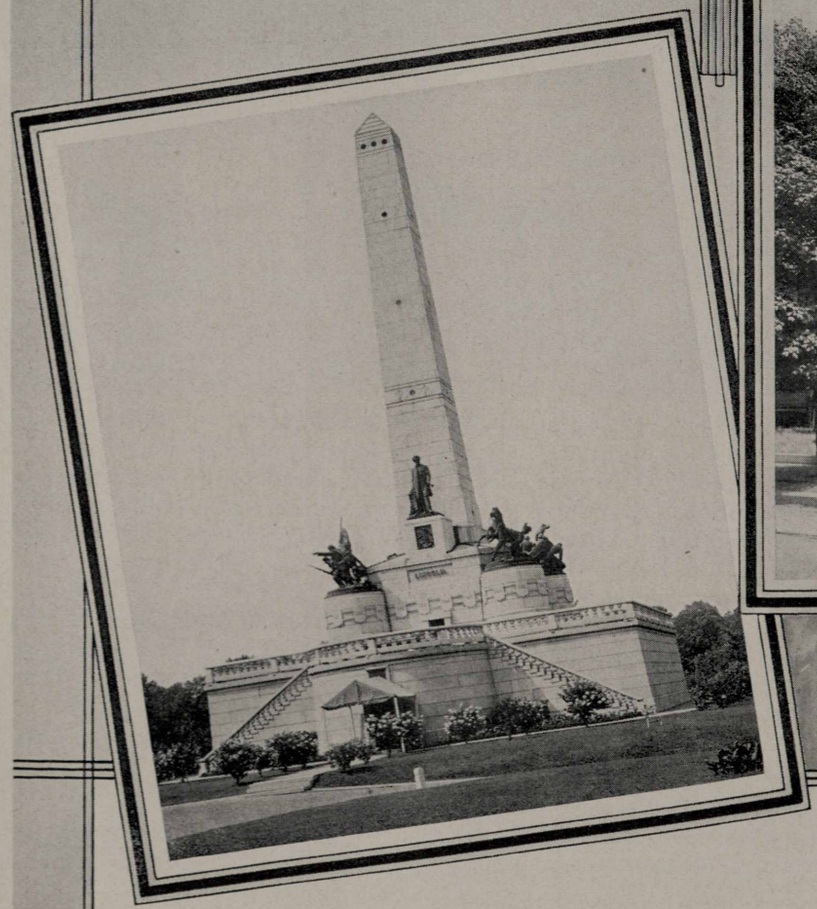
Bobby—"The landlord."—*Life (C N R Magazine).*

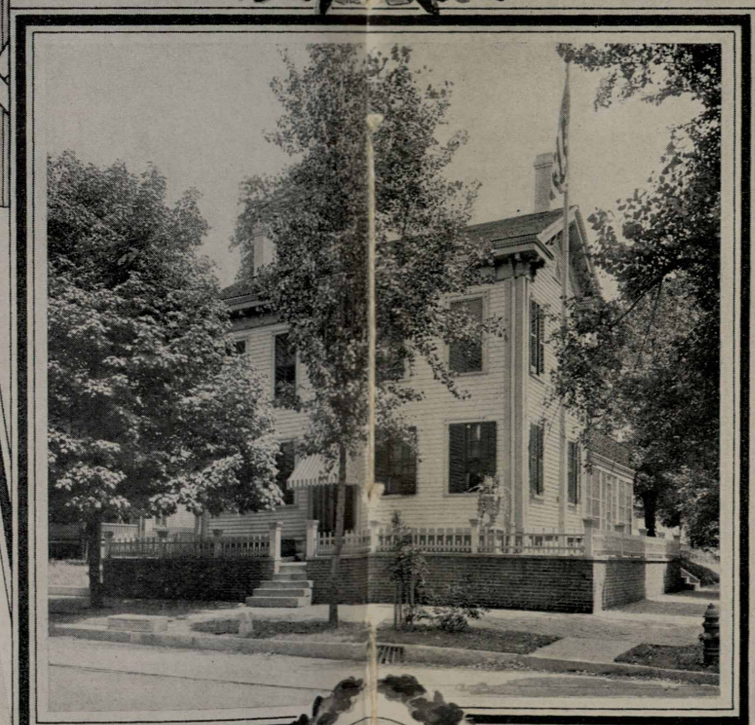
* * *

Tom Hogan: "Didja go to the prize fight last night?"

Clyde Rogers: "Naw. D'you think I'm goin' to pay out money and then let somebody else have all the fun?"

FEBRUARY BRINGS THOUGHTS OF LINCOLN





In the history of Americans, February is a month of solemn import, for it is the birth-month of the greatest of our nationals: Washington, the Father, and Lincoln, the Saviour of our country, to whose writings and recorded utterances we find the nation in this period of troublous perplexities turning once again for inspiration and for guidance. To Lincoln, particularly, we of the middle west feel very close, for it was Illinois gave him to the nation. Photographs on this page recall the man in the memory of the world, revered. No. 1 shows the Lincoln monument at Springfield, Ill.; No. 2, the Lincoln homestead in that city. In No. 3 is the statehouse at the Illinois capital, with the Lincoln statue in the foreground. Photographs were supplied by the Peoria division of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana).

AMERICAN HISTORY COURSE

Those Who Have Learned to Read History Find It the most Interesting Form of Literature — The Story of the United States is the Story of the People, Their Life, Their Industries, and Their Democratic Institutions — Every Line Throbs With Present Interest and Future Meaning.

Ask for these books at the library in your town.

(A certificate, bearing the seal of the United States Bureau of Education, signed by the Commissioner of Education, will be awarded to each person who gives satisfacnory evidence of having read any 18 of the 23 books on the accompanying list. *You* are invited to join the great national reading circle, making your own selection from the reading courses provided.)

All American citizens should know more of the history of their country than can be learned from the meager outlines of the textbooks used in our elementary and high schools.

That a large number of people should have such general and comprehensive knowledge of the country, its life and growth, and the form and spirit of its institutions as can be gained only from reading at least several of the standard histories, is essential to the welfare of the Republic.

At every national election, and at many state and municipal elections, the people are called upon to vote on policies which can not be intelligently determined without such knowledge. Legislators and other representatives of the people are constantly in need of it. Only out of the history of the past can come an understanding of the principles by which they must be guided if they are to work wisely for the future. To read extensively and deeply in the history of the country becomes, therefore, a patriotic duty. Only thus can one love his land with "love far brought from out the storied past," "used within the present," and "transfused through future time by power of thought."

Those who have learned to read history find it the most interesting form of literature. The story of any country or of any great movement of any people, fitly told, is entertaining, especially when the reader has learned to understand the relation to each other of the thought and feeling and purpose and action of the people.

No country has a more interesting history than the United States, which, from its beginnings in the scattered settlements of immigrants from European shores 300 years ago and less, has grown, through colonial and national life till it has become the greatest, wealthiest, most powerful and most prosperous, the freest, the most self-controlled and self-restrained, the most cosmopolitan, and the most firmly united nation the world has ever known.

The story of the United States is the story, not of dynasties and courts, but of the people, their life, their industries, their aspirations, and the democratic institutions through which they have sought to attain these aspirations, and every line of the story throbs with present interest and future meaning.

It is with the hope that many boys and girls, young men and women, and older persons, too, may be stimulated by it to learn more of the story than they otherwise would, and thereby become more intelligent and better citizens, while experiencing the joy of living in the past and learning to know those who have made the present, that the Bureau of Education issues through its Division of Home Education this list of books on American history as "Reading Course No. 10." In making up the list the bureau has had the assistance of Dr. W. H. Mace, professor of history, Syracuse University; Dr. Wilbur F. Gordy, teacher and author; Dr. Franklin L. Riley, professor of history; Washington and Lee University; Dr. William Starr Myers, professor of history, Princeton, Princeton University.

To any person giving satisfactory evi-

dence of having read any 18 of the 23 books of the list there will be awarded a certificate bearing the seal of the United States Bureau of Education and signed by the Commissioner of Education. All who wish to know more of the story of their country and who can find time to read a few hours a week are invited to join the national reading circle and take this course. No one, however, who has already begun another of the course of this circle should begin this until that is finished.

Many public libraries in all parts of the country are cooperating with this bureau in promoting the work of the national reading circle, and librarians will be glad to supply these books to their readers upon request.

In writing about this course please address the Bureau of Education, Washington, D. C., and refer to it as Home Education Division, Reading Course No. 10, or as the American History Course.

BOOKS IN AMERICAN HISTORY COURSE

1. European Background of American History. By E. P. Cheyney.
2. The Colonies. By Reuben Gold Thwaites.
3. Montcalm and Wolfe. By Francis Parkman.
4. Old Virginia and Her Neighbors. By John Fiske.
5. Beginnings of New England. By John Fiske.
6. Men, Women, and Manners in Colonial Times. By Sidney George Fisher.
7. Dutch and Quaker Colonies in America. By John Fiske.
8. The American Revolution. By John Fiske.
9. Lecky's American Revolution. James Albert Woodburn (editor).
10. Story of the Revolution. By Henry Cabot Lodge.
11. Critical Period of American History. By John Fiske.
12. Henry Clay. By Carl Schurz.
13. Life of George Washington. By Woodrow Wilson.
14. Rise of the New West. By Frederick Jackson Turner.
15. Winning of the West. By Theodore Roosevelt.
16. Economic History of the United States By E. L. Bogart.
17. Division and Reunion. By Woodrow Wilson.
18. The Lower South in American History. By William Garrot Brown.
19. Abraham Lincoln. By John T. Morse.
20. Reconstruction, Political and Economic. By William Archibald Dunning.
21. National Problems. (1884-1897.) By Davis R. Dewey.
22. America as a World Power. By John Holliday Latane.
23. America in Ferment. By Paul Leland Haworth.

APPOINTMENTS

The following appointments in the manufacturing department at Casper, Wyo., became effective December 15:

Mr. M. G. Paulus, *superintendent*, Plant No. 3.

Mr. R. E. Wood, *assistant superintendent*, Plant No. 3, in charge of refinery operations.

Mr. J. E. Rouse, *assistant superintendent*, Plant No. 3, in charge of lubricating and wax operations.

Mr. D. J. Smith, *chief engineer of construction and maintenance*, Plants Nos. 1, 2 and 3.

Mr. W. H. Tolhurst, *master mechanic*, Plant No. 3.

* * *

"Did you ever have the telephone bell ring when you were in the bathtub and there was nobody else home?"

"Oh, yes," replied the family man.

"What did you do?"

"Well, I play a little golf and I have also addressed a few remarks to a punctured tire, so draw your own conclusion."

* * *

"What is he so angry with you for?"

"I haven't the slightest idea. We met on the street and we were talking just as friendly as could be, when all of a sudden he flared up and tried to kick me."

"And what were you talking about?"

"Oh, just ordinary small talk. I remember he said, 'I always kiss my wife three or four times every day.' "

"And what did you say?"

"I said I know at least a dozen men who do the same thing, and he had a fit."

* * *

Make Your Stocks Pay Dividends!

WHITING, IND.

Doc Schmidt wants to know why a Swedish proofreader is used every time "Mica Axle Grease" appears in the Record, so that it always gets by as "Axel." For example, see Page 37 of the December issue. (Don't blame the proofreader. The editor lived in a Swede town for four years and got the habit.)

Joe Matis has a new reputation at the machine shop. Formerly it was he who announced by melodious solo the low bowling scores of his fellow-men, but now the whole shop joins in the chorus singing "95," this being his bowling score on December 29.

Al Bumhour, machinist, has quite a record as a fast walker. However, a new light has sprung up. Chester Kahl, well known as "Andy Gump," may be seen every morning competing in a walking race from the railroad station to the machine shop. 'Tis said that Andy's coat tail stands out straight like a table behind him when traveling.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Plau wish to thank their many friends in the filtering oils department and machine shop for the floral offerings and messages of consolation in their bereavement. Their daughter Eleanor, 14 years old, died after an illness of three months. She was the sister of Miss Lillie Plau of the white oil room and sister-in-law of Mr. Edward Gehrke of the filtering oils department. Mr. Phil Harr, who is an uncle of the little girl, accompanied by his wife, came from Wood River to attend the funeral.

Miss Eleanor Gough of the white oil department, is to be congratulated upon her engagement to Mr. Thurston D. Gibbs of Owensboro, Kentucky. Mr. Gibbs is manager and part owner of the Standard Grocery Company of that city and according to his picture is "whizz." He is a native of the Blue Grass State and you know what it is noted for besides its fine whisky, fast horses, etc. Some people will persist in getting the beautiful women and fast horses in reverse order.

The men of the filtered oils department do not seem to achieve much in the way of fame, or notoriety, or possibly the notoriety is carefully suppressed, so we have to go to the girls for news.

Miss Mary Germick has been very ill from an attack of la grippe. Two years ago it was called the Spanish influenza, but now the disease is relegated back to its old French name, "la grippe," or as one man called it, "Lay Grip."

The Misses Marie Bertic, Susanne Skrobola, and Sophie Blastick are now members of the white oil department.

The boxing and wrestling bouts at Whiting, December 19, at Slovenski Dom, under the auspices of the Standard Oil Athletic Association, was a roaring success in more ways than one. Admission was free and the crowd was full of fun and ready for the three boxing matches and one wrestling bout.

The show started with the Whiting Hungarian band appearing upon the stage with thirty members, under the leadership of Geo. Hay. The music was greatly appreciated by the audience, judging from the applause. They donated their services.

Mr. Leo Myers of the main office sang "Tuck Me to Sleep," and "Hortense." Mr. Vincent Sells of the new barrel house sang "My Mammy" and "Dapper Dan." These men sang in fine voice and they were heartily encored. Then George Fedor and "Bill" Wilson rendered selections upon the piano and were as heartily applauded.

The first stunt was a wrestling match between Abraham Ossman, champion wrestler of Indiana, and Tony Elie, champion of Wisconsin. They stayed with it fifteen minutes without a fall. Ossman won on points. Both men weighed 165 pounds.

The first boxing event was between Eddie Augsten, 143 pounds, and Bob Pendleton of 122 pounds weight. Bob is located at the paraffine works and is known as "The Belgian Kid." He has been in America a little over two years, having fought in the States several times and locally a number of times. His opponent, Augsten, is trainer for "The Belgian Kid," and has fought in France, England, and the States. The exhibition was fast and clever. They fought four rounds and brought down the house.

The next bout was between Cornelius O'Keefe and Frank Duher and was snappy and fast. It lasted four rounds, both men were equal in weight, averaging 160 pounds each.

The fight of the night was between Bill Schultz of the pressure stills and J. Wargo of the garage. There was clever footwork, hard, fast fighting and the crowd was on its feet. Bill stayed with his man for four rounds, then the referee stopped the fight, giving the decision to Wargo. This was so interesting that in the thick of it two ladies fainted, but when revived wanted to return to see some more.

The committee getting up this affair deserve a great deal of credit for their untiring efforts to make it a success.

Mr. Harry Rolf, having charge of the ring construction, put up the platform in one hour and ten minutes. If you want quick service call up the construction department and ask for Mr. Rolf.

Mr. D. J. Paskwietz, president of the association, was there with a smile and handshake for each one. Mr. Harry Glair deserves credit for the way he introduced the men and events and Mr. Warren Renne officiated very ably as referee. Mr. Eddy Clabby deserves great credit for his part in the arrangement of things, also Mr. Harry Keefe, chairman of the boxing and wrestling committee, was the silent, though effective, man behind the gun. The success of the whole show was due mostly to his skill and experience in ring matters and his perseverance and untiring efforts.

There will be another "Party" soon, so come early, and, ladies, bring your smelling salts and be prepared for another big time. The Standard Oil Company band will be there and another battle royal will be staged. Watch for announcements.

News from the filtering oils department is rather meager. However what there is of it is good. Misses Helen Hynes, Lillian Plau and Anna Golden accompanied by some young men spent a very enjoyable evening at Miss Edna Carrick's the other night. They played cards, danced and then had a midnight supper. She is entertaining an out of town guest.

Miss Sophie Blastick went home over Christmas week end to the farm at Valparaiso. She likes sleigh riding immensely and Santa Claus provided a supply of snow.

The men reported several parties, too, but failed to give details. Some things speak for themselves.

* * *

Judge: This man says you knocked him down. Can you deny it?"

Prisoner: "Sure I can, if it will do me any good."

WOOD RIVER, ILL.

St. Paul's Episcopal church was the scene of a large and brilliant gathering when Miss Vera Manbeck became the bride of Clark Rodgers. The church was decorated throughout, a color scheme of green and white being used. The sanctuary was banked in southern smilax, studded with white roses. The altar was lighted with wax candles. The bridal party entered the church to the strains of Lohengrin's Wedding March, played by George Reider, organist. While the guests were assembling and during the ceremony Mr. Reider also played very softly on the organ. The groomsmen, George Walter, Roland Radecke, James Forbes, Lyle Manbeck and Harold Boeschenstein entered the church first and took their positions, followed by the bridesmaids. Miss Margaret Garven of Bayonne, New Jersey, and Miss Betty Barns of New Haven, Conn., entered together, followed by Miss Margaret Harvey of St. Louis and Miss Helen Barns of New Haven, Conn. The four bridesmaids were similarly attired in beautiful gowns of Calla chiffon, and wore hats of chiffon with taffeta crowns. Mrs. Lyle Manbeck was the matron of honor and entered just behind the four maids. Mrs. Manbeck was in orchid crepe and with it she wore a silver lace hat, and carried butterfly roses and stevias. Miss Kathleen Sullivan, daughter of Senator Sullivan of Casper, Wyoming, was the maid of honor. Miss Sullivan was striking in a sequin gown with a hat to match. Her flowers were Sunburst roses and stevias, matching up well with the gown.

It is with extreme regret that we record the death of Mrs. A. E. Gladden, wife of our lubricating executive. The many friends and associates of Mr. Gladden extend their sympathy to himself and family in the hour of their bereavement.

The card party given by employees of the Standard Oil Company, the Woman's Club, and the merchants of Wood River for use of Christmas charity, was a huge success. All parties connected with this work should be commended for their efforts, which go a great way in making the Christmas season an enjoyable one for all the residents of our fair city.

Wes Koenneker, the efficient truck driver, is leaving the first of the year to accept a position with the Height Produce Co. of St. Louis. Wes will travel the territory in which Wood River is located, so we will no doubt see his smiling face often.

Bert Halsey, boiler shop foreman, left on the 28th of December for Caruthersville, Mo., 225 miles below St. Louis, on a visit for the company.

Gus Haller, foreman of the watchmen department, suffered a severe sprain of his arm and shoulder while cranking his Oldsmobile recently. Gus immediately got rid of his "Olds" and has purchased a new Ford coupe. Gus says he now has a "real" car.

J. Davis, of the boiler shop, left for Parsons, Kansas, recently to attend the funeral of his mother who died at that place.

Our cherub truck driver, Wesley Koenneker, declares he is going to felicitate his spirit by going to Moline this Christmas. The cherub says her name is neither Pauline, Delphine or Evangeline, but she is his Dudine just the same.

If the National Geographical Society does not know anything about Florida or where it is, we would suggest that they correspond with Mr. Geo. W. Buck. To him it is the Garden of Gul. Everything is ethereal. He says that in the springtime fertilized eggs will hatch there before they hit the nest.

Wood River has the reputation of being the fastest growing town in the United States. So notes W. Irving Jolley, our popular construction engineer. W. Irving recently announced another boy. The cigars were certainly fine, and Wood River is proud to announce another citizen of the Jolley type. Certainly the refrain that Jolley now sings throughout the plant is inspiring.

The Christmas festivities in connection with the municipal tree for the children and grown-ups of Wood River were held Friday, December 30. The Christmas tree was beautifully decorated and the occasion was thoroughly enjoyed by all. An exceptionally large crowd was present, and previous to starting of the exercises the children paraded, led by the refinery band. The program follows:

W. A. Tipton, *Chairman*

1. Number..... *Wood River Refinery Band*
2. Christmas Carols . . . *School Children and Adults*
3. Number..... *Wood River Refinery Band*
4. Remarks..... *Mr. H. H. Clark*
5. Welcome to Santa Claus..... *Mr. Nagel*
6. Santa Claus.....(?)
7. Number..... *Wood River Refinery Band*

This was the first municipal tree for Wood River, and the credit for the success attending this first affair, in a great degree, is due to the efforts of Mrs. M. F. Manning and Mr. Louis Koenneker. Mrs. Manning planned and worked out the details of the affair with the assistance of Mr. V. Reis and others, and Mr. Koenneker looked after the decorations. It is to be hoped that this municipal celebration will be carried out each year, as it was a great source of enjoyment for all, especially for the children.

Bowlers, sit up and take notice! Fred Lau, safety director, Whiting, is likely to show you up. Mr. Lau states he had a good night recently, hitting the pins for 214, 216 and 239, or an average of 223. This is "going some," so it is up to you high class bowling artists to get busy. Jule Kocher says that he went Mr. Lau some better in a game in Milwaukee several years ago when he toppled the pins for an average of 237 with high game of 286. We would like to see a game between Lau, Kocher, Adams, and others of our bowling experts. It should be a game for blood.

Col. Munchausen (Alias Tuley) made a miserable showing as a bowler on the night of the 15th inst. We noticed this seems a source of satisfaction to Max Hartwig of the carpenter shop, and a member of the team opposing that with which Tuley is affiliated. On investigation it was found that Max inveigled Tuley into a trip to St. Louis during the day. Whether Hartwig did this with designs on Tuley's bowling average we cannot say, but at any rate something appears to have been wrong when a high class bowler like Tuley will hit the pins for a strike the last time up, and then blow his two remaining chances by putting the ball in the gutter each time, losing the game for his team by two pins. A day or two after the game we heard what we thought was an argument, and discovered Tuley riding his "bike." Naturally we looked for the man against whom Tuley's loud comments were directed, but Claude Burris set us straight by remarking: "Oh, Tuley is just thinking about that game he rolled the other night and directing those remarks at himself." Of course, we would not say what his remarks were. MORAL: Boys, stay away from the city the day your team is scheduled

to contest for strikes and spares. For full information see either Tuley or Hartwig.

If the hootch-makers in Wood River don't stop using boot heels and razor strops in their hootch we are going to lose a steam stillman helper. "Squirrelly" swears that on one of the middle shifts last week he saw two rats carry a still cleaner into a hole. If you don't believe the author of this story, ask Andy Kaburek about it.

A still cleaner was born to Mr. and Mrs. John Vidokavitch November 29. He ought to make a good one as his name is Mike and he weighed 11½ pounds at birth.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Rollie Rettinghaus a 9-pound daughter on December 24, 1921.

O. D. Graham, of the main pump house, has moved into his new house in Head's addition and will now enjoy walking to work with Bill Hoffman and George Thompson.

Henry Ronnenberg is a speedy fellow—has a rabbit in his lunch box every day. Henry always was a fast runner.

It is reported that Charles Wiggins, of No. 5 crude house, was unfortunate on the first day of the Alton poultry show. Charles started to Alton with all his entries, but near the Alton bridge the old Buick four gave up and died. While he was working with the ignition, all Charlie's prize winning chickens escaped and are now scattered all over the Milton hills. Reward offered for return of chickens; also, For Sale: One Buick Four.

Tony Pavelik, acid works fireman, reports the arrival of a baby boy December 20. This makes five children for Tony in eight years and accounts for Wood River leading the country in percentage of gain in population.

James Green, fireman at No. 4 house, and Billy Witthofft, crane foreman, were the first to discover that one of our soft drink parlors had been robbed. They tried the door early in the morning and found the glass had been removed. Their breath was O. K. that morning.

The employees of the acid houses presented Foreman George McGaw with a box of cigars as a Christmas remembrance.

O. Hopkins visited a farmer recently with the intention of buying a cow, but after being given a ride on a white mule, forgot all about it.

Howard Gibson, pressure stills, motored to Greenville the first of the month and enjoyed a few days quail shooting. Lyle Manbeck and Gus Haller journeyed to Jersey county with a similar idea but came back empty handed.

Frank Sorgea has returned from a hunting trip to the Nutwood district. Says he caught several skunks and shook nine opossums from one tree, though it wasn't a very good night for possum at that.

William Obermiller made a clean sweep in prizes with his White Rock chickens at the Alton Poultry Show, December 3-6.

Starr Olson has entered the chicken business as a side line, having purchased six Rock Island Reds. Any employee who is in the market for good fresh eggs should see Starr.

Mr. and Mrs. George Neiderkorn drove to Medora, Ill., December 10, and report bad roads.

Tobert Keeling is sporting a new Dodge car. Bob says she is some car—cigar lighter and everything.

Employees of the plant wish to extend their sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lee in the death of their infant child, December 7.

Mrs. Otto Ratz, wife of our friend Otto of the pressure pump house, who underwent an operation at the St. Joseph hospital, Alton, is reported as getting along nicely.

The two small daughters of Harvey Moore are ill with scarlet fever.

R. Bildenbeck and family motored to Dorchester, Ill., to spend Christmas and attend a family reunion. He reports a fine trip and a good time, 28 being present.

Kenneth Volz, of the filling racks, spent Christmas in Staunton. What's the attraction, Kenneth?

We recently saw the Wood River chief of police escorting the foreman of the racks to his home on Eighth street. Our first thought was that Charlie had been kicked by a white mule, but on investigation learned that he had been sentenced to an indefinite term because of the illness of his son with scarlet fever. The boy has now recovered and is able to attend school, so Charlie's term is over.

Henry Schnauffer is thinking of starting a dancing school, having recently carried away first prize in a ladies' choice waltz. That made him feel pretty good and when Santa brought him a new bicycle he was happier than ever.

Lee Badman and family spent Christmas in Gillespie, Ill., while Harvey Davis and wife ran out of cash before they got that far and spent Christmas in Bunker Hill.

James Green, shift breaker at the acid works, has forsaken his old love and is firing. What's the trouble, Jim, run out of old clothes?

Mrs. McGaw, wife of our foreman of the acid works, is still ill.

Samuel Montgomery, of the chemical department, spent the Christmas holidays with his parents at Centerville, Miss.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stamper were holiday guests of the former's parents at Girard, Ill.

The Misses Virginia and Marion Thomas, of Alton, spent the holidays with their aunt, Mrs. Raymond Buck, of Maplewood.

Miss Teresa Mooney had as guests over New Years, the Misses Monica, Bernice Rippkey, of Grafton, and Miss Lydia Porter, of St. Louis.

Miss Mary Stoneham and sisters, Elizabeth and Anna, entertained members of the W. W. W. club at a "kids' party." Games were played and delicious refreshments served. Prizes were awarded to Naomi Larence, Marguerite Buck and Lorena Hunt.

We are pleased to learn that the children of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gainor recovered from their attack of chicken pox in time to enjoy Christmas.

Mr. J. W. Curry, director of Industrial Relations, was a recent visitor.

Miss Helen Tracy Beach, daughter of Superintendent S. A. Beach, entertained in honor of Miss Vera Manbeck, whose marriage is reported in this issue. Miss Manbeck was a much feted bride-to-be.

Fred Kruse, helper at No. 5 house, and his family had a most pleasant Christmas owing to the arrival early in December of a fine baby boy who will be a playmate of his two fine little girls.

Mrs. Hannah Johnson has accepted a position at the telephone exchange.

Miss Kathleen Halloran was a recent visitor in Alton as the guest of her brother, John. She always enjoys these visits as they give her an opportunity to get further acquainted with her little niece, Miss June Halloran.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Maloney had as guests during

the holidays, Mr. and Mrs. John Blackburn, of Dow, Ill.

Mr. Gilbert Juhlin was a St. Louis visitor recently.

Miss Helen Powell and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Berry were St. Louis visitors last week.

"HELL BENT FOR SARTIN"

Mr. Wm. Cook (Mr. Alberta Halsey's secretary in the Boiler Shop Department) has just secured a new Ford sedan (so he calls it). It has the usual number of wheels, wind-shield, and cantin (canteen); lowtones, crescendo and full base; But! three black wheels and the spokes of the fourth painted red and an azure top—all direct from the factory, is one on us. Seriously now, Mr. Cook, what is the big idea? We have learned from the 30th chapter of Genesis how Jacob the son of Isaac acquired such a vast quantity of sheep in divers colors when his father-in-law promised him all the fancy colored lambs born of the sheep under his care. Was it by some such contrivance or connivance with the progenitors of the Ford that Mr. Cook brought this pied freak to Wood River? A cow with one leg like a zebra's—a horse with one ear like a bloodhound's, may next be among Mr. Cook's acquisitions. Soon he may appear in raiment gorgeous—like Joseph in his coat of many colors. And with the ardor and spirit of one whose ambition has long been suppressed—like Don Quixote or D'Artagnan he may panoply himself and with his four-wheel musical question box be found racing between Yaegar Park and Long Lake and back to Maplewood seeking out a number of us common pedestrians to be annihilated by his splendor. Maplewood loves him and will protect him as far as 'tis possible, for he is one of her own flock and feather, and it is earnestly hoped that brother lodge members also will endeavor to save him while there is yet time. It is easier for Lyle Manbeck to drive a Cadillac through the eye of a needle than for Wm. Cook to get to heaven with that Ford Calliope of his. "Proxy."

Thomas Slaten was in St. Louis one day this month on a shopping tour and visited the Union market. He says everything smelled fine. He is also contemplating the purchase of a rubber suit, similar to Unionalls, for evening wear.

Walter Heideman, the champion limburgher cheese consumer, wonders why he lunches alone.

For Sale: Maxwell motor car, in first-class mechanical condition. For particulars see Jack Carstens. (Later: Miller took three new tires and brought the Overland home. Better luck next time, Miller.)

Mrs. James Dooley, wife of one of our Stanolind reporters, spent last week in Springfield with her sister, who has been confined to the hospital for the past six months, but who is reported as somewhat improved.

Clyde Fulkerson spent a few days visiting friends in Oklahoma City. He reports a great time in the apple kingdom.

Orland Hemphill spent Christmas with his parents in Toronto, Canada. He was gone two weeks.

C. Cason spent Christmas at Dow, Ill., and C. Pelican spent his with his parents in Medora.

Thomas Kinney was off a few days on a hunting trip. He is a good shot, we'll say—came back with 8 rabbits, 6 quail, and one gallon.

Claude Burris and family spent Christmas in Springfield with relatives.

Ed Perrin spent Christmas in Roxana.

Walter Haller, who moved to Milton Heights last spring, has moved back to Wood River, saying "a man can't farm and do shift work." His specialty is sweet potatoes.

Harvey Harrod has discontinued his weekly trips to Auburn. Reason—bad weather.

Football is a fine game, but you have to practice, according to the Wood River fire department, who tackled the Alton Bear Cats recently, to their undoing.

We are still wondering what happened to Miller's red Overland on his trip to Missouri. He came back on the trolley.

Charles Van Deusen is back at the main pump house. Welcome to the fold, Charles.

Toots Halloran has a seat reserved at the Grand theater, Alton, for every thirty-two hours off.

Louis Hoffman gives Victrola recitals now. A general invitation is issued.

With the completion of the new school building at Bethato, a town near Wood River, the high school girls held an auction to obtain money for the purchase of a fine piano which they presented to the school. Former students were solicited for articles to be auctioned and George Oetkins, helper at No. 2 boiler house, a graduate of the city's former temple of learning, bought a gallon of Polarine in its attractive container, and presented it to the committee. It was sold for $1.75 under the hammer. All of which proves George is a booster for the products he helps manufacture.

W. Marrs spent Christmas trying to get his Ford started.

George Redmond and John Van Buran went on a hunting trip and George tells this on George. They had two good hunting dogs with them and one ran a rabbit out five times. George missed every time. Then the dog came over to George and laid down.

W. Tucker's friends will be glad to hear that his wife and little daughetr are getting along nicely after their long siege of sickness.

Riley Hefner was called home by the illness of his little girl, but we are glad to hear she is improved.

L. Ritter was off a few days having a lump removed from his face. Dr. Schaff performed the operation.

We are glad to see George McGarrahan's smiling face back on the job again after four months' absence.

Larry Hunt, boilermakers' helper, is praised by his fellow workers as the spryest man in the department. Larry is 63 years old and has not lost a day in seven years. Some boy, Larry.

Dossey, fireman at No. 5 pressure stills purchased a new Dort as his Christmas gift.

Great excitement at the home of Will Morris brought out the police to see what the trouble was. They found the neighbors gathered for the annual hog killing.

Sam Sanders, the well known watchman at the North gate, has been off for a week on account of the illness of his wife, but she is better now and Sam is back at his place.

Our noted sleuth, Gus Haller, has been nursing a sore shoulder for some time, following a dislocation. He is recovering nicely, however.

The watchman's shanty at the north gate is being enlarged to provide a place for washroom and toilet. We wish to thank the company.

William Obermiller, stillman, who is an authority on the feathered tribe in general, recently chaperoned a party of quail hunters in the neighborhood of Jerseyville. There were plenty of quail there but

H.L.BROUGHTON SAYS HE HAS TO WEAR'EM OUT SOMETIME — 8" NECK

THINGS THAT NEVER HAPPEN - M.N.GRINTER SICK AT LUNCH TIME.

"JIM HINDES - LOOKING FOR BETTER TIMES"

Bill didn't want to show up Mr. Halsey so he came back empty handed. However, all the worth while prizes for White Rock chickens at the Alton poultry show went to Bill's coop—compensation for politeness.

A new daughetr arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Smith in time to see the Santa Claus of 1921. Smitty's shift at No. 3 crude house are showing up the others as a consequence.

Joseph Evans, newly elected representative of Division 1, is modeling his political career after those of Abraham Lincoln and Henry Clay. His two chief opponents have been recommended for reporters, athletic directors, etc. Never mind, Joe, we're all for you even if you can't get up at 3 A. M.

SUGAR CREEK, MO.

We note in the December Stanolind Record a claim that "Bill" Beatty and "Pete" Akers, were the champions of the Horseshoe League, and that they have beat everything that they have played. The following story is self-explanatory: Earl J. Cox and Jesse P. Reeder issued a challenge to any team in the refinery for a series of seven games, the team winning four out of seven to be the champions until defeated. "Bill" and "Pete" accepted the challenge, but it was only necessary to play four games, as "Bill" and "Pete" did not get a game. The four games were played in the record time of thirteen minutes, Cox throwing 11 ringers and Reeder 12 ringers. The result of the games: 21 to 12—21 to 11—21 to 5—21 to 8. Beatty says he is through—that he thought he could pitch a wicked shoe, but has found that he is a mere novice when compared with Cox or Reeder. Since issuing the challenge, Cox and Reeder have not been defeated in a series of seven games, and they have won a total of 110 games out of 132 games played. They claim the championship of the Sugar Creek refinery.

That "Grand Old Man," of baseball, Wallace B. Hodge, is contemplating taking his team to Independence, to practice up.

Charles Jones, formerly of the material desk, has acquired a half interest in a general store at Fairmount, and is doing fine.

W. C. McLean and Morris Butler, of the main office, amuse themselves by calling car numbers to each other. "Mac" giving a very clever imitation of a phonograph.

H. O. Roth can give excellent advice about the repairing and starting, of Pullman cars. He had a 1492 model, which he had a hard time starting until he bought a blow-torch.

The followers of this news column will miss the sparkling wit and philosophy which flowed so readily from the pen of one of the members of the retiring publication committee. The present committee regrets this exceedingly, but without the natural "gift" which he is endowed with, we are unable to duplicate his paragraphs. However, we will prevail upon him, regularly, for a few "masterpieces" of his "art."

Arthur Welch, pressure still fireman, is back on the job. His wife and family have arrived in Sugar Creek from Kentucky.

Bill Decker, late custodian of the east gate, has been transferred to the salvage yard. Bill now says he is doing the "Human Derrick" act every day.

Visitor in the harmless ward: "What is the matter with that poor unfortunate man, he seems to jump at everyone's approach?"

Guard: "Yes, he used to be master mechanic at the Sugar Creek refinery, and he imagines you are going to tell him that the 18-inch steam line has spring another leak."

Will someone please suggest a cure for dropsy? Wilford Bressie is afflicted with it—he drops in the first chair he can find when he reaches the main office.

Mr. Hancock will make his annual visit to his old home in Memphis, Tenn., to spend the Christmas holidays.

Professor Earl Jackson Cox has traded his Saxon bathtub for a Ford, and if anybody wants to trade for the Lizzie, let them speak.

Several old hands are back in the pipe department, among others being: Rufus Knight, Guy Rice, Harold Heitzman and Harvey Kimball.

Our old friend, John S. Dickey, has been appointed postmaster of the Sugar Creek postoffice. News of this appointment reached John about a day after he had been promoted to stillman, on pressure stills. Wonder what John will do now? (Congratulations either way, Dickey, old top.—Ed.)

Dave Burnham, watchman, has been transferred from the main gate to the east gate.

Henry Hink, chief watchman, now spends eight hours per day, "staying on the job," at the main gate.

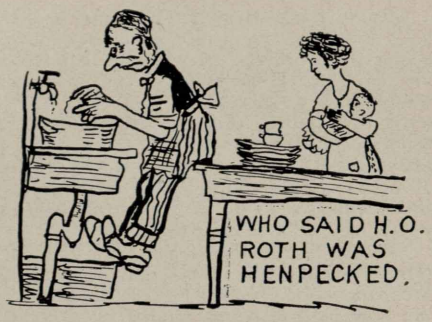
Sam Starks, our official mule skinner, is staying up nights planning a 150-mile trip to Fulton, Missouri, for the Christmas holidays. This is said to be Sam's first trip outside of Blue township.

Ed Hall is back to work in the pipe department, subject to call by O. C. Hite, of the transportation department.

Gloom and sadness prevail at the main office. William J. Moseley, our genial, and fat, head office boy, has tendered his resignation. Bill intends to apply his talents to the drug business in Liberty, Mo.

Al White has finally consented to cut all the stencils for the Joint General Committee meetings.

Mr. Hurt is going around with a broad smile on his face, nowadays. Emmit Lewis, his former stenographer, has been placed back in the Industrial Building.



APOLOGY TO AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY.

The men at the boilershop are rejoicing; Pete Kobe, their old "laugh producer," is back with them again. But Pete got married since he worked here last, and may have had some of the fun taken out of him.

Leonard Nielsen, pipe fitter, is laying off with a couple of badly bruised fingers.

There is another scandal in the Stark neighborhood. The neighbors are kicking because "Sally" has been keeping Lizzie Ford in the garage with one of the Dodge brothers. Suppose, Sally, you get Willys Knight for a chaperone.

All is quiet now in Mt. Washington. Frank Moran has ruined the last of the toys that Santa brought to his numerous offspring and conditions are normal again. Didn't you know, Frank, they were not for you, or were the little *Harps* out of tune in their playing?

"Doc" Johnson has applied the viscosity test to the gravy served in the Standard Oil diner and is considering starting up a glue factory as a side venture. He is not advertising the analysis of the product but evidently figures he has a good thing. Why not let the cooks in on it, Doc?

Matt Dellis, employees' chairman on the Joint General Committee, has purchased all the publications on parliamentary law, also several of the best works on "Higher English," and has given it out that the language used at future meetings must be the choicest and the decorum of the highest order possible, in order that that august body might acquire the prestige due it by virtue of its importance to all employees in the refinery.

Ben Wallace said—well, no matter what it was, he said it anyway, and it would not do to publish it, but it was a bum trick to have that item to appear in the December Stanolind just as he had taken unto himself a wife. Ben says he is not afraid to take the advice of the publication's committee but figures the pimple raised by the friction of a certain reporter's shoulder straps caused him to sour on things in general. Here's wishing Mr. and Mrs. Ben many happy returns of the day.

Albert F. White of the main office is on the down grade. He has the picture that appeared on page thirteen of the December Stanolind framed and placed on his desk. A. F. says the only flaw he finds is that the lake is on the wrong side of the Fairies.

CASPER, WYO.

Boyd Bates, inside helper at No. 6 receiving house, announces the arrival at his home of a six-pound baby boy, born on December 16. Mother and son are doing fine. Boyd passed the smokes around, and they were good ones.

Tom Dinneen, carpenter foreman, is back on the job after an illness of two weeks.

Jesse Ferrell, inside helper at No. 7 house, pressure stills, has returned after being off one week on account of trouble with his eyes.

C. H. Mundy, inside helper at No. 13 house, pressure stills, is back on the job after a week's absence on account of an injury to his foot. At the time of the accident Mr. Mundy was going off duty from the 4 to 12 shift, when he spied an object in front of him, which he thought was an empty can; but alas! it was a 3-inch pipe, 4 feet long, and 3 feet and 8 inches of the pipe was buried in the ground. Mr. Mundy's motto now is: "BE SURE YOU'RE RIGHT, THEN KICK."

We'll bet the chorus girls in Minneapolis are feeling kinda lonesome and blue since that Casper bunch left there, especially Doc Roberts, Floyd McDowell and W. O. Brady.

No wonder Doc Roberts was around borrowing money the day after he arrived in Casper from Minneapolis. We understand Doc and McDowell, Bill Eads and Brady had *some* game of "black-jack" on the train coming home.

Warren Watson, stillman at the steam stills, has bought himself an Essex car.

Carl Melin went to Brule, Neb., on December 22. Is it a feminine attraction?

J. E. Rouse and family left Casper on December 22 to spend Christmas with their folks in Denver.

R. H. Covington, employment manager, took a notion to go to dear Illinois to spend Christmas with his parents. We'll bet on Illinois furnishing a good time.

J. W. Curry advanced on Casper December 12 so as to take Tom Cooke, L. A. Read and D. M. Lobdell to Greybull December 15, for the purpose of attending the meeting of the Joint General Committee. This was the first meeting since the two plants joined hands.

H. M. Lockard and B. L. Warren, of Greybull, with J. F. Cullen, came to Casper December 20 to attend the regular meeting of the Rocky Mountain Division refinery heads.

Certain members of the main office force at No. 1 plant have recently proved their eligibility for membership in that ancient and much-talked-of body, the Ananias Club. Having spread wonderful stories of over-work and the consequent need of a few days' rest, the culprits, Messrs. M. C. Wagner and C. Howard Rafferty, were extended the privilege of "getting off" for a few days. It seemed quite strange at the time, that both of these gentlemen found it necessary to leave Casper behind in their efforts to find rest. Shortly after their departure, however, it was rumored that there was

a woman in the case of each, and investigations have developed the results of the journeys made by our two co-workers. Mr. Wagner left December 2 for the Black Hills country, and on December 4 was married to Miss Edna Fair Watson, of Watertown, in Rapid City, S. D. Mr. Rafferty went to Billings, Montana, on December 6, and on the 7th was married to Miss Fauntie Serrette, of Absarokee, Montana. Both couples have returned to Casper and are now receiving the congratulations and well-wishes of their many friends.

Mr. E. T. Hawley of the main office at No. 1 plant, now has the distinction of being the sole surviving member of the "Three Bachelors." From the way Ned is being trained by a certain little lady of the city, we are speculating as to how long it will be before he is also numbered among the benedicts.

Garden Creek Falls may be the most beautiful spot in Wyoming, but it was up to H. P. Fishburn to find its real secret of value. Mr. Fishburn, knowing his cow has an eye for beauty and deciding to give her a real treat, as well as some exercise, led her out to the falls. Mrs. Cow, showing her appreciation of his foresight and effort, more than doubled her milk production. Whether it was the beauty of the scenery or the eight-mile stroll, Mr. Fishburn is not able to determine, so he has planned scenic trips for the cow to Deer Creek Park, Bessemer Canyon, Salt Creek, etc. Let us hope distance has no added results—we may wish to keep a cow ourselves some day.

Frank J. Horning, formerly a truck driver at the Whiting plant and who now serves in that capacity on Plants 1 and 2, built himself a new home on Midwest Heights.

H. G. Beason, of the truck department, was married at Cameron, Mo., on November 9, to Miss Cleo Peckenbaugh. Here's hoping all his troubles will be little ones.

Herbert O. Peterson, of the truck department, took a two weeks' vacation, and when he returned he passed the cigars around, saying the lucky girl was Miss Mairie Sorenson. They were married at Madison, Minn., on November 30. Congratulations.

George Holvey was called to Lead, S. D., to attend the funeral of his brother, Dr. Holvey. We all extend our sympathy to him and family.

W. S. Allen, truck and team foreman at Plants 1 and 2, has built a new home at Mills, Wyoming.

Truck Mechanic Jesse Kear took a leave of absence and went over the Continental Divide to get an elk, but came back in a snow storm without said elk. He reported a very good time and plenty of elk, but too much buck-ague caused the bad luck.

Bill Cashell had wasted fifteen minutes trying to tell a "green" helper the difference between a cast-iron ell and a malleable 45, without success, then, he turned away, murmuring something about why a pipefitter takes to moonshine.

We had been anxiously looking for the December number of the Stanolind. There was probably some good reason for the delay, but we did not like the long wait. Thirty days is long enough. We wish it were a weekly. (Help! Help!—Ed.)

R. J. Turnbull left on the 20th for Carlinville, Illinois, to spend the holidays.

R. H. Hawley, of the boiler department, went to Cheyenne and took the consistory.

W. N. Schaefer, foreman of the pipe department, has returned to work after a week's sickness.

Paul Evans, of the machine shop, left for Brookfield, Mo., to attend the funeral of his father.

E. C. Gates, foreman of tin shop, bought a Lizzie of the kindergarten age, remodeled it with more tin and went out to speed. He thought everyone was looking at him, and he in turn looked at everybody else, failing to see the big Clydesdale truck. Now there is more tin and lots of it.

Mr. Hugh O'Donnell, of the paint department, left for Butte, Montana, on a vacation of two weeks. We hear he is to resign from the Bachelors' Club. Cigars.

Erwin Taake, of the yard office, is spending the Christmas holidays back east. Nebraska, of course.

Miss Adeline Jacons-Gilbourne, formerly Mr. Cooke's stenographer, has been promoted from first to second floor. How goes, Adeline?

Long live King Oscar!—Jack Catterall!!!!!

Everyone seems much interested in Mrs. Weedell's vaccination. Now, why Mrs. Weedell any more than the other girls? Have you ever stopped to think that Adeline is still a little girl and enjoys bob-sledding, so it would be real nice of you to inquire about her too, as she also suffers here and there.

Why is it that "Doc" Doherty enjoys spending his leisure moments in the accounting department, first floor?

It has been suggested that Andy, of the tank car department, wear skirts. Andy, we want to sympathize with you—will you please tell us why people are so cruel as to suggest a "garb" of this kind for you?

Most everyone in the office was sympathizing with our dear little Etalka when she was conquered, captured and taken to the realm of King Oscar; but you know girls like this cave-man stuff, and now the mere mention of leaving brings from Etalka's lips the words, "Nothin' Doin'." (A la! King Oscar!!!!!)

It's a good thing John Rouse is married, for the way all the girls rave about his wonderful smile and alluring lips, competition would be so keen that he would be forced to call on Don (J. Smith) to help him out, for rumor has it that Don is running a close first.

Jack, why don't you treat Adeline nice?

Will someone please tell us why Mr. Viggo Hanson is so versed in fig lore. We are expecting to hear about lemons *soon*. Too bad about the worms, Viggo, we hope they don't infest the lemons.

Mr. Fred Southwell, who came to work for the Midwest Refining Company on January 7, 1920, left on December 22 for his old home in Maitland, Mo. From there he will go to the University of California to take up the study of law, commencing with the second semester.

Miss Margaret Smith, who raps the keys of the comptometer at our storehouse, spent Xmas holidays in Denver.

It is noticed that the usual crowd once more gathers at the Stockmen's National Bank corner during the noon hour. We wonder why, boys?

Mr. A. L. Johnson, clerk at the pipe shop, is spending the holidays with his parents in Galesburg, Illinois. We wonder if he will return alone.

Mr. Swanson, the telegraph operator, is again in our midst after having caused quite a scare during which the entire office force was vaccinated as a prevention from smallpox. But Oscar fooled us as he only had chickenpox.

All the boys in the office of Plant No. 3 report that Xmas was spent in a safe and sane manner. We wonder??

It is pleasing to announce the return of Mrs. A. V. Forbes from Denver, where she was recently operated upon. We sincerely trust her health will be rapidly restored.

Mrs. Don Smith left on December 1 for Ardmore, Okla., on a visit to her parents. Don himself left December 22 to bring her back. If Bill Tolhurst were not confined to his bed after his vaccination he might find Don a good subject for a cartoon. The poor fellow surely misses his better half.

Dr. S. H. Diggs migrated from Whiting on December 5. He will be in Casper about one month. We'll sure know what to do with our "liver" (not "flivver") now. Aside from that, he is having plenty of fun. Already we have him in a class with Mrs. Hawley and H. P. Fishburn. All three are death on jack-rabbits. The doctor is also trying to get in with Santa Claus. J. E. Rouse and family took S. H. D. through Bessemer Canyon and over the west end of Casper Mountain. The whole bunch looked over Santa's stock of Christmas trees and selected an excellent specimen. Now, if Andy Thompson didn't have to abide by the law, "Doc" might be an expert on hunting ducks. Andy would prefer a snipe hunt, but R. M. Andrus put the ban on that. "Shorty" Edelmuth would give his eye-tooth to take the doctor out fishing, but that is against the law now, too. We're holding our thumbs, hoping to see you out here again, doctor.

Dr. Paulus, Rube Wood and D. J. Smith looked like three of a kind after that vaccination, December 10. Some arms—huh!

King Oscar (Jack Catterall) has quite an arm, too.

Peter Skonich, acid works fireman, had quire a time with the "moon" the other night.

Jeff Love, acid works fireman, took Mrs. Love to Cody for the holidays. He's lucky. There aren't very many shiftmen who know how to work the game at such favorable times. He'll have to double up next Fourth of July to make up for his good times now. Is that right, Johnson?

McCord! You had better watch your step. Soules is looking for subjects. Gee! A fellow sure does look funny to one of those cartoonists.

Doc. Paulus and Tolhurst went out after some coyotes recently. From the tales brought back from our new "super," those coyotes must have had inside information on this hunting trip. All that these two saw the whole day was the sun.

Outlaws Francis and Heinze invaded the territory north of Big Muddy on Sunday, December 4, in search of rabbits. Francis ran onto a coyote and "got" him with a 12-gauge shotgun. That's some getting, we'll say.

Oh boy! Trowe's dad sent him a swell new shotgun for Christmas. That's one more place to borrow a gun, Andy. Heinze! you might get in on this, too.

Fishburn had Doc Paulus' "410" out after rabbits. He complained considerably about the gun being so awfully small. From the way he hit those big Jacks it seems the cottontails were too small. Why blame the gun?

Bill Glasson, from Plant No. 3, machine shop, left on December 23 for Denver, to spend Christmas with his family. Bill runs the drill press and he knows his work from "yea" to "bee," but he didn't know whether he ought to take the parrot with him in the dining car and feed it from a plate, or take some bird seed and feed it from his hand while smoking a good cigar in the smoker. However, here's a Merry Christmas to you and your family, Bill. (Note: Bill took a parrot with him.)

Anyone wishing rabbits should leave their order with either Gibby or Mower at the storehouse. They promise to fill all orders promptly.

The well liked, thoughtful and courteous Miss Bowlinger, stenographer for Mr. Catterall, is taking her vacation. We wish her a good time.

Everyone at the storehouse wore smiles of keen appreciation and satisfaction at having our kind and industrious co-worker, Mrs. Leonard, stenographer, with us again after a three weeks' stay at the hospital—November 23 to December 19. We are all mighty glad to see her looking so well.

If you get hurt or have a pain in your "tummy," go to the First Aid Station; but if the world is dead wrong and you feel all upset, come to the storehouse. We guarantee *Comfort.*

One of our progressive foremen, when asked for news for the Record, didn't wish to seem disinterested, but, still wishing to "pass the buck," replied: "I can do it, but it will sure be in a 'crude' form." Come again, old man, it takes a better one than that. This is a refinery, and we can run anything. If necessary, Howard Thompson will "treat" it.

The boys at the storehouse will vouch for Mrs. Leonard as being a candy girl. True to her usual thoughtfulness she had candy—lots of it—for all of us. From the many "um-ums" and the way everyone stowed it away, much appreciation of the candy and its giver was felt.

Everyone missed Bill Tolhurst, master mechanic at Plant No. 3, during his enforced stay at home, December 19 to 24. Grip, plus a bad arm resulting from a recent vaccination, brought it all about. We are all glad to have you out again, Bill.

Jack Gibbs, storehouse truck driver, didn't mind the recent cold weather at all. He took a shower right out in the open, with the mercury hovering quite low. Some doubt that it was altogether voluntary, however.

We regret not having had a camera. A wonderful picture presented itself at the storehouse. Of course, we might never have got it printed. All in the shape of a boilermaker devoid of by far the greater part of his usual "jumper and overalls." He had been skipping on the "sludge skip hoist." We believe it would have made a good cover for any of our well-known magazines.

It isn't nearly so lonesome on Saturday afternoons these days. For some reason all the boys come out now.

We have a new face with us, whose cheery smile and hearty laugh win all who meet him. Mr. Beers got in, somehow, in spite of prohibition. Now that he is here, guess he will have to stay. We are mighty glad to have him.

Everyone will be interested to know that our old friend, Lem Martz, is to have charge of the new salvage machine shop.

Earl Littlechild is now with the yard timekeepers, having come over from the stables on December 12.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. E. V. Pottorff, an eight-pound boy. This young fellow, George Arthur, has the honor and distinction of being the fifth living generation, also the sixth direct descendant, of Daniel Boone. His great-great-great uncle, Hiram Boone, is still living. He is 95 years old. Mr. Pottorff is a lead burner helper at No. 1 plant.

The Joint General Committee of Greybull ought to go first-rate from now on. Don Lobdell ventured forth to that place recently. After four

days he considered the wheels well oiled and all fit to go. He returned from there with his "Red Crown" fountain pen on Thursday, December 1.

Mr. T. S. Cooke went to Chicago on Monday, November 28.

Mr. Dave Paskevietz came out here to show a few tricks of the trade. Dave is the man who can show us, too, and he doesn't ruffle our feathers while he is doing it, either. He left on November 28 for Salt Lake City, where he is expected to "show" again. Some showman, we'll say.

Mrs. T. S. Cooke has a brand new Buick coupe, all for herself. Gee! it's a four-passenger boat, too.

Doc Paulus took a run up to Lander and told them a few things about their crude. Mrs. Doc went along, volunteering, before she left, to do any shopping that might be desired by any of her friends.

Laramie's work on the new pressure stills is progressing right rapidly. Casper is proving her ability to do for the Rocky Mountain refineries what Whiting did for the Mid-Continental refineries.

Bert Anderson sure has a hard time getting past Big Muddy on his way to the Glenrock job. First his Dodge catches fire, next he gets two hind wheels of said car in contact with any number of nails, then the same mule stalls on the road and will not go. Bert, you have just got to get those Glenrock pressure stills done on time. Don't begin calling for help on the road so often, either.

We are somewhat curious about that bookkeeping down at Glenrock. Why does A. V. Forbes have to go there so often? You know, this thing is worrying A. E. Thompson so much that he is going to take A. V.'s place next time.

FOUNDRY SKIMMINGS

Page George McManus! ! ! "Maggie" and "Jiggs" Mahoney are the proud parents of a baby daughter, born December 16. The little "Jigglet" has already established her authority over her dad and the indications are that it will be increasingly difficult for "Jiggs" to join the Gayboys for a sociable evening if, indeed, the desire to join them has not been eliminated altogether.

The advent of cold weather has given rise to many arguments as to the respective ability of some of our skating experts. Ray Lappin and Frank Blunt have challenged and counter-challenged each other to a match race, and each has demonstrated supreme confidence in his prowess by wagering several truck-loads of conversational currency on his chances. The race has not yet materialized, but when it does, if it does, all world's records for the distance should be shattered beyond recognition, providing their ability just half way measures up to their claims.

Little Edward Hanaway, son of "Mick" Hanaway, is four years old, but very observing. Recently his dad took him out to a ranch, one of the adjuncts of which is a pig-sty. It so happened that they were on hand when the pigs were being fed. It was little Edward's first glimpse of pigs in their native habitat and he watched them for a while in shocked silence as they grunted, crowded and wallowed in the swill. Finally he turned to "Mick" in disgust and said, "Gee, Dad, it's no wonder they call them hogs".

The Damon and Pythias-like bond that once existed between Bill Wittle and Harry Hart has been subjected to a severe strain because of a practical joke perpetrated on 'Arry by Bill. During the holidays Bill approached Harry one evening on Casper's main thoroughfare and said, "Harry, we've been ol' pigeons together for a long time and to commemorate the great friendship that has always existed between us, I would like to blow you swell feed." "That's mighty decent of you, old to a thing", replied Harry, "and I gladly accept your invitation". So they repaired to Casper's highest priced restaurant, where they selected a table in a remote corner and proceeded to order a sumptuous repast. "Go as far as you like, Harry", urged Bill, "this is on me and the sky's the limit". So Harry ordered heavily, and so did Bill. Shortly before the conclusion of the meal, Bill suddenly remembered an important enagagement that he must keep right away. So, hurriedly arising from the table, he said, "Sorry to leave you so suddenly, Harry, but I must keep this appointment. You just continue with your meal while I dash along. I'll take the dinner checks and, when I get over to the cashier's desk, you hold up your hand so the cashier will know whose meal I am paying for". It was so agreed, and Bill strolled over and engaged the cashier in conversation, while Harry, true to the agreement, held up his good right hand. The cashier nodded his head and Bill walked out. It was quite a shock to Harry, therefore, when, a few moments later, just as he was about to walk blithely out of the restaurant, reflecting on what a good ol' skate Bill was, after all, when the cashier halted him with a polite, "Pardon me, haven't you forgotten something?" "Why, why, no", stammered Harry, "my friend paid for my meal, you know." "Oh, no, he didn't", replied the cashier, "he told me that fellow back there with the upraised hand would settle for both checks, and you are the fellow, so you are elected." So Harry dug up four iron men to square the bill and immediately set out on a still hunt for his erstwhile pal. Several days later he was still hunting, with blood in his eye, and was heard to murmur incoherently, "Go as far as you like, the sky's the limit".

Kenneth Harris, pattern-maker par exellence, has often been mistaken for Kennett Harris, the well known writer, whose excellent stories appear regularly in the Saturday Evening Post. Those who know our Kenneth, though, know that he does not drop his "haitches".

Ed Wubbins has a little daughter, Vivian, three years old, and very precocious. Recently she was given some fleece-lined underwear. Shortly after she had donned it, a visitor, patronizingly asked her how she liked it. "Oh", she relpied, "it's jus' like sitting down on Pussy".

GREYBULL, WYO.

Geo. Patterson, helper at No. 1 house, was absent a few days suffering from a severe cold.

Irvin Baker may be seen most any day coasting in his new toy wagon, which he won in a guessing contest at a local hardware store. Irvin says, "I guess I'm a good guesser."

Mr. H. G. Holstein for several years our office force is moving to Casper. Sorry to see you go, H. G., but here's wishing you the best of good fortune.

Ed Corfield, helper at No. 2 house, had the misfortune to fracture his arm while cranking his Henry Bug. We are glad to learn that Ed's wing is mending nicely.

Fred Lockard is spending a few days with friends in Casper.

L. B. James was elected to represent the employees of Plant No. 1 on the Industrial Relation Council. Mr. James is a good man for the position. Congratulations, L. B.

The sympathy of the entire plant goes out to Mr. T. B. Evans, whose wife died in Thermopolis recently.

Dr. Stork dropped in on Mr. and Mrs. Earl Landers, December 17, and presented them with a nine-pound boy. Earl says that from the way he can use his lungs he will probably be a college yell leader. Congratulations, folks.

B. I. Perkins, fireman on Nos. 1 and 2 batteries, was off duty with a severe cold. We are glad to say he is able to be back on the job again.

Mr. Homer Williams is replacing Mr. Holstein in the office. Glad to have you with us, Bill.

CARLINVILLE, ILL.

COAL MINING DEPARTMENT

If you want to know the latest in jokes, ask Bobbie, as he is an ardent reader of "Whiz Bang."

The general office and mine clerks made Christmas a memorable occasion for Mr. W. R. Smith, office manager, by presenting him with a beautiful Masonic ring.

"Dude" O'Neil recently bought a young bird dog of ancient pedigree from a fancier at Macoupin station. "Dude" started out the first day of quail season, all set to make a big killing. Just as he reached the edge of town the dog flushed a covey of quail, at which "Dude" let fly with both barrels. The noise of the gun scared the dog so badly that he fled precipitately and was making such good time that he ran into the tile factory and knocked off an ear. There is now one perfectly good hunting dog for sale, cheap.

Our handsome and amiable top boss, Jos. Scholl, was slightly under the weather lately, but we notice with pleasure that he is back on the job and appears to be O. K.

Bill Barrick, assistant surveyor, is back again, after a prolonged vacation. He evidently employed his time while away in raising a cute little "Charley Chaplin."

Forrest Nifong and wife spent Christmas with his mother in Pittsburg, Kansas. He promised to give Alex our regards while there.

Melvin Crouch, one of the boys who "couples 'em up" recently decided to have the preacher couple him with Miss Ava Lair. Mrs. Crouch is the sister of "Fat" Lair, one of our best football players. Best of luck to you, Melvin.

"Bill" Winkelmann, our accommodating storekeeper at Schoper, has been transferred to Wood River. It is with general regret that we see him go. Well, success to you, Bill, old boy.

T. W. Starbuck and wife recently drove to St. Louis with Dr. and Mrs. Botsford and Mr. and Mrs. Geiser. They report a pleasant trip.

J. A. Hampton, one of our top men recently brought in a liberal supply of fresh ham and pork sausage to the mine No. 1 office force. They report that said ham and sausage went right to the spot, and certainly appreciated Mr. Hampton's generosity. Now, they know who put the "Ham" in Hampton.

It is rumored that Christmas money will be scarce among the Carlinville boys this year, due to the sad result of the football game at Taylorville. Never mind, boys, we can't always win.

Eddie Davis' chest expansion has increased four inches lately, due to the advent of a nine pound boy. Mother and boy are doing fine.

Jim Delaney has been appointed storehouse clerk at Mine No. 2. This is going to interfere with his every day meeting at five o'clock, but it is to be hoped that she will be able to suggest an alternative, in case he falters.

William Fries, mine manager at Berry, received Christmas gifts too numerous to mention. Remember your friends, "Billie."

We are informed that George Phelps and George Kuntzman are both in a matrimonial frame of mind. We hope that Cupid will listen to their pleas.

Earl Robinson and family spent Christmas with relatives and friends in East Alton.

The fact that Miss Edith Ambrose is now wearing a beautiful necklace, leads us to believe that "someone" is undoubtedly serious about the matter.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Old Chicago became too tame for Miss Gordon and Miss Stockley of the distribution department, fifth floor, so they spent the holidays out in the "Old Wild West," Miss Gordon at St. Joseph, Mo., and Miss Stockley at Hutchinson, Kas. I hear they were glad to come back to the place where there's something doing twenty-four hours of the day, just the same!

Henry Tierno has been transferred from the distribution department, fifth floor, to Mr. Lindquist's department as custodian of the voucher records and files. We'll say this for Hank: "There won't be any guessing concerning the whereabouts of a voucher now, because if it isn't in file he will have a record of the party who has it." Vouchers that have been mislaid in the past will be located and returned to their proper places, because Hank has served as one of the office sleuths with Kelly, the German Blood-hound!

Miss Seeberger, chief custodian of the employees' service record, is so well versed in her job that she can tell you off hand the birth date, color of hair, weight, date of marriage and number of dependents of any man in service of this company. Also whether he loves his wife or not and if single, where he spends his time and money and if he is in love. If you wish to see for yourself, come up to the fifth floor and make her acquaintance. Might add that she's a single woman, does not powder or paint, is good looking and doesn't wear galoshes.

You have heard of "The Man of the Hour" and "The Witching Hour" but have you heard of "The Crowded Hour"? If not you should interview Miss J. K. Stockley of the fifth floor. She sure had "Old Father Time" by the hind leg during the week before Christmas and did more shopping in the hour of 11:55 A. M. to 12:55 P. M. than five dyed-in-the-wool bargain counter hounds ordinarily do in a day. She also is a single female; but be careful young fellow, the old pay-check wouldn't last long in her able hands.

At last we've discovered why Herbert Wallingford Gleim made so many trips to the eye, ear and

nose hospital. He had the old horn cleaned out preparatory to accepting a position with Col. Cootie, as a cellar smeller. Being a friend of the Col. we would like to suggest the name of "Uncle Bim" Meyers of the equipment department, for a like position. Uncle Bim has a horn that has no equal, when coming around a corner you can always see his nose long before the balance of his anatomy appears.

Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast, so 'tis said, but the brand of stuff dispensed by the fifth floor quartette works with reverse English. No, we won't tell who they are, but will say that they're friends of ours.

Some of you fifth floor boys should volunteer to escort the "Sawdust Twins" (Mary and Rose) safely across Wabash avenue each evening. One of Mr. Blair's "eight centers" nearly ran over them recently.

We sincerely extend our sympathies to John Ely of the Fifth floor, whose best friend, his mother, died during the early part of December.

Professor Alberto Roesler (Slabfoot) of the Fifth floor, is the champion oyster stew inhaler of the world. At a recent sitting he ruined seventeen pint bowls, and asked for more, whereupon he was gently but firmly given the gate.

'Tis said that Herbie Gleim of the distribution department, is very fond of oranges, that is, if they are real ripe and juicy.

'Tis rumored around that Miss Carlson, of Mr. Lindquist's department, is extensively engaged in research work. At the present time she is engrossed with the study of that animal known as "Iceman" and will be glad to answer any inquiry regarding the same. Please enclose self addressed envelope which will insure a prompt reply.

Commander E. A. Yale, of the Fifth floor, gallantly led his band of "Past Most Excellent Feeders" in an offensive campaign on the banquet table recently. You possibly have noted the scarcity of chicken lately. The Commander devoured two fried springers without any assistance and without coming up for air. However, we have not as yet been informed as to the identity of the brother that was carried out by the Commander in a semi-concious condition, but hope to give our readers the full dope later.

We can't see anything wrong in matching coins for the cigars, but when a certain little fellow on the Fifth floor uses a coin with a head on both sides, then we think it's high time to call in the W. C. T. U. or the undertaker if he tries it again.

Attention, Dr. Morton: Some people sneeze and others SNEEZE, but Bill Thon of the Fifth floor has them all faded. When Bill lets go it's awful! One day last week, he blew off and upset three desks and four file cases and blew the back out of Ervin Joost's shirt. Now it's different with J. D. Callahan, when he sneezes we all think he's choking to death.

Well, I see that the girls are now wearing their winter regalia, that is, they have added galoshes to the smile that they wore last summer. If you want to see how they look on a classy model cast your glance toward the distribution department, Fifth floor, and you will behold Miss Ingrid Rummelhoff in all her glory.

Are you acquainted with Doten and Joost, the "lose 'em" twins of the Equipment department, Fifth floor?

If you have anything to trade see Henry Tierno. His specialty is cornets but will consider any musical instrument. Address, Nineteenth Ward.

John Jordan, of the distribution department, Fifth floor, received a telephone call recently from friend wife. She informed him that while she was out of the house for an hour or so, someone came in and cleaned the place out. They didn't use a vacuum but they took everything that could be carried. We sympathize with you, John, and believe that the only thing for our wives to do is to follow the story of the wise men; when they go out they must take the door with them so that no one can break it down.

Paul Johnson, of the equipment department, Fifth floor, is looking for a housekeeper. Step up girls. Paul is handsome, single and as loose as ashes with the pay check.

Miss Seeberger, if that automobile isn't raffled off soon I'm going to ask for my seven cents back.

Al Roesler walked into a shoe store the other day and the clerk after one look at Al's "tootsies" said: "You're in the wrong place, old timer, go next door to the music shop and get some violin cases."

Anna Rommel is generosity personified. Reading about "Commander" Yale leading his bunch of pick axe men into the loop, and noticing a pinched and hungry look on Ed's face, she kindly offered him a roll. Anticipating something great, he hurried over and Anna presented him with a roll (adding machine). With tears of disappointment in his eyes Ed advised her that he couldn't eat it but would take it home and hang it up for a souvenir.

A new deck of cards was purchased by the Fifth floor rhummy players. The joker had become too well known.

Our chauffeur, John Springborn, is sporting a new "kelly" made of "near seal skin." All John needs now is an old musket and he'll be a dead ringer for Daniel Boone.

Miss Emily Hill has competition in the pigeon feeding business. A swell looking gent in Crane's is spending his kale like a pickled sailor and is covering several window sills with feed in order ('tis said) to coax a smile from "Our Emily."

By the way, we are curious to know what has become of the "Wimpus Club," organized several months ago. Boy, page Messrs. Long, Callahan, Gates, Moore, Lewis and Willis Pate.

The Fifth floor supply department has achieved notoriety through John Legenza, the "shaveless wonder," and "Rose, the beautiful desk mover," so why not give the department a boost by calling attention to Charley Thorstensen's great bowling. At the present writing Charley leads the league in average. Of course this is due to the fact that he uses Ed Yale's bowling ball, and extracts all the strikes, leaving a few spares and lots of blows for Ed.

Miss Tillie Lyman desiring to buy a set of golf clubs, naturally came to the writer, who, being an authority on golf, advised her to let him (Sweetie) pick his own clubs. We now hear that Carl Bergeson has been very attentive to miss Tillie. If we see Carl sporting a new set of sticks, it will wise us up considerably.

ATTENTION SOMEBODY: There are five correspondents for the Stanolind Record in the Home Office. Only one of them, Mr. McRae, came across with any gossip for this month's issue, while the ENTIRE CHICAGO DIVISION failed to come across with any. The Chicago division is the largest, in number of employees, of any of our sales territories and it is the poorest contributor to the Record. Are not sub-executives and agents sufficiently interested in their men occasionally to drop a note to Mr. John Gates, Chicago division correspondent, containing some item or items of news about the fellows who are on the firing line? —Editor Stanolind Record.

DAVENPORT, IOWA

All of the employees of the "New Davenport Division" welcome thier new manager, Mr. L. W. Cameron, and assure him of their heartiest co-operation to make the new division a huge success.

Mr. R. A. Thomson, the former manager retiring on annuity, was presented with a Masonic ring by the employees of the division. A stag party was also given in his honor at which time he was presented with a chain and fob also bearing the Masonic emblem.

Leo Reis of the accounting department is seriously considering trading the Dodge car that he was driving the other night for a Ford, similar to the one Al Sindt has; Leo got stuck and Al had to pull him home.

From all reports received, everyone spent a very enjoyable New Year's eve and there were no vacant desks Tuesday morning, which was remarkable. Cuba has nothing on Davenport, Iowa, on New Year's eve. However, there are 364 more nights that we can worry about. We wish all the other employees of the Indiana division a very prosperous New Year.

DETROIT, MICH.

On the evening of December 10 a birthday party was given in honor of Miss Marie Dillon, otherwise known as "The Queen of the Order Department." A number of her fellow employees attended and they say they had a wonderful time. Our "little girl", as we used to call her, has grown up now and as she is now 21 years old, we have added the prefix "Miss" to her name. Marie is a 100 per cent Standard Oil Company booster and to show us how she sells Semdac, she had everything shining with the magic fluid from the ceiling to the floor. In fact the floor was so shiny that dancing was one of the main attractions of the evening. As we all sat down to enjoy the refreshments with the little hostess, each one had the pleasure of lighting one of the candles on her birthday cake, and we hope we have the privilege of lighting the additional candle for a good many years.

We all sincerely sympathize with Mr. A. Payne, Bellevue Avenue, in the loss of his son recently.

Account of the continued illness of Mrs. Lawton, Ray Lawton general salesman found it necessary to take her south for a month. We hope she will come back greatly improved.

Did someone ask why Edgar Brown, the new stenographer in the refined oil department, is always blushing? We will tell the reason. One day in the hall he stamped his foot so hard, trying to scare the three shy maidens just inside the door, that his garter broke—honest!

T. C. King, Bellevue Avenue, while waiting for an M. O. car at Moran and Gratiot, was struck by an automobile. He suffered a few lacerations of the head which caused him to be absent from work for a day.

Upon noticing the unusual gloom and quiet in the order department, we tried to find out the reason and developed that Jim Lindsay was away for a week's vacation, spending it at Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. DeVine announce the birth of a 10½ pound son on Sunday morning, December 11, 1921. His name is Robert Beach DeVine. Mr. DeVine is our agent at Dexter.

L. H. Cook, Detroit city salesman, and family, took a week's vacation Christmas week, visiting his folks in Case county.

We understand that Lee Allyn wore off his hair thinking too hard when he tried to recollect where, when and how he drove through a safety zone a short time ago, when he received a summons to come down to court and explain such a happening. We never thought the excitement of getting married would make him so careless.

Messrs. E. R. Soop, Charles McKinney and Roy Fitzpatrick, former Standard Oil Detroit employes and now of Saginaw main station, paid us a short visit the day after Christmas. We surely were glad to see them.

The many friends of A. E. Fitzgerald, marine salesman, will be sorry to learn of the very severe illness of his wife, which has necessitated a serious operation at Johns Hopkins hospital, Baltimore, Md. We understand Mrs. Fitzgerald is improving and we all hope for a speedy and complete recovery.

Of course with the universal hobby of painting weeds some of the girls in the office got inspired and had a bunch that they had painted on exhibition for a few days. Walter Sattler, of the traffic department, happening to notice them, asked: "Why don't you use the painting outfit that they use to paint the tanks? It would be lots quicker."

When called upon to make out an accident report a short time ago, we could not understand why Ronald Tyler, specialty salesman at Detroit, had to look up the traffic rules to find out how fast he could drive on the boulevard before he filled in the blank "Speed of company's vehicle at time of accident."

We notice that Don Gillette, the handsome cashier of the Hillsdale office, does considerable primping every other night before leaving the office and "dolls" himself up in great style. There can be only one conclusion: Who is the lucky girl?

Joseph Pattison, our agent at Lansing for the past twenty-one years, attended a combination dance and card party a short time ago with Mrs. Pattison and when he said "I guess we will dance," Mrs. Pattison responded "I guess we will play cards." They played cards.

We would all like to know why Mr. McGauley, garage salesman, Detroit, always eats at a certain restaurant on Grand River avenue.

Someone else intimated that any day we might hear news of Mr. McGauley's marriage. We are wondering if there is any connection between these two items.

For the last two weeks one of the stenographers has been receiving daily such gifts as an onion, apple, potato, sugar beet, a Brazil nut, etc. Each article had a slip of paper attached, reading "Is this it?" Every effort on her part to find out the donor of these gifts failed. Last summer she asked a young man in the office to bring her some twigs from the northern woods to build a bird house; however, when he returned from his trip and she inquired "Did you bring what I asked you to?" he admitted forgetting all about it and asked what "it" was. She refused to tell, saying that he would remember some day. After she had been receiving these gifts for about a week or ten days she happened to ask him if he ever thought of what she asked him to bring her and he said "No." She then told him it was twigs for a bird house and the next morning when she arrived there were some twigs on her desk as the last gift, with a little slip reading, "At last! This is *it*." The other girls in the office who were enjoying her discomfiture every day are now craving some more excitement.

Miss Hazel Van Gieson, our payroll clerk, spent the holidays at her home, Clinton, Mich. She says, "Country life for me."

Joe Kenrick sells Finol by demonstrating its purity to the trade by taking a swallow of it. He was working with Mr. Korhummel one day and the latter had told him he had competitive motor oil in the Finol can in his sample case. Apparently Mr. Kenrick did not heed this warning because when he warmed up to his next customer and started to talk Finol he added among other arguments, "To prove how pure and harmless it is I will taste of it," and he took a big swallow out of the Finol can. Of course he had to act as though nothing unusual had happened but when they got outside Mr. Kenrick felt pretty "rocky." Our advice to Joe is to stick to external demonstrations.

Earl Fry, our popular warehouseman at West Detroit, is sporting a new Dodge touring car, and taking lessons from a music teacher. What is puzzling us is, why the combination? Good luck to you, Earl, but just remember our Safety First lectures.

Mr. A. Fulton, service station collector, went to Toronto over the holidays. He says he had a fine time.

Now that Mr. James Lindsay of the order department has his new sedan, he is not taking chances on letting Miss Marie Dillon get a severe cold by coming back and forth from the office He claims it is only an act of a Good Samaritan, but he is also arranging to secure a chauffeur's license for Miss Marie. Ordinarily the young lady is content to drive her sweetie's car from the passenger's seat but evidently this particular young lady intends to actually steer the thing.

Jack Bruner, route foreman at West Detroit, announces that Miss Ella Ficht, his ward for the past fifteen years, was united in marriage December 24, 1921, to Walter W. Taylor, our efficient past-master of the No. 352 book. The entire force at West Detroit extends their heartiest congratulations and best wishes.

"Never get turned down," says Maylon Hiatt, our agent at Bath. Recently he approached a farmer regarding his Standard Oil Company needs. "How about some Polarine for your tractor?" asked Hiatt. "Not using it," responded the farmer. "How about Finol for your separator?" further inquired Hiatt. "Not using it," returned the farmer, waiting for the next. "How about Mica for your hogs?" again inquired Hiatt and open-mouthed, the farmer listened to the Mica hog oiling proposition and as he *was using the hogs*, he bought a pail.

Mr. H. R. Cochran and wife were called to Atchison, Kans., Thursday, December 29, account of the death of the former's mother. We all extend our deepest sympathy.

DULUTH, MINN.

Mr. H. E. Bomford, representing Mr. King's office, spent a few days with us during the last week of November. We noticed he is not yet wearing an engagement or wedding ring—not even a worried look. Harry passed on a few "new ones" before, during and after the meeting with department heads.

Our good old friend, "Dad" Battin, sent some of the girls a most beautiful box of mistletoe at Christmas time, and we appreciate the kind words enclosed. We wish we had lived in your time, Dad; the rising generation is becoming dulled to the privilege of those pretty little white berries! (Is that a challenge or a plaint?—Ed.)

A commission agent, in explaining losses in Perfection, says: Mills and camps not operating; tractors idle; farmers have no grain to "trash," no hay to press, nothing to sell; no money to buy! (Ah, yes, but this is Another Year.—Ed.)

Miss Mae Cummings has given up hotel life, and with her parents, has gone back to housekeeping. Mae is now in her element and we are anticipating a regular orgy of entertaining.

Mr. Blodgett, from Mr. Carter's office, spent a few days in Duluth recently, and just escaped the twenty-two below weather.

We notice Fleck is working up to the point by degrees. Myrtle is wearing an onyx (is that the way to spell the pesky word?) ring, a Christmas gift. That-a-boy!

Our latest "Safety First" meeting was held at the warehouse, and started off with a venison dinner. It was voted the very best kind of a dinner, but Hutch must receive more attention at the hands of the waitresses. He has such a delicate appetite that we fear he will soon become a thin, emaciated shadow.

How few charms the office now holds for Fitz! At 5:15 sharp his voice booms out loudly and eagerly "Hold 'er—going down SIX!" A wife is a wonderful thing.

Mr. Stack, chief lubricating engineer, visited the Duluth office recently.

Miss Gertrude Emcky is spending the Christmas holidays with her parents, at Winona, Minnesota, and we suspect a certain Norris of enjoying a few days around Minneapolis, also. That was a splendid chance to use the Christmas travelling bag, fitted with ivory.

Miss Fontaine recently finished her regular Saturday shining up of her desk and surrounding territory. A Standard Oil can speaks for itself, and you can get a wonderful polish, whether the can contains water or Semdac. Oh, Leah!

Mrs. Henry Carlson remembered the purchasing department, her old Happy Hunting Grounds, with a few pieces of her first attempt at angel food cake A sixth-floorite, not versed in culinary arts, admired immensely the piece that Bud was saving, and hinted enviously at needing a paper weight!

Iver Anderson, tank wagon superintendent, helped put the Duluth Hockey team on the map when they won two games from Eveleth, Minnesota. They were great games, and Iver came out with only a cracked lip. We would like very much to congratulate Iver, but when he comes in to the building he looks warily around and then darts into an elevator. Girl shy.

Hutch has a "swell" nose to nose around, but he has taken it home—a huge, shiny, bulbous affair—to nurse a case of erysipelas. Honestly, Hutch, all joking aside, we're sorry about it, and hope you get back to normalcy soon.

EVANSVILLE, IND.

Jim Miller, service station collector of Evansville, claims he lost his Christmas cheer before he had it. Jim bought an allegedly extra fine goose, brought all the way from Oakland City. He parted with about $2.50 for this "splendid" specimen of goosehood, taking it home about six o'clock Thursday evening. Friday morning when Jim went out to feed his goose he noticed it lying as in deep slumber. All efforts failed to rouse the fowl and Jim was forced to pay out several more dollars for a turkey. Jim says hereafter he'll take them dressed.

E. L. Mentzer, ever-smiling credit man, found the following little verse on his desk the other day.

He believes one of the bookkeepers perpetrated the outrage but to date none of them has admitted it:

Here's to our genial friend Mentzer,
The good-natured statement dispenser.
If the money's to get
He on you will set
And clean you quicker than Cleanser.

Another evidence of the high esteem in which Mr. Mentzer is generally held is the fact that for Christmas he received a fine box of cigars from his stenographers, Miss Nettie Klein and Miss Carrie May Wilke.

Clarence A. Ramsey, formerly head of the iron barrel department, has been transferred to the stock department to take the place left vacant by the departure of J. B. Donohoo. Ramsey's place will be filled by Walters Lowe, who was transferred from the record department.

Several persons are wondering whether Miss Helen Bowles hung up her stocking Christmas eve. One courageous person had asked to borrow it for the occasion but Miss Bowles said if the stocking was to be filled she wanted to have the contents to herself.

Norman R. Grimshaw, assistant general manager, visited the Evansville office during the early part of December. Come again.

Miss Anna Leahy recently regaled part of the office with a new story about trained fleas. Miss Leahy avers the story is as true as gospel but it has formed the basis for a number of jokes, nevertheless. Miss Leahy maintains that these fleas actually wore clothes during their performances, and that by looking through a magnifying glass their antics were as laughable as any circus.

Miss Lois Powers spent her Christmas vacation at Oakland City, where lives a young man in whom she has exhibited a marked interest. She wore a won't come off smile on her return but we can't say the same for Billy Ralston.

J. H. McGuire, of the Vincennes, Ind., office, has been appointed correspondent for the Stanolind Record to send the news of that city to the Evansville office.

F. H. Haupt, service station attendant, has been designated for similar duties at Sullivan, Indiana.

Due largely to the off-form playing of Horace E. Alexander, captain of the Boys' Bowling Team of the Evansville office force, that team has dropped to a position two games behind the commercial league leaders. Horace, usually the best of bowlers, has failed for the last two or three weeks to live up to his customary consistent work. Walter Riepe blamed this upon the fact that Alexander couldn't work in the presence of several pretty girls from the office who had been attending the games to root for the Standard Oil team. Of course the girls, always loyal, stayed away the next Saturday and Horace achieved the magnificent average of ninety. The girls point to that lowest of low scores as a complete vindication of their encouragement but Mr. Riepe says it only proves the truth of the old adage that "You can't get along with 'em and you can't get along without 'em." Horace says that as a bowler he would make a fine hod carrier but despite his recent poor showing the team members have faith in his ability to stage a good come-back.

E. J. Stikeman, lubricating engineer, took the 32nd degree of Masonic work during the fall convocation, which was held in Evansville.

Mr. H. M. Battin, who for the last several weeks had been assisting Mr. Floyd LaTier in auditing the Evansville station, left the last of December. Mr. Battin was retired January first under the company's annuity plan.

Joe Saberton, who checks all service station reports of the Evansville division, was presented with a lovely powder puff for Christmas. The gift came from the office. There are evidences that Joe is making good use of his present.

John Sherwood and J. C. Males, attendants at Service Station 125, Evansville, Indiana, have somewhat modified an old saying. These boys have adopted the motto "Cleanliness is next to Courtesy." And they live up to their motto. They recently scrubbed the entire outside of their station with soap and water and you should see the way the building shines.

The downstairs clerks in the Evansville office are wondering why Harold Guthrie, chief clerk, had the water cooler moved from the front of the building to the back part. The telephone operator says she knows but she hasn't told yet.

Edward Vessels, head of the traffic department, has posted this motto for the guidance of his department clerks, "All fellows love their wives, and girls their sweethearts." Miss Frances Helfrich is the only girl in his department. Homer Paris swears that she blushed when the motto was announced. Incidentally, Miss Helfrich is having a very complete set of towels, pillow slips and other linens embroidered, tatted and otherwise decorated.

Frances Childress, comptometer operator, spent Christmas with her relatives in Peoria, Ill.

John Edmonds, refined oil and gasoline correspondent, spent the holidays with his parents at Crossville, Ill.

Sylvester G. Schaefer has been transferred from the West End service station in Evansville to the North Side station.

Albert E. Fairchild has assumed the duties of second attendant at the West End station. Mr. Fairchild is a new employe.

John H. Feurer has been made agent at New Athens, Illinois.

After having had a three-day vacation following his marriage, Zaff Rogers still lacked the heart to tear himself from the company of his bride and celebrated his return to the office by arriving several minutes late. The immediate vicinity of his desk he found decorated with signs of commiseration and condolence, while the desk itself was loaded with presents designed for usefulness (not so much at the present time, as at some later date). In the face of it all, Zaff bore up bravely and kept his smile, promising to pack all the articles away for future resurrection, with the possible exception of a bottle of milk, which had been provided by one of the well wishers.

Members of the Red Crown Pleasure Club, a social group composed largely of salesmen and their wives, is planning a large party to be held shortly after the New Year opens, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Schulte. Among those who have become permanent members of the group are Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Lang, Mr. and Mrs. Ewald Brauns, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Riepe, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Stikeman, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Schulte, Mr. and Mrs. Lonnie Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Dannetell, Mr. and Mrs. Otto Schinneman, Mr. and Mrs. John Schmitt, Mr. and Mrs. John Limp, Mrs. Elizabeth Leahy, Miss Anna Leahy and Mr. George Jackson. This organization has in the short while since its beginning become the most active of its kind in the Evansville field.

FARGO, N. D.

Mr. H. H. Hathaway, district superintendent of the Crookston field, has been called to the Fargo office to take up the work of Mr. John P. Beaton. Mr. R. H. Dodd, Fargo city salesman, takes Mr. Hathaway's place, and Mr. William Scott, Mr. Dodd's place.

Mr. Freddie Podahl, head skipper of the check department, is enjoying a two week's vacation at his home in Wood River, Minn.

Mr. H. J. Bomford, efficiency man from Chicago office, visited the Fargo office during the past month. He gave a very interesting and instructive talk to the heads of the different departments.

Mr. Sam Ordahl, of the credit department, has just returned from a two weeks' vacation spent at his home in Grafton, N. D.

A great many salesmen visited the Fargo office during their vacation period. Among those favoring us with a visit were Messrs. Frank Dart, Selmer Erickson, S. A. Thomas, R. H. Dodd, Ed. Lund, Albert Rotta, L. Fevig and G. Smith.

Mr. Joe Gotto, credit man, recently had a very pleasant surprise. Upon being introduced to Mr. J. Malchow, lubricating engineer from Milwaukee, he found him to be an old school acquaintance. Although they had not met for some thirty years, both readily recalled many experiences and pranks of the earlier day and had a very enjoyable visit.

A real campaign to reduce accidents has been inaugurated in the Fargo division. Mr. Paul C. Thomas has been appointed chairman, Mr. Stefferud, vice-chairman, and Mr. H. H. Cook, secretary. Arrangements have been made to hold a series of five meetings at Fargo, all employees, Fargo and Moorhead, with the exception of the office force, to be in attendance. A leader has also been appointed at each "A" station; he will be thoroughly acquainted with the Fargo program and carry it out at his own station. Two meetings have already been held at Fargo. At the first, Manager Packard spoke on Safety as an Asset; Mr. Carnine, Cost of Carelessness; Assistant Manager Raupagh, Conditions of Equipment and Cooperation of Drivers. At the second meeting City Attorney Shure gave a very good talk on Rules of the Road. Messrs. Stefferud and Ewald also gave very good talks pertaining to Safety First. The past two meetings have proven to be interesting as well as instructive, and the remaining three meetings are looked forward to with interest. Such a campaign should bring results.

Up to a few days ago Mr. Paul Tehelka's chief claim to fame was due to the efficient manner in which he handled the U. T. L. proposition and for having served as president of the Social Club. Not satisfied with these honors, he now announces the arrival of twins at his home.

All employees will be glad to learn of the fine promotion of Mr. John Beaton to the position of assistant manager, Mankato, Minn. Mr. Beaton has been connected with the Fargo division for the past seventeen years, coming into the employ of the company as a salesman in the year 1905. From this work he was called to the office to take up sales promotion work. Mr. Beaton was not only a leader in his work, but also in the social life of the company as well, having at one time occupied the position of president of the Social Club. Before leaving Mr. Beaton was presented with a beautiful traveling bag and portfolio. Mr. Packard made the presentation speech in his usual pleasing manner, thanking Mr. Beaton for the good work which he had done in the Fargo division and for the fine spirit which he had always shown. Mr. Beaton replied with a few well chosen words, thanking Mr. Packard and the other employees for the gifts, and assuring us that we would always be remembered. We certainly regret very much the loss of our good friend, Mr. Beaton, but wish him the best of luck and know with a continuation of his past efforts, success will be his in his new field.

Miss Mary McArthur sprang quite a surprise on the Fargo force by quietly leaving and becoming one of the principals at a wedding, the lucky man being Mr. N. Thompson, of Moorhead. Mr. and Mrs. Thompson will locate at Leonard, N. D., where the groom is engaged in business.

Mr. R. H. Dodd, who has recently assumed the duties of superintendent of the Crookston territory, announces the arrival of a son. Both the baby and mother are doing fine. It is reported that Mr. Dodd is already teaching the boy to say "Polarine."

The semi-annual business meeting of the Standard Oil Company Social Club was held Friday, December 9. Talks were given by Messrs. Carnine, Packard and Raupagh, each urging all office employees that have not joined the club to do so at once. They also asked that all present members give their support to the activities of the club. Election of officers was held with the following results: Milton Ebeltoft, president; Melvin Rufer, vice-president; Mr. Overby, secretary-treasurer; Ruth Alice Frank, Sarah Weiss; executive committee.

Mr. Ernest Percy of the auditing department recently entered the ranks of the benedicts the fortunate young lady being Miss Helen Carly of Bismarck, N. D. The wedding was a quiet affair held at the Methodist church Fargo, only immediate members of the family and a few intimate friends being in attendance. Mr. Percy has grown to manhood in Fargo, having been employed by the Standard Oil Company for the past four years. His many friends will be pleased to hear that after a short vacation he will again return to Fargo to continue his duties with the Standard Oil Company. Mr. and Mrs. Percy announce at home, Jackson Apartments, Fargo, after Monday, the 23.

Memebrs of the Standard Oil Company Social Club, with the other employees, Fargo and Moorhead, as their guests, together with their families and numerous children who might not have otherwise enjoyed a Christmas tree, held a Christmas party Thursday, December 22, in their offices on Tenth street, north. The earlier part of the evening was given over to a program and Christmas tree exercises. Santa Claus furnished all in attendance with plenty of candy, nuts, apples, and other goodies. After Santa had had his fling, the floor was cleared and dancing was enjoyed until twelve. Lutgens orchestra furnished the music, and the crowd had only praise to offer for their work. The Standard Oil Company employees at Fargo are especially fortunate in having such men at the head of the Company as Manager Packard, Assistant Manager Raupagh, and Chief Clerk Carnine, who are not only willing to allow the use of the building for such parties, but take a leading part in arranging them, and are always on hand ready to have a good time with the rest of the employees. Such a spirit is appreciated by the employees, and it is very doubtful if there is any office which employs as many clerks as the Standard Oil Company in which there exists such a spirit of cooperation and understanding between the employees and the management. Too much credit cannot be given Mr. Milton Ebeltoft, president of the Social Club, for his untiring efforts to make the party a success.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

Standard Oil Company employees and families at Traverse City, Mich., were delightfully entertained recently at the home of Mrs. Frank Atkinson. wife of one of our drivers. An oyster supper was served at a prettily arranged table which was decorated with Yuletide and Christmas candles with a miniature Christmas tree centering, around which were dainty gifts for each guest. It was an enjoyable evening for the kiddies, some of the large "kiddies", too.

Play in the Stanolind Bowling League at Grand Rapids, Mich., has become very exciting, due to the tightening up of the standings after twelve weeks of bowling. The Eurekas are leading the league, but are separated from the Red Crowns, the "Cellar Team," by only 6 games. Below are the standings:

	WON	LOST
Eurekas	22	14
Polarines	18	18
Perfections	18	18
Finols	17	19
Semdacs	17	19
Red Crowns	16	20

And it was the day before New Year—Paul Smits of the marketing department narrowly escaped the strong arm of the prohibition officer when he was seen leaving the office with a little red can to make a tour of Butterworth street. The facts are that Paul's "Hank" runs on Red Crown Gasoline, but this particular day Paul forgot to give the animal enough of the fluid. He so explained to the officer who interrupted his travels about one-half block from the office.

HURON, S. D.

Question: Who buys Jelly Beans for Edna Phillips?

Answer: We know but won't tell.

Walt Hanson is now a proud and happy papa and we wish him luck. He is a real papa, too, because one of the stenos asked him for a safety pin the other day and she got it.

Our order clerk, Weston, thinks he is quite an acrobat. He crawled in through the window one night and then made his wife and baby do the same.

If you want to get cheap applause, ask Lutgen. He knows how it's done.

Have you seen Davis in his basketball uniform?

Miss Oaks, sales writer, has undergone an operation for appendicitis and is reported doing nicely. We hope she will soon be with us again.

Pat Ryan is now a daddy. His name is "Pat, Jr."

As a canary, Traver is a bird. Ditto Mahoney.

Bailey is a good talker, but when it comes to entertaining the public, his daughter Gwendolyn has him backed off the map.

R. Garrett, agent at Harrold, S. D., was in the office recently and it is reported that he is going to take charge of the Miller service station. We know Garrett can handle this in fine shape and wish him luck.

On account of the too strenuous exercise necessary in basket ball, our Captain Sparks has resigned and quit playing. We regret his loss and the team will miss him, but we hope he will recover from his ailment.

It was rumored that we were liable to lose one of our fair stenos. The other morning the elevator man was overheard to say to Vera "Are you cold; you are shivering"? How about it, Vera, was this due to an over crowded elevator, or is it serious?

Seen on the Bulletin Board: There will be a meeting of the girls in the office tonite at 5 o'clock. Be there. Signed, Duke Matson. S'matter Duke? Isn't she coming home this winter.

Johnnie Davis, record department, has a new wrinkle. Have you noticed? It is carried on his upper lip.

Found, in the court room on Sixth floor: One overcoat and cap about 10 a. m. Thursday. What's the matter, Ward, late again?

Thursday, December 22, was a large and enjoyable evening for the Huron office force. We had a real, honest to goodness banquet "Bought and Paid for by the Company" in appreciation of the wonderful work which was done at the time of the fire. First we had the "Eats" and they were real eats, too. A few of us were a little shy on brain and body builder, but pie—say! We had pie galore. Mr. A. H. Dodsley was toastmaster and performed in grand style. The evenings entertainment consisted of folk dancing by an experienced "troupe" from New York, songs by a transcontinental song bird, also a few good songs by our own talent which were much appreciated. This was followed by speeches by the executives and others, and we all went home early enough to get a good night's sleep. (We hope to make this an annual affair, but not necessarily on the Company.)

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

The girls of the Indianapolis office gave a Christmas dinner in the basement of the building Thursday noon, December 22, and presents were exchanged. Mr. Galbreath, manager, Mr. Bruce, assistant manager, Mr. Ashman, chief clerk, Mr. Anderson, Mr. Serrin and Mr. Haefer of the Chicago office, and Mr. Fellingham, a friend of Mr. Galbreath's from Chicago, were the guests of honor. It was a "real" party as everyone had that good, jolly Xmas spirit. The girls thought the men would appreciate eating "De Hote" and gave them a table all to themselves, but it proved an utter failure. Mr. Fellingham wouldn't stand for it at all and exchanged seats with Daisy Voyles. He was sitting between Nell Sage and Myrtle Clark and from the noise and laughter around that part of the table, they must have done a pretty good job of making him think Indianapolis wasn't such a bad town when it came to jolly girls. Mr. Galbreath called attention to the fact that at no one time during the dinner were both of Mr. Fellingham's hands above the table and somethmes both disappeared. What about it, girls? We heard Mr. Haefer murmur that he would like to sit beside Hattie Goldberger, but Florence Lyons, who already had him beside her, saw to it that their seats were so closely together that he couldn't possibly get out. When the presents were exchanged between the girls, the men seemed to feel badly about not receiving one too, and Helen Benner, not wanting anyone to feel neglected, shared her bottle of toilet water with them. It is rumored that Mr. Bruce hung his coat out the window all afternoon to lose that "sweet aroma." What's the matter, Mr. Bruce, were you afraid that you couldn't make her understand? We will sure hand it to the girls around here for the good "eats" we had and all home-made, too. We are sure no one has a malice against Mr. Bruce, but he claims that he didn't get his share of potato salad. Well, we'll see to it next time, Mr. Bruce, that you get a double share. Libbie Turner was elected chief dish washer and she has shown us that when "Dan Cupid" calls her, she will at least know how to wash dishes. Xmas boxes of candy were given as favors and the dinner proved such a success that the men who weren't so lucky as to be invited, are asking the girls when they are going to give another dinner and invite them. A lot of those present are still wondering why Roberta Manvulle blushed so, when she received her present.

John McCallian, Service Station "foreman," won a turkey over the raffle route and Mac was all set for a Christmas feast—but the turkey got away. Eyewitnesses living (scattered) throughout several neighboring counties say John certainly chased his "foul-lets" SOME, not even stopping for meals. After giving up hopes and breath besides, the turkey got jammed in a rail fence about eighteen miles from the starting point—which resulted in a capture before the year 1922.

Miss Nelle Sage, compto operator, journeyed over into the wilds of Illinois to spend Christmas. While there (she said) she taught her two-year-old nephew how to shimmy. Now several traffic department gossips are wondering if Nelle really overlooked the farm hands, as she claims.

Whether it was on account of flat feet, lapsed accident policy or an inflated pocket book, Fred Osterbrink (M to S ledgers) broke in on our tranquility by appearing for work (?) "that slippery morning" in a taxi. The regrettable incident of the whole affair was that no footman was present to greet "his highness" as he alighted (steered by a Charles Denby *seegar*) from the inner recesses of the "yellow hack."

Salesmen Moore and Chapman are open for engagements to sell coupon books—territory makes little difference to them—although they prefer the vicinity of Clinton, Indiana, above all others. (Note.—Not so you can notice it.)

The following is self-explanatory, involving Arlie Heritage, Muncie S. S. 90, in all kinds of matrimonial entanglements. Arlie will be remembered as the chap who insisted on a customer's best girl as security for the return of a gallon can. Since Arlie now has a "best girl" of his own, wonder how he will stand on the security question in the future. "Miss Slyvia Edna Dickerson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harve Dickerson, of Summitville, was united in marriage at Elwood yesterday afternoon to Arlie Clinton Heritage, son of Mr. and Mrs. Morton Heritage, of this city, the single ring

ceremony being performed at the home of the Rev. Harry Odell, pastor of the First Baptist Church, formerly of Summitville, where the bride was a member. The bride was attired in a smart one-piece frock of navy tricotine heavily embroidered in chenille. After a short wedding trip the newly married couple will reside on Alameda avenue, Riverside. The bridegroom is connected with the Standard Oil Company in this city."

Not so foolish, this Ben, at that. When the robbers told Ben Wright, Columbus S. S. to throw up his hands, he did. The ceiling light proves it got a vicious crack.

The "Sea" claims another victim: Married December 31, Miss Helen Katherine Benner to Roland O. Mitchum. Rather sudden, Helen, and no chance for a shower or nothing, but a thousand congratulations just the same. Guess we will get her and hers a set of dishes.

JOLIET, ILL.

Salesmen are enjoying a few days' rest preparatory to the slaughtering of new business for the 1922 campaigns.

Candy Kids and Candy Canes are often seen, but our first glimpse of a Candy King shows us "King Dodo," more frequently referred to as *Hughie* Boyle, with his can of lemon drops.

About 7 days were used in ascertaining the cause of the fairer sex decorating themselves for their daily routine. Diagnosis—Auditors.

To most people three or four nights a week are enough for courting. Hilda Anderson disagrees with us on this matter, claiming that it is the essential for him to meet her noon and night and to bring her down morning and noon.

Harry Berst, bookkeeper, has recently been transferred to the record department.

Boy: Page Mr. Larson, head of the record department. He is wanted on the phone by the mysterious Mrs. Winkle. Oh! shame on you, Art. Why tell the lady you are not here when you are sitting right at your desk and know you are here?

TO DECATUR AND LA CROSSE, GREETINGS

To attract your attention and give you pleasure were the two principal reasons in publishing a photograph of some of our young ladies in the Joliet office which was taken at Bush Park during a holiday. Naturally, we are quite flattered by the offers of marriage from Arthur J. Fasten and R. T. Culp of Decatur and File "H. P." of LaCrosse; also "R. S.," same city, but for your information the candidates have been frightened by the blunt proposals. It has even been noted that file "H. P.," LaCrosse has signified his willingness to commit bigamy. Of course, we are not familiar with state laws in Wisconsin governing marriage, but we were under the impression that the only place King Solomon had a chance would be in Salt Lake City. Thanks so much for the Xmas cards, etc., etc , etc., but why not come back with a photograph, giving your dope to the Stanolind Record editor instead of working in competition to him?

Louie, the office boy, was asked to obtain a piece of art gum for one of our fair stenographers. In reply he advised that he had no art gum, but suggested Parowax as a substitute, stating that it was just as good to chew.

Harry Hamlin of the record department has been appointed head of the barrel department.

Dave Rang, Joliet field's popular janitor, has always held first prize as a heat producer until yesterday morning when Raphael Byrnes was discovered holding the hands of Frances Smith. Their excuse was that it was cold. Upon investigation it was found that the thermometer only reached 85°. Just what are you going to do when winter comes?

The following modern cooking recipe is submitted by Mr. J. B. Sontag for roasting duck of the FISH VARIETY. This recipe is not to be attempted except when cook is armed with a gas mask: Roast for 35 minutes with a chicken in a warm oven, heave pan and contents out the back door until odor subsides. We have been unable to discover who the joke is on, Mr. Sontag, or Mr. E. B. Gray; they both claim it is theirs.

Mildred, the deputy sheriff's daughter, no doubt will be welcome to Joliet office by some of our bootleggers more heartily than by some of the nicer type of boys, although all are in favor of a prolonged shout of welcome to Miss Lindgren.

Mr. D. Campbell, head of the smokestack department, is spending Christmas vacation at St. Joseph, Mo.

Harry Fricke, our Beaux Brummel of the second floor, has been transferred to the equipment department.

Our local Sherlock Holmes intercepted a letter mailed by Bernie Muentnich, assistant credit man, which had been mailed to Miss —— ——. Portion of the contents are given herewith with apologies to Longfellow:

My Crown is Red
My Head is Dead
But both belong to You.

There were a series of "X's" at the close of the letter which have evaded interpretation.

Many soldiers have returned with the scars of battle on their person, but all honors are given to Gladys Gallagher after seeing the scratch on her arm last Thursday morning. Why not get them young and train them before they become ferocious? If there are any suggestions we could give, they will be gladly forwarded upon receipt of a self-addressed envelope to Joliet's (Lydia Pinkham) C. A. Roberts.

Why does a chicken cross the road? That's nothing—Who "Spat" on Pat Morrisey's shoes?

In the early part of December there was a letter mailed from Joliet office to all agents in the field. It contained a plea for news that would bring tears to the eyes of "The Great Stone Face," but resulted in absolutely no dope from the field. How dull and uninteresting it must be to drive a tank wagon, or be an agent, and as the agents are reading this, it is our hope that it breeds a little germ of determination and causes them to submit something to the correspondent in time for next month's publication.

Mr. L. O. Brehm is now in a Cage—Oh Boy! wouldn't Cy DeVry have a swell job taming him after he reads this. He certainly will be fit to be tied as well as caged. How long are you in for, Loo-i-e-e?

John Howard Connor, that swell farmer boy from down about Dwight, Streator, or thereabout, was told to take a vacation, but having lost his dictionary he cannot find out what the word means; therefore, his smiling countenance is seen daily about the main office and for lieu of something to do, he may be seen sitting on the bumper of the Cadillac, patting its radiator and murmuring sweet nothings into the headlights.

There was a great commotion in the telephone booth this morning about 10 o'clock. Upon investi-

gation it was found that there had been several short circuits caused by Joe Horan's green sweater. Jiggers, Joe—the "Black Hand" is after you.

Mr. Morton, upon entering the assistant manager's office, stopped, looked and listened. There is no doubt but that he had every reason to do this, for there, on Mr. Monson's desk, striding in stately style was a "stork." Why? Don't ask us, as the only answer we will be able to give is that it may have something to do with that smile that has been prominent for the past few weeks.

The following article is not submitted to be read as a testimonial. It was simply mailed to us in the form of a note of appreciation by a customer in the Joliet field, Mrs. Roy Seloover, at Amboy, Ill.: Mrs. Seloover made an auto trip from Amboy, Ill., to Dayton, Ohio, with a light Overland car, carrying five passengers besides herself. Passenger and luggage weight estimated at 1,000 pounds. The trip of 979 miles was made in four days, a total consumption of forty-two gallons of Red Crown and seven quarts of Polarine, averaging 23.3 miles to the gallon of Red Crown and 139.7 miles to the quart of Polarine. This is most likely not a record, but will be considered very good mileage. The body of the letter dwelt on the courtesy and service rendered by Standard Oil Company employees enroute, saying that the greatest of attention was given at every Standard Oil service station not only in Joliet field, but in other fields that were passed through. Mr. Seloover, who was rather averse to having his wife make such a trip, added that his fears had been more than overcome by the reports of service and respect rendered to his wife and party during the trip.

Momence, Ill., was the scene of great activity on the afternoon of November 12. The event was the quartering of something over 80 motorized artillery trucks, enroute to North Carolina, being a detachment of the 83rd Field Artillery. Commanding Officer Lt. Roxburry phoned ahead on the night of November 11, requesting arrangements be made for the handling of his detachment at Momence. Assistant Manager C. M. Monson took charge of the situation and handled it in person, using 3 tank wagons, and by that means was able to fill 40 trucks in exactly 30 minutes. He also was instrumental in arranging for quarters for the detachment of men operating the contingent of trucks, having them quartered in the Momence dance hall. The commanding officer was very profuse in his expression of appreciation in the splendid manner in which the whole affair was handled, saying the best service had been rendered that he had ever been given on such an occasion. Approximately 1,600 gallons of Red Crown and a barrel of Polarine were used.

A SALES ARGUMENT WORTH USING

Chicago authorized Ford agencies, advertised in the Sunday Examiner of a recent issue, that a coupon good for 100 gallons of Red Crown gasoline would be given free to any purchaser of a used Ford from any of their authorized agencies. We assume that the Ford agencies, using an inducement of that nature, classifies Red Crown as something better than the ordinary. It has been considered that no inducement was necessary to selling a Ford. Having been found that Red Crown boosts sales of Fords, we accept their advertisement as a compliment of merit. Not at all a bad sales argument.

* * *

"What is a pessimist?"

"He's a guy that complains because his bank roll is so thick that it breaks the stitches of his wallet." —*Punch Bowl.*

KANSAS CITY, MO.

W. O. Sala spent his vacation in Rock Island, Ill., visiting with relatives. The rest appears to have agreed with him immensely.

We see a wild future before Dannie Davison, trying to promote peace and harmony in the stock department. If he succeeds in doing it, we recommend him as a representative at the Peace Conference.

The examining force has been reinforced with two additions, Dwight Roberts and H. H. Uran, formerly collectors. Collecting was grapes for these two hustlers and we are looking for the same kind of results from them in their new work.

Freddie Crabtree, alias "Shorty," was recently removed from the confines of the Armourdale plant where he manipulated the switchboard, and at the present time is doing detective work in the file room, seeking clews to the whereabouts of 090's, 075's, etc.

We understand that Fred Overlander is making things hum in the traffic department. Or was it that he was humming things? Many beers to you, Fred.

Mr. J. E. Erickson, until recently of the Minneapolis office, has assumed his duties as assistant chief clerk. Being a man of avoirdupois, we suspect that we'll get along first rate.

At the district superintendents' meeting early in December, Mr. Amos Ball presided and made some interesting talks. Messrs. Warren and Whalen of St. Joe were also present and mixed with the boys, also Mr. Van Horne, district superintendent in the St. Louis field, who has since been promoted to assistant manager at Wichita.

District No. 3 has lost a valuable leader in Mr. J. H. Budde who was made assistant manager at Decatur, Ill. While his successor has not yet been officially named, we understand that Mr. Zeckser salesman, will fill the vacancy, in which case No. 3 district will undoubtedly continue to enjoy the success it has in the past. Best wishes, gentlemen!

Our basket ball team suffered its first defeat in the game with Irving-Pitt Mfg. Co. Fear of mob violence forbids our disclosing the score but it wasn't VERY big. A little more encouragement on the part of the employees, we believe, would aid materially in helping the boys to victory. This can only be done by your presence at the games. LET'S GO!! Take the family.

We were intending to spring something funny on "Red" Stevens but now it's all off. He's supposed to be attached to the tank wagon department, but it seems as though he is more attached to Miss Schwenk in the file room. Well, we were going to say he was transferred from the tank wagon to the file room and then say "Oh, that's a mistake; he's just visiting her," but fate had other fish to fry as "Red" is taking the agency at Emporia. We wonder if Miss Schwenk would like Emporia? "Red" has the goods; now watch him deliver them. "Red" Gilmore, cashier's cage, takes the vacancy.

Bill Miller defeated ole man hi-cost of Santa Claus and learned a trade in the bargain. Having priced doll houses in the toy shops, he was dealt a cruel blow at the staggering prices, so he forthwith procured some lumber, nails, and a saw, emulated Noah and built it himself. We wonder if it will pass the critical inspection of the juvenile member of the family group. (Week later—Yep, he got away with it.)

The first meeting of the Safety Council was

held Wednesday night, November 9, in the company office. "Safety as an Asset" was discussed by Manager Griffin and "The Cost of Carelessness" by Assistant Manager Wilson.

C. H. McElroy spent the holidays with his folks at Clay Center, Kans. He also spent quite a large sum of legal tender, something like 50 cents, we understand, but Mac says he doesn't care if he was a reckless spender, he had a good time.

Mary Webster has been away on her vacation. We wondered what made things so quiet for the last couple of weeks.

Xmas might be designated "Put and Take Day" They say it's more blessed to give than to receive, but those who gave and didn't receive will probably argue to the contrary. For instance, North undoubtedly has different views on this than "Maj" Crenshaw as it seems that in the first annual poker session held during the holidays North did the puttin' and "Maj" did the taking.

Harry Branditz was separated from the examining force and given the custody of the cash sale department, succeeding Jerry McGowan, who survived two years in the aforementioned department, and who is now known as general clerk.

Agent McAdams, Rossville, Kans., says tough luck is something he ain't got nothing but. Sometime in November his motor truck caught fire and burned to a frazzle. Then in December, truck No. 2 overturned in a ditch and suffered considerable damage.

Reggie Bressette, at one time a member of the stock department, has been in a critical condition, suffering from blood poisoning. At this time his condition is improving and we look for complete recovery, barring unforeseen complications.

Wednesday evening, November 23, the Safety Council held its second meeting in the company office. Mr. F. R. Bigler, who has been affiliated with the Kansas City Gas Co. for the past twenty-five years and now holds the position of Director of Purchases, gave a very interesting talk on "Safety First." Mr. Bigler met with two severe accidents some years ago which cost him an arm and a limb and we felt fortunate in having him address the Council as he is uniquely equipped both mentally and physically to discuss such a subject. During the World War he was very active and up to the present time has secured positions for 11,000 cripples in the United States. Mechanical Engineer J. R. Cook, discussed "Relation of Lubrication to Accidents" and Chief Clerk L. R. Jones, "Relation of Safety First to Salaries." We were also pleased to have with us at this meeting, District Superintendents C. W. Bryan, J. H. Hefty, J. H. Budde, T. T. Tennant, H. G. Erzinger and G. W. Coldsnow.

Miss Bulson has been entrusted with the supervision of the newly created dictaphone department. This is in addition to managing the billing department.

The Xmas spirit must have taken possession of Tom Tennant, judging from the near shiner on his map. Of course, boils *do* grow on Rand McNallys.

E. R. Monks was absent the other day and when he returned he had two neatly executed scratches on his countenance. Having already celebrated the third anniversary, we can't dope it all out. Information, please.

The order department is running full blast again with the return of Ann Enright, who has been absent for some time on account of serious illness. Glad to see you back, Ann.

In the December issue, we made a statement that Agent Wilper at Garnett had cashed in, which was a bum steer. He's not a dead 'un but very much alive at this time. Ask the insurance company; they know. Sounds like a war-time romance, doesn't it?

At the third Safety First meeting held the evening of December 7, Mr. Coldsnow, district superintendent, discussed "What Follows an Accident"; Mr. G. L. Walker, "Safety First as Applied to Railroad Crossings." These meetings will be held twice a month, the last scheduled for evening of January 3, 1922.

The Kansas City office boasts the speediest pedestrian in the Indiana field: Meet Mr. E. A. Wetmore, who hails from Bosting. Wetmore says he gets it from his ancestors who hurried to the Boston Tea Party.

Ex-Agent I. N. Rigney of Manhattan, now on the annuity role, was a visitor in the Kansas City office December 30.

PICTURES, PICTURES, Who's got some PICTURES—And NEWS.

LA CROSSE, WIS.

A handsome new service station has recently been opened in North La Crosse. Harold Scholberg is the attendant.

Eau Claire, Wis., also has a new service station, which they consider a valuable asset to their beautiful city. Karl A. Heggen is the attendant.

SERVICE, ANY TIME, ANYWHERE

Recently, while Mr. A. C. Page, mayor of Austin, Minn., was driving from Lansing to Waltham Minn., his car decided it wouldn't run without fuel, so it stopped miles from nowhere. He had hardly gotten out of his car when up drives Mr. Carstens with his tank truck from Austin. He immediately filled the tank and His Honor proceeded on his way with less than ten minutes delay. The Mayor later expressed his appreciation of the service rendered, to other Standard Oil Company representatives at Austin and claims that Standard Oil service is unexcelled.

The sparkler on Mary Rohr's left hand has decided to take for a companion a wedding ring, and the traffic department will eventually mourn the loss of their stenographer. Christmas bells will be wedding bells—good luck and best wishes, Mary and Sev.

On Friday evening, October 28, the girls of the Social Club "squared up" by serving the eats at Steve's where a most delightful evening was spent by those present. It was the second dancing party of the club—the first one being an oyster supper which was served by the men and this comeback of the girls followed in quick succession, making it two big times in one month. Hallowe'en caps were worn by the guests and were very becoming in some cases. Dancing, mirth and laughter seem to be second nature to employees of La Crosse. Memories of "Wang Wang Blues" with only a tiny dim moon in the corner of the hall will be cherished for years to come. (We are not mentioning any names as to whom we refer.) The Moonlite glide was equally fascinating. Lunch consisting of sandwiches, pickles, doughnuts, cake and coffee was served, which interval was the only time the orchestra was at ease.

After refreshments, dancing was resumed until 12:00 o'clock when the band played "Till We

Meet Again," which was the most solemn moment of the evening.

Reporters neglected to announce that Clyde Blinston captured a 165-pound deer in the northern woods shortly after the opening of the season. Lucky man, Clyde.

Adolph Otto, our credit man, recently displayed one of those vampish moustaches. Now it is only a memory. Why so short lived?

MANKATO, MINN.

Announcement of the appointment of Manager H. A. Monson to the managership of the Des Moines division came as a distinct shock to the Standard Oil family of the Mankato division, but this was turned into immediate action when it was learned that he expected to leave at any hour to assume his duties at Des Moines. The farewell function tendered to Mr. and Mrs. Monson at the Episcopal Guild Hall will go down in history of the division and linger long in the memory of those who were fortunate enough to be present. The hall was beautifully decorated and dancing was enjoyed until 11:30, when luncheon was served in the dining room under the direction of Mrs. Anderson, assisted by the Red Crown girls. Mr. Chesbrough, on behalf of the office and field force of the Mankato division, presented Mr. and Mrs. Monson with a silver service set in token of the regard, friendship and best wishes which the entire Mankato family holds toward them. Mr. Monson was quite overwhelmed but responded in beautiful manner, referring feelingly to the past few years in the division and his regret at again leaving the old home town, but expressing his pleasure at being transferred to the Des Moines field.

On Tuesday, December 13, Mr. T. J. Thompson, general manager, and J. L. Carter, assistant general manager, Northern division, arrived in Mankato to make the official announcement of the appointment of Mr. M. H. Chesbrough to the managership of the Mankato division and of Mr. Jno. P. Beaton to the assistant managership. Mr. Beaton comes to Mankato from the Fargo division where he has been for a long term of years. The Mankato division extends a most cordial welcome to Mr. Beaton, and wishes him every success in his enlarged responsibilities.

George Kelly, service station auditor, is all stuck up. On Friday evening, December 3, George was stuck up at the point of a gun and relieved of $3.65 by two armed desperadoes about five minutes after he alighted from the 10 o'clock Milwaukee train in Mankato. He was heading rapidly towards home when two men jumped out from the shadows and demanded that he "put 'em in the air", which George did without any preliminary argument, especially when the business end of a pistol was shoved under his nose. The bandits then relieved him of his change and watch, but returned the latter when it was discovered that it was monogrammed so as to render it valueless for their purpose. In order to make their escape more secure the men then bound George's hands and feet and gagged him, after which they dragged him into an alley and fled. George managed to work loose after a time and reported the matter to the police department. Aside from being considerably shaken and upset George was none the worse for his experience, but William Clark, service station superintendent, gives us quiet information to the effect that George has purchased a lantern for future use.

That old Dan Cupid may also be found perched upon a typewriter was proved when Miss Esther Herbert, former bill clerk in the Mankato office, became the bride of Michael Gretz, also of the Mankato office. The news of the approaching wedding was not given out and we are disposed to believe that Esther and Mike were going to surprise the office bunch, but somehow or other, the day before the wedding someone heard something, and Mike was showered with preliminary congratulations and good wishes. The Red Crown Club presented the happy couple with a beautiful silver casserole and Mike appeared on the scene a few days later with cigars and candy.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Mr. L. W. Sturhahan, our assistant chief clerk, has the sympathy of the Milwaukee division in the death of his father, who died Wednesday, December 14.

Our live wire city salesman, Mr. Wm. R. Winter, Jr., received an early Christmas present about two weeks before December 24. The precious package was a bouncing baby girl. "Good luck to your wife and babe," are the greetings from the Milwaukee division.

Our salesman, Mr. A. M. Bemis, also our lubricating salesman, Mr. E. C. Jacobi, paid the Milwaukee office a visit during the holidays. Mr. Bemis covers Watertown and the vicinty, and Mr. Jacobi all the northern points in the Milwaukee field, such as Green Bay, Oconto, Merrill, Wausau, etc. We are always glad to see you, boys. Come in the office and see us again.

Mr. Dean Treat and his assistant, Mr. Cooke, both traveling from the Chicago office, visited the Milwaukee office during the holidays. Hope we can see you gentlemen soon again.

We are pleased to announce that Milton Gissing, employed in the credit department, and who is an enthusiastic bowler of the "Midweek Bowling Club," won a chicken in the match game November 23. Milton stated the chicken was about the size of a pigeon but it was the honor of being a prize winner that was worth trying for.

We are pleased to see Ed. Dulleau back at his desk after several days' absence on account of illness.

Our Mr. H. A. Mumthe, service station collector at Racine, received an exceptional Christmas present on December 26. The big surprise was a baby boy. Congratulations and good luck to the Mumthe family!

All the kalochrome candles which decorate the homes of Escanaba, Mich., were not purchased in the Duluth field, judging from the heavy purchases of Dave Noonan.

The Milwaukee office force, in addition to doing their Christmas shopping early, determined to do it at home. The order department succeeded in making cash sales of $354 worth of kalochrome, yuletide candles, etc. The candles made beautiful presents and the sales, nice business for the Milwaukee division.

Our engineer, Mr. Ed. Kellogg, retired on November 30, 1921. Mr. Kellogg sure leaves behind him a raft of friends and everybody will miss his witty sayings and his jokes. He was a very clever fellow and always livened up the crowd. Mr. Kellogg put in thirty-one years of service with this company, and was one of the first salesmen in the Milwaukee division.

Mr. M. McCrory has lately joined the sales force and he surely is going some. Better look out, James, for this hustling brother of yours.

Mr. G. W. Liebl joined our sales force, being in charge of the Waupun circuit. In the short time Mr. Liebl has been out, he has found that roads can be muddy, but that Red Crown will always pull him over hard spots. We are glad to have you with us and wish you success.

It is evident that Mr. Marsden would rather spend Thanksgiving on a mud pond trying to get some ducks that at home eating turkey. Ask Mr. E. C. Love how he likes the roads down at Bristol.

On Monday, December 5, all the office employes were called together to bid farewell to our chief clerk, Mr. V. C. Kenney. Mr. T. H. Lang delivered the farewell speech and presented Mr. Kenney with a beautiful ring. This ring was given him by all the employes as a token of remembrance rom the Milwaukee division. We will all remember him as an honest, upright, straightforward man, capable of undertaking any duty that was assigned to him and he surely will be missed by all of us, but duty calls and we all must respond. Our best wishes and good luck in all future transactions is the farewell message from the Milwaukee division.

Friday, December 9, we bade farewell to our assistant chief clerk, Mr. B. Radtke, who will now take over this position at Quincy, Ill. Our Mr. H. A. Hanson made a farewell speech and presented Mr. Radtke with a watch as a token of friendship from the Milwaukee office.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Mr. H. G. Pachel, formerly tankwagon booster and agent instructor, is now picking up the suburban business in a Ford car. Pachel says: "If there's anything there, I'll get it".

Walter Beaudoin has a new boy at his house. Usually the correspondent makes a bright remark about an event of this kind. So here goes. We hope the boy has more head on his hair than his father.

Frank Becker, the agent at Waconia, killed a 240-pound hog. H. G. Pachel took 120 pounds and L. M. Klebba took 120 pounds. Ham and eggs and pork chops. Oh, boy!

The following is the standing of the Standard Oil Bowling League:

	WON	LOST
Red Crowns	30	9
Renowns	27	12
Stanolax	19	20
Perfections	19	20
Polarines	13	26
Semdacs	9	30

Individual high game for the season, J. G. Overlock, 226.

Team high three games total, Renowns 2676.

Steffes is high man with an average of 177 and J. C. Vincent is low man with an average of 109.

200 scores are getting common.

Did you notice the lonesome expression on Joe Huckenpahler's face.

W. E. Hunt is now the Road Oil King. Come on, Mr. Cadillac, let's go.

Listen Mr. Fortner, don't let Mr. Cochran kid you about your Ford sedan. Supopse it does rattle, that doesn't mean anything to a man who isn't mechanic.

H. T. Christensen is making regular trips to Chicago. Christy always comes back with a head full.

Harry Gillette may not be the best bowler in the world, but what's that got to do with selling candles and getting new Polarine accounts?

Mr. W. Clayton Little, agent Young America, drops in on us every once in a while. Always glad to see you.

John (Greb) Martonik, Minneapolis premier kittenball pitcher, is now with us. We can hardly wait until we see Greb in a Standard Oil uniform.

Henry M. Lindner, our good looking service station attendant at Willmar, Minn., found the name of Miss May Harvey, 1143 West Park Avenue, Whiting, Ind., on one of our Polarine Lithographed cans. Have you written her yet, Henry?

The third meeting of the Safety Council was held December 20. From the attendance we can expect that our accidents for 1922 will be held to a minimum.

"Santa Claus" presented Miss Rhoda Halvorson with a classy onyx diamond set ring for Xmas. Is that the way they give them now, Rhoda?

Jimmy Bullard brought his good looking Canuck brother-in-law to the office the other day and introduced him to the girls. Then Jim took him away just when the girls were getting well acquainted. 'Taint fair, Jim.

Geo. Kemme is taking lessons on the clarinet. George is also an ardent student of the terpsichorean art.

Harry Allingham, formerly of the warehouse, is now agent at St. Cloud. We'll wager that after Harry is in St. Cloud six months the name Standard Oil will be branded all over the town.

H. J. Hauck, St. Paul salesman, spent his vacation in New York City. Hauck said he was homesick, but he did not tell us her name.

Have you seen Mr. Brown's Dodge steam car in action? It's not a Stanley steamer, it is a Brown steamer.

Miss Ankerson has returned to Davenport. Mr. Cameron, Miss Ankerson is a nice girl, and we know that you will be good to her.

P. C. Dickey is spending his vacation making 1922 resolutions. What kind of resolutions?

Mr. Klebba was close to death recently. The room in which he was sleeping at his home became filled with sulphur gas, and had not another member of the family discovered it, he would be playing a harp now. (Sure he wouldn't still be inhaling sulphur?—Ed.)

Miss Beck, we think it is a shame that Eckman does not give us an article about you for the Stanolind Record. For our readers' information, Miss Beck taught Greek history at the university before coming with the Standard Oil Company.

An educational school for the salesmen was held at the office during the first week in January. A better understanding of our products resulted. Talks were made by the following: Mr. Cochran, Mr. Brown, Mr. Kingsley, Mr. Christensen, Mr. Hentschell, Mr. Arneson, Mr. Fortner, Mr. Walton, Mr. Kemme, Mr. Damkroger, Mr. Hunt, Mr. Keith, Mr. Freyberg, Mr. Conners, Mr. Gillette, and Mr. Klebba.

On December 29 Mr. Cochran, our manager, went to Atchison, Kansas, to be present at the burial of his mother. Mr. Cochran has the sympathy of every employee.

Miss Napier now has charge of the transcribing operators. She has made a good start.

Geo. Johnson of the warehouse puts a steel barrel filled with Polarine over his head to arms' length. Come on, you Hackenschmidts.

Felix Mildenberg recently cured a toothache owned by Norwood Broberg with a bite of Brown's mule chewing tobacco. The kick did it.

Andy Gump of the tank wagon department doesn't resemble the famous Andy in appearance but he has it on him for voice.

Geo. Rice is our new mimeograph operator. Get 'em out fast, George.

Ralph Sheley spent Christmas with his parents. Anybody else, Ralph?

A new face in the file department is the property of Miss Etrulla Lane.

The girls in the office appreciate the concert that Mark Anderson gives them daily on the piano. Mark is a melody tickler.

Why do all of the Ediophone operators want the records that Steffes dictates? Is it because they enjoy the musical harmony of a single man's voice?

A. C. McCluskey is now using a hair tonic. What for, Mac?

Mr. J. E. Erickson, our former general clerk, has been transferred to Kansas City as assistant chief clerk. Good luck to you, Ed. Harry Jones took his place as general clerk.

Buttermilk Ellis recently lost his grip. It was found by Eddie Flavin's bloodhound and prohibition officers.

Mr. Larkin shakes a wicked statistical pencil.

Mr. Miller, chief clerk of Huron, and his assistant, Mr. Bankheimen, visited us recently.

"Kewpie" Anderson is now married. There is nothing to say but to wish him every luck in the world.

Minneapolitans might have seen "Parties" and "More Parties," but were given the treat of their lives at the HARD TIME PARTY given December 17 in the Standard Oil Company Ball Room (main office minus the furniture). The result the decorators attained was well worth the effort in changing the room to an exclusive ball room. Everyone was dolled up in "Tatters and Rags," and you would never recognize some of the officials of the Minneapolis division, or the rest of the gang. We are all wondering where Mr. Brown got his ancient cutaway and the usual "trimmin's." Mr. Vincent sure was a scream in his sweaterette and striped trouserettes. We have appointed a committee to inquire what fair one had the honor of being Mr. Vincent's "shimmie" teacher, for he certainly shook a mean hip (according to Mrs. Noyes). We had two sets of Gold Dust Twins, Mr. Eckman, Fisher, Flavin and Steffes, and they took the hand-painted cow bell for pep. The Famous Tinkertown Quintette furnished the music, and they tinkered royally and as the result no wall flowers were seen all evening. Mr. Fisher was the Judge of the Kangaroo Court, and the rest of the Gold Dust Twins were "Coppers." Very few people got by (different from most cops) without saying "Good evening, Judge," and forking over. Mr. Vincent was fined once for dancing with a lady with his hat on, in fact so many times, the Judge told him the next time he appeared in court, he would sentence him to go the rest of his life without dancing. Dan Roche was the goat, as usual. He was fined because some married woman put her arm around him and would not take it away. Jim Connolly forked over for insisting that every dance be a "Moonlight Waltz," with little or no light, his wife being the plaintiff. Another big hit was the "Bar" in the basement, where cider, doughnuts and apples were served. Everyone thought that it being a Hard Time Party, the cider would be hard, too, and were very much disappointed on tasting it. Blanche PaDelford was the first one to tap the barrel and as we had no adding machine handy could not keep track of her "treats." The salesmen were well represented, most of them bringing their wives, or somebody else's wife. Mr. and Mrs. Chapman with their prize-taking outfits, Hentschell, Bullard, Rademacher, Birmingham and several others were there with their hair in a braid. When the orchestra tuned up for Home, Sweet Home, in the early hours of the morning, all asked the same question, "When is the next party going to be?" (WHAT! And no pictures?—Ed.)

PEORIA, ILL.

On December 5 a quartet of Standard Oil Company employes, with their wives, and husbands, journeyed to the Alps Alleys to put on an impromptu bowling tournament. The party included Messrs. and Mesdames W. H. Flanagan, W. S. McCready, J. P. Barnes and W. Munea. Everyone reported a wonderful time, including the pinboys, particularly when recounting the stop that was made afterward at the Munea residence for the purpose investigating the "basement." (Believe us, with Flanagan and McCready in the gang, that cellar wasn't investigated; it was invested). Mrs. Munea asked us not to publish this last, as the supply of ginger ale is running low. All right, Jess, we won't.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Perry Barnes entertained a number of the Standard Oil Company crowd recently at their residence. Five hundred was the pastime, followed by a delicious spread. Mr. W. R. Battin carried off the prize for the men, and Zillah Pritchard led the ladies. Bill Munea took the booby prize. (Didn't you carry off some of that spread, too, Bill?)

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. McCready also played hosts to the above assemblage some weeks ago. Details as to the successful card rustlers are lacking.

At noon on Saturday, December 24, the Peoria office employees assembled on the second floor for their annual Christmas festivities. These affairs have won renown since their inauguration some years ago, and are eagerly anticipated. Several new "stunts" agreeably surprised the merrymakers, Miss Buchele's solo being the feature. The duet rendered by Jane Higgins and Ethel Wertz was charming in its harmony, and the quaintness of its conception was admirable. (We have Fluff's word for it.) Station Examiner Lindenfelser presided as "Santa Claus", being ably assisted by his colleagues, Messrs. Stever and Hutcherson, and at intervals, by Bill Flanagan. There were presents for all, gorgeous, unique, and sublime—would that space permitted appending the list—with sweets and smokes as added attractions. The cigars and candy were the manager's gift, for which all express their appreciation, including ye scribe, although some sin-rotted heathen stole his perfecto from his desk while his back was turned. The cherubic innocence of one G. Heser is suspected. "Shorty" Johnson surprised the assemblage with his rendition of a diverting fragment of poesy, although what he meant by tacking that cock-a-doodle-doo on the end of it we couldn't quite figure out, until we learned that he'd been camping in the boiler-house with McCready for half an hour beforehand. Mr. Wantling, chief clerk, made a few remarks, in which he thanked the assemblage for the cooperation and results of the past year, and expressed his faith in similar performances during 1922. All in all, this year's "festival" was an unqualified success. The afternoon was well along when the "gang"

departed, except those luckless ones (not you, Bill Stever) who remained behind, so it is whispered, to scorch fingers and bankrolls in fruitless wooing of the galloping dominoes.

The Christmas "spirit" impressed Mr. Phillips to such an extent that he took a little "shot" on December 24. He hasn't recovered yet.

'Tenshun! Salute "General" Penny. Roy surely earned his gold stars during that coupon book race. He distanced his "gigantic" competitor in the last day's dash.

The "Crocks" have entered the city bowling tournament. Nothing more—just entered.

Kleinsmith, we understand, didn't fancy the scent of his Christmas present, and threw it away. Try a Stanolax shampoo, Charlie.

John Sherwin doesn't support all of Roosevelt's principles. He threw what "Santa" Lindenfelser gave him in the waste basket.

Springfield employees are expecting smokes soon. (Don't overlook ye Ed., Webb, old top.)

Salesman Britt has a sleepy look these days. His kid is cutting teeth.

Lee Huston, attendant at S. S. 168, expands his chest, pouter pigeon like, to announce the arrival of a nine-pound girl. Betcha 168's customers know all about the little lady.

And still come stories of the prowess of our esteemed fellow workers with the fowling piece. Fluff Lindenfelser and Peterson are the latest candidates. In three trips so far all they got was back.

Wanda Powers likes 'em blue blooded. Democracy and the rest of it is all very well, says she, but when one can get a real live "Duke" to bring red stick candy every day, why, oh, girls! Kinda hard on just a plain ordinary American citizen, eh, P. W. A.?

J. Perry Barnes, enterprising hustler that he is, devoutly upholds the policy of "selling the full line." Visiting the county seat in his territory recently, he had pointed out to him the judge who had granted more divorces than any jurist in the district. J. Perry, being a man of deeds, seized the opportunity and sold him Separator oil.

John Sherwin doesn't tote around those hundred and ninety-odd pounds for nothing. The upholstery came in handy during his rapid and somewhat undignified descent of the stairs.

Taylor brought Brandwig to work the other morning in the Studebaker. The pavements were in excellent trim for ice skating. Coming down Spring street hill, in trying to avoid an argument with an Adams street car, the bus did a beautiful tail spin, "landing" safely, by luck. Climbing out, with a "gates-ajar" grin, Harry had the crust to tell the spectators that he liked it.

Battin got a turkey from one of his customers in Bushnell for Christmas. Explained that it was just a little gift, an appreciation, etc., etc. Get away with that stuff, Bill. Did you buy it, or was it an exchange?

Favorite saying of the Crocks—"Anaweeze!"

(Having an abiding faith in the integrity of our fellow men, we print the above, although in darkest ignorance as to its significance. Peterson guarantees an explanation next issue. Better come clean, E. P., or we'll publish your average.)

Among other attributes, this most excellent branch of the Indiana Company boasts a female relay team. We didn't find it out until the other day, when the members, Mrs. Munea, Zillah Pritchard and Ethel Wertz staged a thrilling finish down Voris street to the gate at seven-fifty-nine, plus. Tell Bill to keep Red Crown in the Velie, Jess, and save your weight.

That man Lessig sure do have a mean eye for the ladies' likes. Ask Miss Sutton how she enjoyed "Main Street."

Overheard Serkowitch promise Miss Moran a "great big busting one" for Christmas afternoon—under the mistletoe. Did he deliver, Bernice?

Some girls may run after matinee idols, movie stars, etc., but Dorothy McKee prefers chasing street cars. She did a century dash between Main and Hamilton streets last week that was a gem. Charley Paddock had nothing on "Mickey."

Now we know where William Wrigley got the money to buy the Cubs 'n Catalina Island 'n everything. Bertha Rimmey told us.

Si Reed's—er—lady friend, so rumor hath it, presented him with a magnificent umpty-nineteen jewelled timepiece for Xmas. We haven't lamped the tick-tock yet, so can't say for sure, but anyway, Si's phiz beamed like the Life Building tower searchlight. Get ready for Linneman and the Form 41, fellows. What'll it be, Si—morris chair, or a vacuum cleaner?

The Saratoga alleys were the scene of a terrific encounter recently, when Powell's "Poodles" and Heser's "Wildcats" clashed in a tenpin battle for blood. The "wild ones," due to Heser's reckless disregard of the salary limit, proved more shark than feline, whence it naturally followed that the "canines" developed as fish. Out of pity for Captain Powell's lacerated feelings we refrain from publishing the score. Ye scribe being unfortunately absent (we were kissing the jack for the Missus on her Christmas shopping) accounts are somewhat limited. Heser's slide for life when his spikes wouldn't hold, was the feature, we understand.

Talk about embarrassing moments—ask Anna Prager regarding the answer the medium gave her at the Orpheum that night. Dollar she can't tell it without blushing.

Chris Ludwig, Peoria warehouse foreman, recently suffered an attack of heart trouble, and was for some time confined to his home in a serious condition. He's back on the job again now, a little peaked, but "still in the ring," so he says. Chris is one of Peoria's real "vets," his years of service totaling twenty-nine, and here's hoping he shakes off the jinx and adds another score to the record.

Clarence Buck, recently of the sales department, has been advanced to the position of city salesman at Bloomington. Here's luck in your new line, Clarence.

Mr. M. H. Trinkhaus is a newcomer in our ranks, succeeding Mr. Buck. May you prosper as did your predecessor.

Our genial friend Harley Caldwell, special salesman for the Peoria eastern division, after scanning the account of the Stanolind Golf Tournament, opines as how, while issuing no challenges, he's "willin." As we happen to be aware that Harley is some shucks at the Scottish pastime, we're just waiting for some of those chesty Windy City birds to open their heads.

Mr. Dean Treat, electric railway engineer, who was in Peoria recently for a couple of days on business, renewed his acquaintance with our assistant manager, Mr. Phillips. Both were salesmen in the city of Detroit at one time.

Mrs. Milan W. Veeder, wife of one of our efficient stake truck pilots, recently underwent a serious operation at the Methodist hospital. Glad to state that all transpired successfully, and she is on the high road to recovery.

Wm. Hunt, better known as "Mike Gilhooley", drayman, is in a peck of trouble. Mike, trusting soul, accepted a lady's wrist watch as security for five gallons of Red Crown. Several days passed, and the party did not call to redeem the ticker. It sure looked like Mike was hung, altho the blame thing ran, and looked like gold, good for $1.11 any old day. But the plot thickened—and Mike's hair thinned. A strange damsel appeared and claimed the watch as her property, recently stolen. As we go to press, Mike is "on the fence" still debating. if he surrenders the "loot", the original party may turn up; if he refuses—Hoosegow for Mr. Gilhooley. Mike says he knows now why the pawnbrokers wear skull caps.

Lloyd Snyder, auto mechanic, has invested in a share of wild cat oil stock, and has visions of an early and plutocratic retirement. Better stick to "Indiana", Lloyd. It's safe.

District Superintendent Charlie Eberle believes Tom Johnson should listen to him before he claims the Ford speed championship of the Peoria division. Mechanic Snyder testifies that Eberle's car has had every part run off at least twice this year. A match race might be arranged between the two—in the daytime. Tom's night driving knowledge is a little too extensive.

Agent Wm. Webb took unto himself a house a month or so back, and has been furnishing free rent to tenants ever since, his personal inclination to the contrary notwithstanding.

"Heavy" Smith hates to make a delivery at a coal mine near quitting time. Says he has too much grief "postponing" the miners from his truck. Heavy's explanation—"Postpone, you know, put off."

QUINCY, ILL.

Standard Oil office employes together with their wives and friends were entertained at a delightful bunco party in the office building December 8, the event being given by the management for excelling in the fall coupon-book campaign. The prize winners were Mrs. A. L. Martin, wife of our manager; George Sohm, M. L. Thayer and Miss Ruth Wittland. Luncheon was served after the game. "Did we have a good time?" "You said it!"

Agent Wilbur Davenport, Laredo, Mo., writes: "The 7:15 local was late in getting started last Tuesday morning because Conductor Nate Doolittle had lent his ticket punch to the Daughters of Liberty to punch tickets at their bazaar Monday night, and they forgot to return it till Nate sent up for it."

Tuesday, December 6, 11:10 a. m.—Dean Thomas, general clerk, spread the news of a meeting to be held 10 minutes later around the chief clerk's coop

11:20 a. m.—Employes gather; a few seated, others standing.

11:21 a. m.—M. F. Worley steps before the group lifting high above his head a traveling bag and speaks: "Mr. Lawrence Sturhan, please step forward." (Mr. Sturhan arises and moves slowly to front). "For you Mr. Sturhan, a gift from the bunch, and may I ask you to fill it to capacity after reaching Milwaukee and then return it to us." All laugh. Honorable L. S. expresses his thanks, bids good-bye to the boys and girls in the office and departs with his wife and daughter, Betty, for Milwaukee, Wis., where he is now serving the Standard Oil Company as assistant chief clerk.

There was a fire at the home of Carl Slack, who writes the "stuph" for the Record, last week, but the local fire department refused to turn out, the chief allowing they weren't goin' to pull Slack's chestnuts out of the fire.

Miss Edith Soebbing wants to know who the hard-hearted person was who carefully wrapped and tied a heavy paving brick in with her Christmas purchases, which she had to lug home one slippery evening. She suspects a certain gentleman who was quite eager to drive her home on that evening, but whose invitation she could not accept, as she had not completed her purchases.

NIGHTIE, NIGHTIE, BOGER! Are you still wearing the embroidered baby blue night cap received from Miss Edith Graham as a Christmas gift? You never did tell us what the "other half" thought of it.

It took Miss Esther Taylor some time to make up her mind to order "Eskimo Pie", the latest delicacy at Schwindeler's, but after the order was filled more time was consumed trying to find the piece of pie. Esther admits one can't expect much for a dime these days.

We note the Misses Dolly Scott, Jamie Cason and Margaret Ernst were treated alike by Santa Claus, all having received green bloomers. (This item was furnished by Don Steers.)

Agent Wray G. Fielder, Troy, Mo., telephoned an order to Messrs. Stork & Stork in business at Mt. Lullaby a short while ago, and shipment was received recently in the form of a fine bouncing boy. (Wray, we're waiting patiently for the candy and cigars.)

We wish to extend our sympathy to Mr. Lawrence Sturhan in the death of his father, Wm. H. Sturhan, Quincy, who dropped dead on the sidewalk in front of the Standard Oil office on the evening of December 14. Lawrence Sturhan, who was formerly assistant chief clerk at Quincy, is now filling a similar position in the Milwaukee office.

Mr. Wm. H. Tell, assistant auditor, Chicago, spent Monday, December 12, in our office, having accompanied Mr. B. Radtke here. Mr. Radtke was formerly assistant chief clerk at Milwaukee, now serving in that capacity at Quincy.

Salesman Harry Snow wants to know what a pool ball does when it stops rolling. Salesman J. G. Briggs informs us that it "LOOKS 'ROUND."

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Rockwood, the former, Standard Oil agent at Unionville, Mo., announce the arrival of a son, James Lee, on Christmas Day, 1921. We understand W. L. gave the "smokes" to Santa Claus.

SAGINAW, MICH.

Bert Eastwood, our genial Montrose agent, has just completed what he calls his "new home." Eastwood, or "Polarine Bert," as he is known around these parts, has so enlarged his business that he did not have sufficient office room, so with his progressive methods, he has built a 9x12 office and furnished it with office furniture. On the wall of this office is a cleverly drawn map of his territory, showing the storage at each individual farm, a colored tack representing Perfection and Red Crown, and a black tack Polarine. We are sure glad to see our agents take so much pride in the Company's business, besides selling "the full line" as Bert does. The "Welcome" sign is on the new office, boys—drop in.

"Uncle George Monaghan retires: There comes a time in every active man's life when he begins to wish for the day when he can sit back and watch the

younger generation assume the responsibilities that he has shouldered for many years. This has been the case with "Uncle" George Monaghan, our genial and well-loved agent at Alpena, Mich. "Uncle" George has been with us for 27 years and wished to be placed on the annuity roll. As the management felt that he deserved this well earned rest, his wish was granted. At a meeting of the Standard Oil employees of Alpena station, held in Alpena on December 30, 1921, and attended by Mr. L. J. Thompson, manager of the Saginaw field, R. P. Fitzpatrick, superintendent northern division and B. M. MacDonald, superintendent of equipment, "Uncle" George was relieved of his duties as agent and his son, Eugene C. Monaghan, appointed to succeed him. After the meeting, all adjourned to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Monaghan, where a delightful luncheon was served by Miss Stella Monaghan. As a token of their esteem, the Alpena employees presented "Uncle" George with a pair of fur driving gloves and a wool neck scarf. The sales force of the Saginaw field presented Mr. and Mrs. Monaghan with a beautiful reading lamp. Those present at the luncheon were "Uncle" George and Mrs. Monaghan, Daniel Ryan, Oscar Reilly, Wm. Aikens, Michael Tonizak, Peter Lee, Percy Duchesne, Henry Gapska, E. C. Monaghan, Louis LaFleur, Earl Murch, of the Alpena force, and B. M. MacDonald, R. P. Fitzpatrick, D. E. Jones and Mr. L. J. Thompson, of the Saginaw office.

"Necessity is the mother of invention," and our station examiner, W. H. VanLiew, has proven the fact by inventing an anti-draft attachment for Ford side curtains. Patents pending.

Why carry a road map? Ask our district superintendent, W. H. Coleman. He has all the pikes laid out, especially toward Corunna and Montrose.

The Saginaw main office enjoyed our annual gift from Albert Hartman, the agent at Pigeon. Many thanks, Mr. Hartman, for the apples.

The Business Men's Club of Lincoln, Michigan, would like a return visit from the Standard Oil Glee Club Quartette in the near future, say, about May 1 next, if not sooner. How about it, Joe, Ed, Ollie and Obie? Can it be arranged? If so, write "Pete" Medore.

Well, Christmas has "came and went" and no speeches. It was a sad disappointment to Sharon Johnson, our traffic man. S. P. has a flow of eloquence that would make William Jennings Bryan look like a school-boy, and he has been practising for a long time in order to out-do the "oratory" of a year ago. Well, save it, Sharon; Christmas comes again next year. We were awfully disappointed too.

Herman Lang, our tank car order clerk, decided to try out the old saying that "two can live cheaper than one" and promised to love, honor and obey (?) on Saturday, December 17 at Detroit, when Miss Marie Bourcier became his wife. The office force presented them with a beautiful floor lamp. Here's wishing you the best of success in your married life, Mr. and Mrs. Lang.

CHEYBOYGAN

Our rural driver, Bill, is now enjoying the frozen roads. Just recently he tried to cut across fields to take care of a customer, and it took the agent and city driver a half-day to get him out of the hole he made.

Fred LaLonde has no more home than the rabbits he shoots every Sunday, since his family has been in quarantine for the last three weeks.

Our city driver thinks the cigar-making industry is not healthy for young women, and so he is going to cheat the undertaker out of one customer. Here's good luck to him.

The Cheyboygan station is grateful for the furnace room and furnace, which is expected to be in operation by New Years. We are thoroughly convinced that it is no indoor pastime starting a cold "puddle-jumper" on these frosty mornings, and we will certainly be glad to have a warm garage.

SOUTH BEND, IND.

Mr. D. H. Campbell, wife of our Logansport salesman, was taken to the hospital at Bluffton some time ago. We hope by now she is fully recovered and able to be about again.

Mr. A. G. Newell, salesman in the Kokomo field, is entertaining an eleven-pound boy, born November 8, 1921. The father's big smile is, of course, a natural result.

Harry Sweet is the new tank wagon driver at Fowler, Indiana. His personality is similar to his name, and we look forward to some sweet gains at Fowler station. Go to it, Sweetie!

Lubricating Salesman Fred Irvine thinks Salesman Bob Kinneman a real diplomat in trying to get business for him, at Marion. Why call at home of the chief engineer, Sunday nights, Bob?

Harry Kees, our genial agent at Marion, is wearing a broader smile than ever—his new official title, if you please, is "Grandpa."

H. D. Ellis is the attendant in charge of the new filling station just opened at Attica, Ind. Widely known and liked! With these advantages in your favor, H. D., we expect big things.

Gerald Grover, service station attendant at Auburn, has been promoted to agent at Grabill. He wanted to sell the "full line."

J. C. Brown, rural tank wagon driver at Auburn, is experiencing some trouble in making his regular trips at this time without the assistance of a team of mules to pull his truck out of the mud. He is hoping that it either freezes up or dries up in the near future.

Marquis Tyndall of Woodburn will soon be in a position to have all of his letters answered by a competent stenographer, that is, providing he keeps all of the young single fellows away from his home. You will have to wait a few years, boys, she is only a ten-pound girl now.

Lawrence Mason, the Eureka King of the northeastern district, has been lost but he was found the other day at Valparaiso, being transferred from the position of tank wagon driver, Pierceton, Ind., to the agency of the Valparaiso station.

Clarence Thursby has been promoted from clerk at Elkhart to substation examiner. Instead of making up inventories one day in the month, he now does it every day. He says he doesn't mind it now, due to the fact that he can ride in one of the Standard Oil Ford runabouts.

C. O. Schmalzried went out with his two-ton Packard into the rural territory and in three weeks sold 25 farmers each 1-5 gallon can of Eureka Harness Oil. I bet Grand Rapids would like to have a tank wagon driver like that.

R. D. Love, Elkhart, Ind., has been promoted from tank wagon driver to clerk in the office. He is now one of the official pencil pushers in the Elkhart office.

Howard Helwig, due to poor health, has resigned the agency at Howe and has been succeeded by

Walter Masten of Bratton. We regret very much losing the services of Mr. Helwig and hope that his health will improve. At the same time, we are expecting great things from our new agent.

We wish to extend our hearty congratulations to Mr. Pearl Duncan, agent at Fremont. He is the proud possessor of a new daughter, who arrived November 13.

Milo Ridinger has been transferred from rural tank wagon driver at Goshen to service station attendant. Well, Milo, it won't be so cold at the service station as it is riding on a Ford truck in the winter time.

C. R. Jontz, salesman, came in to the South Bend office last Saturday to secure his Ford. It looked so pretty and bright with a new coat of paint on it that he regretted having to take it out on such a rainy day. Never mind, Chet, Semdac will give it its original lustre.

Miss Genevieve Murphy has returned from a seven weeks' absence during which time she underwent two operations. We are glad to report that Gena is well again and as happy as ever.

Geo. Gale—"Are you the young lady who took my order?"

Waitress—"Yes, sir."

Geo. Gale—"You're still looking well. How are your grandchildren?"

Louise DeGroote, of the refined oil department, spent the week end in Niles, Mich.

Boss—Why were you late for work this morning?

L. Hug—I had no carfare and had to walk.

Boss—That's a poor excuse.

L. Hug—Certainly, I said I was broke.

Mr. Byron DuPark, assistant chief clerk, has just returned from a two weeks' vacation.

Eldon Templin of the tank wagon department Was painfully but not seriously injured last Sunday evening when a machine struck and rendered him unconscious. The occupant of the car drove on and Mr. Templin was found by neighbors and taken home some few minutes later. The accident occurred directly in front of his home.

Charley White has a new car every time he returns from a visit home. First it was a Ford and now a Buick roadster. We're afraid if you treat your Buick as you did your Ford, the girls won't want to ride in it.

If Joe Lipetski doesn't get a haircut soon the boys will take up a collection to send him to Benton Harbor to join the "Holy Rollers."

Outside of his office work, Lester Hug has taken up the art of selling banks, gasoline intensifiers and raising prize chickens. If he isn't a millionaire before he is many years older it won't be his fault, for he certainly has tried hard enough to get our money.

There seems to be some keen rivalry in the downstairs office between Mr. Anwander with his green shirt and Mr. Loshbaugh with his purple one. It hasn't been decided yet which one is the most attractive.

Judging from the looks of things it is question whether George Gale will retain his position with the company or take over the entire output of the candle department of the Whiting refinery and start in business for himself.

Pretty expensive for Ralph, our office boy. It cost him 75 cents to go home in the rain the other night. Guess Ralph must be a regular guy.

John Buzolits was heard to remark the other day, "I'm broke; I just got through taking chances on a chicken."

A jolly crowd, good music and a good committee were all that was necessary to make the Standard Oil Company dance a success. The first social activity of the season was well attended and everyone said they had a wonderful time. Two-step circles and waltzes were plentiful so the older folks could enjoy themselves as well as the young. Let us hope that this will not be the last affair of its kind this season.

Everyone seemed to have a good time at the dance. Stella said the scenes behind the palms were beautiful.

Amandus—"Dorothy, why don't you dance?"

Dorothy—"I can't."

Amandus—"Well, if you can't dance just climb on their feet and ride."

In Helen Kerr's vocabulary there is no such word as "shirt." It's a secret we can't tell you the reason why.

S. S. 731, which is located at Goshen, Ind., held a fashionable party Sunday night, November 6, the guests arriving at 9:00 P. M. Don Musser and Ray Hershberger were on the receiving committee but soon came to the conclusion that the first arrivals were not desirable guests as they were not in need of Red Crown Gasoline or Polarine Oil but instead were looking for some of Uncle Sam's money. The two gentlemen not being accustomed to turning over their returns for the day to unknown parties, hesitated, but only for a second, as Don says that the little 32-caliber revolver looked bigger to him than any "44" he ever saw. C. O. Reynolds, agent, arrived on the scene about this time but he didn't wait for an introduction. It is about five and a half blocks to the sheriff's office and he covered this distance, so he says, in less time than it takes to tell it. We believe him, too, because he had the sheriff on the job and overtook the holdups at the little town of New Paris, five miles away. One is known by the name of "Dusty" Rhoades, and he is now spending 10 to 20 years in Jeffersonville. One is awaiting trial and the one who got the money is still traveling. Goshen now holds first place in the South Bend division for the arrest and conviction of any service station robber.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

One of our agents recently received instructions from this office to "reduce his outstanding accounts 20% by the first of the year." He accepted instructions and immediately proceeded to grant his trade a discount of 20% on their outstanding accounts. To be sure he was doing a thriving collection business and the assistant manager was heard to remark: "God help the company if he followed verbatim the suggestion of the Chicago office, which was: 'Why not give a coupon book for Christmas.' "

The St. Louis Division had its annual general meeting of the entire sales force in St. Louis office on Friday, December 9. This meeting was attended by General Manager T. J. Thompson, and our new assistant general manager, Mr. Amos Ball, both of whom made very excellent talks during the course of the meeting, reviewing the accomplishments of our division during the past year, and predicting the results we would achieve during 1922.

Mr. Aug. H. Haman, agent at main plant at Cape Girardeau, has been off of the job for three weeks suffering with several very serious carbuncles on the back of his neck. From the latest reports he is recovering very nicely and we all hope to see him on the job by the New Year.

Hey! you bachelors, help us at Cape Girardeau feel sorry for Louis Roth, genial and accommodating service station attendant, who on November 19 joined the Benedicts. He was married to Mayme Brinkhoff, who was a long distance telephone operator at the local exchange. Mr. Roth and his bride took a flying trip to St. Louis to see a St. Louis street car, Eads Bridge and the bright lights. We all extend to him our best wishes.

Mr. C. R. Ewing, formerly general salesman at Joplin, was promoted to the position of district superintendent, with headquarters at Jefferson City.

Mr. B. F. Fitzgerald, district superintendent, has been transferred to Springfield territory. Mr. E. N. Shallenberger, district superintendent, has been transferred to St. Louis territory.

Mr. S. D. Skinner and family had a very enjoyable time during the holidays with the home folks at Davenport.

Here is a letter which was written to one of the officials at the Standard Oil Company, St. Louis office: "Dear Sir—I am a tenant living upstairs over one of your salesmen's houses. That in itself is no cause for regret, but it seems that once every week about 8:00 P. M., there emits from the downstairs flat a sound resembling the combined efforts of the Harvard cheer leaders with that of the Apache Indians on their last war path. About 9:00 o'clock when the noise has gradually subsided, a new voice rings out Let's sing 'Sweet Adeline!' I am certainly sorry that Adeline cannot be here to enjoy (?) that melodious rendition which follows:

"Sweet Ada - - - line" (nasal)

"Sweet Ada - - - line" (more nasal plus bass).

"Please take the matter up with the offending parties and have them use the Odeon in the future."

With referenc to the above: The recipient of the letter states that Messrs Gash, Des Jardins, Stryder, Townsend, Covington, Dain, Harrison and Miller are the gentlemen referred to. Sometime ago it was decided to form a male octette composed of members of the sales organization. After a "vocal test" the above embryo McCormacks were selected to comprise this octette. As yet they are unnamed, but their glories are not *unsung*.

Recently the family at the main plant has been increased by the birth of two boys, the happy fathers being Phil Herzog and Chas. Voos. It has been Phil's custom to kill not more than four rabbits while on his week end trips. You'll have to add another Phil—yes, rabbit.

Our old friend, Bill Doll, recently invested in a hunting jacket, one of that kind which has a paunch in the back for rabbits, birds, and other small game. When asked what the idea was, he said: "This pocket is for rabbits." To our knowledge he has been hunting for ten years and has so far failed to produce even an empty shell. Some fellows are gluttons for punishment.

Margaret McCarty made a flying trip to Chicago the first of the year and reports a pleasant trip and an enjoyable visit with friends.

WICHITA, KAS.

Feller has to watch his step now. Bloomin' safety committee has put up so many signs at every turn of the stairs that a feller's liable to fall down stairs and break his neck trying to read them all.

Denver Sweet, agent S. S. 29, has a great big baby girl—some *Sweet* kid, Denver.

A fine string of fish caught in the Big Arkansas river was the result of a day of pleasure spent by Floyd Williams, stock department, while on his vacation.

M. G. Spalding, payroll clerk, together with his brand new wife, spent Christmas in Neodesha with Mother Spalding. Spalding is high powered stuff when it comes to the eats. He reports that he had chicken and apple pie and chicken and cake and chicken and gravy and—oh, cut it out, Spalding, you're still full—of chicken.

Gladys Williams, recently employed as file clerk, has been promoted to a stenographic position.

Fannie Goodwin, file clerk, recently spent a few days in Springfield, Illinois. As soon as she came back she hung a large piece of mistletoe on the lamp shade right over her head in the vault. Nuf said.

The warehouse bunch were pleased to see their old friend, George Wickersham, step into the warehouse recently and exchange greetings.

Art Rose and George Baker, both warehouse men, are the happiest men around the plant. They recently surprised the force by taking time off to be married. It's funny how boys will cut up when no one is watching them. Congratulations and many happy days for you both, Art and George.

John Sherrick, gauger, reports his wife, who has been in the hospital, as well on the road to health.

C. M. Jackson, assistant tank car clerk, was called away a few days recently because of the death of Grandmother Jackson.

Frank Murphy, foreman of the paint shop, spent Christmas with his daughter in Kansas City. His daughter is attending school there.

LeRoy Moses, who has been on the road for several weeks, painting stations, will be in the paint shop for the rest of the winter.

Neil Harrison, station examiner, and Katheryn Robbins, formerly stenographer in Standard Oil Company's office, are married. Neil quietly informed one of his friends that he wouldn't announce it for a while. All right, Neil, we'll tell Mr. Editor to put this in real small type so that no one will know about it.

J. W. Ross, marketing department, visited in Anthony during the Christmas holidays. Says he never ate so much in all his life, had to play football with some little shavers out in the street in order to jar the eats down so he could breathe.

On December 26 occurred the death of Mrs. Minnich, daughter of F. W. Bull, former cashier. The employees expressed their sympathy with a beautiful floral piece.

District Superintendent Clyde Faris had a remarkably funny experience recently at his home in Salina. Arranged chronologically things happened about this way:

3:00 A. M.—Clyde asleep.

3:01 A. M.—Rap, rap, rap (at the door).

3:02 A. M.—Clyde rouses himself (by his wife punching him in the ribs).

3:03 A. M.—Clyde goes to door and receives a special delivery letter.

3:04 A. M.—Clyde (shaking till his pajamas are about to desert him) opens letter and finds only a tank car billing on a car of Red Crown.

3:05 A. M.—Clyde ($%*****—?!!!xx).

3:06 A. M.—Clyde's wife—"What's the matter, Dear?"

Clyde—"Not a —— thing."

3:07 A. M.—Clyde retires.

What's the use of getting sore, Clyde? Life is just one tragedy after another and it isn't everybody that receives special delivery letters.

KEEPING STOCK OF ADVERTISING MATTER, DULUTH

Duluth, Minn.—This is Ted Rouleau and his helper at the Duluth warehouse, and their method of keeping stock of advertising matter.

Santa Claus came to the Wichita office December 24 at 12:30 P. M. A real tree with electric lights, glittering tinsel trimmings, and presents for each of the 155 employees had been prepared secretly by a few of the employees and Manager Quinlan. When everything was ready the bunch was called down to the dining room and given the surprise of their lives. Old Santa not only gave a present to each one but passed around good cigars and an abundance of candy. Come again, Old Santa, we like you.

* * *

The Bingville board of selectmen had held many sessions and finally formulated a set of auto laws that was the pride of the county. So the constable felt no worry when he stopped a motorist.

"Ye're pinched for violatin' the auto laws," he announced.

"Which one?" inquired the traveler.

"Durned if I know, but ye certainly hain't come all the way down Main street without bustin' one of 'em."

* * *

It's called our Mother Tongue because Father doesn't get much chance of using it.

* * *

If we'd weigh our words we'd swear the scales were off.

"Won't you please croak like a frog, Grandfather?" asked Willie.

"Croak like a frog?" asked the bewildered grandfather; "why, little man?"

"Because I heard Daddy say that when you croaked we would get five thousand dollars."

* * *

Mr. Newlove: "This lettuce tastes beastly—did you wash it?"

Mrs. Newlove: "Of course, I did, darling—and I used perfumed soap, too!"—*London Mail.*

* * *

Mr. Baggs—"I hear you have got engaged to my son, Miss Smythe. I think you might have seen me first."

His Stenographer—"I did. But I preferred Harold."—*Kansas City Star.*

* * *

They must have had some motor cars
In the good old days gone by;
The Bible says Isaiah
Went up to Heaven on high.

* * *

There will be railroad crossing accidents just as long as auto drivers think the STOP, LOOK & LISTEN sign is intended only for trains.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Indiana)

General Sales Department

H. S. Morton, *Vice-President*

Allan Jackson, *Vice-President*

General Manager

T. J. Thompson

Assistant General Managers

John L. Carter, Northern Division
R. G. Stewart, Central Division
N. R. Grimshaw, Eastern Division
Amos Ball, Western Division

Lubricating Department

B. T. Thompson, *General Manager*

C. O. Wilson, *Assistant General Manager*

Asphalt Department

F. P. Allen, *Manager*

Branch Offices

CHICAGO, ILL.
H. A. Lewis, *Manager*
C. F. Hatmaker, *Assistant Manager*

DAVENPORT, IOWA
L. W. Cameron, *Manager*
C. W. Flanagan, *Assistant Manager*

DECATUR, ILL.
T. B. Clifford, *Manager*
John H. Budde, *Assistant Manager*

DES MOINES, IOWA
H. A. Monson, *Manager*
J. N. Elkert, *Assistant Manager*

DETROIT, MICH.
H. R. Cochran, *Manager*
H. H. Keating, *Assistant Manager*

DULUTH, MINN.
I. J. Shields, *Manager*
G. E. Webb, *Assistant Manager*

EVANSVILLE, IND.
W. J. Lang, *Manager*
Ewald Brauns, *Assistant Manager*

FARGO, N. D.
F. I. Packard, *Manager*
P. A. Raupagh, *Assistant Manager*

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.
J. C. Marshall, *Manager*
R. F. McConnell, *Assistant Manager*

HURON, S. D.
A. H. Dodsley, *Manager*
C. L. Bailey, *Assistant Manager*

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
E. P. Galbreath, *Manager*
H. E. Bruce, *Assistant Manager*

JOLIET, ILL.
E. E. Morton, *Manager*
Carl Monson, *Assistant Manager*

KANSAS CITY, MO.
H. C. Griffin, *Manager*
J. W. Wilson, *Assistant Manager*

LA CROSSE, WIS.
J. H. Lambert, *Manager*
J. E. Monegan, *Assistant Manager*

MANKATO, MINN.
M. H. Chesbrough, *Manager*
John Beaton, *Assistant Manager*

MILWAUKEE, WIS.
T. H. Lang, *Manager*
Ivan Prather, *Assistant Manager*

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
F. L. Cochran, *Manager*
W. H. Brown, *Assistant Manager*

PEORIA, ILL.
J. R. Coleman, *Manager*
G. F. Phillips, *Assistant Manager*

QUINCY, ILL.
A. L. Martin, *Manager*
T. P. Jones, *Assistant Manager*

SAGINAW, MICH.
L. J. Thompson, *Manager*
E. R. Soop, *Assistant Manager*

ST. JOSEPH, MO.
Geo. M. Whelan, *Manager*
T. D. Warren, *Assistant Manager*

ST. LOUIS, MO.
A. P. Robinson, *Manager*
H. J. Bemis, *Assistant Manager*

SIOUX CITY, IOWA
D. B. Thayer, *Manager*
B. F. Leonard, *Assistant Manager*

SOUTH BEND, IND.
D. L. Guilfoyle, *Manager*
Ezra Warren, *Assistant Manager*

WICHITA, KAS.
P. J. Quinlan, *Manager*
W. C. Van Horne, *Assistant Manager*

Rendering a Positive Service

The Daily News, Minneapolis, Minnesota, prints the following editorial in its issue of November 14:

When Magnitude Discards Mystery

Frankness is being better recognized a big asset in all human relations, including business.

The bigger the business, the greater the need for frankness.

It wasn't always so; in fact, until only a few years ago, the reverse was true so far as actual practice was concerned and magnitude paid a penalty for the mystery in which it chose to cloak itself.

As one of the biggest of the big industrial and commercial organizations, the Standard Oil Co. used to exercise its full proportionate share of mystery. That this policy has been changed—deliberately and conspicuously—is a development that is as radical as it is interesting to students of publicity.

For three years, Standard Oil has been out of its shell telling the public exactly how it was doing things, why it was doing things and what it was driving at. It has made large use of advertising space in newspapers without regard to their attitude toward itself. It has conspicuously evidenced its desire to talk to the people and to put out its products for a price that included good will.

Today, instead of merely making its products available to those who MUST buy, Standard Oil is employing extensive publicity to make people WANT to buy. There is a very great difference, just about the difference between the exaction of tribute in one case and the rendering of positive service in the other.

Entirely aside from commercial considerations, a policy of frankness and service will tend to iron out some disagreeable wrinkles in the things that are. And the benefits will go to both sides of the equation.

TO render a positive service is not alone the desire of those responsible for the management of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana). It is a well-formed, clearly-understood determination.

This determination to render a positive service is expressed in the multitude of products manufactured by this Company from crude petroleum. The housewife, the motorist, the farmer, the physician, the fabricator of raw materials, almost every special branch of human endeavor, has been considered and that part of the petroleum which will render to each the greatest service, has been segregated and made instantly available.

This is the method chosen by the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) to make tangible the positive service it is endeavoring to render.

The campaign of advertising which is being carried on has as its object a frank discussion of the ways and means used by the Company in delivering this service, a discussion which tells what it is doing and how it is doing it, and why.

That there is a better understanding of the motives of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) and a feeling of increasing confidence in its integrity and straightforward frankness is indicated by the number of favorable comments which the campaign has elicited from the editorial departments of newspapers, big and little, throughout the eleven states served.

Justice, equity, frankness, a basic desire to render a positive service, and a determination to take all of the people into its confidence are the underlying principles governing this organization.

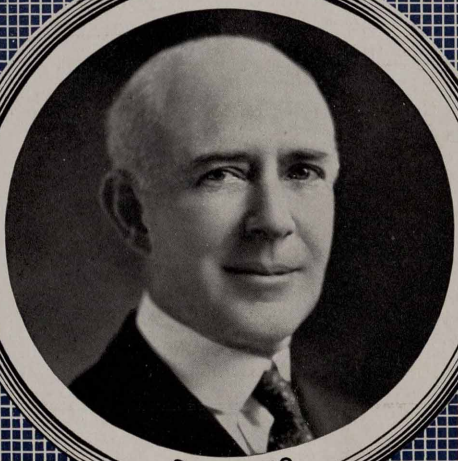
Standard Oil Company
(Indiana)

910 So. Michigan Ave. **Chicago, Ill.**

NEWMAN MONROE CO., CHICAGO

STANOLIND RECORD

Vol. 3 MARCH 1922 No. 5



S. S. GANO

PUBLISHED FOR THE EMPLOYEES
by the
STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(INDIANA)

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Indiana)

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C. W. Smith, *Director Safety Division*, Chicago, Ill.
W. N. Bercaw, *Assistant Director*, Whiting, Ind.
C. F. Hall, *Assistant Director*, Wood River, Ill.
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STANOLIND
RECORD
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COLONEL STEWART APPEALS TO FAIRNESS OF FOREMEN

Urges Them, for the Welfare of the Rank and File of Employees, for the Good of the Company, and for Their Own Good, to Lend Every Effort in Upbuilding a Real Democracy in the Standard of Indiana

Whiting, Ind., January 20.—Colonel Robert W. Stewart, chairman of the Board of Directors, last night made a direct appeal to the foremen of the Whiting works to give unqualified support to the Industrial Relations Plan and so aid in upbuilding in this company a real democracy.

As always, Colonel Stewart refused to mince words and went straight to the heart of the matter:

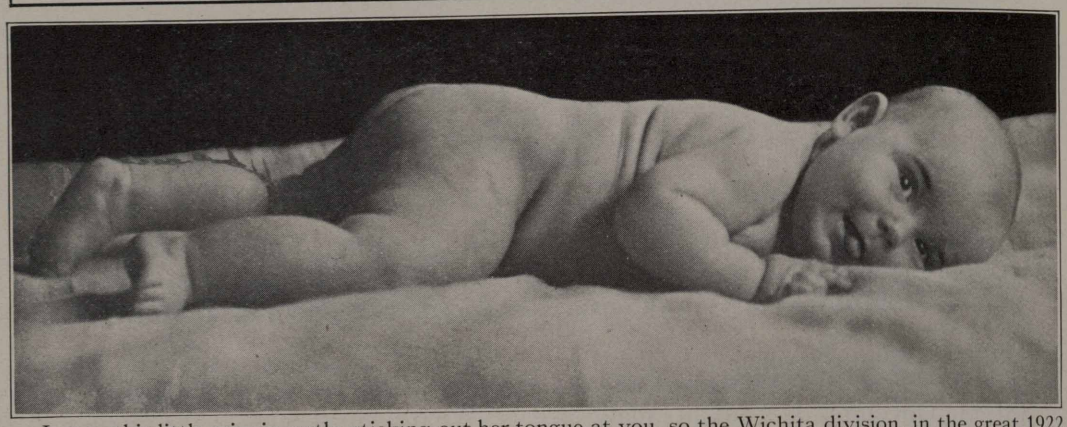
"I am speaking in this way to you because I know I am talking to those men who, among all our employees, might be most disposed to resent the Industrial Relations Plan; because I know that on its face it does appear to circumscribe the powers of the foremen.

"But I want to say to those few among you who have not seen the light, that if you are actuated by that desire which should be present in the heart of every man, to do the utmost for the welfare of your fellow men, and especially for the welfare of those under you; if you have within you a consciousness of loyalty to this company which has shown its faith in you by advancing you to that position of trust and responsibility which is the foreman's, and if you will then study this matter honestly, you cannot fail to see that the Industrial Relations Plan, which is the foundation of real democracy in industry, must, if properly developed, better the condition of the rank and file of our employees—who are loyal employees—strengthen the position of the company, and react to your own advantage in direct proportion to the support you give it, to the amount of use you make of it.

"What a small thing is the sacrifice of a little authority to the attaining of such great ends!—especially when that sacrifice is more imaginary than real. For you understand as well as I that authority improperly or unfairly exercised is not real authority, but autocratic oppression, and common decency and humanity dictate that it must be taken away from the man who thus misuses it. And so the Industrial Relations Plan, in so far as it appears to affect your prerogatives, merely acts as a check upon the possible misuse of your powers, and in no way diminishes your real authority; for when you exercise that authority in fairness, in justice and in equity, you must and will be upheld by the local and supreme management of this company.

"Looking at it in that light I know you must agree with me that only that foreman who wishes to use his authority as a medium of oppression, of bullying, or showing favoritism—that canker sore of industry—has any real reason for objecting to the Industrial Relations Plan. And the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) does not want that kind of foreman. But that foreman who neither bullies, nor oppresses, nor practices favoritism instead of resenting the Industrial Relations Plan will welcome it as a court where, should the occasion arise, he can prove not only to the satisfaction of the company, but of those men whose confidence he must have, his subordinates, that in all his dealings he is actuated by

SPIRIT OF WICHITA IN SALES RACE OF 1922



Just as this little miss is pertly sticking out her tongue at you, so the Wichita division, in the great 1922 race for preeminence in sales, is figuratively sticking out its tongue at the rest of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) sales divisions and murmuring: "We're some kid now—but watch us grow!" And we are moved to wonder, if in the next six months, our men will develop as much, comparatively, as will this little Beatrice Ruth Ward, age 6 months, daughter of F. O. Ward of the stock department. If they do they'll lead the field.

honesty, fairness, justice and equity. And that is the kind of foremen this company wants and means to have."

This company's Industrial Relations Plan and its Employees' Stock Purchase Plan represent two of the greatest accomplishments in modern industrial history, Colonel Stewart declared, showing how they have introduced real democracy into industry.

"This Board of Directors has developed the theory that the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) should be a real democracy, and when I say 'democracy' I use that much abused word, in whose name so many crimes have been committed, in its best sense: I mean a democracy in which every man has his part to play in the scheme of things; a democracy where he is assured of equitable and square treatment; where, if he has tied up his destiny with this company he cannot be forced out by the whim or caprice of any man, but, on the contrary, will be accorded always such treatment as must appeal to his sense of justice.

"What have we done to establish this democracy? First, we have introduced the Industrial Relations Plan, which gives to every employee in the refineries, no matter what his position, an opportunity of airing his grievances in an industrial court where he may plead his cause without prejudice to his position, and where he is assured of a settlement reflecting justice and equity.

"Second, we have put into effect the Employees' Stock Purchase Plan. This plan, accepted unanimously by our stockholders, is one of the most remarkable achievements in industry towards bringing about that cooperation between employee and employer which results from an equitable distribution of profits among the parties interested. The theory and practice of this plan is simple. It gives to you, and me, and everybody employed by this company, a voice in its affairs. It offers you a fair proportionate share in the profits you help to create. And let me say to you that if anyone has the ridiculous idea that the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) is trying to raise money through the sale of this stock to employees, he is utterly and completely mistaken. When we need ready money we get it more expeditiously, and on the whole, more cheaply, by borrowing it from the banks."

The position of foreman is one both of great responsibility and of great promise, Colonel Stewart said:

"It is true that among all those execu-

HE APPRECIATES COMPANY'S ANNUITY PLAN

Above is the home of Mr. J. C. Wayman at Moundsville, W. Va. Mr. Wayman, who was formerly employed in the home office, is now on the company's annuity payroll, to which fact he attributes his being able to take his pleasant and extended vacation. Writing to Mr. Harry Lindquist and "31 others of the Old Guard" in the home office, Mr. Wayman says in part: "The 32 autograph signatures of my old associates attached to 'Our Greeting' of the Christmas of 1921 and New Year of 1922, touched me deeply. I never feel that I 'dropped out' when I severed my daily association with you, but that I am still a member of that great family of loyal workers of the greatest business organization on earth, now on an extended vacation made possible by the wise provisions of that organization."

tives and sub-executives in industry who may be grouped under the generic name of the 'guiding class,' the foreman is the nearest to the men, and on his treatment of them will depend to a large extent the attitude of loyalty or disloyalty, of co-operation or non-co-operation, adopted towards the company by the rank and file. But I want you foremen to feel that you are not merely 'next to the men,' but that you are just as surely next to the top. There is not a position on the board of directors which is not open to you, and there are besides dozens of other executive positions which you may, and which undoubtedly many of you will, some day fill; and towards which, by pushing up from the rank and file to the place of foreman, you have already taken the most significant step.

"Do not be discouraged if promotion and more money do not come all at once; no one in the higher executive positions of this company got there in a day, or in a year, or in five years. Rather keep ever before you the beacon light of faith in the destiny of this company, with which your own destinies and the destinies of all of us are so involved. I am doing it; the other members of the board are doing it; the members of your local management are doing it. And remember always that we need the help, advice and best efforts of of all of you men of the guiding class in conducting the company's affairs. This very week there is to be a meeting in my

OO-O! IF LUCY P. GASTON EVER CATCHES YOU!

This picture is printed as a "horrible example" of depravity in boys so young. Note these bright young faces, whose pristine smoothness has apparently never yet been marred by the nick of a safety razor blade, and then shudder to discover in the hand of each that symbol of iniquity, the cigaret. All that was needed, evidently, to complete this tragedy of youth was a match—and tragedy that would have been, we suspect. Funny in all this crowd there wasn't a match to be had; but as it was nobody went home sick. The origin of the picture is shrouded in deepest mystery. Rumor says it came from the candle factory at Whiting, but we thought that girls, not boys, were employed there. But aren't they the prettiest boys you ever saw, folks, even if they do play with the naughty cigaret?

office where will be decided a most momentous question regarding the marketing policy of this company. The board of directors will not pass on this alone. There will be present more than twenty-five men, members of the guiding class in the sales department, whose advice and experience will be consulted. It is not always those who wear the brass collar who have the best ideas, and the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) delights to come to you for help and advice in the conduct of its business."

Ed Harmon, whose address preceded that of Colonel Stewart, told how the Foreman's Fellowship Club had its inception in basket picnics held by foremen of certain departments during the last few years, and assured members of the board and executives of the Whiting management of the good feeling which prevails among the foremen at that plant. He said that while there was at first some dissatisfaction with the industrial relations plan, most of the foremen had come to see that it held advantages for them, and they were now its strong supporters.

Mr. J. W. Curry, director of industrial relations, thanked the foremen for the support and assistance they have given him,

IT IS BETTER LATE THAN NEVER

The above photograph, received several months ago and showing the bridal party at the wedding of Mike Palikan and Susie Celuh, at Whiting, August 23, was misplaced, which accounts for its appearance at this late date. Like a wedding, however, we figured it was better late than never; and besides, you can bet Susie and Mike are just as much in love with each other as they were on the happy occasion depicted above. Mike is employed as a lead burner in the acid department, while Susie, before her marriage, was employed in the grease works. We gather from the photograph that they both displayed discriminating taste in choosing the "only one," and are glad that Susie is still in the Stanolind family.

and complimented them on their new organization. Mr. Curry, bringing out the fact that there are four parties essentially and vitally interested in industry, namely, labor, capital, management and the community or organized society, emphasized the extreme importance of the managerial or directing force in any industrial organization, showing in detail the position of importance held in this directing force by foremen and department heads. He pointed out that with industry going at a normal rate there are approximately 1,000,000 foremen in this country, a great army in itself. These foremen, he said, are directors of effort of some 30,000,000 industrial workers, a responsibility which requires executive ability of a high order and a fundamental understanding of human relationships in order that the highest productive power of the individual may be realized.

Dr. G. Cash, superintendent of the Whiting works, read an address which he blamed on Mr. J. E. Evans, assistant superintendent. Whoever is to blame for it, however, the matter was well prepared and well delivered.

R. F. Storer, master mechanic of the Whiting works and president of the newly organized Foreman's Fellowship Club, presided. The meeting, preceded by a huge feed, was held at the Point Cafe, Whiting, the plant dining room being too small to accommodate such a large crowd. Colonel Stewart, Mr. W. E. Warwick, and Mr. B. Parks, of the board of directors, and various executives of the Whiting management, were present.

TO OUR FELLOW EMPLOYEES

We, the members of the Joint General Committee of the Wood River works, representing the employees of this plant,

Realizing that on the welfare and continued success of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) depends the welfare and success of all of us; and

Cognizant of the fact that the continued success of this company is, as always, mainly dependent upon the volume of sales of the products we manufacture, and

That the greater the volume of sales, the greater the number of jobs in all departments, and therefore the greater opportunity for all of us; and

Being happily conscious of the absolute excellence of the products we manufacture, a consciousness derived from personal participation in their manufacture and also from experience in making use of them for our own needs;

Do hereby extend a friendly and brotherly greeting to the members of that other great branch of the Stanolind family, the sales department, wishing them the greatest of successes in 1922, and assuring them of the continued excellence of the products they will have to sell; and

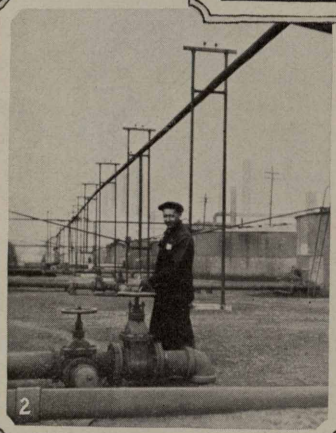
Do hereby resolve that, though we are not directly affiliated with the sales organization of this company, we will, both from self-interest and from a sincere desire to co-operate with the management and with our fellow-employees in the sales department, hereafter not confine our support of company products to the mere personal use of them whenever we may have a domestic need for a refinery product, but will from this date lend active support to the marketing department by constantly and vigorously advertising the superior qualities of Standard Oil Company (Indiana) products among our relatives, friends, and acquaintances, and especially among those who may be engaged in the business of selling refinery goods; and

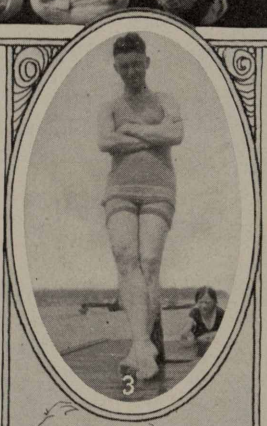
We urge all employees of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) to follow our example.

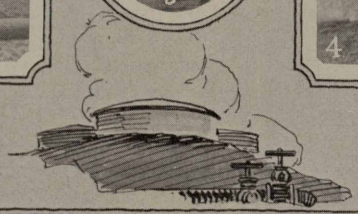
MEMBERS OF THE JOINT GENERAL COMMITTEE
Wood River Works, STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(INDIANA)

January 24, 1922.

Interesting Folks of Whiting Plant

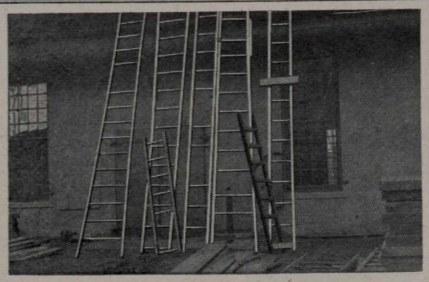






No. 1—Some pair of twins! Raymond John Hmurovich and Bernice Theresa Hmurovich, were one year old December 17th, and Raymond tipped the scales at 18 pounds and 13 ounces, while Bernice weighed in at 17 pounds and 8 ounces. They are the children of John Hmurovich, of the pitch stills, acid works. No. 2—Christopher Columbus Kortokrax started with this company four years ago as a member of the ash gang and was promoted to fireman at 21-40 continuous stills and later to helper and extra stillman. No. 3—One of Whiting's bathing beauties, S. W. Latzko, of can house factory office, makes a pre-season announcement that he is willing to teach the girls to swim. No. 4—Billy O'Neil makes No. 2 naphtha treating plant "treat." What's yours?

Brought to Light Safety First!



Part of the collection of death traps found at Wood River. Wood River says the unsafe ladder must go. Take note, Whiting, Sugar Creek and Casper; have you any like these? Our advice is get rid of *all* of them before they are "Brought to Light".

We prefer not to talk about this picture at all. Our honesty of purpose is the only thing that could force us to publish it. We have seen similar conditions in all the refineries. We do not expect that we will ever be able to bring this to light again, for such conditions will surely disappear.

In ancient times men were punished by being made to walk over platforms filled with upturned nails. Ever so often we discover that we are so ancient that the only reason all our whiskers are not white is because we wear none. The upturned nail is the most treacherous enemy of the workman.

We have read of men digging their own graves, but not in lumber piles. We really believe this is a brand new stunt. Circus stunts may be all right in their place, but as a general proposition we admit we are against it. We are in the Oil business.

Submitted by

C. W. Smith, *Safety Director, Standard Oil Company (Indiana)*

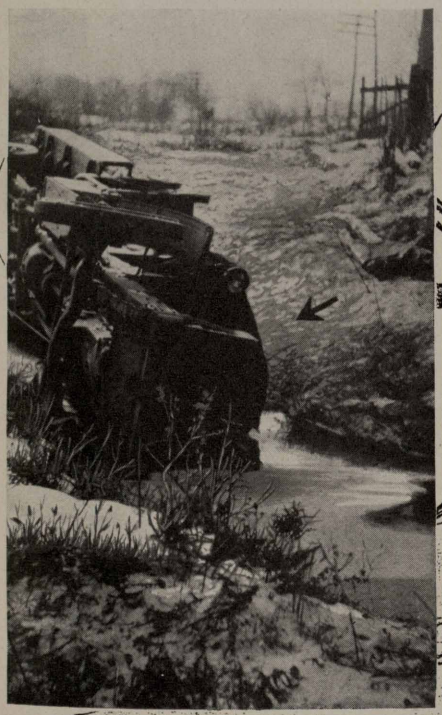
and

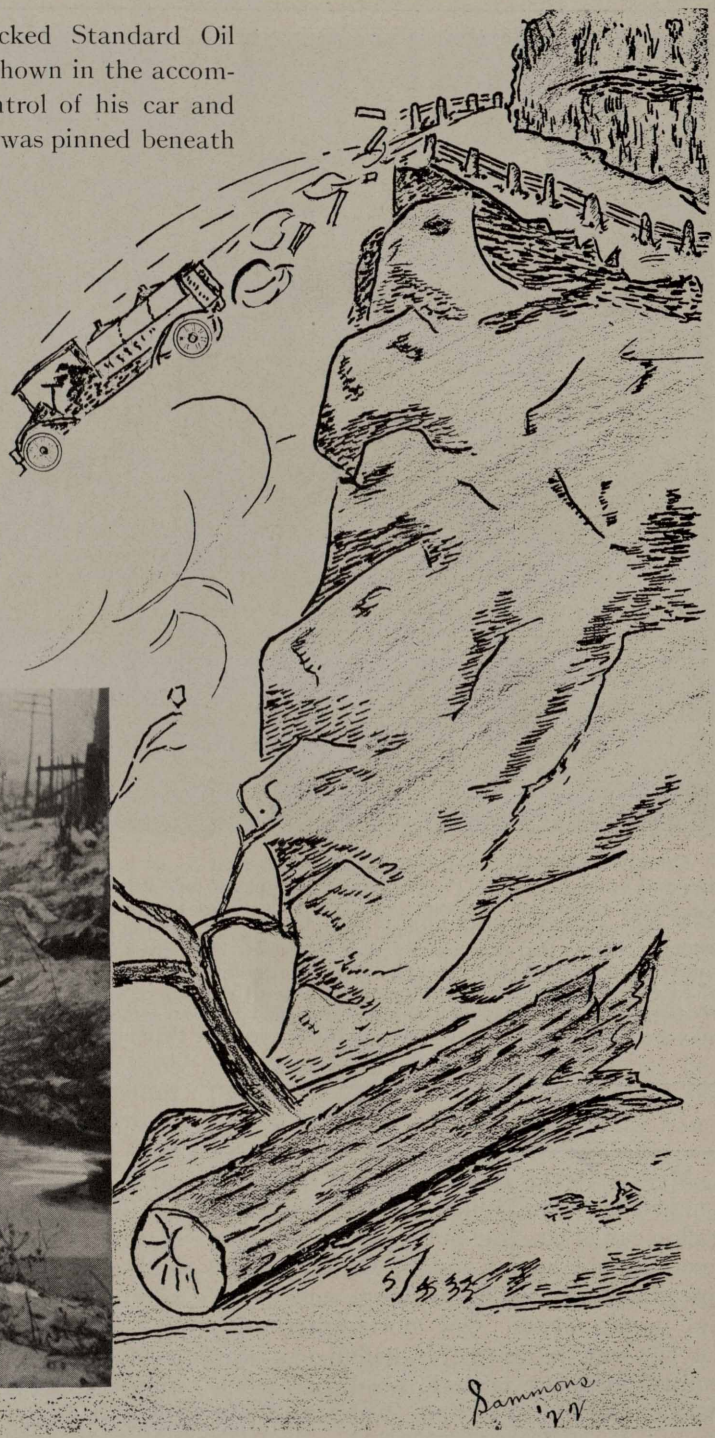
C. F. Hall, *Safety Director, and Director Industrial Relations, Wood River Works*

PLUNGES TO DEATH

The driver of the wrecked Standard Oil Company (Indiana) truck shown in the accompanying photograph lost control of his car and plunged over a culvert. He was pinned beneath the truck and drowned in a few inches of water.

Your life may depend upon the condition of the truck or automobile you are driving. Why not make a daily inspection, and if there is anything wrong, make it right? This man lost his life. Don't take the same chance.





Data supplied by F. C. Singleton, Safety Director, Sales Department.

THEY KEEP UP WITH THE CALENDAR

Grand Rapids, Mich.—It's the little things that count in business as well as in all other endeavors in life, and up at Comstock Park we have a couple of fellows who don't overlook any of the little things, or big things either, for that matter. This shows how R. C. Van Antwerp and Hunter Hice, attendants at S. S. 160, caused comment among their customers by doing a little seasonable decorating. Incidentally, we have reports that our customers at Comstock Park are highly appreciative of the unfailing service and courteous treatment given them by these two smiling young men. (This may be rather late for a Hallow'een picture, but it was one of those received when the engravers were not working and so had to be held out temporarily. However, we think pictures showing how some of our young men are using their heads and taking a real interest in their work are better used late than never.—Editor.)

PUSH

Mr. Calvert, service station superintendent at Des Moines, always carries a gallon can of gasoline in his car, to tide him over, should he get caught without gasoline, and to aid the unfortunate motorist in like predicaments. One morning recently, on his way to town, his gallon can was empty, and sure enough, he discovered a motorist without gasoline. Calvert offered to tow the fellow to a service station, so tied a rope onto his car. Unfortunately, the rope broke and the car stopped—in front of a competitive service station. Calvert hurriedly tied the rope and started off. Again the rope broke, and this time in front of another competitive service station. Calvert jumped out of his car and started to push the other car, and amid protestations, finally brought it up to a Standard Oil Company service station a block further on. Then the motorist discovered the reason for Calvert's willingness to get him down town. Calvert was a Standard Oil man, and the motorist is now a thorough Standard Oil customer.

HEAP BIG TALK

Whiting, Ind., Feb. 1.—A challenge had been received by the Standard Oil Athletic Association of the Whiting works from the Wood River Standard Bowling League to roll nine games of tenpins, total pins to count.

It is suggested that the captains of the respective winning teams in leagues at Whiting and Wood River be given the privilege of picking any bowlers belonging to the respective leagues to compose the competing teams. The challenge carries with it the suggestion that the Wood River team roll its games at Wood River and the Whiting teams its games at Whiting, the scores of these games being communicated immediately after being compiled.

We at Whiting can appreciate the spirit of the Wood River bowlers in sending to us this challenge, but we wonder where they secure the nerve to suggest a side bet of some description. You may rest assured, Mr. Editor, that the Wood River challenge will be accepted by Whiting, and as to the side bet, we should worry.

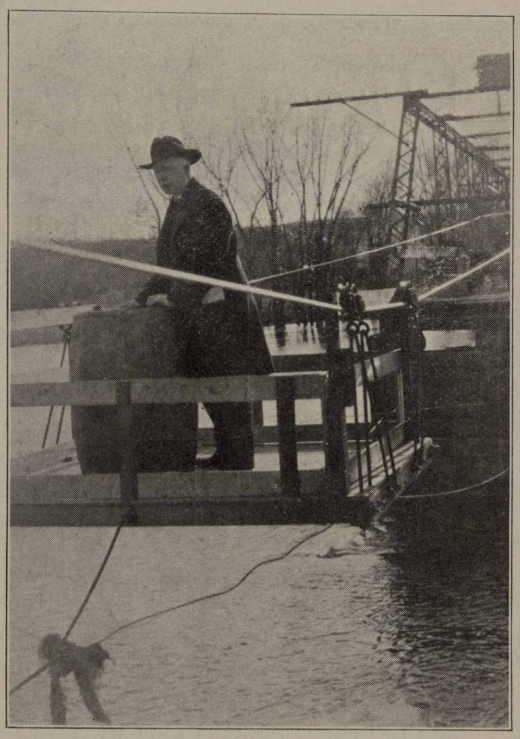
VETERANS' CLUB

Wood River, Ill., Feb. 1.—A Veteran's Club is in process of formation as the issue goes to press. This organization will have as members those who have served the company twenty years or longer. This is a good idea and is being sponsored by the local management. A club of this nature should be instrumental in encouraging fellowship among those who are numbered as veterans with the Standard Oil. Those listed for membership are:

C. B. Manbeck	S. A. Beach
F. J. Gainer	A. E. Gladden
A. Halsey	M. F. Manning
G. Fredrickson	W. A. Tipton
Jno. Tryonovitch	J. Stoneham
G. Buck	A. Juhlin
D. Halloran	T. Van Camp
P. Harr	H. Haines
F. Brett	Robt. Parks
C. Zweig	T. Stahoviak

This is as far as the list is made up at present. There may be some others.

INITIATIVE



Mankato, Minn., Feb. 1.—Standard Oil Company Service means a great deal to Salesman J. E. Marum. While acting as agent at Henderson, Minn., a call was received for a barrel of Perfection Oil from a customer across the river. Now the Minnesota is a formidable stream at this point and the bridge was washed out and no one would risk a boat on the swollen waters, especially when loaded with a barrel of Perfection. Mr. Marum did not hesitate at the objections offered but delivered the goods as illustrated. We are unable to understand why he should hang on to the barrel but possibly it gave him a feeling of security, for the look on his face depicts a strength of purpose and resolve which is not easily shaken by mere trifles. (Initiative has been defined as "doing the right thing at the right time without being told."—Ed.)

* * *

"Shay, offisher, weresh th' corner?"

"You're standing on it."

"'S no wonder I couldn't find it."—*Cotton-yarns.*

* * *

It isn't the man who gets up early; it's the man who is awake after he gets up.

SAM GANO

ON the outside cover of this magazine appears the portrait of Mr. S. S. Gano, vicariously known as "Sam," and the present assistant secretary treasurer of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana).

Having at one time or another held every variety of position offered by the accounting division of the sales department, from city order clerk to auditor, Mr. Gano is so widely known throughout the entire sales department, besides having a considerable acquaintance among folks in the refineries, that we were in grave doubt as to the advisability of placing his picture on our cover, fearing to be kidded for presuming to introduce to everybody somebody everybody already knows. However, learning that throughout the various divisions are hundreds of old friends who haven't seen him in a dog's age and are curious to know if he has managed to retain that old time smile under the weight of heavier duties, we decided to take a chance, but instead of trying to introduce him to the folks, to simply say: "Well, look who's here again!"

But when, in keeping with the best methods of modern journalism, we went to him and demanded a confession of all the scandal in his life, and he replied he never kept a diary and besides didn't even know the meaning of the word, we decided he was a poor prospect after all and were about to banish him to that bourne from which no halftone returns, when, seated at a desk right in his office, we discovered the man who twice a month brings us a little slip of yellow paper which we take to the bank and get some money for, and we then recalled having seen on said slips the words "S. S. Gano"—well, after that nothing could have stopped us from putting his picture on our cover, absolutely nothing! And we think the least he can do about it is to have that man in his office come around a little oftener.

The history of Sam Gano is similar to that of practically every major executive of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), in that he, like they, came up through the ranks, showing up for cuckoos those "wise" young men whose theory is that "you ain't got a chance in a big corporation."

It was back in November, 1887, when Sam Gano brought his well known smile and growing abilities into the oil business. This was in Cincinnati, where he took a job as stock clerk with the Consolidated Tank Line Company. In 1890 he came to Chicago to be city order clerk for the P. C. Hanford Oil Co., later consolidated with the Standard Oil Company (Indiana). From city order clerk he passed from desk to desk until in November, 1905, he was made assistant auditor of this company. In March, 1919, he was promoted to the position of auditor, and in November of the same year was made assistant secretary-treasurer. And he has kept his smile—if you doubt it, look at our cover.

As to scandal, we unearthed it even if he doesn't keep a diary: He is a brother of Dave Gano, and if that were not enough, he keeps canary birds!

121 JOIN WHITING FOREMAN'S FELLOWSHIP CLUB

From a charter membership of fifty-one on December 20, the new Whiting Foreman's Fellowship Club by January 12 boasted a membership of 121 with the total being augmented daily. It is anticipated that every foreman in the works eventually will be affiliated with the club.

Officials of the club, chosen at the organization meeting on December 20, are:

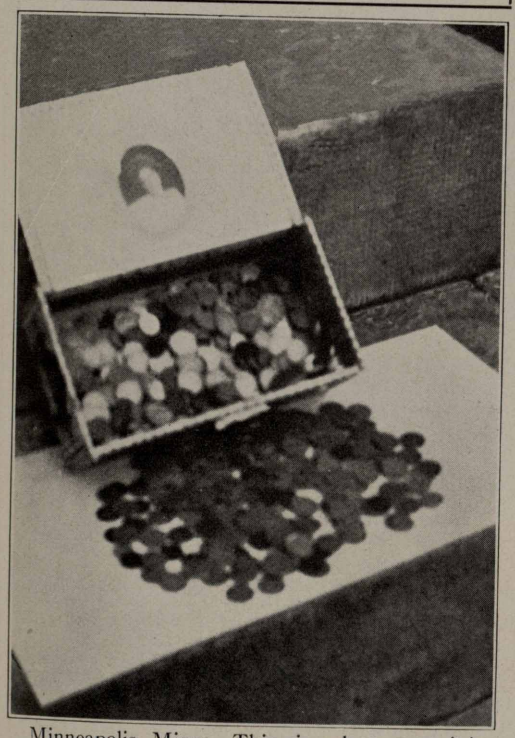
R. F. STORER, *president.*

GEORGE MOFFETT, *vice president.*

J. P. NEILSEN, *secretary-treasurer.*

A committee of six, which functions with the officers as an executive committee, is composed of M. J. Hannon, Charles Patten, Fred Kahl, Charles Naef, Harry Rolph and R. G. Walker.

CONSCIENCE MONEY



Minneapolis, Minn.—This cigar box, containing dimes, nickles and pennies to the amount of $57.30, was received by Assistant Manager Brown together with an anonymous letter which said the money belonged to the Standard Oil Company and its possession had so weighed on the conscience of the sender that he was moved to return it.

By the time this is in the hands of our readers a special meeting of the club will have been held for the purpose of canvassing the opinion of the membership as to what lines of activity should be pursued in order to obtain the greatest good for all concerned.

The club was not fathered by the company but was the result of a desire on the part of many foremen to get together not only for social purposes, but also for the exchange of ideas. It had its inception in basket picnics held by foremen of the mechanical department and was probably given some impetus by the visit to the Whiting plant on April 28, last, of members of the board of directors, who participated in a meeting of foremen at that time. So far as is known this was the first attempt to get all foremen together. Similar meetings were held at Wood River and Sugar Creek.

Following this meeting and another basket picnic held by foremen of the mechanical department, the foremen of that division decided that a permanent organization should be effected, and they assumed the responsibility of organizing and launching the club, in the belief that foremen in other departments, and eventually all foremen in the plant, would desire to become members. How justified was their faith is evidenced by the rapidity of the club's growth.

The constitution adopted at the first meeting provides for the admission to membership, on his application, of any foreman in the Whiting works whose name is on the list maintained by the industrial relations department, as having one or more of the rights of hiring, discharging or disciplining.

(All that the club now needs to make it a complete success is a committee charged with the duty of reporting its proceedings to the Stanolind Record. Though we are not a member, may we nominate Neilsen? It also needs an official photographer. May we nominate Sweeney?—Ed.)

THE S. O. COMPANY MAN

By G. W. Austermiller, *Agent*
Madison, Ind.

(1)

In my time I've met a number
Of them fellers you all know,
Travelin' 'round in automobiles,
Never stop for rain or snow.
Some sold lightnin' rods, some silos;
Some sold tractors, oils and such;
Filled me up with stuff, I'll tell you,
That I didn't need so much.
Then one day there came a feller—
He was diff'rent from the rest—
And the firm he represented
It was numbered 'mongst the best.
On his coat he wore a button,
S. O. C. the letters ran,
Showed he'd put in years of service
As an S. O. Comp'ny man.

(2)

He had no manly beauty,
No tongue like Henry Clay;
He was clean and neat appearin'
And he smiled a friendly way.
With hand outstretched I met him—
That was somethin' new for me,
For I always had a feelin'
That a drummer's like a bee,
Just a waitin' for to sting you
If you give him half a show.
Things he sells are made in Heaven,
All the others down below.
"Now, my friend," began the stranger,
And he handed me that smile,
"I've a message to deliver
And I think it worth your while.
There's my name, there on the 'Lizzie,'
Name a better if you can,
And it tells you same as I could
I'm an S. O. Comp'ny man."

(3)

He explained the stuff he's sellin'
In a most convincin' way.
There was "Polarine" and "Mica,"
Plenty others I might say.
Then, says he, "Have you an auto?
Doesn't matter what the name,
Let me touch her up with Semdac
And you'll always use the same.
Let me demonstrate to Mrs.,
It's a friend that she'll adore—
Puts new life into the woodwork,
Adds a lustre to the floor.
See! it wears the S. O. label
And you know as well as I
That the goods in there behind it
Are the best that you can buy.
All the other fellows know it
And they shut up like a clam
When they see this bus a-comin'
With an S. O. Comp'ny man.

(4)

"When you know that you are sellin'
Somethin' that will stand the strain
Of all housewife criticism
And they call you back again,
Oh! it makes a mighty feelin'
Go a jumpin' up your spine,
When the folks begin to braggin'
Of the S. O. Company line.
And the plants wherein they make it—
They're the greatest in the land,
And the men who supervise it,
Say, they'll take you by the hand
And they'll meet you on the level
Like a human being should—
Why, you couldn't keep from hustlin'
And a tryin' to make good.
Many years I've been a sellin'
Many more, Sir, if I can,
For I'm mighty proud of bein'
Just an S. O. Comp'ny man."

(5)

I kinder got the spirit
Of that drummer's loyalty;
If he'd sold himself so solid,
Then why shouldn't he sell me?
I took a can of "Semdac"
And a kit of Mica too,
Some "Polarine" and Harness Oil—
I bought the whole line through.
Two months passed by right quickly
And this I've got to say:
I want to thank that feller
For sellin' me that day.
The goods were all he claimed them
And as sure as my name's "Sam"
There'll always be a welcome
For an S. O. Comp'ny man.

Looks Like a Cuckoo Party to Us

No. 1—"Funny Dress Party," Mankato. For particulars see gossip. No. 2—Louise Heinze won the prize—how did they eat after looking at That! No. 3—Cakes baked by Mrs. Anderson; angel food, too, guarded by Miss Biisser, Miss Halvorson and Miss Rodning. No. 4—Printed in justice to Miss Heinze, this being she in normal garb.

BIG ATHLETIC YEAR PLANNED AT WHITING

Whiting, Ind., Feb. 1.—Reviewing the activities of the Standard Oil Athletic Association, Whiting works, for the year 1921, reveals to us the fact that the association is developing into a strong and worth while institution. During the year 1921 the association promoted baseball, basketball, track and field athletics, tennis, bowling, horseshoe tournaments, target shooting and boxing and wrestling. These projects were well supported by the employees of the works, interest being evident at all times.

For the year 1922, the officers of the association have planned many things. They have adopted the policy that all branches of athletics in which a sufficient number of employees are interested should be organized, promoted and supported by the Athletic association. At the last regular meeting the budget for the year 1922 was determined. By its size and scope, you may realize what the association is attempting for the present year. The budget adopted is as follows:

Baseball	$900.00
Bowling	500.00
Tennis	75.00
Quoits	50.00
Basketball	500.00
Indoor Activities	100.00
General Fund	300.00
Golf	150.00
Boxing and Wrestling	300.00
Skating Tournament	75.00
Rifle Target Shooting	50.00

The association is handicapped considerably in the promotion of these various activities by the fact that there is no suitable gymnasium in the city. All are looking forward with hopes, however, to the successful solution of this problem when our new Whiting Community Service Building is completed.

Regarding the program for the year 1922, the following may be given as an indication as to what is being done or what is intended:

BASKETBALL COMMITTEE — Jas. Griffith, C. C. Craswell, Ralph White, James Judson, C. Miller. The Athletic association is supporting a basketball team which is playing under the name of Red Crowns. Without a doubt the team is as good as any in the country and is giving to basketball fans all they may desire in following this branch of sport. The results of games played by the Red Crowns so far this season are as follows:

Gary, 21; Red Crowns, 38. South Bend Independents, 24; Red Crowns, 36. Milwaukee Bright Spots, 24; Red Crowns, 22. Alverno Athletic Club, 20; Red Crowns, 34. Hope College, 25; Red Crowns, 32. University of Indianapolis, 20; Red Crowns, 58. Chicago Big V, 25; Red Crowns, 23. Kingman Tibetts, 21; Red Crowns, 40. Beloit Fairies, 21; Red Crowns, 48. Michigan City Y. M. C. A., 31; Red Crowns, 53. Louisville, Ky., 30; Red Crowns, 38. Fort Wayne K. C., 40; Red Crowns, 13. South Bend Y. M. C. A., 44; Red Crowns, 33. Gary Y. M. C. A., 20; Red Crowns, 34. Oswego, N. Y., 20; Red Crowns, 42.

We have been defeated, but as the remainder of our schedule includes the teams by whom we were defeated, we hope to atone for those defeats. The schedule to be played includes the following: Chicago Big V, Fort Wayne K. C., South Bend Y. M. C. A., Beloit Fairies, Freeport Triangles, Janesville Cardinals, LaPorte Y. M. C. A., Gary Y. M. C. A., and Dayton, Ohio.

A delightful feature of the basketball games is the dancing which is provided for those present. The dancing is given without extra charge and follows immediately after the game. In order to start this feature properly, the association gave complimentary tickets to the first game where dancing was provided, to all girl employees of the works. The girls were well represented and have taken advantage of this opportunity at the games which have been played since the starting of the dancing feature.

BOWLING COMMITTEE—Fred Lau, Mike McGowan, M. D. Henrikson. The Bowling league has completed the first half of its schedule. The standing at the present time of the various departmental teams is as follows:

Team	Won	Lost	Pct.
Main Office	28	14	667
Towers No. 1	27	15	643

Team	Won	Lost	Pct.
Grease Works	24	18	571
Switching	20	16	556
Drafting	19	23	452
Paraffine	19	23	452
Towers No. 2	16	23	410
Acid Works	6	33	154

High Team Game, Towers No. 2 944
High Team Average, 2 Games, Main Office . . 888⅔
High Individual, Single Game, Geo. Wilt, Paraffine 239
High Individual, Average 3 Games, Wilkinson, Switching 203

The season has been very successful and much good is being accomplished by promoting this line of sport, as possibly a larger number of employees participate in bowling than in any other sport promoted by the Athletic association.

Going into the third round, the Main Office is setting the pace in the Standard Oil Bowling League at Whiting, with the Tower Stills No. 1 a close second. Among the individuals, Wilkinson of the Switching department is out in front by himself. Wilt of the Paraffine department is having quite a time keeping ahead of Pete Lieese of the Main Office.

QUOITS COMMITTEE — Dr. Reeve, Oliver Bartells. This old-time sport has been very popular among the employees on the plant and the committee is now working to put on a larger tournament during the year 1922.

SOCCER FOOTBALL COMMITTEE—Stanley Nicholson, Geo. Wilt. This committee is now working to put into the field a soccer football team to play tournament games. It is a new venture for the Athletic association and so nothing definite as to results can be given at this time.

GOLF COMMITTEE—Herbert Morris, Fred Ovitz, Geo. Watts. This committee has arranged for indoor golf, the Owls club having extended the use of their hall each Monday night for all those who wish to take part in this line of activity. The committee plans to promote a golf tournament during the regular season this summer.

BOXING AND WRESTLING COMMITTEE—Harry Keefe, Edward Clabby, Chas. Groat, E. Grogan. You have read of the boxing and wrestling exhibition which was given under the direction of this committee December 19, 1921. The event was attended by possibly 700 employees whose badge entitled them to admission. The committee has arranged for another boxing and wrestling carnival which will take place during the latter part of February, 1922.

BASEBALL COMMITTEE—A. Bumhour, Fred Langhor, W. O. Walker, H. R. White. This committee is planning to promote departmental baseball during the coming season, making up a legaue of six or eight teams from the various departments of the plant. There is also a possibility that they may organize a works team which will be entered in the Calumet Manufacturing League.

TARGET RIFLE SHOOTING COMMITTEE—J. G. Taylor, Leroy Schlichtig. This committee is now preparing to hold during the coming season annual target shooting tournaments. 30-30 rifles are used so that considerable interest is being manifested, especially by ex-service men.

SKATING COMMITTEE — C. Fogli, Wm. Aldie. The first skating tournament arranged is to be held Sunday, February 5, at Whiting park. It is a new venture for the Athletic association, but as skating is very popular this year, it should go over big.

ANYWHERE, ANYTIME

Grand Rapids, Mich.—Standard Oil Service, Anywhere, Anytime.—When the fire whistle blew on the evening of January 23 in St. Joseph, Michigan, our agent, Bill Haase, and Al Hosbein, service station attendant, stepped outside the service station and saw a Dodge roadster in flames a short distance up the street. They grabbed fire guns and saved the car before the fire department arrived. Wherever you go, there it is—SOCO service.

* * *

Judge: "Now, I don't expect to see you here again, Rufus."

Rufus: "Not see me here again, Mr. Judge? Why yo' all ain't goin' to resign yo' job, is you, Judge?"—*Exchange.*

* * *

Success is largely made up of three ingredients: determination, persistency and hard work. And of these, the last is the most essential.—*Hardware News.*

BOARD MEETS WOOD RIVER AND SUGAR CREEK COMMITTEES

The following account, taken from the Alton Times of January 10, is descriptive of the visit of the board of directors with the Wood River Joint General Committee on the evening of January 9. Reports other than those contained in the following article say that it was "some feed" at the Mineral Springs hotel and that it was some "talkfest," especially when orators Jolley and Kelly of the local refinery took the floor.—Publications Committee, Wood River.

"In these days of industrial strife and unemployment, it is of considerable interest to note that various firms are endeavoring to deal with their employees in a cooperative way. One of the most notable examples of this industrial democracy is the plan that the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) has in operation. At the four refineries, Whiting, Sugar Creek, Casper and Wood River, employees representing both the management and employees are elected to sit at a common table to discuss and to decide questions that are of mutual advantage and interest to all parties concerned. The industrial relations plan at the Wood River refinery has been in successful operation for the past three years, and in the words of those who head the Standard Oil, 'It has come to stay.'

"As an indication of the successful working out of the plan, an invitation was issued at a recent meeting of the Wood River Joint General Committee to the board of directors to meet the local committee. In consequence, employees, board of directors and management gathered last evening at the Mineral Springs hotel. Seated at a large banquet table speeches were made emphasizing the opinion of those present that much good to employees had resulted since the industrial democracy plan had been inaugurated. Those present representing the board of directors were Col. Stewart, chairman of the board; Dr. W. M. Burton, president; W. E. Warwick, second vice president and general manager of manufacturing; Allan Jackson, fifth vice president; Mr. N. H. Reed, advertising manager; Mr. J. W. Curry, director of industrial relations. Those present from the Wood River refinery J. G. C. were J. F. Evans, G. W. Pilcher, J. W. Stephenson, Fred Emmel, William F. Kelly, Orland Hemphill, William Bacheldor, John Flanagan, H. E. Hartwig, W. I. Jolley, C. M. Shook, L. L. Tuley, and C. F. Hall. Others present were Superintendent S. A. Beach, Asst. Superintendent F. J. Gainer, Mr. A. E. Gladden, superintendent of lubricating works, and Mr. W. A. Tipton, superintendent of mechanical department.

"Talks were made by Messrs. Jolley and Kelly in behalf of the Wood River refinery. Members of the Board of Directors who spoke included Messrs. Jackson, Warwick, Dr. Burton, and Colonel Stewart. Mr. C. B. Manbeck, manager of the Wood River refinery, acted as a very able toastmaster for the occasion.

"The Industrial Relations Plan as adopted and practiced for the past three years at the local Wood River plant is one that works to the mutual advantage of every employee. "Get-togethers" such as the meeting last evening at the Mineral Springs hotel reveal the right spirit that should exist between the employees of any large corporation."

AT SUGAR CREEK

Sugar Creek, Mo., February 1.—On January 17, the Sugar Creek refinery was visited by the Board of Directors in response to the invitation of the Joint General Committee of November 16, 1921. Included in the party were Col. R. W. Stewart, Dr. Wm. M. Burton, Mr. W. E. Warwick and Mr. Allan Jackson of the Board of Directors, Mr. J. W. Curry, director of industrial relations, and Mr. N. H. Reed, manager of the advertising department.

The party arrived in the morning and a luncheon was served at 1:30 p. m. in the

Industrial Relations building, after which a number of short talks were made by members of the Board of Directors and Mr. Curry; also by employees' and management's representatives on the Sugar Creek Joint General Committee.

The final address was amde by Colonel Stewart in his usual vigorous, straight from the shoulder style, in which he outlined to the members of the Joint General Committee, the attitude of the Board of Directors towards the Industrial Relations Plan, their confidence in its success and its increasing usefulness in maintaining cordial cooperation between the management and employees of the company. The consensus among those present at this gathering was that it had been productive of much good and it is hoped that the directors will find time to repeat these occasional visits when the exigencies of business permit.—*Sugar Creek Publications Committee, A. O. Hodges, chairman.*

A. L. BARFIELD

Another Standard Oil Company (Indiana) employee who would have gladdened the heart of Diogenes has been called to our attention; and once more the spotlight falls on a member of that fine group of workers who are becoming noted the country over for their courtesy and honesty —our service station men.

The following letter from Mr. Henry D. Coghlan, general counsel of the International Copyright Service, Chicago, New York and London, was received January 10th by Mr. H. A. Lewis and referred by him to Mr. R. G. Stewart and Mr. T. J. Thompson:

"Standard Oil Company, Chicago, Gentlemen: Allow me to acknowledge the courtesy and honesty of your employees at service station at corner of Devon and Broadway, Chicago, in returning to me change I had overlooked.

"In driving away from the station without waiting for my change your employee only had the opportunity of catching the number on the back of my car. But he telephoned me the next day reminding me of the oversight and I received the money shortly after. But for his honesty I would have overlooked the whole matter.

"This is only one of several instances of courtesy and honesty I have received at the hands of your employees which inspires me with confidence in your organization and its products, which I take pleasure in giving the widest publicity.

"Thanking the particular employees responsible for this service and commending the discipline which produces such an organization, I remain, yours very truly,

Henry D. Coghlan."

Investigation by Mr. Lewis disclosed that the attendant was A. Lincoln Barfield, who soon after received the following letter from General Sales Manager T. J. Thompson:

"Dear Mr. Barfield: I wish to thank you for the courtesy and honesty shown Mr. Henry D. Coghlan, general counsel of the International Copyright Service, and to say that honesty and courtesy of this kind inspires us with the belief that time is well spent in the selection of proper employees to represent this company.

"I am sure that it will please you as much as it does the company to receive a letter commenting on your good work with Mr. Coghlan. Yours very truly, T. J. Thompson."

Replying to this, Mr. Barfield said he was "sure that the other men would have done as I did," so that he "was not deserving of any special praise." We believe they would, too, Mr. Barfield, but that does not make your act any less meritorious.

* * *

Canadian—"Shay, is that a Rolls-Roysh over there?"

Home-Brew—"Nope, thash a groshery wagon."

"Then you're not looking in the same plash."

"Hic—neither are you."—*Jack o' Lantern* (Dartmouth).

* * *

A starving tramp stopped at a kitchen in California and asked for food.

"You likee fish?" asked the Chinese cook.

"Yes," replied the tramp eagerly.

"All lite, come around Fliday."—*Mugwump* (Tenn.).

* * *

"I hear your sister is sick in bed, Willie," remarked a neighbor; "nothing serious I hope."

"Not specially," answered Willie, "we were just playin' a game seein' who could lean the furthest out of the winder, and she won."—*Tampa Morning Tribune.*

WHITING, IND.

Fred Hoffman, labor foreman in the clean-up department, has left the employ of the company and has accepted a position with a Chicago wholesale jewelry firm. Good luck to you, Fred.

Dolly Gray of the pipe department has accepted a position in the refinery.

Mike McGowan, stillman at the Pressure stills, underwent an operation at the Illinois Central hospital last week. At this writing he is getting along nicely.

Geo. Prentice, general foreman of the clean-up department, was taken to the Washington Park hospital, January 16, for treatment. Mr. Prentice is reported to be greatly improved and his many friends look forward to his return at an early date.

Wm. Miller of the yard department is all smiles these days. A new grandson in the family is the big reason.

Sam Bensic, a fireman at the pressure stills, underwent an operation at the Passavant hospital last week. His many friends hope for his speedy recovery.

Steve Miller of the safety and compensation department is reported on the sick list.

Miss Edith Collier of the Chicago office, formerly of the safety department at Whiting, visited friends at this refinery last week.

Peter Heaney, a pit puller at the pressure stills, underwent an operation at the Illinois Central hospital last week. His many friends hope for his speedy recovery.

Friends of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander J. Manta, will be pleased to learn that they are the proud parents of a baby girl. Mrs. Manta, before her marriage, was Miss Mayme Flynn, and at that time an employee of the switching department.

Mr. H. H. Huggins of the Switching department, has been absent from his duties serving on the jury.

Mr. Steve Wargo, Jr., of the switching department, attended his wife's parents twenty-fifth anniversary. Steve said he had "buco" cider, but why didn't he bring us some?

Mr. T. A. Kammer, of the switching department, and Miss Ester James, Standard Oil Company telephone operator, attended the K. of C. minstrel Friday evening, February 10.

John McNeill of the switching department, says that the sweetest solo he ever sang, is: "Rock-A-Bye *My* Baby."

Miss Anna Fuss, formerly an employee of the switching department entertained the so called "Bachelors" of the switching department, at her home in Front street. Mr. Clarence Kaiser was guest of honor.

Mr. Norman Emerson, of the switching department, drove to Chicago in his new Overland sedan to take in the final performance of the opera. Oh yes, Norm's quite a music lover, and we wonder what he thought of "Mary."

Vincent Grogan enjoyed himself immensely at the party. Miss Fuss acting as hostess.

Who is the young lady, Clarence, you are seen so frequently with around town?

Mr. Chas. Brown, yardmaster, has purchased an Overland car and can be seen daily making practice runs. He has nearly every device on his car known in motordom with the exception of a fire truck gong, which he expects to apply in the near future so that he can warn all reckless and nervous drivers of his approach on 119th street and Calumet ave. Watch your step, Browny, but if you use Red Crown gasoline, Polarine and Semdac, you will be safe.

On the morning of January 20, when the thermometers registered four degrees above zero, an object was seen approaching the yard office. At first it was thought to be an eskimo, which frightened several of the boys, but on closer observations it was discovered to be Mr. Jos. Solon, general track foreman, he having invested in a fur cap called Russian Weasel or better known as American Muskrat. Be a little more careful in the future, Joe; some of the boys may have a weak heart.

Mr. Wm. Miller, car repair foreman, is the proud grandfather of another grandson. This makes Mr. Miller grandfather to three grandchildren. Be a sport, Bill, and give us your family group picture.

Walter Beach and a few friends made a perilous trip to the automobile show in his Overland. They made the trip without overhauling the machine more than three times enroute.

Stanolind Reporter—"Hey, Bill, give me some news items for the magazine."

Bill Schlicktig—"Aw, I don't know anything!"

Stanolind Reporter—"I always suspected as much but never expected you would acknowledge it."

Peter Martin says he had his tonsils removed. We believe friend wife showed Peter who was the better half.

Earl Knight passed the cigars recently on the occasion of the arrival of a nine and one-half pound boy. Thanks, also congratulations.

Things You Never See in the Movies: Bill Schlicktig pushing a baby carriage; Mike Elo running with an oxygen bottle; Frank Williams giving cherry pie away; John Simala driving his Cole less than forty miles an hour; Earl Knight giving Ziggie Gobberg a chew; Geo. Paul on the job five minutes before the whistle blows.

The welding shop boasts two whirlwinds on ice skates—Ziggie Gobberg and Geo. Kirchoff. Ziggie has become so proficient he has become instructor to the fair sex at Bessemer Park. George Kirchoff, the sweet voiced tenor—he makes stars in everything.

John Chiluski is passing the cigars, it's a boy.

Herbert Harmon has been transferred from the old barrel house to the grease department. He is now on his old job as outside checker.

George Spisak has resigned his position at the grease department and is now manager of a Bakery at 71st and Cottage Grove avenue, known as the Swedish Home Bakery. How do you get that way, George?

In an attempt to save a little girl from a fire in the basement of his rooming house, Thomas Dershock was burned severely about the face and left shoulder. The origin of the fire has not been determined. Tom is confined in St. Margaret's hospital, Hammond, Indiana, and it is thought that he may be there for a few months.

Mr. Thos. Eaton is now back on the job at the new barrel house after an absence of three months due to injuries received in an automobile accident.

Mr. Mike Wolsko is our latest benedict, a Toledo, Ohio, lass being the bride.

The barrel department is the recipient of a beautiful silver trophy cup from the S. O. A. A., for having the champion basketball team of the Whiting plant. The boys are mighty proud of the cup and will be on the job to defend it when hostilities are again resumed.

We are glad to note the confidence placed in "Mack," the Fargo barrel painter, as per January

issue of the Stanolind Record, but Whiting barrel department believe they have a few good painters also. Bring on your bankroll, Fargo, but forget the B. V. D.'s—b-r-r-r, too cold to think of such things now.

Mrs. C. R. Vincent, who recently underwent an operation, has returned to her home where she is rapidly recovering.

When Jack Cote, helper on the pitch stills, took a couple of days off last fall and made a flying trip to Kentucky it was explained that he merely wished to see the country. There were those, however, who thought it might be to see the moon shine. The first of the year Jack took a ten days' leave and immediatey hopped a train for Ky., this time with the remark that he was going on a hunting trip. We would say he was very successful and the results of his trip have cleared up a lot of things we were never able to understand. What really happened is this: On January 4, Miss Nell Reid of Somerset, Ky., and N. J. Cote, of Whiting, were united in marriage in the presence of the bride's immediate family. They are now residing on White Oak ave. We wish them every happiness.

Leo McCampbell, tester in the acid works lab., is nursing a rather bad middle finger on his left hand, caused by spilling some hot pitch on it. Leo says you never know how much you use that finger until something happens to it.

Matt Schutz, pumper's helper on the steam refined separators, has left to engage in farming near Steger, Ill. Matt will operate his father-in-law's farm in connection with forty acres of his own adjoining. We are sorry to lose Matt and our best wishes for success go with him.

Helen Berilla is the little one's name who (Editor, please note the WHO) arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Berilla an January 14. There are now five girls in the Berilla household and the smile on John's face just won't come off. John is a pipefitter in the acid department.

Mike Babincsak, acid house fireman, has purchased a new five-room bungalow on John st., where he expects to move soon.

Francis Dickinson, of the steam refined treating dept., has been unable to be on duty for several weeks, due to illness.

Now that John Lukach of the separators has completed the erection of a garage and the automobile show is over, we anxiously await the apearance of the car. We feel safe in giving odds on a Henry Sedan, but you never can tell, it might be a Rolls-Royce.

Just recently our machine shop Romeo experienced a somewhat novel and exciting incident. Joe Jones drove his car home as usual with Minsberg and Fred Ehlers as passengers to Robertsdale, and Chown, Kinane and Westling to the East Side, from work at the Whiting plant every evening. Having discharged the last of their patrons, Joe and his brother George proceeded home. When turning the corner at 103rd st. and Ewing ave. their engine coughed a few times and immediately fire broke out. Someone turned in an alarm and two fire departments arrived shortly. The fire was extinguished shortly before they arrived. The intense heat drove Joe and George out of the car in quite a "jiffy", they not being experienced fire-eaters. The extent of the damage is not quite known yet, but as luck would have it the car is insured. This, however, does not prevent Minsberg, Ehlers, Chown, Kinane, Westling, Joe and George Jones from walking home like gentlemen now.

Chester Kahl has only one competitor in the now popular walking race every morning. This has come to pass thru the hefty stride of Bill Haman, with Larry Moore a close second.

Johnny Muldoon is still making his presence known by sticking to his "shop rep;" the smiling music box always working.

The machine shop crew usually gathers at the railroad depot each evening to discuss their own superior brand of tobacco and favorite pipes. This discussion gets quite hot at times under the leadership of Bill Devers, Pete Yager, Billy Lea, Bob Gradwell, Louis the Great, Earl Stevens and a few others. This keeps up until Charlie Ruff comes along and tells of HIS $2.17 a pound smoke producer. If they don't agree, Charlie just puffs a few whiffs and the crowd disperses in a hurry. Charlie firmly maintains that his friends are only smoldering the "filthy weed" for show purposes, but the general contention is that Charlie doesn't use tobacco, although he claims it is a private and unknown brand of his own.

Our mysterious stranger is still mystifying the machine shop with his mystic magic. Don't ask him but watch him, and do the same—SMILE. (Key—Gus Berg).

WUXTRA! Joe Swain, on being asked if anything unusual happened lately, replied: "Yes, the steamfitter came and fixed our radiator so we can absorb a little more heat and work in comfort."

A circus was held in Hammond recently by the Orak Shriners, and the elephants were fed peanuts by the following gentlemen: C. H. Daugherty, F. Minsberg, J. Muldoon, D. Daegling, F. Ehlers, J. Plau, J. Sceery, Roy Miller, Bill Haman and Joe Matis. All seemed to enjoy themselves at the circus.

It is reported that Billy Haman is taking regular trips to Michigan at about two week intervals. Can it be possible? We haven't seen her picture yet, but we hope to hear more soon.

Bill Smith, one of our machine shop musicians, is up for notice. He hasn't done anything unusual last month. He even admits he has tried to be very quiet and inconspicuous. No wonder we've missed him so.

If you feel like buying a talking machine come to the can house and you'll get sick of one.

Agnes—What is a kiss?

Romeo—I don't know what it is.

Agnes—Kiss me and I'll call it square.

Romeo—All right, wait a while.

Alfred (Swede) Petersen: We hear you are engaged to Susie Sisko. Don't forget to pass the cigars around.

Andy Semancik, the famous toe dancer of the can house, is giving an exhibition on February 4, 1922, at the can house hall. Everyone is invited. He will also play the violin and piano at the same time. I thank you.

How's Alex, Mary?

Somebody is pretty downhearted at can house since Jack got married.

Jake Behrens, Caruso of the can house, also noted song writer. We all wish him "success".

Edward Zurbriggen is so used to rolling cans, that he rolls his own cigarettes. Oh, you Bull Durham!

Miss Anna Podobinski of the can house was married to John Jansky of the grease department. Both are still with us. We wish them a happy married life.

Miss Elizabeth Nagy of the can house was

married to John Pavuk of East Chicago. Mrs. Pavuk now resides in East Chicago.

Hattie Guzek and Emma O'Donnell have been transferred from the filling department to the can house.

Mr. and Mrs. U. G. Swartz, the former general yardmaster of the switching department, are entertaining the latter's brother and nephew from Wooster, Ohio.

Mr. Paton Richardson, of the switching department, has returned to work after spending a two weeks' vacation in Michigan. We all know Mr. Richardson had a very nice time. ————?

Ruth and Helen Mae, daughters of Mr. Huggins, chief clerk of the switching department, are recuperating from an attack of scarlet fever.

Among the employees of the switching department attending grand opera are: Mr. U. G. Swartz, Mr. Arthur Vernon and Mr. V. M. Grogen.

Mr. Albert Knowles, of the switching department, was called from his work January 10, owing to the illness of his two months' old child. It is learned that the child underwent a serious operation January 12. We all hope for the babe's speedy recovery.

Vincent Grogan and Clarence Kaiser entered into a beauty contest a few months ago; both decided to raise "Boot Straps" or in ancient times called "Side Burns." In due time it was found that each had an excellent crop, which was envied by all the other young men. One evening while Vincent was out in society, a certain young lady called our Vincent, "Dr. Grogan." This did not please him, and that night before retiring he pulled out his faithful razor and whacked them off. He is trying to lead Clarence Kaiser into the presence of this young lady, hoping that she may find another member of the firm to be titled "Dr. Kaiser." This, Vincent feels, will close the beauty contest.

Anyone wishing to buy a sheepskin lined coat call on Mr. Fred Alexander, he having purchased the coat on the strength of the report made by Mr. John McLean and Mr. Wm. Miller of a blizzard being on the way headed for Whiting. The case not proving true as to reports made by these weather prophets, Mr. Alexander wishes to dispose of the same at a very low figure. Anyone in the market for a coat of this kind, apply at yard office.

Mr. Jos. Rhinesperger, of the switching department, had contemplated taking a rabbit hunt, but owing to the fact that his shotgun with bent barrels had been loaned to Pete Liesse, which was not returned before the closing of the season, and also having used up the surplus of salt, he had to postpone his trip to 1923.

WOOD RIVER, ILL.

Ed Trigg, while cranking his Ford, broke his arm, and as result will be off for a month.

L. Fulkerson was off for a few days with a bad case of the chills.

Doc Lyons was absent from work for a few days with the tube colic.

E. Maberry attended the funeral of his father-in-law and was off for a few days.

A Ford "For sale," apply E. Trigg.

L. Ritter was off for a week to attend the funeral of his father, who had been ill for some three years. His fellow workers sympathize with him in his sorrow.

In another column an account of the Board of Directors' visit to Wood River is given. Employees will recall that the members of the Board came to Wood River on an invitation extended to them by our local Joint General Committee. Due to pressure of business that awaited the Board in Chicago, part of the program as outlined by the Joint General Committee had to be dispensed with this year. It is regretted very much that a visit to the refinery could not be made by the Board members. We hope next year that the contemplated visit to the refinery can be guaranteed and that the omission this time may more than be made up by a more extended stay in 1923.

Anyone who wants to hear some good sporting news should let Wm. White, the big man from Hartford, know. He has a new way of hunting rabbits; that is by enticing them into stovepipe.

In our plant there's a man named Gus,
And he has bought himself a little bus,
A Ford coupe, I hear—how he will speed,
He's dropped the Oldsmobile and now he's in the lead.
I guess it is some classy boat.
Talk on, says he, "You can't get my goat."

And to the Bowling Alley he does go,
And when he loses he's full of woe,
He stoops and swings and pauses still,
Someone shouts "Pull" and he throws with a will;
But that word "Pull" his good arm smote,
Tho, says he, "You can't get my goat."

He's not nervous, oh no! Not at all,
Never excited over work or baseball,
But if the truth is known, I'll say,
I'd vouch for Gus any old day.
Now Gus give us a ride in your new boat,
What say? Come on, you can't get my goat.

Fred Gerl, helper on the crude stills, has purchased a Ford roadster. Look out, Carrie.

"Cleanliness is next to godliness." Most of us have heard that; others of us apparently have not. An authentic report came to the Industrial Relations office recently stating that one employee had failed to use anything of a cleansing nature on his skin for over a week. Fellow employees state that Mr. Doe (this is an assumed name) looked more like a Hindu than an American citizen of the white species. Ye gods, have ordinary water and soap gone up so much in price that we must leave on the dirt? (NOTE—Mr. Doe, please call at the Industrial Relations office and receive a pail of water and a cake of soap free of charge).

"Major" Whitey Hannold has been troubled a great deal lately with that disagreeable "Elderberry Cough." We feel for you, "Major," but would advise to use discretion.

NOTICE: Anyone knowing of a way to get hold of a good automobile without stealing or "letting loose" of some good United States money, please get in touch with Herman Falkenhain, Helper No. 2 crude house. A small reward will be given for the information.

Stop, Look and Listen! George Thompson, extra crude still foreman, "spent" the day Sunday, January 22, taking in the sights at Forest Park, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Mrs. John Stoneham, wife of crude still foreman Stoneham, was in bed sick for three weeks in January, but is able to be out and around once more.

Geo. Lang, stillman No. 3 crude house, was on the sick list a few days in January.

HARDLY—BANK ROBBERS KNOW HOW TO SHOOT

Wood River, Ill., Feb. 1.—This is not a trio of bank robbers, but the captains of shooting clubs and the crack shot. Left to right: R. Durham, captain; W. Shawmeker, crack shot; G. Haller, captain. Neither Durham nor Haller could "hit the side of a barn," but Shawmeker hit the pigeons nine times out of ten times up. Shawmeker claims that this was the first time he attempted to wing a clay pigeon, but we have serious doubts as to his veracity.

Joe Jackson, fireman No. 3 crude house, is all smiles these days. The stork visited Joe's home and left another baby boy.

Albert Hall has purchased form Bryant Harrod a house and lot on Wood River avenue, where he will make his home.

EXTRA SPECIAL: Anyone wanting duck eggs for hatching please place your orders early with "Ladd" Freeman, right hand fireman for Tim Van Camp, No. 2 crude house.

The boys in the Standard Bowling league are toppling the pins in good shape. Adams still holds the lead in individual average, having an average of some 190 pins to his credit for the season, and his team is also holding down the top place in the league at the present time. Forsting, after hitting the toboggan for some time, seems to be coming back, having won the last six straight games. Crews has at last come out of the cellar and Maloney has taken his place, with Burris running a close second for the cellar position. Kocher, who has been in the lead of the league for some time, seems to be "going back" as he has been "taken" quite regularly of late. Kane is about holding his own, with Koennecker taking a spurt to insure a higher position in first division. Tuley of the Forstings seems to be the man on which interest is centered. Recently Tuley developed a "Wonder Hook Ball," that is, he wondered where it was going. Tuley has eliminated this in the last few games up and was the big factor in winning the last six games for Forsting. Tuley says it is easy when you know the combination. He also says that he will remain on his home stamping ground and attend to bowling and that Max Hartwig will not be able to drag him down to the "Gol' Derned City" until the bowling season is over.

Harry Harrod, pumper at the main pump house, and Mayor Nagel went rabbit hunting and from the best information we can gather, the mayor was the one who had the honor of bringing home the "rabbit."

A movement that should be highly encouraged is the formation of a Foremen and Heads of Departments Club. Two meetings have already been held. During these meetings many matters of interest were discussed. At the last meeting held January 19, Mr. W. A. Tipton was acting chairman. Talks were made by Mr. Powell, common labor foreman; Mr. Tuley, storehouse department; Mr. Halloran, office manager; Mr. Flanagan, first aid; Mr. Manbeck, general manager, and Mr. Tipton, master mechanic. All these talks referred to matters of vital importance in the refinery, such as the hand-

ling of men; worth of working man to his family; compiling of inventories and making up of labor and material reports; establishment of Foremen's Club; cooperation of foremen with the Industrial Relations division. A committee was appointed to go into the matter of formation of permanent Foremen's Club and report at next meeting. Another meeting will be held in the very near future, and we hope at that time a permanent organization will result.

Mr. Freeland Thompson, through the columns of the Stanolind, wishes to thank his many friends and associates in the refinery for the floral offerings and messages of consolation in his hour of bereavement; also for machines kindly tendered for the funeral service. In another paragraph of these news items will be found a chronicle of the death of Mrs. Thompson. She leaves the husband and three small children to mourn her loss.

The Wood River Refinery has six lost time accidents chalked up against it so far this month, from the following causes:

Mr. A. Timber dropped on right foot. Small toe of right foot bruised and lacerated.
Mr. B. Slipped and fell off 6x6 timber into coal bunker. Ligaments of left foot and leg strained.
Mr. C. Wrenched muscles of back while pulling valve. Back muscles severely strained.
Mr. D. Leg scalded by water from steam lines. Second degree burn on calf of left leg.
Mr. E. Foot slipped, causing bruise and sprain of right ankle.
Mr. D. Struck on head by timber. Wound on right side of head.

This number of lost time accidents is entirely too large, and every effort should be put forth to see that this number of accidents should not occur again in any one month. Last month we only recorded one lost time accident (for December). We should have a record at least this good every month, and with proper cooperation of employees this can be accomplished. Alway practice Safety First.

New Year's morning the boys at No. 1 house, crude, drafted the following resolution: Resolved, that we will make more oil and better oil during 1922 than we did the past year.

Tom Mitchell comes back to the firing line now and then. Tom still wears his famous "whip-poor-will" smile, but is usually identified by a bulging chew of tobacco and his choice language.

Matt Freeman of No. 2 house, crude, will not believe Uncle Tim Van Camp received a box of cigars Christmas until he sees three of four of them.

Dink Gerdes of No. 3 house, crude, sat up all night Saturday, January 28, expecting a telephone call that he had won the automobile raffled off in East St. Louis.

John Eaton, fireman, No. 1 house, crude, and Herb Wolenweaver, stillcleaner caller, have traded automobiles for the fifth time. These gentlemen trade cars, take the newly received machines apart, reassemble them, and then trade again. At every trade John keeps a part he has left over and expects to have enough soon to make a third car.

While Charles Wiggins was returning from St. Louis the other day, a Ford passed the Buick four. Charles relieved himself of a few of his pet expressions held in reserve for Fords, and thought the incident was closed until next morning at work he found out that it was Tittle's Ford that passed him. Wiggins always has an alibi; this time the accelator stuck.

For choice wine of Elderberry Blossoms or Beagle Hounds, see Willie Obermiller at No. 1 crude house.

William Miller of the steam stills was absent from work one day last week and all the boys were very anxious about the old ex-seadog. Bill usually maintains that a man should never allow himself to be sick enough to stay away from work and his friends thought that he was seriously ill. However, Bill came back smiling the next day and everyone was glad to see him.

Chas. Zweig of the paraffine department made a trip to Whiting, Ind., January 29.

Cock-Eye Davies of the bleacher pump house is thinking about buying a second handed Dodge.

Mrs. L. Timar had her tonsils removed recently, and we understand is getting along nicely.

Tom Williams was off from work for a few days grieving over the loss of a thermos bottle which he received from wifey as a Christmas gift.

Jerry Kennedy, the smiling Irishman of the safety valve department, was off for two weeks with the grip. When he came back he did not have his smile.

A green sign over a blacksmith shop on Belle street in Alton reads like this: Little & Mouse, Horse Shoers and General Repairs.

Rex Craddock and Riley Hefner claim to be the best pinochle players in the refinery and they send a challenge to any two men in the works. The writer heard of the challenge, and he thought after going over the names of some of the men in the refinery, that they would make some very interesting games. This is the way the writer would like to see the challenge accepted:

The first match would be between C. Fox and O. Ratz. Riley and Rex say that they would leave them in the hole, as they would get them in a trap in the first deal.

The next match between J. Wolf and Doc Lyons. That would be a wild game on the start, but they would soon tame that pair down and make a circus out of the game. Joe Baer has offered to sub for either of them.

The next game would be tight because Henry Wrench and C. Lock are good players. Rex says it would not be a loose game because "Wrench" will tighten up and maybe "Lock" them out, but Riley says he could hold the key to the game.

The next one should be tame, C. Pelican and J. Lamm as opponents. Pelican says he could fly away with them and Lamm says after the game he would go "ha-ha" for winning it.

Rex and Riley will be sour in the next game because it is between H. Pickles and W. Grove. This game will be played on an open field, because Grove is figuring on having a picnic, but the opponents figure if the sun shines good and hot that Grove and Pickles will wither up and it will be a dry old game.

The next match will be between two youngsters, Dawson and Olson. These boys will liven up things a little, but the writer thinks they are not old enough to understand the game, so will figure them defeated.

Well, here is another: Bill Woods and Snodgrass. This will be a lonesome game and will be played at night. Rex says Woods cannot stand cutting up. E. Schouten will be their sub.

As we have not heard of any more names we hope that no one will take offense, as this was written for the "Stanolind" success.

A clay pigeon match was recently held at the river front between teams with Gus Haller, captain, and Russell Durham, captain. The final score showed as follows:

Durham Team

C. Shook	1
S. A. Beach	4
W. Wainwright	3
L. Koenneker	1
F. Brett	4
E. E. Endicott	7
W. Penrose	1
J. Kocher	8
W. I. Jolley	6
R. Durham	4
	39

Haller Team

H. Davis	2
W. A. Tipton	1
J. Lamm	1
C. Cason	8
C. Burris	2
D. Edsall	1
W. Witthofft	3
H. Wilkening	6
W. Shawmeker	9
G. Haller	3
	36

It will be noted that the Durham team succeeded in breaking three more of the clay pigeons than Haller's team. Gus Haller was doing considerable bragging previous to the match as to how he was going to break one of the discs at every shot. The way Gus laid down was something fierce, he succeeding in bagging only three. It is suggested that Gus take a week off and practice on tin cans with a boy as helper. His team is pretty sore and say that there is no question that Gus threw the game away. We can hardly believe this of the sleuth, however.

"*Safety First.*" Did you get a letter this month? These letters are sent monthly to a certain number of employees—approximately 25% of the employees in each division. Next month a different 25% of employees in your division will receive a letter. We want these letters read and digested thoroughly. Pass them on to your neighbors. After you have read these messages, you will gain a better idea of the scope and importance of safety work. A slight scratch on your finger this month may mean only one reference to First Aid work in your division. You probably would not know what had happened in other parts of the refinery and your notion of safety would be rather limited. By reading and assimilating the contents of these letters you should be a better judge of the importance of Safety First. Give the safety movement some of your attention and climb on the bandwagon.—Safety Committee.

We have shot at clay pigeons just to test our skill. We have used decoy ducks to mislead the wary fowl. Children and even men have sought the end of the rainbow. Some of us in other times and other lands, have found at the end of our quest that 'twas "but some false mirage rising near." But who would have thought that one of our practical jokers—though possessing a diploma from the Wanatah hoax incubator—could have put one over on our beloved and respected wise old owl, Julius Caeser Kocher? Artificially made rabbit tracks, properly placed in our first real snow of the season, so misled Mr. Kocher that after trailing the illusory rabbit to a pile of railroad ties, he, with a helper, spent one hour and a half in zero weather digging for that which was not there. Thus it is "Desires shall fail and man goeth away with cold feet."

MOTTO

If you meet him, kindly greet him,
Shake his hand and smile,
Do not sneer him; try and cheer him,
Help the lame dog o'er the stile.

Martin Pekarek, our versatile interpreter of the paraffine department, linguist, musician and art connoisseur, and something of a rara-avis as well, was not satisfied with the softly measured tempo of his bachelor existence on Bell street, and after buying a house and lot on Lorena avenue, on the B and L plan, and acquiring a wife and daughter by the old reliable and most approved method, and procuring a "Singer" machine by the pay as you sew (sow) plan (a plan that most of us get acquainted with sooner or later), all within a year and a fortnight, he is still discontented, for as did Alexander before him, Martin yearns to make more noise in the world, and has now added to the medley a talking machine (an Edison). He told us confidentially that he bought the latter on the "viscosity" plan. With emphasis on the confidential, he further informed us that just to be a bit paradoxical he plans to name the next addition to his fireside Sa(ha)rah Martini Volstead. We wonder if his methods, plans and noises will synchronize.

We don't like to say that you are yellow. Yet when you had that lost time accident we had to put that little yellow tag on the board for you. Anyway yellow always was a poor color—it shows up too much. If you must have yellow, use it for neckties. Don't flash your favorite color on the Safety Sign Board. Play safe.

Tom Touhy of the carpenter department was away for several days account of the death of his brother which occurred on January 6. Fellow employees extend their sympathies.

It is with sorrow that we chronicle the death of the baby of C. Gerl and wife. Through the columns of the Stanolind Record, Mr. Gerl wishes to extend his appreciation to the boys in the carpenter shop for the favors extended in many ways in the hours of bereavement.

Pete Liefferig of the storehouse aspires to the high position of traffic cop. At the intersection of the road beyond welding shop, on January 14, Pete was seen giving Mike Manning the "go" signal, as Mike approached at the rate of approximately three miles per hour, on his trusty "bike."

J. J. Kennedy, formerly employed in the cashier's department at the main office, spent the holidays with relatives and friends in Alton. Jack is now located in Denver, Colo., where he is connected with the Denver & Rio Grande railroad, and is also pursuing his studies as a cartoonist. Jack has the making of an A-1 cartoonist and we predict great success for him along this line in the future. While here he favored us with a call, and we hope to get hold of some of his cartoons shortly for the Record. Many of Jack's cartoons have appeared in the Stanolind in the past.

Here is a good one. Gossip throughout the refinery has it that a hardboiled egg who believes in the way they used to do things thirty years ago (that is, minus the safety idea) fell asleep the other night, and round about three o'clock in the morning had a horrible nightmare. It appears that aforesaid egg was actually dreaming and taking part in those good old times when a spade was called a spade

(the spade looked mostly like this !!???????) and when the horse and buggy and long swallow-tali coat were the real things that distinguished that particularly happy and glorious period from this frivolous and uncertain age of automobiles and Safety First. To make a long story short, the ends of Mr. Egg's swallow-tail coat became entangled within the spokes of his buggy. Neglecting to tie the young two-year-old black mare to the hitching post or else thinking, as he has done until recently, that Safety is a fool idea, the gentleman in question began swearing so violently (that is, enacting one of these spade to spade episodes) that the dashing mare thought a cyclone had arrived and dashed madly down the road. It can well be conceived what really happened during the rest of the thirty years ago dream. Rumors state that when "Hard-boiled" finally awoke he discovered that he had been giving his wife a terrific beating. Two swollen black optics on friend wife's face proved conclusively how frantically "Hardboiled" endeavored to unwind the tails of his elegant swallow-tail from those buggy spokes.

We don't want to tire you with this story of thirty years ago, for you too may be cussing Safety. We want you to know, however, that Mrs. Egg would accept no apology from her spade-like spouse. In fact she refused to accept this account of a dream, but really and truly thought that an unmerciful trouncing had been administered to her. Divorce proceedings usually follow in the wake of such happenings. We are glad to state that fortunately the matter was adjusted or hushed up in some way, and "Hardboiled," due to his good luck in fixing things with his "boss," whom he nearly pounded into a lump of jelly, now is scattering the good news throughout the refinery: "By gad, I'm for Safety now and all the time." (Note—This is an unusual way to get them, but we welcome "Hardboiled" although it was some battle to the topmost seat of our Safety Bandwagon.)

Wm. Obermiller, stillman No. 1 crude house, has purchased from Walter Haller a small farm on Milton Hill. This place has all the modern conveniences, and Little Willie is planning on moving there soon. He is going to raise pure bred White Rock chickens and "Elderberry Blossoms." Good luck to you, William, and don't forget your old friend Al Juhlin when the elderberries get mellow.

Hark Ye, O Shift Workers, who are in search of information regarding Belgian hares. You will do well to get in touch with Prof. Burrie Andrews, fireman No. 4 crude house, who is a recognized authority on the subject.

Mr. Tuley of the storehouse has voiced a complaint as to discrimination. He says that C. F. Hall of the safety division ran a nail into his foot last month and the First Aid and Safety divisions failed to enter proper report on the matter, thereby preventing the Safety division from being posted with an accident. He further says that the accident was caused by pure carelessness or desire to hoard money, as Hall did not have the heels of his shoes properly attached. He threatens to take the matter up with the Joint General Committee and see that Mr. Hall is put on the carpet before the subcommittee on safety and receive a coaching as to the practicing of "Safety First."

J. J. Sonnenberg is sporting a new Paige sedan—a Christmas gift to the Mrs.

Auto thieves have been plying their trade in Wood River of late, stealing a Ford coupe from W. A. Grove and one from Dr. Gillis. Several parties have lost extra tires, tools, etc. So far no trace can be found of the thieves.

E. M. Christy has taken unto himself a better half. Best of luck, Christy.

Worthy Exton, for several years at the refinery here, and now assistant superintendent at Louisville, Ky., is very ill at his home there.

Death has again entered our midst and this time claimed Mrs. Elizabeth Lang Thompson, wife of Freeland Thompson, pressure stillman. The employees through the Record extend sympathy to Freeland and the children.

Among the various news items readers will find a poem dedicated to Gus Haller, local sleuth and supervisor. Gus always did like poetry a la Penrose style. Gus swears that he is coming back strong and that "all youse birds" will be put on the "Jury" over in Edwardsville at three bucks per day if "youse don't let up on me." Revenge is sweet, Gus. Do we get three meals thrown in with the three bucks?

We promised the readers in a few issues back that we would keep them informed regarding our local alligator expert, Mr. Geo. Buck. George claims that the alligator farm for Wood River is an assured fact. He is convinced after experimentation upon his return from Florida that alligators will thrive here as well as in the south. His greatest difficulty is in getting competent help to operate the big "butter factory" that will be run as an adjunct to this alligator farm. We have it on high authority, however, that the two general managers have been selected, and ye editor agrees that two more competent men could not have been provided anywhere in the United States. Whitey Hannold, we understand, has been selected by Mr. Buck to be general manager of the farm, while Bob Farrow will be made superintendent of the butter factory. In establishing this new industry we congratulate Mr. Buck on his foresight in bringing such an industry to Wood River. Building operations for the "Butter Factory" will start as soon as the weather permits, and the two managers are at present busy with Mr Buck in seeking an ideal location for the farm. Standard Oil employees regret exceedingly the departure from the plant of Messrs. Buck, Hannold, and Farrow, but all are a unit in conceding that success will follow these gentlemen in their new venture.

Famous sayings at the Wood River refinery: "Pull" (Gus Haller); "Squat" (Tuley); "Make a motion that we adjourn" (Jolley); "Irish figures" (Flanagan); "I'm Tex Rickard No. 2—Wood River's Dancing King Promoter" (S. Halloran); "She's a darned good car, I don't care what you say about it" (W. Cook). (To be continued.)

Several employees from the pressure stills held a clay target shoot at the river front recently. No world record was broken, but they challenge teams from any other part of the plant to a shoot.

Clare Burroughs, label boy at the filling racks, is wise enough to see that an education is the one thing essential in the business world of today. Therefore Clare has enrolled as a pupil in the Brown's Business College of Alton. He has chosen his life profession to be that of a certified public accountant. Our best wishes for success are certainly his.

Members of the Wood River Fire department Athletic club gave one of their enjoyable dances December 31, 1921. This department is composed largely of boys from the plant. Their dances are always well attended.

The Welfare committee of Wood River is arranging another community concert to be given about the second week in February. The refinery band is always in demand at these concerts. Among the numbers on the next program will be selections by an octette composed of band members, also selections by a male quartette composed of Standard Oil Company employees.

The habit of safety is just as easy as the habit of carelessness.

Mrs. Edgar Hannold is suffering from a severely lacerated hand. Whitey reports that the injured hand is much improved.

Mrs. Otto Ratz is reported as being very much improved, after undergoing an operation at St. Joseph's hospital, Alton.

If anyone has any old clothes they do not need, kindly notify Bill Sloat at the filling racks. During the recent cold spell Bill wore four shirts, three pairs of pants, three pairs of socks, two suits of overalls, two caps, two pairs of gloves, and one pair of shoes (would have had more than two pair but couldn't get a pair big enough to go over his No. 9's). After putting all those clothes on he still had the nerve to say to other employees of the racks, "It's gosh dern cold today, ain't it?"

The safe way is the only way.

Will Chalk, pumper at the filter press pump house, recently had good reason to complain about his face hurting him. Said reason was in the shape of a large collie dog which affectionately tried to caress Bill on his right cheek. At the time of this writing Bill reports that all pain has departed although his beauty is marred by a deep and ugly scar.

SUGAR CREEK, MO.

Dear Bill:—Your letter received and was sorry to learn you would not be able to answer your call back to work, but am glad you are enjoying prosperity where you are. Things are looking much better at Sugar Creek now and most everything is running except the paraffine works. Doc Eyssell and H. A. Shondell are now the chief cooks up there, and attend to the necessary dumping and loading. Their spare time is spent in the experimental house where it is rumored they are trying to perfect a new recipe for home brew for C. O. Taylor which will not spoil when the corks are pulled out of the bottles. Yes, our old friend Ben Payne is still with us and doing the heavy at the pressure still pump house and is kept busy explaining "how come" to his relief pumper. Ben is commencing to get a worried look on his face from having to listen to "Dutch Cody Guy Valentine," Judge Clifford Murray and Harley Turner, three very eminent "tellers of tales." While Valentine confines his stories to outdoor sports, hunting and fishing, and Judge Murray to a series (?) of "When I was a young man" stories, Harley Turner plays no favorites and is willing and ready to talk about anything and everything. Turner keeps his Ford truck busy hauling coke for the boys. As for Fred Dunne, formerly of the paraffine pump house, he is now helper at the Crawford pump house and is still trying to convince Dub Beatty that the St. Lawrence river is the largest in the world. And say, Old Man, you ought to see how clean and handsome Louis Compton is now looking since he got his wife a new electric washing machine for Christmas. Louis says if the rest of the gang would only loosen up and help their wives, this world wouldn't be such a bad place, after all. We have been having some pretty cold weather lately and with the snow the local hunters have been slaughtering the rabbits, it being reported that Joe Morgan of the inspection department recently took his wife and baby girl up to Moorehead, Iowa, for a week or two and killed so many jack rabbits of such enormous size that in one shipment to a Chicago commission house they wrote back and said they had to throw out two of them as not being as represented—two wolves having got mixed up with the jacks. We are unable to state whether it is the hunting or the brand of home brew which is the best. And, talking of the inspection department, we are wondering why they call Carroll Stinnett "Limousine Ike." I guess it sure is a good thing that flivvers can't talk. Saw Ashton B. Jones the other day and he sends you his regards. He also has issued warning to the residents on Park avenue, Sugar Creek, to keep their children in as he is going to purchase a Buick. And Roger Pryor, electrician, has decided when anyone tells him to hesitate that he is going to STOP. A lone highwayman ordered him and two or three others in a car to halt one night and they just stepped on the gas and got away. However a bullet reached Pryor in the leg and he will probably be out soon. Am sorry to tell you that Bill Sermon of the laboratory lost his mother recently by death. Everyone extends their most heartfelt sympathy. Was trying to get some items for the Stanolind Record recently, but Frank McInturff and Dick Chandler state that they positively won't commit themselves any more, further saying that they never did believe that leopard ever got loose, anyway. You ought to have been with the swing crew the other night, as Welch donated a chicken for a regular feast. He later informed us that as long as his chickens were dying with the "roup" anyway he might just as well give some of them away. 'Tis said that Leo Harrison has contracted a severe case of pink eye looking for Standard Oil stock to go up. Even though things are a little slack with us at present some of the boys are receiving well deserved promotions and Bob Buford is now known as "Col. Bob," Main Pump House Light Artillery. Dan Reed, pressure still helper, recently passed around the smokes and everyone wished him and his family well until after they were lit up, when it was discovered the cigars came from the losers in a series of pitch games the week before. We have all agreed that Dan is a better pitch player than he is a judge of tobacco. And now Andy Pavola of the pipe department has a smile which won't come off. Since the "Horse-Play" rules went into effect he can now discard that rubber coat. However, some of the boys say that these rules are N. G. if Buck Weaver don't forget that cave man stuff and take a chance on a razor. And the boys are feeling safe now since some of them are going into politics, Henry Waller having succeeded recently in getting on the jury. Charlie Shumate has hopes but has been unsuccessful so far. Everybody is wondering what Doc Colville is going to do with that fine new home in Fairmount addition. Let me hear from you often. Yours truly,

Mike.

Who's looney now? We are here to answer that query (so far as the Sugar Creek refinery is concerned) for all time to come. Who ever heard of "Horse-Shoes" being a zero weather sport? As that famous quartette composed of Lee, Carpenter, Hackett and Frisby were throwing at the iron pegs one day, one of the "gallery gods" watching the game, behind the windows of the main office, was heard to remark, "The poor fish, don't they know it's cold outside?" On the same occasion the good luck token flingers were commenting on the advis-

ability of ordering the "Hot Air" bunch some fans, or supplying them with ice cream sodas, even going so far as accusing them of still wearing their B. V. D's. Well, we thought we'd answer it for you, but it's still up to you, "Who's looney now?"

Who said our former nurse, Miss Blanch Remington, was not a successful one? She is wearing a big "Sparkler" on her left fin, and Lloyd Gibbons has his head in the air. The boys say he is always singing "Oh Paradise! Oh Paradise! What wouldn't I give for thee!" It sounded to us like "Oh Pair-o-Dice! Oh Pair-o-Dice!" and it may be a gamble too, but our advice is to get back to "earth" and not soar up into the clouds even when building "Air Castles" or "Day Dreaming." Here's looking at you, old top! It looks like you made your "point."

Frank Welch and Guy Valentine went hunting recently, and toppled over quite a few ducks, but failed to have any to show for their efforts. It develops that these bold hunters shot the heads off a bunch of decoys and are out the price of them. We suggest these followers of Nimrod change to snake hunters as there will be no chance of anyone having "dummies" of them scattered around in the woods; then too, they can't make a get-away this cold weather.

There was recently quite a mixup on one of the stills, according to the accident report, which read: "Grant Decker on No. 99 still in raising false bottom hit steam jet and it broke off and fell around his neck and he dropped the false bottom on his right knee and sprained his left ankle."

Favorite expressions of some of the Sugar Creek office force:

Wallie Hodge—"That puts him in my class now. It's only a canal."

Harry Roth—"Well, cut my throat."

E. J. Cox—"Buy gum!" (He chews Yucatan.)

A. P. Stover—"Say, Joe, come here; and make it snappy."

C. E. DeLand—"Two 8's and a cross—a cross and ½ still."

Clifford Howard—"How's it?"

W. C. McLean—"Mat, call this back to me."

Mat Butler—"Never-the-less, but."

J. O. Hinde—"Let's settle down, now."

Roy Peck—"I can't do this alone, and Jim is down stairs half the time."

Chas. Freeman—"Are you going to get the L & M out on time, Jim?" (About five days ahead, then every day until time for it to go in.)

No wonder Jess Reeder is looking so downhearted. He has been made head waiter in the beanery in place of Bill Moseley, who has left the company, which position deprives him of playing his favorite sport, HORSESHOES, and the writer can sympathize with him, knowing the fascination of the pastime, also because Jess was his partner.

Earl J. Cox has a Ford (traded his antiquated Saxon for it) and it is reported that as he was going down town the other night, a fellow in a Cadillac passed him and as he went by yelled, "ICE." We agree with him. It's sure a "swell" looker.

An attempt was made recently to hold up Roger Pryor, electrician's helper. Roger was driving home on Van Horn road the other night in his Ford coupe, when someone tried to hold him up. Roger paid no attention to the command to "Stop," but stepped on the gas in an endeavor to make his get-away. The would-be robber then fired and the bullet struck Roger in the right leg below the knee, penetrating the flesh but not striking the bone. Roger kept on going and drove into Independence on a flat tire. We think he had a mighty lucky escape and trust his wound will not prove a dangerous one.

The marriage of Ralph Liggett and Opal Dickenson was solemnized December 31, 1921, at the home of the bride in Mt. Washington. They have the hearty congratulations of their many friends.

B. Fred Miller, former secretary of the Joint General Committee, has been promoted to the yard checking crew.

Professor Cox is quite busy giving his band a good working out for the spring and summer concerts.

Have you noticed our new head office boy, Jesse Reeder? The office boys won't be able to do any loafing now.

Jesse P. Reeder has been appointed assistant to R. R. Peck, chief office boy.

The morning greeting of Charlie Freeman—"What kind of tobacco you got this morning?"

Smiley Stewart, order clerk, sure believes in fresh air. He has the windows in his office nailed down and keeps the thermometer up to 105. His wearing apparel consists of wool hose and underwear, two pairs of trousers, a wool OD shirt, vest and two sweaters. He keeps the radiators on the job all day and then he says he can't get enough fresh air. He is contemplating putting in a petition to the Joint General Committee for an office he can keep warm.

W. C. McLean has about decided to accept a position as phonograph imitator. He practices every day on Morris Butler.

Nick Visnick has been transferred from the common labor department to the pressure still cleaners.

John Maglich has been transferred from the paint shop to the common labor department.

A nine and one-quarter pound boy was born January 10, 1922, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. O. Hodges.

W. B. Hodge of the main office has been transferred to the yard force and M. V. Hancock has been appointed his guardian.

"Bow your neck and shake out," is the slogan of the office force under Col. Bob Wetmore.

Spring has come—Geo. Hackett was caught whistling like a gillygaloo bird.

G. W. Thompson was caught swinging a hammer the other day, trying to hit a nail on the head. After making 147 attempts, he finally drove it home.

Wow—Oh! Boy!!! Did you hear them? Hear them? Who? Why, the band. Our band. Did you notice how proud they were? It was the first noonday concert of the season. Did the directors like it? Well—ask them!

Frank Diesko has grown tired of city life. He has moved to a small farm deep in the forests which lie east of Sugar Creek. Frank intends to do a little gardening next summer, and so add to his income. He is very much pleased with his new place, only he is rather timid in walking through the dense woods when coming to work, fearing attacks from the ferocious bears and the marauding bands of wolves which infest the timbered land in this locality.

We are glad to say that we have with us again Bernard Ireland, one of the best electric welders who ever went into the auto accessory business.

One of the laborers returned to work recently after a long siege of sickness. When asked why he had been off so long, he said that he has taken "ammonia" from sleeping out on the back porch one night.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Leonard E. Owen, of Englewood, Jan. 3, 1922, an eight-pound boy. "Liz" can't keep the buttons on his shirt now.

Ask John Oranich, lead burner, about taking a good rest.

John "Pee-Wee" Povala is back at work, heating rivets and chewing Mail Pouch. He is still burning some of the rivets and finding dead mice in the Mail Pouch.

It is rumored that Alec Napuda is soon to be married. We have been unable to learn the name of the happy girl. Also will not commit himself whenever we question him; he merely grins happily.

Wilford Bressie is very desirous of obtaining a good serviceable and flattering pocket mirror.

Vernon Hancock is being taught the proper manner of delivering checks on pay days, under the expert instructions of "Al" White.

HURRAH! F. G. Lee has finally replaced his "track coverer" with an old discarded one he purchased from R. C. Wetmore for five bucks, gloves to match. No more will we see the old battle scarred overcoat wiping out his tracks on Kentucky avenue. We wonder how Joe Carpenter is going to recognize him now in order to give him a ride to work every morning.

NOTICE: Recently, Mr. Herbert L. Broughton of the drafting office helped himself to one of Kansas City's south side 400. We are unable to get much dope, but understand the happy couple will reside on West Short street, Independence, Mo. This event took place a little sooner than Herbert had planned on account of the $5.00 he had bet with John J. Shipley that he would be married before the first of the year. I guess he has found out by now that $5.00 is only a drop in the bucket when you are living the married life. It sure was tough on Herbert that he should be called into court as a witness in a law suit the first three or four days after being married. (We have heard lots of good excuses for getting off, but this one wins the *Concrete Ear Muffs.*)

Albert "Lessie" Akers claims that he has more luck than sense when it comes to playing rhummy on Wednesday nights. Since we know some of the facts, Lessie, we heartily agree with you. Although we hope you will have better luck the next time you try to fish a fifty-cent piece out from under the sidewalk. Lessie says that it was the samllest fifty-cent piece he ever saw.

Tony Phillips says of all the suits of clothes he has, he feels more safe in his good old rubber boots and overalls.

Dick Guffey, our famous truck driver, is still spending most of his spare time out on Blue Ridge boulevard. Dick says that it is the only drive for him.

Anybody finding stray dogs, please notify Mr. Clarence Spitzer, who will not only pay the highest price, but will also come after them, even if it is two miles out on the River Road.

Frank Chandler has just awakened to the fact that he has too many fingers on his right hand. Frank seems to think he would rather have them off than on. We haven't asked him what the nurse thinks about it.

Friday the 13th evidently still has something on Wallie Hodge, even though after his operation for appendicitis on that "unlucky" day he declared it the luckiest day in the year. Recently on Friday the 13th he came to work with his necktie and shoestrings untied and then was seen to go down to the library twice, after which he came upstairs completely dressed.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Burkhart celebrated their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary last Wednesday evening, January 5, 1922, and were presented with a twenty-six piece silver set by their neighbors.

Neil Erickson made his wife very happy the other day, when she came to him and said, "Neil, I am trying to cut out a sleeve pattern for my new dress, but just can't figure it out. Will you show me"? "Sure,' says Neil, "a little thing like that doesn't bother me one bit."

Our old friend, Fred Gore, is still scratching his head trying to think of the right password. Fred used to have it, until he got to going down to Blue Springs, Mo., and now has something else to scratch his head about.

George Melia, heavy weight pipefitter, is now drinking pure chalk and water along with his pie and cake. Well, George, that's better than what we used to get.

Have you not always considered C. A. Galloway, of the shipping department, a rather modest, virtuous and home loving gentleman? We did until a short time ago, when his wife made a two weeks' visit to Sweet Springs, Mo. During that time Mr. Galloway came to work every morning with a shocking look of dissipation about him. We have never been able to learn whether it was poker, moonshine or?

Someone should tell Mr. Hurt that even if the Board of Directors are visiting us, the telephone receiver belongs on the hook. He dropped it in the waste basket every time he used it while they were here.

Anybody with a worn out baby buggy, wishing to trade even for a perfectly good Elcar, please notify the Acid Works Foreman, Standard Oil Company (Indiana), Sugar Creek, Missouri.

CASPER, WYO.

Lew Price, formerly of the Industrial Relations office, is now weighmaster on the north side of the river. He ought to fill the chair and sure will, physically. Not only as weighmaster, but as Lew Price himself, he can outweigh any man in the employ of Plant 1.

Mrs. Trowe presented Herman with a little girl, Sunday, January 22. Betty told Bobby that the new arrival's name is "Oofty-Goofty." Bobby was right angry that the stork should be so inconsiderate. He was then asked what the name should be. "Well," he said, "I had a name all fixed for a boy, but not for a girl."

With groundhog day almost in sight, the several hundred homesteaders are laying plans for their seven-months' campaign of living on the homestead, and debating whether to buy seed and put in a crop or save the change for gasoline and oil. It is a hard proposition and one well worth debating.

John Cates, boilermaker at Plant No. 3, reports the arrival of a fine girl on January 13. John says Friday, the 13th, may be unlucky for some people, but not for him.

Hugh O'Donnell has left the paint gang and gone back to his old home town, Butte, Mont., where the mines are reported to have opened up and running full blast again.

On January 17, Ernest Smith, our electrical foreman, went to his garage to get his car. "Well, well," he said, "I have often had the engine missing, but this is the first time I have found the radiator missing." Some thieves had stolen it while his

police dog slept in the the rear seat. Some dog, Ernest.

Joe Darrin, our old-time watchman, who has been ill in bed since Thanksgiving, is slowly improving, and is now able to sit up for short intervals. Keep up courage; we are with you, you can bet on that.

January 18 weather report—17 below zero. But what do Ed. Wilson, Bill Eads and Walter Jourgensen care; they have had a set of rubber horseshoes cast at the brass foundry and are playing indoor barnyard golf on the tile floor of the mechanical office every noon. Watch out, Andrus, Thompson and Smith, or these gum-shoe artists will have it all over you when the outdoor season opens.

Why every employee on the plant does not join the Shiftmen's Benefit Association is hard to understand. Its treasury has sufficient cash to meet, absolutely, all obligations of the association, which it has always done. When sick or hurt your wages stop. It is then that the association steps in with the good old cash that will help you. It fosters a spirit of independence in you. No real man wants to have collections started for him in time of need, and where such a thing is unnecessary or meets with individual objection, no man wants to be stripped to his last dollar to meet the expenses of a lay-up through illness or accident. By being a member you will not be in position to accept possible assistance from others—you will be getting your own money, which you provided for in a commendable spirit of prudence and foresight. Look at the list of benefits paid last month, then give yourself a big *think* and you will join.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph W. Huntington are the proud parents of a new eight-pound boy, who arrived December 3. From reports handed out by the engineering department, Robert Warren is doing nicely, and Papa Ralph expects to enter him in high school next fall. Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Huntington.

M. T. Cantrell, still at No. 9 house pressure stills, is back at work after a vacation of two weeks at Kansas City.

Mr. C. T. Bergeson, traveling auditor, from the Chicago office, recently paid a visit to the main office at No. 1 plant. Glad to have met you, Mr. Bergeson.

Luke Doyle, fireman at the pressure stills, has returned after a two weeks' vacation visiting his parents at Butte, Mont.

Charles Childers, stillman at No. 2 house tower stills, has bought a Buick and says he is going to step on her from now on.

C. L. Fitzsimonds, helper at the tower stills, is again on the job after a little excursion of ten days to Colorado Springs, visiting his parents.

Henry Burris, helper at the tower stills, has returned to work after being off sick for a week. The pesky grip got in its work.

It behooves Joe Dilso, tower stillman, to be more careful in parking his car the next time he goes to the Columbia theatre to see the chorus girls. On another time the mayor might not interfere in Joe's behalf.

Carl Melin, chemist, reappears in our midst after a vacation of two weeks spent at Brule, Neb., visiting his parents. Carl says Brule is a pretty town, but there is no place like Casper.

WILL TRADE: One Ford (1912 model) for a 1922 model Cadillac or Buick. This car has run only 450,000 miles and has not had a puncture for twelve years. The horn still blows, but this car doesn't need a horn—it makes enough noise without one. Inquire for Joe King, No. 2 house continuous stills.

Paul O'Neil, of the electrical shop, was off sick for a week, but is back and feeling fine.

The machine shop had a big time the other Saturday night when they took Pete Evers out snipe hunting.

The boys in the electrical shop don't think that Spot is worth very much as a watchdog any more. Ask Smith the reason why.

Don Lobdell has so much business that he had to put a sign on his desk: "Don't Park Here."

Bill Dobbins has returned from Laramie, where he was doing the welding on the new battery of pressure stills.

Of course, there are different kinds of radiators. We can understand why the heat-giving kind is popular in winter. But why E. W. Mudge should hang around a different kind of radiator—the one that is part of Bob Heinze's famous Ford, was a sore puzzle to us until a discovery—but tarry yet a while. Bob thinks a great deal of his buggy, and, true husbandman that he is, takes good care of it, slicks 'er up 'n' everything, even feeding alcohol to her proud little radiator, to keep it from freezing. Is the question about Mudge answered now? We'll proclaim to the wide, wide world it is.

Where the timekeeping is done at Plants 1 and 2, a long, lanky, thrifty person holds out. To a great number of Casper readers who are going down this column with interest, his identity is instantly established; but we have others to consider and must, therefore, state his name. It is rather a euphonious-sounding one, too—Walter Jourgensen—like the music of the Norse country of his fathers. In keeping with his thrift, he invites "easy marks" to his home at regular intervals, jollies 'em up with a swell dinner, in preparing which his good wife connives, and then, while they are still under the kindly influence of the excellent "feed," invites 'em to stay a while longer and have a little game of poker. Oh, the subtlety of it! Feeling as they do, can those "marks" do aught else? Right there's his graft, which is a combination of his knowledge of human nature and an ability to take their money away from them. A wise old bird, a wise old bird.

Mr. George Snyder, who has been connected with the Department of Industrial Relations at Casper, has been assigned to duties at the Greybull plant, where he will have charge of Industrial Relations work. The best wishes of the boys go with him.

Ferdinand Soncyek, still foreman at Plant No. 3, was off three days, suffering from a sore chest. He just missed having pneumonia and is glad to be at work again.

Henry Thomas, water white treater at No. 3 plant, is smiling broadly these days. The first grandchild arrived January 23. He thinks that little girl is just right. Well, they are sweet when they're small.

Ray Conklin, formerly of Whiting, is working with Neil Thomas at No. 3 plant. He seems to like it better every day.

Overheard at Taake and Turnbull's penny-ante party, following fast and furious betting:

"Well, whatcha got?"

"Queens."

"How many?"

"One!"

"Oh, I thought you were bluffing!"

Messrs. Taake and Turnbull hang their hats at the mechanical office, Plants 1 and 2. Enough to say that their work is far superior to their poker-playing.

Claude Johnston, pipe repairman at No. 1 plant, has extended an invitation to men on the plant who expect to take the fatal leap, to come up and board a week at his house before committing themselves to the "love, honor and obey" stuff (which woman's suffrage seems to be making out of the men). In the absence of a voice from Mrs. Claude we don't know Mr. Claude's stand on the question—whether he's delighted with his own lot or, like a good Samaritan, wishes to tip off the trusting innocents and thus prevent their mad plunge. 'Splain yourself, Claude. (Yes, folks, this was written by a crusty old bachelor.)

Have you seen "Holy" F. Nye Moses, of the main office, lately? He gained twenty pounds in the past month. No wonder. As soon as the employees of the Standard Oil Company were given permission to trade at the Midwest Commissary, Moses bought all his groceries there. Give us your secret, "Holly," we all want to be pleasingly plump.

Mrs. W. R. Francis, wife of "Programme Bill," shift foreman at No. 3 plant, was called to Chicago recently on account of the illness of her sister. Bill announces that he is kind of "batching" and is in the market for a good cook. Perhaps some of those bathing beauties whose pictures have graced the pages of this publication from time to time might be induced to apply for the job.

Ralph "Giant" Juza and W. G. Windsor, stillmen helpers at No. 3 plant, gave Denver a treat by spending the Christmas holidays in that city. They shared a berth on the trip. During the night, Bill, forgetting that he had the 97-pound giant as a "bunkie," called the porter and complained of cooties. The porter, after a diligent search beneath the covers, found Ralph in the throes of a nightmare, caused, no doubt, by too intimate an association with some "white mule." Then Bill realized it was the giant rather than cooties who was in the berth with him. It is rumored that when Bill and Ralph bought their tickets to Denver the agent asked Bill if the little boy was five and did he wish to purchase a half-fare ticket for him.

James Donoughue, stillman helper at No. 3 plant, spent the Christmas holidays with relatives in Denver. The vacation, which commenced auspiciously, was saddened by the sudden death of his older brother. The operating force at No. 3 extend their most sincere sympathy to Jim.

Harry Miller, stillman No. 3 plant, has been suffering from tonsilitis and other ailments during the past month. Following his return to work after a siege of two weeks' illness, Harry suffered another attack and was compelled to go on sick-leave once more. His early and complete recovery is hoped for by all the boys.

Mr. Swanson, the boy who keeps the wires warm between Casper and Denver, sure roped 'em in on December 10. There are still a few gentlemen in the main office who remember this fateful day and thank doctor for inserting the smallpox bugs. Andy, from the shipping department, was one of the first to appear in Mr. Holden's office for a shot in the arm. Why all the courage, Andy? It was rumored that the ladies, not girls, were to be vaccinated on the ankle. Anyway, all those whose vaccinations "took" were sure Swanson took out more insurance before his return to work as soon as the doctor agreed he was completely over the CHICKENPOX!

Barney Borgstrand won the $20 bet. He brought her back, men.

The Esquimaux haven't a thing on residents of Casper. It was so cold here on January 18 that many freaks of nature were observed. Harry Comfort sure craves comfort, as witness:

Comfort: "Give me 36 central, please."

Phone rings in Tolly's office—b-r-r-r-r.

Bill Tolhurst answers: "Hello!"

Comfort: "This you, Bill?"

Bill: "Yeh, what's wrong, Harry?"

Comfort: "Everything's wrong this morning, Bill; the confounded steam is frozen; can you fix us up?"

Bill: "Ha, ha, ha, ha! Sure, Harry, we can fix anything in this office; ha, ha, ha!"

(Note: At that time, this would have been a good theory for Darwin to work on.)

More Cold Weather Sport.—Sam Works, of the accounting department, waited so long for an auto on Center and Second streets on the morning of January 18 that both his feet were frozen. It was a painful sight afterwards to see Christensen packing Sam's tootsies in buckets of snow. Why can't Sam get damages from Henry Ford? It was all due to Henry's refusal to start that caused Sam's feet to freeze while giving her the once-over.

FOUNDRY SKIMMINGS

The resumption of copper mining in Montana has taken the one and only Joe Doran from our midst. The Anaconda Adonis (pronounced "adenoids" by some) was the inspiration of several elaborate going-away parties before his departure, Inky O'Neill and Snipe Gillespie appearing in the role of hosts.

An echo of the world war was heard lately. Tom Trelease and Charlie Meade were discussing their boarding-house keeper.

"What nationality is that fellow, anyhow?" asked Tom.

"Why, he's an Austrian," replied Charlie.

"Well, for the love of six bits, don't let him know you are an Irishman and that I am an Englishman, or he will poison us sure," warned Tom.

Walter Kelly, the Virginia judge, is once again warbling light-heartedly. Until he received a certain letter from Butte, warbling threatened to become a lost art with him. He will readily concede now, though, that this is a pretty good old world after all. Ain't love grand, Walter?

Arch Callahan, the dashing demon from the Dakotas, perpetrated an "Irish bull" recently. Bob Anderson was extolling the merits of Swedish fighters when Arch broke in on him, saying: "Shucks, Bat Nelson was the only good Swede fighter we ever had, and he wasn't a Swede."

Bill McConkey is kinda barefooted on top. The least of his worries is that the wind will blow his hair down over his eyes.

"Pretty soft for you, Bill. You have no hair to bother with," remarked Eddie Rowan, the Cadoma savant.

"Oh, I don't know," countered Bill. "Consider how much face I have to wash."

Tony Sanchez has been "kidded" a great deal about an innocent question asked by him lately. He had purchased a clock and wanted to place it in the most prominent place possible, so he sought out Fred Shackelford for advice. "Which do you think, Fred, would be the most 'suspicious' place for this clock?" he asked. It is suspected that he

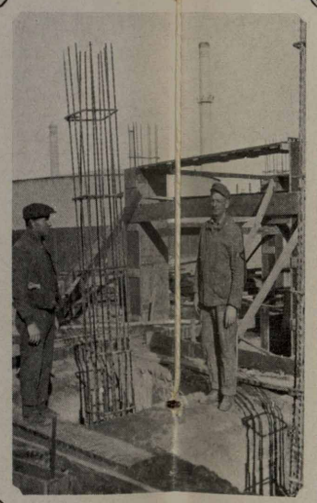
BIG AND LITTLE THINGS AT CASPER

Here we have some of the notorious Sharples gang. They're so hard they had to be put under guard while being mugged.

Tolhurst, the son of our master mechanic at Plant No. 3. After this, Senior may as well stay home from next Chicago conference.

Four trucks and tractor hauling 30-ton compressor on wooden skids for new casinghead compression plant at Salt Creek.

Showing the "turning-out" of a manhead for our new 40 x 40 steel tanks fabricated by our boilermakers.



Attention, men! Cometh here Mr. Holden? Evidently the Honorables, Mr. Bingle and Mr. Thurston, wanted to be at their best.

Hedford's gang fitting up the new blending plant which does away with the older method of batch treating.

meant "conspicuous." But Tony does not mind the "kidding" now. He is occupied with thoughts of greater things. His chest is stuck out so far now that, if his head was turned around, he would have a bad case of hump-back, the reason being that a male heir to the Sanchez name and fortune, weighing ten and a fraction pounds, was born on January 25. It will be noted that the happy event, appropriately enough, occurred on Bobby Burns' birthday. The Burns and Sanchez families will have more than ever in common now. Tony celebrated the occasion by passing his snuff-box around. Cyclops Green and Nemo Crouthers, who are prominently identified with the Foundry Uplift movement, at once went into secret session, from which they energed with the recommendation that the little bull-fighter be christened Pablo Alcatraz Sausalito Sanchez. Tony is in favor of adopting the suggestion, while Senora Sanchez is said to favor naming him Guillermo Jose Sanchez. It is probable, therefore, that a compromise will be effected, which will result in his being christened Guillermo Jose Sanchez.

Mr. E. P. Briney has just returned to the main office at plant No. 1 after several months at the Laramie plant, where he had charge of the accounting work at that point.

Mr. F. M. Merritt, of the main office at No. 1, has left the employ of the company to go back to the "farmstead." Luck to you, Ferd.

Mr. R. B. David, late of Denver, has recently joined the ranks in the main office.

Mr. R. J. Turnbull has been transferred from the yard office to the engineering department.

Mrs. Jean J. Mignolet, wife of our genial "news item sleuth" and baseball ex-manager, recently underwent an operation at a local hospital. We are glad to report the rapid improvement of Mrs. Mignolet.

Through a curious coincidence Shorty Edelmuth, our irrepressible storehouse foreman, received automobile license 1050 for the year 1922. Shorty claims the state authorities must be familiar with the Standard Oil Company accounting system, as Account 1050 covers the storehouse material at Casper. It is thought that possibly some confusion may arise in future monthly balances due to the above, but Cost Clerk Wagner may be depended upon to make proper entry under tin shop stock.

Anent the visit of Mr. C. T. Bergeson, traveling auditor from the general office at Chicago, it appears that he can do something else besides juggle figgers and ferret out mistakes. If anyone doubts this, ask Messrs. Hawley and Gerbig, of the main office. Their utterly "called but couldn't come" appearance lately was brought about, it is said, by trying to "take over" the Man from Chi. in a game of "pay ball" at the Henning Billiard Room. Why dwell upon the tragedy? These city slickers usually do wield a wicked cue.

STOREHOUSE, PLANT 3

Our fairy's voice has changed to that of a husky. Mrs. Leonard is nursing a hoarseness likened only to a sufferer of loss of voice from shell shock. We all hope it is short-lived and that she will again be in the ring long before this is in print.

Wisdom (teeth) is oftentimes accompanied by much suffering. White powders, pink pills, mouth washes, taxies, grouch, a week at home, a near divorce, back at work, then the same thing over again. For further information our kind readers are referred to the Hon. Frank Robinson. He claims to have the dope hot off the bat. We, having witnessed at least part of it, quite agree.

Hunter didn't hunt the crisp, refreshing January air soon enough on the morning of the oneth and nineteenth. It all came about this away: A pesky, leaky Lizzie radiator—a can of "Leak No More"—pour in—run motor for five minutes—all done in tight garage. Fumes from a cold motor choked hard—a fainting, sinking feeling; a feeble push on the door. Fresh air, then a blank. We are all more than glad it was no worse. He was back with us after a couple of days. A lesson well learned. Let's all take heed.

It's a good thing our business is refining, lest the overhead be the worries of our superiors and the direct cause of foodless days and lack of clothes for the baby. From the way the boys have burned the "midnight oil," bent low and wholly absorbed in inventories, prices and the saving of shekels, poor Mel is fast becoming worn and haggard. There is one consolation: we always have Comfort with us.

The time was seven p. m. The day was January 24. The day's work was done, then an hour and a half in the dentist chair; otherwise peace with the world. Polly burst into the snug apartment at 836 South Lincoln to greet and coo to his mate, Mrs. Polly; for it was his birthday—another summer added to the list of droughts. The happy mate was there; but not alone—friends, cake, candles 'n everything. Good time, goodnight, another day and another year.

Fred Mower on Monday morning—"Six days till Sunday."

It's a wonder all the boys don't carry "Red Cards" at the paraffine treating plant—so many Agitators.

Eggs, eggs, fresh laid from the ranches of Wyoming—90 dozen of 'em bought, sold and paid for, yet six dozen remained. Must have been a duplicate shipment, Jack.

GREYBULL, WYO.

L. B. James, fireman at Nos. 3 and 4 battery, is absent from duty with a sprained ankle. Hope to see you back again, L. B., and real soon.

Ed Carfield, helper at No. 3 house, is back at work, his broken arm having healed nicely. Ed says he did not know his Ford had so much "pep."

Troy Majors resigned his position to accept a position with the Reona Refining Co. of Winnett, Mont. Here's wishing you the best of luck, Troy.

C. P. Meyers was promoted to stillman to fill the vacancy left by Troy Majors, and N. H. James was promoted to shift breaker in Meyers' place. We are glad to see you move up, boys.

F. T. Larsen, a former employee at this plant, is with us, after being located in Spokane, Wash. Sure glad to have you back, Larsen.

T. J. Carnell informed Geo. Haddenhorst that he had found a new kind of brick in the stack recently. He called it "Infantsoil Brick," but George informed him there was no such animal. After a heated argument they made an investigation and found it to be "Infusorial Brick." Now what George would like to know is, where Red got the moon.

Earl Landers is on duty again, after a layoff with an abscessed hand.

C. M. Fitzmaurice is now comfortably located in his new beautiful bungalow in the north part of of the city and declares "there is no place like home."

CARLINVILLE, ILL.

Tom Paul, superintendent, and Wm. Fries, mine manager, were passing around the cigars the other day, the occasion being a new tonnage record of 3,003 tons at Mine No. 1. Previous record, 2,876 tons.

"Sandy" Scott was recently tendered a pleasant surprise party by the "Men's Forward Movement Club." The diversions of the evening consisted of story telling and a fine musical program. Delicious refreshments were served. Everybody had a good time.

It doesn't make any difference to "Den" Wise and "Butch" Wilkinson which side of their car is up, provided "Butch" doesn't wear hobnails.

We do not believe there is a rhummy player in the country (outside of Chicago) who can beat Ben Hall at the game. He is what Carlinville citizens call a "tight" player. But, one thing sure, he is not a "nut grabber."

We are advised that a blacksmith helper at Berry Mine is trailing coons with a bloodhound. Perhaps he is doing this to get ahead of "Shep," who has the best coon dog in this section of the country.

The dance given by the "Sunshine Mother's Club" for the benefit of the destitute women and children at Greenridge was well attended. This adds another commendable act to their many charitable deeds of kindness.

"Teddie" Starbuck, our efficient safety director at Berry, is putting forth his best efforts to eliminate, as far as possible, minor and major accidents at the mine, and we hope that every employee will do all they can to assist him in this work.

Boys, don't get sore at Elmer for not including you in the character sketches, for there is another "batch" coming, we hope.

HOME OFFICE, CHICAGO

Ed (Economical) Longhenry of the fifth floor spent a horrible half hour in the Y. M. C. A. cafe on Monday. He ordered a ham sandwich and as usual asked for four pieces of ham in same, for Ed is a careful guy about getting value received. The waiter, his generosity all worn out from absence of any tips, dropped a check for 65 cents at Ed's plate to cover his sandwich and cup cakes. Poor Ed's heart nearly jumped out of his pocketbook and the last man to leave the cafe heard Ed beseeching the waiter to cut the check to 40 cents, "All I got." Tuesday, Ed ordered a plain ham sandwich.

How George Anderson loves them. His age happened to be mentioned the other day and some one said, "George, it is about time for you to be thinking about getting married." Listen to his comeback, "Not while I can THINK about it." Solomon was a wise man, too, but if our memory serves us correctly, he ended with a thousand of them.

We understand that Jimmy Brandt, the handsome he-vamp of the bookkeeping department, is burning the midnight oil designing a comfortable roosting pole. Jim sure is an ardent chicken fancier.

We wonder where Goldie keeps the solitaire she does not wear in the office.

We just asked one of the girls to tell us some news to put in the Record, and were informed that Miss Meder has a new brown silk hat—also that Miss O'Neill is taking a leave of absence to go to Arizona for her health.

We are strong for the new rule for having all the windows opened for five minutes twice daily. It will create a demand for paper weights all right. Willis Pate complains that it blows his hair out of comb.

Cora Fatland is celebrating her birthday anniversary by wearing a bandage on her wrist. How come, Cora, how come? Wouldn't he let go?

Miss Ingrid Rummelhoff, Queen of the Fork Artists, threatens to get even with Bruiser Kelly, King of the Kidders, for writing all those stories about her capacity as a feeder. Go to it, Ingie, we are with you to a finish. Make him eat his words.

The Sawdust Twins are still with us and they are having no trouble in crossing Wabash avenue. Escorts are as thick as bees about to swarm. Some twins, all right, all right, and then some.

Come on, you sharks at figures, here's one for you: Three of our girls celebrated February 9th birthdays. One of them is a year older than she was last year, one is the same age as she was last year, and one is a year younger than she was last year. How old is each one? First correct answer receives a season ticket to Ingrid Rummelhoff's Lectures on Eating.

To George Smith, handsome youth employed in Miss Dieterich's department, fifth floor: To create that wonderful fluffy appearance of the hair, use the yellow of one hard-boiled egg, rub in thoroughly and let dry for one hour. Of course, George, you must be sure to comb it out afterwards, although it may take the greater part of an afternoon. Another tip for George: When you want to state that a man has a well shaped head, don't say, "He has a well shaped abdomen," but use the word "dome," and although some people carry their brains in their abdomen, it is not correct to use the word "abdomen" when speaking of the "dome."

Well, anyhow the Chicago bookkeeping department holds the championship at catch weights. If in doubt, see Al Boesler of Mr. Hansen's department, who at this time is chief custodian of the rubber stamps. Boy, where's my ink pad, I want to write a letter.

Ask Carl Kollmann, of the fifth floor, how long he has been working in an office—then duck quick!

You've heard that old chestnut, "Shiverin' in my shoes," haven't you? Well, it has been amended and from now on it should be, "Shiverin' in my galoshes." Miss Ingrid Rummelhoff, please note!

Miss Gordon, of the fifth floor, evidently slept out in the garden with the gate open during the night of January 31, because the next morning the writer had occasion to ask her a question and she replied in a whisper. At first we thought there was a prohibition agent in the near vicinity, but discovered the poor woman had such a bad cold that it was impossible for her to speak.

Mr. Bernard Carr, of Mr. Gorvett's department, dropped his watch on the tile floor recently and put it out of commission until Chief Mechanician Kelley took it in hand, and with the aid of a sledge hammer and various other instruments proceeded to fix it. That is, fixed it so that no one else could do anything with it.

If afflicted with that run-down, unraveled and worn-out feeling, see M. L. Moore, of Mr. Callahan's department, fifth floor, and he will relieve your distresses and soothe your afflictions. He carries a complete line of dope, everything from aspirin to Lydia Pinkham's Famous Pink Pills for Pale People, that is, everything but Peruna. However,

he has a good substitute in form of denatured alcohol.

Not wishing to prolong the winter weather, we tied our office boy, Otto Paul, to his desk to keep him in on February 2. Therefore, not having a chance to see his shadow we believe that the possibility of six more weeks has been "tabooed."

The Wimpus Club of the fifth floor will hold their annual outing during the evening of the first Thursday in June. Brother Edward Neff will be among those absent at the outing this year due to the fact that the 'California climate' has so rejuvenated him that he sent in his resignation to President W. G. Long. The membership has been increased somewhat during the past year with the addition to the ranks of Willis Wilkie, Henry A. Hansen and Lewis H. Yocum.

"Lightnin" Briggs of the mail department expects to be a full-fledged member of the Wimpus Club in time to participate in the annual outing festivities.

Girls, let me call your attention to a brave man. Diminutive John Ely of Mr. Hansen's department, fifth floor, is the hero. Recently, the adding machine in the above mentioned department, developed a short circuit and stood next to a radiator with a wire basket between them and touching both. John attempted to add a couple of amounts on the machine and as he pressed the control the "juice" ran from the machine thru the waste basket to the radiator and incidently caused the paper in the basket to ignite. CLIMAX—John picked up that basket with his bare hands, put it back down on the floor and stuck his number three foot in that burning "caldron," extinguished the blaze and saved our—waste paper. He's single and handsome too, girls.

L. Y. Yocum, of the stock department, fifth floor, recently underwent a painful operation. An abcessed molar was the cause of it all and now the patient is convalescing rapidly. The chances are that "Yoc" will be able to participate in the golfing activities at Marquette park during the coming summer as usual.

There are only two days of sunshine in a whole month, as far as Al Roesler is concerned, and they are the days that the "Ghost" walks. You know, the fifteenth and last day.

Mr. Essery, of the general manager's office, is the proud father of a baby boy, seven pounds and thirteen ounces, to be exact. Mother and heir to the Maywood mansion are doing nicely, thank you.

Will some one in the traffic department please board up the hole in the window by J. Smith's desk so he won't feel a draft?

Gov. George J. Savageau is evidently asleep this winter, as a fly was seen resting on his desk. Wake up, Governor! Spring will soon be here.

A. E. Persons has his own opinion of Santa Claus. Ernie very much admires to eat angel food cake, but the Missus objected to the strenuous labor of beating eggs the making of angel food cake entails. So the thoughtful Ernie decided that at Christmas he would say it with an electric egg beater, which he forthwith purchased from Santa Claus. You can imagine his feelings when a few days after Christmas he discovered the same apparatus on sale at an electric shop at a price $5.00 lower than he paid.

After forty-one years of continuous service, Mr. W. G. Boulton, employed in the traffic department, Chicago, retired from the service of this company December 31, 1921, with a splendid record of efficient service. Mr. Boulton was first employed at Buffalo, N. Y., in October, 1880, at which time he took up the work of looking after tank cars under the direction of Mr. M. A. Robinson. He was transferred to Chicago in the late eighties, succeeding Colonel Briggs, to take up the same work here, and it must be remembered that at that time tank car construction was nothing to be compared to its present day development and volume, necessitating strenuous work to keep all shippers supplied with tank car equipment. He was later appointed agent of the Union Tank Line Company, at Chicago, which position he occupied for a number of years. At the time of the dissolution in December, 1911, he was transferred to the service of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, where he continued until his retirement. He spent the summer of 1920 in Louisiana, supervising the movement of tank cars used in the handling of crude oil from the Louisiana oil fields to our various refineries. His many good qualities won for him the respect and esteem of a host of friends, and his retirement to private life is followed by their best wishes.

Hubert Schmidt is either reducing or cutting down the cost of living, as he now limits himself to eight sandwiches for lunch.

Miss Emma Cornils has been quite frivolous since her little sister, Gertrude, left the office. You see, she has no one to "tell on her" at home now.

Danny Leopold in his new suit has created quite a sensation among the flappers.

Have you noticed the number of fair traffic department necks adorned with pearl beads since Christmas—and have you ever noticed that HE leads off with a string of pearls at Christmas, follows up with a diamond about Arpil, and ends up with a wedding ring in June?

Ferdie Sehrt had a cut finger dressed by the traffic department first aid lady and has since been taking all sorts of risks in the hope of breaking a —er, limb.

You have read about the Pied Piper, who charmed rats, etc., but you ought to hear George Nelson recite the classic tale of how, when he was vacationing in Michigan, he tamed a bovine critter of the male sex with a mouth organ.

Girls, it pays to be a good listener. Gertrude Cornils listened all day to male voices on the dictaphone, and she evidently continued to do so outside of business hours. As a result of one earful, she is now Mrs. Ray Potter.

The January Record carries an article about Mr. McLean at Sugar Creek being a stencil cutter. The traffic department at Chicago has the champion stencil cutter of the *WORLD* in the person of Miss Florence Johnston. For a sample of her work, see Supplement No. 32 to Traffic Department Serial Letter No. 36.

Vera Elmes of the Sixth floor is enjoying suburban life, having been the heroine in a prairie fire near her home recently.

George Biester has been appearing recently with a witching wave in his hair.

Some of the birds on the Fifth floor have been eating Miss Emily Hill's pigeon food. We presume that this is a true statement, due to the way they cut loose in the washroom. We noticed Mr. Rummelhoff prick up his ears during a recital recently and feel sure that he was entranced (like Kelley was).

Wish to inform our readers that there will be a lecture given by Professor Bernardo Carr, of the Fifth floor, on the 17th of March, 1922. This lecture will be delivered on the 23rd floor of the Home Office building and the professor will use as his subject, "Argentine for the Argentines, Portu-

guese and the Greeks". He will render this masterpiece in Gaelic and repeat in Spanish. We will later have it translated into Chinese by our co-worker and linguist, Alex Murison, with the able assistance of "Baldy" Stang of the Walton School of Commerce. Admission free, bring your sky hooks.

They say her name is Mary and she works on the Fourth floor. We saw her talking to Evelyn Swenson of the distribution department, Fifth floor, recently, and cordially extend her an invitation to visit this floor any old time that she wants to.

Never mind, old timer of the Fifth floor; we saw you with that gallon jug just before Christmas, although we failed to ascertain where you 'cached' it. There were others that saw you also, judging from the tongues hanging out as you passed down the aisle. The worst of it is that Al. Roesler hasn't been able to get his licker back in its proper place since.

If your eyes bother you, see Dr. Gorvett of the Fifth floor. If you can't see before taking his treatment you will be able to plainly see your finish after one operation. We don't know what that fluid is that he uses, but have a hunch that it's a mixture of Red Crown and Semdac.

To prove how well W. H. Carnine, chief clerk at Fargo, gets by looking like a bachelor around the Chicago office, Mr. Long steps over to the desk of one of the stenographers and asks, "Is that fellow's wife dead or is he divorced?" You'll have to get a longer face than that, Bill.

Our little friend Mary Packer sure looked strange when she came down with her hair bobbed. But now that we are getting used to it, we can't help admitting it looks gosh darned cute.

Property has been leased on Maxwell street for the building of the clothing firm of Meier, Frank and Wolf, who are at present connected with the sales department, Fifth floor. The boys wish you all the luck in the world.

We gather that when George Smith, Fifth floor, accompanies her home he does it to music. At any rate we saw him with a banjo in hand waiting patiently at the foot of the rear stairway one night recently.

Anyone wishing to argue or debate any topic whatsoever, be it beast, bird, fish or children, kindly consult Mr. J. T. Smith in Mr. R. C. King's department. His specialty. Absolutely no charge.

The Chicago sales department wish to extend their hearty congratulations to Messrs. H. Blix, W. J. Folan and S. L. Hynes upon the arrival of the stork who recently visited their homes. Mr. Blix and Mr. Folan were gifted with a baby girl and Mr. Hynes with a baby boy. We will expect to have the new arrivals in our ranks very soon.

Mr. J. Clay Lee, formerly district superintendent of the Chicago sales department, has been transferred to the Peoria division. Mr. Lee carries with him our best wishes for success in his new undertaking.

With deep regret we announce the death of our former associate, Mr. T. E. Archibald. Mr. Archibald was born in Ontario on January 19, 1857. He began working for the Standard Oil Co. (Ind.) on November 1, 1886. He handled various positions during his career with the company, ending as agent at our Evanston station.

"WELCOME EVERYBODY." The Stanolind Bowling League wish to announce their annual ball and dance which is to be held at the Masonic Temple main hall drill room on Saturday evening, April 22, 1922. It is the intention of the members of this organization to make the affair a success and to furnish their guests with an enjoyable evening. The league is composed of eight teams, all co-workers, ranging from an office boy to a blacksmith at Whiting. If you have never attended one of the affairs in the past, you have missed a good time. The hall is large enough to accommodate all.

Juanita Allen arranged to take a week of her vacation during the Christmas holidays. We almost forgot to mention that a certain young man was sojourning in Chicago during the same period.

The fellow with all the jaw-bone who slew the lion had nothing on James Tyrrell. James was escorting a friend's dachshund down the street when the animal was attacked by a savage bulldog. James rushed to the rescue and found it necessary to kill the bulldog. The girls think it a pity his heroism was wasted on a mere dog.

A. J. Arnold is recuperating very nicely, thank you, both physically and financially, after his Christmas shopping.

After a great deal of thought on the subject, Edith Swanson lit on a fine idea for a present for mother, which she says outshone all the other presents—a handsome table lamp.

We understand Miss Margaret Salmon has recently purchased a set of dishes. Looks rather suspicious. When's the big day, Sammy?

He sorts the mail. Mr. Briggs, speaking to one of the young ladies in the office:

"Why am I like you part of the time?"

"Because I am waiting the arrival of the mail."

If it wasn't for Al. Roesler's enormous pedestrian appendages, Mr. Hansen's equipment department of the Fifth floor would surely be off balance with the bulk of his subordinates qualifying for the pygmy class! For instance, Harold Percival Foote, Alexander Leander Murison, John Ichabod Ely, Ervin Aloysius Joost, Anna Georgiana Rommel, Paul Speed McQuaide and a few others not herein named. Mr. Ely recently joined the department and brought his trusty stepladder along to assist him to the same altitude as the top of his high desk. Not wishing to be unjust, we hasten to state that Speed McQuaide, being of young and tender years, will undoubtedly grow out of the class in a few more years unless in the meantime he should become lost in the completed correspondence files.

Johnny Jaeger of the distribution department, Fifth floor, was in bed with the "flu" during the holidays and reported back for action, registering in the featherweight class. Previous to his illness, Johnny fought in the lightweight division. He states that there are more congenial bedfellows than old man "flu" and we agree with him, due to our worldly experience.

Ervin Joost, of the Fifth floor, recently visited the Masonic hospital and left part of his anatomy with them for safe keeping. He claims it was his appendix but, personally, we believe it was a gizzard. We base our belief on his actions previous to the operation as he flew around the department somewhat like a "Dodo" bird.

You have all heard that old stall, "I was chopping wood and it flew up and hit me", haven't you? Well, that's what "Uncle Bim" Meyers, of the Fifth floor, said. He sure had a bad looking left optic for a while, but has entirely recovered at this time. I'm thinking just what you are and certainly would have liked to see the other fellow.

Have you noticed Al. Sumner since the first of the year? For the benefit of those on the inside, will say that he is our "Pillar of Beauty" and he expects to be strong next year!

Let's go! Fifth floor, everybody with their shoulders to the wheel during 1922. A lame shoulder will soon heal under the influence of co-operation! Let "SOCO-IND., ALWAYS FIRST" be our motto.

A touching demonstration was witnessed in the office of the general manager on the evening of January 24. A delegation of his friends from the Black Belt waited on Mr. Leo A. Rohan and, through their spokesman, Mr. Tom Czhill, presented him with a token of affectionate esteem. The razor is of good, highly burnished material and was neatly packed in a novel container. Mr. Rohan was not over talkative regarding the gift, but, inasmuch as he has no beard, it behooves his persecutors (roaming the wilds of Room 800) to take heed.

The Hon. E. C. Daly, lightning secretary to Mr. Grimshaw, presents a standing offer to take on all comers in a free-for-all marathon. It is obvious there will be no response from the general manager's office, as the gentleman takes his workout quite frequently in the center aisle and the department is quite aware of his prowess.

Our genial safety director is spending considerable time indoors of late. He is frank to admit the improvement in scenery occasioned by the addition of several new stenographers immediately in front of his desk is largely responsible.

A noticeable change has recently been made account the transfer of one bozo from Mr. Rohan's order department. Mr. N. E. Kundrat, exponent of the smile, has ambulated to the railway sales department. Nick says he never thought he would get so near a church.

The friends of Mr. Henery C. (alias Hank) Eckhardt are troubled by his unusually morose countenance of late. Those of us who have his promise of the proverbial new hat on his submission to the weaker (?) sex are doing with the last year helmet in expectation.

Found in the wilderness of real estate correspondence a rival of Galli-Curci. It is believed Mr. Evan Essery is the impresario, as Mrs. Erickson usually does her practicing in his vicinity.

Add to the list of available Lochinvars, Mr. Bassett Ruff, Chesterfield of the general manager's office and office boy de luxe. You can't fool us, Bat—the dreamy stare, them plastered hair, etc.

Mr. G. J. Sammons is the new Stanolind Record correspondent for the Fourth floor, home office.

Several of the boys are unwilling to cope with the Java distributed by the neighboring "restaurateurs," some even suggest legal procedure. This at first met with discouragement at the hands of some pessimists who would know the grounds for suit. The eminent Mr. Slater, P. D. Q., asserts such a suit is possible on coffee grounds.

Vollmer Reehoff (didn't think we knew your first name, hey, Jim?) surely has the envy of us less fortunate ones. With the bearing of a Russian grand duke the young man saunters forth and the "loidies" murmur, "Ain't he grand!" "Don't you think he has the most bee-you-ti-full eyes?" etc. Have a heart, Jim, give the others some chance.

Mr. Tom Cahill, he of the massive intellect and erstwhile buck private of the Brown Derby Division, bids fair to rival Dr. Burton in chemical knowledge. The most recent of Tom's discoveries is a device which is being manufactured specially at Whiting, and is known as an alarm candle. To those interested he will be glad to explain its operation.

Mr. Ed. Bobleter, veteran "Silver Lining "and dispenser of an unfailing line of cheerful banter, has the greatest infant—we all know it. Ed. even admits it himself.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Miss Mary Warde is our pricing clerk, and she wants to know who was the instigator of the Cumulative Plan on Polarine oils and greases. We know that she *can* handle the proposition to perfection, and that her work will be handled as accurately as in the past. The pleasure is all yours, Mary.

Elmer Carlson, of the billing department, is back on the job, after a five-week spell of sickness.

Mr. J. H. Gates, one of the old timers, is undergoing X-ray treatments for a goiter, and we hope he will improve very rapidly, so he may return again to our fold. Mr. John Bamberger has taken his place as Stanolind Record correspondent for the Chicago sales division.

We welcome N. J. Sayers to the Chicago sales division, as we know him of old. Always there with the punch.

Our hearty congratulations are extended to Mr. F. C. Nigg of the stock department. Reason: 7½-pound baby girl.

Mr. A. Zeman has the records of iron barrels to be responsible for. You have our good wishes, Tony.

The southern division of our service station department boasts of having some live attendants who are always Johnny-on-the-spot. They are as follows: Geo. Quick, Wm. Magowan, James Moran and Mortimer K. Sullivan.

The central division takes exception, stating that the following men, H. Reynolds, A. Zaehler, F. Shornden and C. Munson, work with such enthusiasm that they never hear the "whistle."

A word from the northern division has almost convinced us that A. Stelzner and I. W. Brown can compete with any two of the men from the southern or central divisions. Watch for the standing of these men on the monthly report.

The Safety council of the Chicago division arranged a number of very practical and interesting meetings which it is believed have proved beneficial. They were conducted at Fourteenth street station on Thursday evenings, and the attendance each time was very gratifying. Drivers, warehousemen, agents and salesmen came to learn the lesson of SAFETY. Coroner Peter M. Hoffman, speaker at one of the meetings, gave a fine, impressive talk. The balance was by "home talent." It was never realized what very good speakers some of our employees are, and to all who devoted their time to such efforts we extend most hearty thanks. "Home talent" had the right *dope* and put it across *right!*

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Williams on Saturday, January 28. Mr. Williams is night mechanic at Rogers Park. He passed the cigars.

E. B. Haacker and H. J. Tatro, former super-service station attendants, are now on the tank wagon force at Rogers Park.

Pete Kiel and Henry Becker, chauffeurs at Rogers Park, visited the auto show. We understand they were looking at Marmons.

Attention—Musical Director! We have a drummer at Rogers Park—Frank Ellis.

DAVENPORT, IOWA

Hail, Hail, the Gang's all here. Believe us, other divisions, Davenport is NOW on the map, and from now on you'll hear from us. We're chuck full of Pep, the "Sell The Full Line" kind, and we are going to make things hum. So tighten up your belts for a hot race. We're bigger and better; in fact, with our remodeled office building and the additional territory, plus the new friends that have come to make their home with us, we're going to keep on growing and going!

Floral Lawrence, Bessie Davis and Julia Smith were seen at Terrace Gardens before they had been in town one hour. Enjoyed themselves immensely, but complained about the price. But girls, if you must dance, you must pay the fiddler.

J. L. Fitzgerald, in charge of the service stations in the tri-cities, has had enough of service station robberies to last a life time—three in two days. John got a ride in the police chief's car and begged to get out when they reached a speed of over fifty miles per hour. He can't figure out why they blow the siren all the time, unless it is to let the robbers know the police are coming. (When we rode the police bus in Moline with Sergt. De Jaeger, now chief, they didn't do that. Must be peculiar to Davenport and Rock Island.—Ed.)

To really enjoy it you would have to see it. See what? Why Charlie Altes of Keokuk and Careta going home at six o'clock. A mile a minute anyway.

"Nick" Klepfer says he is going to make a whale of a record on selling the full line from the truck; all right, make it sure Nick, not sure Nix.

James Storer, veteran agent in full charge at Burlington, has his same old smile and cologne—and he makes 'em like it.

P. B. Parsons, warehouse superintendent at Davenport, spent $3.00 for a Christmas present. "Who was she?" is the question afloat in the warehouse.

Mr. John Grogan has found a new kind of face powder. But, girls, stay far away—he is married.

A party in Buffalo, Iowa, is looking for a young man in the employ of the Standard Oil Company who has red hair and freckles. Better keep under cover, Mr. Orde.

Wanted—Black and White Cat. By Harold Sage, John House and James Montz of the warehouse.

Mr. Wm. Ted Schnoor, tank truck salesman, won the contest on selling storage tanks. Good work.

Mr. Walter Steinman has stored his airplane until spring. This young man is very fond of fresh air.

Ray O'Hara says parson's shoes are the best he has ever purchased.

Bill Reynolds claims when he gets his new Dodge he is going to dodge around to all of our service stations and show them how to keep their lawns.

Jerry Preston has had his Ford repainted. Watch out now.

Mr. Saunders, our painter, has a new arrival at his home. The smokes were fine. Whitey hopes he is a prize fighter.

We have one real live correspondent at Cedar Rapids, Miss Dorothy B. Hoed, and for news she makes the fellows take a back seat. She writes:

Mr. G. W. Kibby, our former district superintendent, has been transferred to Davenport, and Mr. C. L. VanSickle, formerly at Oskaloosa, succeeds him.

We are sorry to report that Mr. W. S. McLeod, agent Cedar Rapids, is quite sick and we all wish for his speedy recovery.

Mr. N. A. Baker, service station attendant at our Marion service station, is succeeded by Mr. Fay W. Bailey, change effective Jan. 16.

Mr. C. L. VanSickle held a salesmen's meeting on Jan. 10. Mr. L. W. Cameron, manager of the Davenport division, also attended.

Mr. Wm. Stewart, warehouseman, met with a painful accident while tearing down a pile of barrels preparatory to painting them when a barrel rolled from the top and fell on his foot. No bones were broken but he won't be up and around for a few days.

C. R. Hetherington, tank wagon salesman, while performing his regular duties, slipped and fell on an icy sidewalk, spraining his wrist. He was able to continue work.

Have you got enough Safety Posters, Dorothy?

DECATUR, ILL.

Well, outside of a little "Graveyard" weather being dished out in Decatur and vicinity, the entire Decatur division are up on their toes a "rarin" to go, to make 1922 a "Record" year for the "Stanolind."

Frank Clark stepped right out and put on one of the best dances given in a long time, on January 14 at the Marquette hall. There was a large crowd present and everyone enjoyed themselves to the utmost. It sure takes that man Clark to put on a "hop," and we will all agree that he left nothing undone to make the one on the fourteenth a success.

We'll tell the world right now that we have in the manager's chair the tallest man in Decatur—step forward Mr. T. B. Clifford. M. L. Harry of the Decatur Railway & Light Company may dispute this, but we are backing our assertion.

Shortly after Christmas, the entire office force gathered on the second floor of the main office and witnessed the departure of Mr. H. F. Warren to retirement, and Mr. W. A. Brown to other duties. The occasion was the presentation, from the employees of the Decatur field, of a gold watch for Mr. Warren, and a complete smoking outfit, right to his favorite Havana, for Mr. Brown. Both speeches of acceptance were appreciated by all present, as were also the talks by Mr. T. B. Clifford, our new manager, and Mr. J. H. Budde, our assistant manager. Mr. Launtz in the role of presenting the gifts did the job up "Brown" as W. F. always does.

Mr. Warren did not tarry long, but departed for summer climes, going to Florida to spend the winter with Mrs. Warren. By the way, what ever happened to those *oranges?* Remember, fellows?

At a recent meeting of salesmen held in Decatur, a funny little incident happened on board the depot car bound for the business district. That little fellow known as J. B. Below, with a number of his pals, were all seated comfortably in one of those smooth riding '76's, when upon stopping at a corner, three rather nice looking young ladies got on. After standing the icy stare as long as possible and hoping and praying that one of the other fellows would arise, J. B. navigated to his feet, and lo, and behold all three sat down. They say that's a true story, J. B.; how about it?

Do you remember way back when Roy Pensinger used to read the newspaper during spare

minutes and keep track of the Standard Oil Company stocks?

Does anyone know the origin of Herbert Somerville's limp? Funny it showed up immediately after his daddy phoned for the car on a recent Saturday afternoon.

It is with pleasure that we announce the promotion of George Gonser to the position of draft clerk. George is certainly an expert on drafts, and we feel that a better choice could not have been made.

It is quite evident that Mr. Larimore has keen competition when it comes to eating. We now find that Mrs. J. Kerr doesn't have to get up and get Johnny's breakfast any more. (Even then John is late occasionally.) It is brought out upon proper investigation that John keeps a supply of raisins in his desk. Therefore, it is resolved that the breakfast of raisins and water is more economical than Lary's (bag of peanuts and a bottle of "Koke").

Did you ever stop to take a good square squint at that bright spot that illumines the warehouse once in a while, especially a few days prior to Christmas. No, it was not a fire. Frank Dorr, after a lapse of several months, blossomed out again with his cute little red tie.

Agent Leslie Clay's little son recently had the misfortune of being run against by a dog and thrown on the icy walk, breaking his arm. Last report has it that the youngster is waiting to take another try at it.

Ask Art Faster and Ralph Culp if they have heard from Joliet? Remember, fellows, they have a permanent home at that place.

Rita Tofall said she fell down a complete flight of stairs the other day. Did anyone hear her? Poor girl, it's too bad she cannot be heard.

Everyone has been puzzled about the abrupt termination of the well known top game. Herb says they're waiting for Floyd Rittgers to sell another farm.

Rita Tofall was awarded first prize for being the most fashionably dressed miss in the Decature office. The prize is awarded at the close of each year and consists of one quart of hand painted cast iron cranberries.

W. A. Brown must be going hunting, for we notice he borrowed some "salt" from Nellie Neyhard.

K. B. Gardner said that while out rabbit hunting recently, one inquisitive bunny followed him clear across a field, daring him to "draw a bead." K. B. did, and the rabbit is still living.

Ann McShane of the record department recently escaped serious injury when on alighting from a street car she slipped and fell. Supt. Sam Wilson of the street department immediately put a force of men at work repairing the damage done to the pavement. The Decatur Herald, in writing up the incident, remarked that the fall "bruised her somewhat and hurt her elsewhere."

If you want to see someone tough enough to lick Jack Dempsey, just mention resale barrels to Oscar Martin.

Miss Anna Mary Ellis and Mr. Clyde Hanna recently entertained the now defunct Stanolind Fellowship Club with the well known ditty, "I Love You Truly." Lloyd Francis played the accompaniment on a harmonica.

Willard Crook is certainly an enthusiast on outdoor winter sports. When not at his desk in the traffic department, Willard can always be found near a radiator, praying for the gentle warmth of summer.

A number of us have often wondered just why Chief Clerk Larimore found various business houses in the four hundred block on Water street such desirable loafing places during his leisure moments, but now it is no longer a mystery, as police notes a few days ago furnished the information that six men were arrested in his most favorite resort, shooting craps in an icebox. We are glad to note, however, that Mr. Larimore was not among those present.

That girl Nellie can not only pound a wicked tune on her Royal, but she can also go sky high and read the Record till the pages curl up.

We wonder what Irish Crinnigan was looking for in Nina's fashion plate?

Note: All items, except three in the foregoing, seem to be about office folks. One agent, one salesman and one warehouse employee are mentioned. Are these the only agents and salesmen employed in the Decatur field, and don't we have down there any service station men and tank wagon drivers? In the copy received no service station man or tank wagon driver was mentioned, but the name of one office man appeared in four separate items, only one of which is being used. We haven't anything against the office folks, but don't forget, this magazine is for ALL employees.—*Editor Stanolind Record.*

DES MOINES, IOWA

Many questions have been asked regarding Katherine Rampton, of the order department, who was seen running down the street in a crouched over position. No, it isn't rheumatism. She was chasing an elusive dollar bill which had blown from her purse. She reports she lost the race, also the dollar.

Lester, are you holding out on us? We know a little girl up at the Equitable Life of Iowa, whose initials spell Mildred Johnson—of late she has been wearing a diamond. Did you save enough for cigars?

"The man who never made a mistake never made anything," so Jack Welsh says when we take a sales sheet to be corrected.

W. W. Janisch, traffic clerk, Des Moines office, says his idea of a perfect position would be—Station Caller on a Pacific Liner. You are right, Walter, but how about a job as ex-Emperor of Germany?

Miss Wirth now knows what it means to be in the "Seventh Heaven." She formerly insisted that the bookkeeping department was the only place, but now agrees with the rest of us that seventh is the "Main Floor."

Miss Trudell is thinking seriously of taking saxophone lessons, and says that on nights when she can't sleep she will practice. Miss Strubel is already looking for another rooming place. Do you blame her?

Those cute artificial "Boutonnieres" — how thoughtful to choose the kind that would never wither, and how full of meaning to you must have been the words "SAY IT WITH FLOWERS" when you bestowed those pretty bouquets. That's all right, Carl, say it with flowers, be they ever so tiny.

The friends of Hilda Summer and Eleanor Stafford are trying to persuade them to give a public demonstration of their ability as Diving Venuses. Such skill as they possess should be known to all.

Mr. John Leu, Jr., district superintendent, transferred from the Keokuk field, has been around the office making friends, which isn't hard for him to do. He says he is going to like his new home.

Mr. P. H. Headley, district superintendent, says "Getting business is like courting a girl. You must offer the right kind of goods and keep on calling." All right, Headley, we know you know your material, so we'll leave it to you.

Ray Norton, equipment clerk, attended lodge last Thursday night. Sure there were eats, or he wouldn't have been there.

Bill Swag tells us that the early bird catches the worm. But what's the use of being an early bird if you don't like worms? Anyway, Bill's on the job every morn at seven bells.

If you want to be well informed, take a paper. Even a paper of pins will give you some points. So says Victor Fitch, the city collector.

Ray Hanson of the credit department should ask for a transfer to the incinerator. He has a pipe that needs no eulogy. It speaks for itself.

We understand Miss Strubel is conducting a class in punctuation for the benefit of Mr. Moseley and a class in spelling for the benefit of Mr. Junker.

Mr. J. M. Kennedy, city order clerk, meets the same girl every night at West 5th and Locust, but he won't tell who she is. Come on, John, who is she?

Joe Kosoleke, bill clerk, was seen skating out at Riverview New Year's eve. Was that a new girl, Joe?

Mr. Janisch, traffic clerk, is having his eyes tested for stronger glasses. The following shows are in Des Moines this week: "Aphrodite," "The Queen of Sheba" and "Take It from Me." Enuff said.

Merle Cantwell, the bookkeeper with the Hidden Sorrow, wants to know what excuse "You" have for living.

"Live so that when you die even the undertaker will be sorry," came from Mr. Dunker, the cashier, one morning in the vault as he was hanging up his cuffs.

THE NEWEST FAD.—Dainty artificial bouquets, nestling in the fur collar of the feminine coat, the tinier the niftier. From whence they came? Oh! we know, but we won't tell.

Geo. Wallace has been appointed head of the check department. George has the best wishes of everyone.

Erwin Eberhardt recently won a prize of $70.00 in the Midwest Bowling Tournament held at Des Moines. Abe says it's a hard winter and the money came in handy.

Ben Fuller, our genial cartage clerk, sprung a surprise on his friends when he announced his marriage on Dec. 31, 1921. Ben believes in doing things up quick. It's all right, Ben, we're glad you started the New Year right.

"The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."
(Stock clerks, please note.)

Mr. H. J. Bomford, of the Chicago office, has been with us for the past couple of weeks looking after the transfer. We are always glad to have Mr. Bomford with us. His visits to our office are always a pleasure to look forward to.

On Saturday evening, Dec. 17, employees of the Des Moines division and a group of business men of this city tendered Mr. Amos Ball, newly appointed assistant general manager, a farewell banquet. Covers were laid for 325 at a local hotel. Senator Lafayette Young acted as toastmaster, introducing first Mr. R. G. Stewart, of the home office. This was the first opportunity most of us had had of hearing the man under whom we had served during the past year and we could not but regret that the period of association was so short. Other speakers were Mr. H. A. Monson, our new manager; Mr. Ellis Englebeck, president of the Des Moines Rotary Club; Mr. L. W. Cameron, manager of the Davenport division; Mr. W. C. Van Horn, assistant manager, Wichita division, and Dr. E. W. McDade, of the Wesley Methodist church. Employees presented Mr. Ball with a beautiful gold watch and chain, while Mrs. Ball and Mrs. Monson each received a basket of exquisite red roses. Dancing followed the banquet.

Mr. Ball carries away with him the friendship and affection of every Standard Oil employee in the Des Moines division, and we wish him the best of all that's good in his new field.

DETROIT, MICH.

On account of being unable to secure a suitable hotel at Adrian in which to hold one of our "B" station meetings recently, it was necessary to hold the meeting at the local Y. M. C. A. When Manager Cochran entered he made us all feel at home and sat down. The chair was one of those collapsible contraptions built for use and not comfort, and our genial boss, who does not carry an ounce of excess flesh, looked about for a more comfortable seat. Seeing a chair which looked inviting over against the wall, he proceeded to appropriate it, and when he settled down leisurely he dropped his cigar, jumping a foot. Mr. Cochran then investigated the chair with customary thoroughness and found that someone with a curious sense of humor had placed an electric battery underneath the seat of the chair, which operated when sat upon. (And being a live wire himself, we suppose there was a short circuit with hot sparks flying? Or isn't his vocabulary as spectacular as that of Mr. Cochran of Minneapolis?—*Ed.*)

Tom MacClenthen's latest venture in the social sea at Monroe, is joining a dancing class. Mrs. Mac says that he walks all over her feet, but we would like to whisper in her ear that he is evidently just trying to get her to refuse to dance with him so he can hand some of the other ladies the "line" that she is so familiar with that it is no more effective. Perhaps he is getting ready for the party that the Detroit division is going to have this winter—maybe????

A week or so ago when Mrs. Gertrude Patterson, clerk in the accounting department, stepped from the street car, she was hit by an automobile and suffered some very severe bruises. We hope to see her back at her regular duties within a month.

Our sympathy goes out to Mrs. Floyd Johnson, wife of our agent at Samaria, in the loss of her mother, Mrs. Ellen D. Palmerlee, who has made her home with them the last few years. Mrs. Palmerlee has been an invalid for a long time and died December 22.

We understand one of our boys is demonstrating the height of economy by buying a phonograph and borrowing someone else's records.

Tom Rickard, salesman at Ann Arbor, and Harry Wilson, salesman at Detroit, have a new vaudeville skit entitled "When do we get those hats?" The chorus will be sung by several salesmen.

Claud Crandall, engineer at West Detroit, has bought Driver Barge's Ford, the latter having decided to buy another car. Mr. Barge is now visiting the Detroit auto show looking at the Rolls-Royce cars (and Dodges).

V. V. Green, service station superintendent, has always impressed us as being an employe who is 100% in favor of the Safety movement. However, the other day he appeared at our Clay avenue garage and asked to have a new fender put on his Chevrolet roadster and with a shamed expression on his face said, "it was my own fault".

We have it through a reliable source that Stewart Gregory, our agent at Carleton, bought his best girl a diamond ring Christmas and she will be Mrs. Gregory in the spring. We have been informed that the lady is now an A-1 stenographer in Detroit, so we presume Stewart's reports will be coming in all typewritten this summer.

We extend our heartfelt sympathy to E. H. Lewis, stake truck driver at Clay avenue, whose mother died January 19.

Harry Dotter, West Detroit plant, who has been sick for a week from ptomaine poisoning, is back again at his duties. Don't eat so much next time, Harry, unless you are sure the dish was not aluminum.

Bill Doney, in the service station department: What kind of weather are we going to have the latter part of February? We don't want to stock up the service stations with alcohol unless it is going to stay cold.

Miss Helpful: Why, look in the Stanolind Almanac and find out. What's the matter with you?

The most valuable parcel E. W. Heier, known as the "pick-up man" at Clay avenue, has ever received was on January 27, when a 4½-pound girl was given into his keeping.

R. H. Sackett, Service Station 24, Grand River and Linwood, who has been confined to his home for the past two months on account of sickness, has returned to work.

R. E. McIntire and Fred Zahn (refined oil department) to Bill O'Mara: Let's go skating at Belle Isle.

Bill O'Mara: Why go to the Island for a skate?

The week ending January 22 is known as *HARD LUCK WEEK* in Pontiac station. Driver Huff was scalded when a Ford he was riding in commenced boiling and blew off the radiator cap, giving him a hot water bath; Drivers C. J. Walker and Bob Bars had the misfortune of their garage burning, causing loss of both their cars, a Studebaker and a Chevrolet, which were completely destroyed; A. N. Bailey, agent, got inquisitive about the condition of a Ford radiator and lit a match to see how much water it could take, when the alcohol fumes ignited and burned his eyelids and eyelashes completely off and scorched his forehead some. He is thankful he has his eyes, and will know better in future. They are still on the job anyhow.

The tank wagon salesmen at Bellevue avenue enjoyed a Polarine, Semdac and Coupon Book contest during the months of November and December, which was won by Captain Goodwin's team composed of the following: Capt. Goodwin, Messrs. Hassig, King, Van Brook and DeBuschere. The winning team received $5.00 with which they treated the employees to cigars and candy. Everybody at Bellevue avenue hopes they win another contest.

Wm. James, city tank wagon driver at Ann Arbor, spent Christmas with his parents, Capt. and Mrs. Steve James, Iron Mountain, Mich.

C. B. MacLeod, service station salesman, left Detroit January 27 for Canton, Ohio, where he spent three or four days visiting a number of friends who served with him overseas in Base Hospital Unit No. 17. He says he had a wonderful trip.

Clay avenue plant has informed us that they now have a bowling team consisting of Messrs. Dennis, Cover, Mosher, Snyder, Johnston and Reid, and they have challenged any team that can be produced in the Detroit field. We think some of the boys in the main office ought to accept their challenge.

We wish to express our deep sympathy to Norman Potter and family, in the death of their three-year-old boy, Sunday, January 29. Mr. Potter is agent at Plymouth.

R. E. McGauley took a novel way of announcing his marriage. He sent some postcards to some of the boys in the office telling what a fine trip "my wife and I" were having.

Our agent at Blissfield is puzzled to know why so many of the traveling auditors get sick when in his locality. Perhaps they like the neighborhood and want an excuse for staying.

"Dusty" Rhodes, country salesman, has recently acquired another title, namely: "Champion Keno Player," since he won two geese and one chicken at Ann Arbor, and three geese, two ducks and one chicken at Dexter. The butchers would starve if all were as lucky.

Louis Goniea, driver at West Detroit plant, passed around the cigars recently, the occasion being the arrival of a five and one-half pound boy in his home on January 29.

Mr. Harold F. Beveridge, attendant at S. S. 27, Forest and Maxwell avenues, who has been laid up for the past month account of injury to his knee caused by slipping on the wet pavement, has returned to work and all his friends are glad to see him back.

E. J. Thibodeau, tankwagon salesman at Clay avenue, reports the arrival of Arthur W., born January 3, 1922.

We are all wondering if Mr. Hetherington, stenographer at the garage, Clay avenue, is going to be a "June bride" because we noticed that a good share of the letters he wrote in January were dated *June*.

Mr. and Mrs. Rodgers, of Adrian, spent the week end recently with their son Harry, our city salesman at Jackson.

We understand that Mr. Gatlin, superintendent at Clay avenue plant, has advised the following men under his jurisdiction to get married: Messrs. Bailey, Thomas, Sylvester, McDole, Montana, Gibson, Kierman, Pollock and Mosher. Not too fast girls! They are all good looking. Let's see! Leap Year comes about the time the Employees' Stock Purchasing Plan materializes.

Jeanette Kushner, the cute, demure and shy stenographer in the credit department, asked the other day: "How do you get your name in the Stanolind Record, anyway? I'd almost be willing to get married if that will do it." Now's your chance, boys; see if she keeps her word.

Wm. Fry, Clay avenue, reported January 17 the arrival at his home of a new warehouseman, named Kenneth R. Fry, weight 9 pounds. He is so big and healthy that we know he will be able to rustle the barrels around when he gets older.

We notice that when Jim Cornell came back from his trips to various stations with "THE MANAGEMENT" that he had plenty of jokes to tell about the others but nothing about himself. The only thing we have been able to learn is that he thinks "Earl" is a very nice name since he was in Jackson and that when he buys a new car it will be that make.

Who said Friday, the 13th, was unlucky? Vance Woodcox, general salesman, doesn't think so because he is now strutting around, the proud daddy of a son, Kent Junior, born January 13.

Leo Mattson, lubricating salesman at Jackson, recently entertained his sister, Mrs. Clarence Barker, and her family, of Louisville, Ky.

Barney Kierman, fireman at Clay avenue, reported to Superintendent Gatlin that the arch in the boiler room had fallen down. Being told to rebuild same, he did, but in doing so went inside of firebox, built the arch and then had to tear it down in order to get out. Barney, we never thought that of an Irish sailor. (Let's hope he never tries to varnish a kitchen floor.—Ed.)

The girls of the Detroit main office have started a new fad. Instead of "rolling them," they wear one green and one blue. Josehhine Stevens doesn't look as if she dressed in the dark ordinarily. Jo isn't the only one in the accounting department, however, who is in love, judging from their actions, for the other day May Lahuska came to work with the front of her dress to the back. The check department certainly must be rushed when the girls don't take time enough to dress carefully.

Otto Thornburg, pumper at Clay avenue plant, reports the arrival of Charles Leonard Thornburg, at their home January 18.

Owen Myers, our lean and lanky agent at Blissfield, who recently escaped death by a miracle in a collision between a Lake Shore train and his truck, attended a "B" station agents' meeting at Adrian recently and did his best to make the meeting an enjoyable occasion to all. Among other accomplishments, Owen can tickle the ivories of the piano keyboard with considerable skill, as he demonstrated by playing the accompaniment and leading the singing of "America," "Old Black Joe" and other old-time favorites while waiting for the meeting to resume after the noon-day meal. It was at this meeting that Owen was shown one of the new "Peace" dollars and, after examining it carefully, he passed the sage remark that "It would be easier to hang onto these new dollars because there are no wings on them."

One of our tankwagon drivers at Jackson tells the following on himself: One day, while out on his rural route, he went to the back door of a farm house and knocked and to his surprise a little girl about ten or twelve years of age came to the door, peeped at him from behind the blind and disappeared quickly. An instant later he heard the front door of the house slam shut and saw the girl running down the road to a neighbor's house as fast as she could go. Our mystified driver climbed on his truck and started down the road. When he arrived at the neighbor's he was met by the farmer, hired man, and also the little girl, who stated that a colored man had knocked at the door and she was afraid. It turned out that the driver had rubbed a dirty hand across his chin and all the little girl saw was a black smear of grease and mistook him for a colored man. By the way, this is driver Kelly.

Note.—Nice work, Detroit. You are covering *The Field*.—Editor, Stanolind Record.

DULUTH, MINN.

We seem to have a new brand of gasoline that hasn't been very widely advertised. An order recently came in from one of the stations as follows: "You will please ship me two barrels I test gasoline at once, and oblige ——."

Miss Lillian Bergstrom was very pleasantly surprised at her Lakeside home by a number of the Duluth main office girls, in honor of her birthday. The evening was spent in games and dancing and Ella Clark and Madeline McLennan added to the entertainment by giving a number of Scottish dances. Miss Bergstrom was presented with a very pretty pin.

The annual salesmen's and agents' convention started off with a bang on January 25, at Duluth, and Russell Congdon was responsible for all details that added to the enjoyment of the few days spent here. This covers the display of specialty goods, room advertising, also managing and making a success of our Orpheum theatre party, which included the office force. We were all there with our caps spelling Standard Oil products, and we suspect someone of getting busy behind the scenes, as members of our organization received favorable mention from the stage, especially Tom Dearden. No, Russell positively cannot be transferred.

"Banquet time is Dick Carlson time." Regardless of where he might be or the condition he might be in at the time, he'd have to get here. Dick's stories are regular stories and designed for mirth-provoking purposes only.

Budd Mullaly and Jimmie McCarthy may be accustomed to being out in society occasionally and they may not. However, they appeared to be behaving as well as they should under similar environments. Just why these two victims of hunger were dislodged from the elevator at the Glass Block, on the occasion of our first convention lunch, and displaced by one fair young lady, a stranger, remains unexplained. Their facial expressions as they started their long walk to the dining room on the top floor indicated that their thoughts were not for print.

Russell Congdon is one good talker before folks. At our recent convention he made a nice little speech with the ease, comfort and enjoyment of an "old timer." He is good to look upon, pleasant to be with, an enjoyable companion, but with an unmelting heart except where a little girl is concerned whose initials begin with Margaret.

After the usual greetings and apropos of nothing: Don't you think he's an awfully nice fellow, Nell? You know, clean cut looking.

The following appeared in the "Twenty years ago" column of one of our local papers: "Charles E. Pollock, for fourteen years manager of the Standard Oil Company at Marquette, has removed to Duluth and the headquarters of the company for this district will be here. The attaches of the Marquette office who came with Mr. Pollock are John Burrows, Albert Eggers, Frank Ellison and Miss Schroeder. James Kenney, who has been the local agent, will take Mr. Pollock's office at Marquette." Mr. Ellison, who is now chief clerk, is the only one remaining at the Duluth office of these five, and boasts of 27 years service with the company. He is interested in developing the better things for employees, and we hope he will remain with us for many years to come.

Before organizing any more parades, our sales promoter, Melvin Dock, should study Duluth's traffic rules and thus avoid arrest. At least, he should not lead an unorganized zizzag parade directly past the police station.

We think Mr. Rich and the office boys have conspired against the office force. That buzzer system makes 'em move fast by turns—first Mr. Rich and then the office boys.

The purchasing department recently entertained at a waffle lunch for nine, in room 701. The prize for waffle eating was unanimously given to Mr. Larson, and the prize for combined waffle and sausage consumption goes to Hutch. Beware, Mr. Larson—one so appreciative will certainly not escape the matrimonial eye of the girls.

Miss Eleanor Johnson spent a week end in Minneapolis and the rest of the week at home, recuperating.

A copy of equipment ordered for one of our stations, covering Rotary pumps and Novo gasoline engine, was recently sent to one of our agents. We were later advised that the pump and engine had arrived, but the fifty-foot discharge line, the fifty-foot suction line and the eighteen-foot lift and high foundations had not yet been received.

Oh, Nell, he and Margaret and Russell are going stepping Saturday night. Wonder who the fourth one is? (Business of deep sighing.)

Have you noticed the new responsible, man-about-the-house air of Elmer Wimmer? What's 'smatter, pop?

We are glad to welcome our old time friend, Mr. E. G. Rounds, back in the office, as assistant in the credit department.

Isn't the sales promotion department the friendly li'l old place around the noon hour?

Esthyre made a New Year resolution to stop treating her side hair like a stepchild, and she's now chairman of the ways and means committee for keeping the ears covered.

Mr. LaLonde votes for a salesman's meeting oftener than once a year. You might get transferred to Duluth, Mr. LaLonde, or better still, transfer Adele to Bemidji.

Inquisitive: How would you like an attorney?
Mae: Too much business.
Inquisitive: How about a doctor?
Mae: Same trouble.
Inquisitive: Well, then, how would a "Mason" do?

Are there no agents, service station men and tank wagon drivers employed in the Duluth field? We note there are no gossip items about any of these. —Editor, Stanolind Record.

EVANSVILLE, IND.

Miss Lois Powers and Miss Frances Childress, both of the checking department, have issued invitations to a number of the girls of the office for what they term a "strictly stag party." The invitations have been issued for the evening of February 6 and were sent out in honor of Miss Powers' (?nth) birthday. (No, you're mistaken; she's not too old to tell her age, maybe she's just diffident. Carr.) From all the advance dope obtainable, this party promises to be The Party of the season. Brothers of the girls invited are understood to have hidden all their best clothes, fearing the worst. The correspondent of the Stanolind Record has been endeavoring vainly to obtain entrance under pretext of obtaining a snapshot of the meeting, but to date it appears that if the snapshot is taken it will have to be by one of the "Stags" themselves. One of the rules, or so it is rumored, relative to admittance to the affair is that none of the "Men" attending can wear larger than a number five shoe. However, if this were the only qualification necessary for admission, it is certain that the shoe would pinch a number of feet that night. The list of invited guests to date are Edna Meinhold, Fern Phipps, Helen Zackman, Mrs. Mary Lee, Gladys Byers, Margaret Blondin, Mabel Ruff and Nettie Klein. Oh, for a girl's name and the proper password!

Rollie C. Tyler, motor tank driver of Murphysboro, Illinois, has been promoted to agent at Marion, Illinois, because of his exceptionally fine record during the short time he acted as tank wagon driver. If Mr. Tyler continues to exhibit the same brand of salesmanship he should be able to build up a fine station at his new location.

Clarence Mann, of the stock department at Evansville, has a combination of sneeze and cough which would wring a smile from an undertaker. Several times each day a ripple runs around the upstairs office as two short sneezes followed by a solemn cough come from the corner inhabited by Clarence and his books.

M. Mildenberg, head of the iron barrel department, came down from Chicago Monday, January 30, and spent a short while with the Evansville office.

John F. Plater has been transferred from service station attendant to tank wagon driver at Murphysboro, Illinois.

"Is a pongee handkerchief a fair exchange for a diamond ring? Ask Billy, he knows." This is the query the Record correspondent recently found on his desk. He passes it on without remarks.

Norman R. Grimshaw, assistant general manager, visited the Evansville office Tuesday, January 23.

Harvey Hunt, of Sullivan, Indiana, has recently had a real run of misfortune. For a month Mr. Hunt was confined to his bed with a severe attack of pneumonia fever and before he was fully recovered his wife fell and broke her arm. Mr. Hunt is now back on the job, however, and his wife's arm promises to heal nicely.

Leslie R. Probasco has been employed as motor tank wagon driver at Harrisburg, Illinois.

Effective January 10, Harry C. Barnett assumed the duties of agent at Salem, Indiana.

Clarence O. Gillespie has been appointed agent at Creal Springs, Illinois.

D. H. Sheperd, salesman, and J. H. McGuire, of the office, both in Vincennes, Indiana, recently had the misfortune to lose their mothers, the two losses occurring hardly a week apart. They have our heartfelt sympathy.

H. O. Wolfe has been added to the staff of agent instructors.

Shirley Robinson, janitor for the Evansville office, cannot get himself together on regulating the heat of the building. It is always too hot or too cold for someone, Shirley says, and he wishes some bright thinker would invent a heat regulator.

It has often been written thus, "Coming events cast their shadows before." This was never more clearly illustrated than in the happenings of New Year's week. Walter "Dutch" Gleisige, of the accounting department, while out in the field making an "A" station audit, secured enough Bologna sausage from a good customer of the company to furnish his supper lunches as he required them for a week following the New Year. Of course Dutch was not literally following instructions from his "home office." Instructions from the wife have always been to bring home the bacon, but Dutch brought home Bologna instead.

Mr. Floyd LaTier, having completed his audit of the Evansville office, left early in the new year. Every person in the Evansville office regretted seeing Mr. LaTier go and his departure left a gap as

big as if one of the oldest employees had departed. Quiet and earnest, he had made friends with everybody during the short time he was here.

W. C. Perkins, formerly attendant at Service Station 144, Bicknell, Indiana, has been transferred to Service Station 127, at Jasonville, Indiana. Perkins is noted for cleanliness and the correspondent from the Jasonville field reports that Mr. Perkins is busily engaged scrubbing and polishing his new home.

Raymond Rainwater has succeeded Mr. Perkins as attendant at the Bicknell service station.

Harry Shriver, head of the stock department, came near breaking the season's bowling records the other night when he ran up a game score of 256. He fell down just a little on his other games, though, achieving a three game average of 619.

Salesmen, agents and tank wagon drivers of the Vincennes district met January 21 in the Y. M. C. A. at Vincennes for a general get-together and sales-boosting meeting. W. J. Lang, manager, Ewald W. Brauns, assistant manager, Walter Riepe, district superintendent from the Evansville field, and Roy Kaufman, Vincennes district superintendent, attended the meeting.

Two other large educational meetings similar to the one above were held during the month of January. One was at Murphysboro January 14 and the other at New Albany January 28. E. J. Stikeman, lubricating engineer, addressed each of the meetings.

Billy Ralston, reading newspaper article during lunch hour, "Now the paper calls this a suicide; what is a homicide?" E. F. Eberhard, answering: "Why a homicide is when a guy "commits suicide at home."

Harold Berges, of the cashier's department, the most popular basketball referee in southern Indiana, recently took a flier on the bowling alleys. After the first game Harold asked what his score was and when told put his ball away and quit the game forever. Berges says bowling is fine exercise but he'd rather work.

Bud Ramsay, of S. S. 114, Vincennes, Indiana, has been helping out at S. S. 143, Lawrenceville, Illinois, during the illness of Miles M. Adams, attendant at that point.

Cold weather has not interfered with "Woody" Wilson's and Marie Gilman's regular evening ride around the loop after office hours. Since the weather has been colder they put up the storm curtains all the way around and drive a little slower and maybe get a little colder (?) but always seem to enjoy themselves quite as much as ever.

For once the early arrivals at the office had the laugh on their less prompt fellow employees on the morning of January 21. On that morning the universe in the immediate vicinity of Evansville was covered with a coating of ice as slick as the proverbial wet cake of soap on a smooth glass surface. And as soon as the early ones reached the office they congregated at the windows and derived a vast amount of amusement from the other fellow's antics to maintain his balance on the slippery sidewalks and streets. Despite the slippery pavements the Standard Oil Company motor equipment carried on business as usual that day and without any accidents, although the next morning's newspapers were full of mishaps and near fatalities.

Ed Jandebeur and Ray Butterworth, after keeping their mustaches in the face of all office ridicule and sport for about two months, have finally had them removed and that just when they had ceased to cause a stream of comment from their fellow employees. It is generally understood that "orders from home" had much to do with the removal of these ornaments.

Charles Hayes, tank wagon driver at Benton, Illinois, has been especially commended by his agent and district superintendent for his consistent service to the company ever since his employment. Mr. Hayes began working for the Standard Oil Company three years and two months ago and since that time he has not been absent from his work one day. During the year 1921 his regular tank carried 295,365 gallons of refined oil and gasoline and then the truck was out of service for several months. Mr. Hayes' average daily gallonage for the year was 985 gallons.

Harold Guthrie, chief clerk of the Evansville office, is a real booster of Standard Oil Company products. Just recently after an introduction to a man he began explaining at length the merits of Red Crown gasoline and Polarine oils. The fellow heard him all the way through, never making comment. After he moved away the person who had made the introduction informed Mr. Guthrie that he had been trying to sell a man who has close relatives on two rival oil compaines of the city. Mr. Guthrie admits his argument may have fallen on unproductive ground but at that he points out the other fellow didn't have confidence enough in the goods he used to stand up for them.

Meagre as the following news item is, it is the best the correspondent has been able to obtain: Miss Frances Helfrich, stenographer in the traffic department, one of the quietest and withal pleasantest girls in the Evansville office, is now wearing a good looking diamond ring on that particular finger which carries most significance. Miss Helfrich requests that no undue publicity be given this fact and to date has steadfastly declined to reveal name, date, location (now or later) or to give any pictures whatsoever. Whether Miss Helfrich is just naturally shy or whether this is a modern method of rousing interest to fever heat is unknown.

Morris Williams, of the Evansville warehouse, has recently purchased a Ford car and now Morris is given credit for originating a brand new Ford joke. According to Morris the word "afford" wouldn't mean very much to a lot of us it it wasn't for Ford. Anyone attempting to make a pun from this by saying that Henry Ford put the ford in afford will be running risks of violating the copyright law.

Thomas E. Kerth, of the Evansville office, has recently been transferred to the record department.

Edward Alldredge is making a lot of friends on his new job with this company as custodian of the "B" set of personal ledgers. Alldredge took Ed Gruzard's place when the latter left the Standard Oil Company about the middle of January. Alldredge has had experience with the Evansville Brewery Co. and with firms in Detroit.

When recently asked how many people work in the Evansville office, Harold Burgess committed the following: "Oh, I should say roughly, about one-third of them." After all the end of the year reports had gone, though, Harold admitted that he had sacrificed the truth quite a bit for the sake of the comedy.

Mr. H. M. Battin, who left Evansville, where he had been assisting in the audit of this station, January 1, to retire under the company's annuity plan, has affiliated himself with the Union Insurance Co. of Wichita, Kansas. Now, instead of dealing in gallons, pounds and iron barrels, Mr.

Battin is familiarizing himself with premiums, commissions, injuries, losses and deaths. Mr. Battin couldn't content himself with retirement and should be happy in his new position. Any of his many personal friends throughout the Indiana field can reach him by addressing him in care of the Union Insurance Co., Union National Bank Building, Wichita, Kansas.

Carrie Mae Wilke, reading an article in the Stanolind Record in which Joe Saberton was termed the Beau Brummel of the office force, asked the following: "Say, who is this fellow, 'Beau Brummel?' What department is he working in?" Miss Wilke woke up when the office began laughing.

The correspondent has received several queries wanting to know whether Billy Ralston has furnished any more solos. When Billy was initiated into the Eastern Star he entertained the organization with a beautiful rendition of the semi-classics. For some reason those of the office who are thoroughly familiar with Billy found a great deal in the incident to amuse them. The correspondent isn't in on the secret and so cannot pass it along. Maybe the curious can take the matter up directly with Billy.

Everyone wants to know the secret of E. J. Stikeman's two straight strikes in a recent bowling game with the Bucyrus team. Maybe if a similar reward were offered at every contest the Standard Oil team would not have so much difficulty in staying at the top of the league. At that, it is said that Stikeman had a hard time collecting. Concerning this, no one can say unless it be Mabel Ruff or Helen Zackman and to date they haven't divulged a word.

FARGO, N. D.

Standard Oil Company weddings appear to be gaining in popularity, one of the latest being that of W. E. Van Walker, of the sales department, and Miss Marjorie Cox, of Fairmount, North Dakota. The wedding was solemnized at the First Methodist Church, Fairmount, North Dakota, on January 4, in the presence of only immediate relatives, and after the ceremony a reception was held at the home of the bride's parents. Mr. Van Walker has made himself a host of friends in the Standard Oil family, and they all extend to him and his bride their best wishes for happiness.

Mr. Ernest Percy, of the auditing department, recently entered the ranks of the benedicts, the fortunate young lady being Miss Helen Carley, of Bismarck, North Dakota. The wedding was a quiet affair held at the Methodist church, Fargo, only immediate members of the family and a few intimate friends being in attendance. Mr. Percy has grown to manhood in Fargo, having been employed by the Standard Oil Company for the past four years. His many friends will be pleased to hear that after a short vacation he will again return to Fargo to continue his duties with the Standard Oil Company. Mr. and Mrs. Percy announce at home, Jackson apartments, Fargo, after Monday, the 23rd.

The six months' inventory, Fargo division, was completed and ready for mailing on the evening of January 7. We believe this a record, and would be pleased to hear from any other division who completed their inventory at an earlier date. The above was accomplished only after much hard work on the part of Mr. Roy Kraemer, head of the stock department, and his assistants. They and Chief Clerk Carnine are to be congratulated for their good work.

No gossip of agents, service station attendants and tank wagon drivers from Fargo division? Somebody will be saying the Fargo gossip column is "for office folks only," especially as the February, January and December numbers fail to mention any of those important groups of workers.—Editor, Stanolind Record.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

Catherine Adele made her appearance at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Claude Wadel on January 12 to stay. Claude sure is a happy daddy. He says he has all kinds there are now, two boys having previously brightened his home. Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Wadel. Mr. Wadel is head of the refined oil and gasoline department in the Grand Rapids office.

Clyde Wilcox, better known as "Petoskey" in the Grand Rapids office, won the extravagant amount of $1.00 for writing a "Jingle" advertising the Christmas Savings Club of the G. R. Savings Bank. Here we have a poet and didn't know it. Clyde didn't tell us whether he spent the dollar or started a Christmas savings account.

Telephone rang—call for "Ehle." The reply was that "Ehle" (Ale) is in the basement—which of course is or used to be the proper place for it. Omar's pet name in the office is "Ginger."

Fay Beckman, billing clerk in the Grand Rapids office, spent a week in her old home town, Detroit. When asked: "Suppose it seemed good to be with your mother and dad?" she responded with: "Really I hardly saw them." Did you see the whole town, Fay?

The first of the year brought back our demure comptometer operator, Rena Vander Ploeg, who was away for one long month. Months are only 31 days at the most, but they don't seem longer sometimes? Glad you're back with us, Rena, we hope to stay.

If any of you are ever "down in the mouth" we prescribe "Doc" Brower and Roy Fonger. We honestly think these gentlemen missed their calling. They have it *all over* Eddie Foy. We sometimes wonder where Roy gets all his funny stories and how "Doc" can say such funny things with such a straight face.

There seems to be compensation in working on holidays, at least one of our bright sales writers thinks so. This young man was asked to spend the week end, including New Year's Day with a certain, "Dear Friend" and wiggled out of it just slick with the excuse, "I have to work." The worst of it is he boasted of the fact. Leave it to the MEN.

Miss Corrinne Eckert, stenographer, left to enter a new line of business. We are all betting that the place won't seem the same any more to Dutch. Never mind, Dutch, "distance lends enchantment."

Skating has been fine for the past two or three weeks. The ice at John Ball Park has been great and most every evening part of the office crew was there. It's a cold place, but there are warm friends. Kenneth Bouchard was there too, and we heard one sweet demure little maiden say to another: "Don't hurt my tissue paper boy." She must have thought the other a "terror." More than one of the office has discovered that ice is a hard proposition to fall down on.

Eureka shines again—the Eurekas of the Bowling League are in the lead. We wonder how this thing is going to roll along to an ending.

Miss Jane Duffy passed away on January 17

after a lingering illness. The older office associates will remember Jane as "our little telephone operator." We extend our sincere sympathy to the sorrowing family.

Ace Hanna, our assistant chief clerk, wasn't in the office for a couple of days, and it seemed the light had left the office. Mr. Hanna, you know, is a decided blonde—quite light.

Frank Kirby of the checking department has a sturdy Oakland car. The girls are all waiting for warmer weather now.

We believe H. L. Jackson's hobby is "nurses," as he is still hanging around the hospital. However, Jack, we are more than glad to hear you are coming along nicely and hope you will be with us soon. Arms can cause an "army" of troubles, can't they?

Mr. Phil Jewett of the Grand Rapids office had an extravagant streak and bought a nice new shiny Ford sedan. We haven't seen "Phil" in it yet because he hasn't steadied his arms to the wheel yet.

We are now convinced that 50 cents will go further some times than others. Ask Paul Schneider of the checking department in the Grand Rapids office. He came down with the best looking haircut and now we know that he didn't get his money's worth when he wore that "Paderooski-bob."

The "Polarine Quartet" is again at it. Now they are trying to perfect "The Rose in the Devil's Garden." The harmony is good. We are wondering if they will learn to sing "Miserere."

Someone asked Pete Beukema why his head was so bare. Pete says, "Grass never grows on a busy street," and now we are wondering if he really does use his head once in a while.

When you think of pearly teeth, don't you just naturally think of M. Gordon? Or when you think of cough drops and pills, doesn't it naturally lead your mind to "Dope" Stratton?

Still more—when you say "marcel wave," doesn't it naturally direct your thoughts to Hugo Pierson, and when you say "The skin you love to touch," Sophia Coeling is the only one to think of?

We are wondering if Jane Jenereth's ardent admirer belongs to some secret lodge. We notice he is working by degrees—she is wearing a pearl ring on her left finger—merely a Christmas gift. Of course, one good thing deserves another.

The girls always have an awful time of it—just now they are trying to convince and educate the fellows to the fact that Parowax is a far more sanitary, better looking, better smelling chew than Eight Brothers, Climax or other brands of left-over cigars shredded. By the way, it would increase the sales of Parowax immensely, especially in the Grand Rapids office.

Are our employees in the Grand Rapids division all office folks?—Editor, Stanolind Record.

HURON, S. D.

A slight earthquake is reported from the west end of the state. Wonder if someone jarred loose an order out there?

It is rumored that one of our western salesmen has eyes on a pretty little Indian maid. How about that, Mark?

Ole Jermstad is filling the vacancy as salesman on the Salem field and is making some of the older salesmen look to their laurels.

Several flash box demonstrations are being put on in the southern district to prove the superiority of our winter Red Crown gasoline. At one point where these were being put on a sample of gasoline was brought in that had a mixture of ether with it but still it failed to explode before Red Crown fired.

Fred Henderson has been checked in as first man with Howard Tregenza as assistant at Service Station No. 39, Mitchell. These two young men are hustlers for business and a big improvement is noticeable about the station in the service and general appearance.

With the coming of the New Year another name was placed on the annuity roll in Mr. John Frink, of Mitchell, who has served the company for more than thirty years. The last few years he was city tank salesman, and just previous to that time served as agent at the Mitchell station. No more loyal Standard Oil Company man can be found than Mr. Frink, and we are all glad that as he retires from active service that through the generous policy of the company in recognizing years of faithful service, he is being taken care of.

Mark McGill, salesman in the Chamberlain field, spent the holiday vacation at the home of his brother, S. L. McGill, of Mitchell. Mark says he likes Mitchell pretty well, but it does not compare with Chamberlain. There must be a reason.

C. J. Lang had the misfortune to slip and fall, wrenching his side, while he was getting some Christmas trees in the Hills' forest. We highly appreciate the trees.

Two hundred men and boys engaged in a coyote hunt north of Kimball on January 10 and one lone coyote was killed. In the close-up of the lines when the animal was brought in a picture was taken of the prize and the men who brought it down. Just back of these men was parked a Standard Oil Company truck as evidence of service; no matter where or when, our men are always on the job.

All of Ole's friends in the southern district are asking concerning the significance of his vacation trip to Minneapolis. What have you to say, O. E.?

Howard Tregenza, bookkeeper and assistant at S. S. 39, Mitchell, thinks that the hours of service are interfering somewhat with his "engagements" these fine moonlight nights. Speak up, Howard, and we will relieve occasionally—at the station.

Mr. Cruickshank of Sturgis was the first agent to report going over his quota of harness oil, Semdac and H. Sep. oil. That looks like the Hills' boys would eat that dinner at the expense of the other fellow.

H. D. West, formerly of Canova, was recently checked in as agent at Philip and is making things hum out there. Success to you, old man.

Mitchell leads easily in holding first place in Division No. 1 on country deliveries for the past year, and Mr. Jamison is to be congratulated on his good work. He has a bunch of huskies on his trucks who will make any of them go some.

Chauncey Smith is trying to fool the general public by fixing his hat in a new way. We all know it's the same old Stepsen, Chauncey.

Hurray! we have with us a Baby Doll. Miss Olson came to work this morning all blossomed out in bobbed hair and everything.

They say nobody loves a fat man, but we firmly believe there are exceptions to this rule, for yesterday noon we found five fair ladies trying to make a hit with Fat Davis. We won't mention any names, girls, but why don't you go after him one at a time so Fat won't get so fussed?

The January issue carried a news item reporting the death of our ex-agent, Mr. C. R. Nelson,

Newell. Through error this was described as having occurred with his motor truck loaded with gasoline. It now develops that he was racing with his touring car.

We are glad to note that our lubricating correspondent, Mr. Ole Olson (he is Scotch) is recovering from the effects of his exertions incident to his assistance in moving back to the old office from our pleasant quarters in the Marvin Hughitt. We were afraid Ole would be laid up for some time, as he was seen moving a heavy waste paper basket to the feight elevator. Sell the full line, Ole, but for the good of the service kindly lay off the heavy work in the future.

Our district superintendent, Mr. Palm, won't think that his pal Maude can kick a-tall when Mr. Swanders of the Harney hotel gets hold of him. Mr. Swanders says that the washroom newly painted is no place for advertisements.

If Mr. Ryan, who is our agent at Gettysburg, sells the full line like he speaks of his Ford, we should worry about competition. Below is a clipping from the Huronite, which speaks for itself:

Gettysburg, S. D., Jan. 26.—The following rather unique advertisement appears in the current issue of the Potter County News: "Hunk of tin created some time in May, 1917, for sale; has seen five summers and no hard winters; none of the rattle has been taken out; will run 40 miles per hour—20 up and down and 20 straight ahead; will also back up if properly managed; reason for selling, want to get a new Ford; will sell it cheap if you are a good talker; could take quite a lot of conversation and am well prepared to give Henry a good selling; would prefer buyer with good bank or stocking account. E. F. Ryan, Gettysburg, S. D.

ABERDEEN

Mr. A. H. Dodsley, manager, and C. L. Bailey, assistant manager, gave us a very pleasant and instructive visit this week. Here is hoping that we may receive many more of the same kind.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Jones are the proud "Pa and Ma" of a brand new baby girl. Mr. Jones is employed as tank wagon gauger and assistant clerk.

"Mac" received a few hundred dollars bonus money this week and he has more friends now than he ever had, especially of the female species of the human race.

Mr. Joe Parks left us last week, after a few weeks' visit superintending the erecting of our new plant. Yes, Joe, the post office is still in the same location and it was 20 degrees below zero last night again; but alas! poor Joe could not keep it warm this time. Jerry is now Joe. "WOW."

One of our good old Norwegian customers came in the office a few days ago looking rather excited. I asked him what was the matter and as soon as he caught his breath he told me this story: "Vall, Pat, you know, dot pig black pull vit i got in my Nor't corral. Vell, I go after him dis morning to ship him to Chicagy, but I didn't dood it. You know dere vas two yumps, dot pull made yump at I'm and I yumped *way over dot high fence.*"

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Harshman: Louie, you look like you were up late last night.

Albrecht: Oh, no, Edison declares four hours' sleep is enough for any man.

Harshman: That's what my baby thinks, too.

Drivers and agents from around Shelbyville met here at the Indianapolis office and had our janitor, Sir Robert, much interested. The joke came in when Bob was told these were Shelby county boys and his janitorlets spoke up thusly: "If's them's boys, I don't want to see the men from there, for these here boys certainly are a tough lookin' tribe."

Al (Speedy) Shotwell is in the throes of a shattered switchboard romance. Albert, between sobs, says she even was crosseyed.

W. H. (Bill) Reed, our SOME golfer, went down to pay his life insurance the other noon and the elevator (lift, if you are English) dropped with him. What you need, Bill, is accident insurance. As he suffered no injury outside of a good scare, and having cheated the undertaker, Bill split the difference by purchasing a new suit of clothes.

Pauline Kline, order department, has "fallen" for the yeast vitamine get fat propaganda and pending an actual increase in avoirdupois, is using most of her stray pennies diligently playing the instrument, "Have you weighed today?"—which no one has ever been able to drag a fat girl onto.

Among the recent accidents too terrible to classify were: Al Taffe's fall from his baby's kiddie cart; Lew Albrecht's decapitated finger-end caused by a shirt button which went mad unexpectedly, and another blot made on Form 3 Misc. by Jim Morgan, who has been cautioned repeatedly that experts don't make erasures.

Libbie Turner, general stenog., about knocks for admittance to the Four Hundred by announcing an attack of hay fever right here in the middle of January.

Friday, Jan. 13, called for a salesmen's meeting which was the first anniversary of Manager E. P. Galbreath at Indianapolis. What this column was most interested in were the semi-finals in the way of a banquet and the grand finale at Keith's. It must have been a great day judging from the two last features. During the "eats" a flock of parodies on popular and past popular songs were sung or slung rather to speakers on the slate and surely showed class upon the part of the embryo poets responsible for the jingles. Al Mathias performed at the piano in true music hall style and Song leader Bob Carington was a close rival to a circus announcer. Some of the "shots" were too good to keep:

(TUNE—REUBEN, REUBEN)

Ashman, Ashman, we are thinking,
What a holler you would lodge,
If the girls would all quit riding
With you in your little Dodge.

* * *

Ashman, Ashman, we are thinking
Wouldn't you be in a fix
If you drove clear home some evening
With all of those little chicks?

* * *

Serrin, Serrin, we are thinking,
What in dickens you would do,
If the stores stopped selling stogies,
So you could not sit and chew.

* * *

Jenkins, Jenkins, we are thinking,
If all our orders you would pass,
We would be in salesmen's heaven;
But how long would the Company last?

* * *

Marcus Phipps we've been thinking,
If this singing gets much worse,
We'd suggest Phil Serrin ask you
To give a talk on "Safety First."

* * *

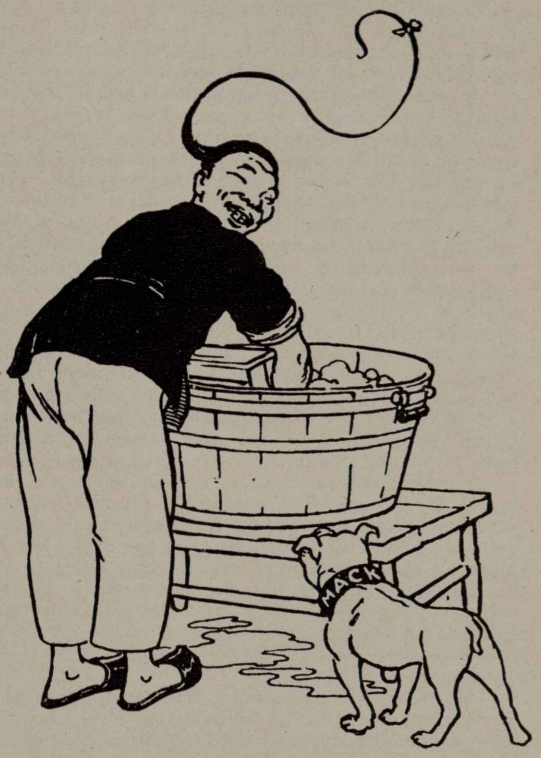
The dinner was void of spread-eagle speeches although Dave Hennessey, recorder, B. E. (Doc) Jenkins, creditor, and M. W. Phipps, safety-firster, slung a wicked tongue for brief intervals. The soup course was noiseless as mufflers were provided for the delegates from the Abe Martin country. B. A. Sunderland proved the "find" of the song service and his stunt of switching from bass to high tenor without a squeak, featuring the "songing" where everybody either warbled or tried to.

At times reaching a volume and harmony equal to a gross of Silk O'Loughlins at their best.

Form 142—Darlington, Indiana. "Remarks"—Friday 13th. Truck in for repairs. Nuf sed. Signed, D. C. Thompson.

On Wednesday evening, Jan. 25, it being no one's birthday in particular, District Superintendent A. C. Mathias played host to a surprise party at his house when District No. 1 salesmen decided they needed a little recreation in the way of euchre and five hundred, or at least these were the only games to get by the censor. After perusing the roll-call we have our suspicions. Anyway those present were: G. W. Ashman and P. H. Serrin of the office, and salesmen Charley Lucas, Frank Woods, E. J. (Brick) Hicks, K. (Dutch) Kirchefer, E. C. (Baldy) Bartley, L. E. Bannon, Ray Miller, J. D. Goldsmith, W. D. Johnston, and the surprised one.

For some reason, motor tank wagon driver S. F. Ogle got out of bounds from his usual steady gait and in exceeding the speed limits, slid down a flight of stairs. Some say a "chicken" was just passing at the time.



CLINTON, IND.

Ernie Davis, stake truckman and famous iron barrel juggler, apparently has invented a system all his own for coaxing a radiator to behave on a zero morning. Full particulars furnished on request.

Now comes Bill Moseley, who spent two hours extolling the merits of polychrome candles to find his "prospect" was deaf—then William started to draw pictures until the sale was completed. Leave it to Bill for service, having been raised in a SOCO service station.

Ray Munson, our "office force" at Clinton, when last seen or heard rather, was holding an "eulogy" over the gasoline engine in the pump house. It being a cold morning the door was shut—just as well for the sanctity of the neighboring atmosphere.

W. H. Dodge, our genial agent at Veedersburg, has two reasons to be "puffed up," having just acquired a new son-in-law in Clyde Schuppeit, through the persuasions of his daughter, Dorothy Dodge, AND a severe case of mumps. So far, Son Clyde has been very "shy" of Father Dodge. Can you blame him?

Our very popular assistant service station superintendent, J. R. McCallian, is leading his first forlorn hope in trying to oust an Oriental washerman from the proposed site of a new "drive in." It seems John Chinaman has an extended lease covering his end of the argument and even Mac's bulldog tactics have failed to impress the chap from Hong Kong, who remains as tranquil as a frog pond on a zero morning. The following dialogue ensues as our "chief bouncer" makes his regular bi-weekly call to John's laundry:

Mac—"Well, John, out you go next Monday."

John—"Me no movee; me stayee; oil complee go hellee."

(Exit Mac 'mid broad grins by John.)

Iron barrel department scandal: Paul had a chill the other night and took a teaspoonful of "what once made Kentucky famous" to break it. Reckless fellow that—price, supply and demand considered.

Dave Hennessy was "standing on the corner meaning no harm, up came a policeman and took him by the arm"—nothing like that but a taxi hit him and Dave has been "laid up" for repairs.

When some amateur cracksman "jimmied" the safe at the New Castle plant by knocking off the combination and other minor injuries, it called for some un-Jimmy Valentine stunts by an acting agent (name deleted by censor) from the Indianapolis office, C. S. Chappelle, driver; H. C. Cartwright, drayman, and C. E. Mitchell, circuit driver, who is also an expert at finding fleas on hogs. After using two crowbars, the same amount of coupling pins, likewise sledge hammers, chisels, an electric drill and 4 hr., 30 min., 2 sec., this quartet finally persuaded the safe door to fall out.

R. R. Rummel, New Castle agent, is now looking for a rabbit's foot after his recent battle with the "flu". R. R. says when ever the Old Man gets within a hundred miles of Henry county, he always drops over for a call.

Joe Lee, New Castle circuit driver, says he will not need a cinder path to show his heels to the other drivers on specialty goods, as he is going to turn the trick right out on the dirt roads. Drivers Chappelle and Mitchell, please note and go get this boy called Joe.

Charley French, station examiner, reports a "hoodoo" week, recently. He started in on Tuesday by forgetting to pay his hotel bill and reached home on Friday night minus many major parts of his Ford, which included among other items too

numerous to mention, the muffler, tail light and two hub-caps. C. E. is still figuring how many more miles he could have traveled before losing everything but the steering wheel.

Of course much of the applause is lost in the retelling, but Forest F. Keelen, whose travels had previously been confined to an occasional trip downtown on Saturday night, had a thrilling experience during his first sojourn away from his own "hay loft", while acting agent at New Castle, Indiana. After leaving a morning call the first night of his stay at the hotel, he absorbed a foolish notion that he was placing a standing order. Boys, the excitement certainly started the second morning when F. F. snoozed over into banking hours and then proceeded to enlighten the startled clerk on the Keelen plan of hotel calls. Forest, you are correct, "pap" didn't skip many mornings in the olden days with his boot-jack on the bottom stair-step at 4 a. m. to "get the feedin' done" or the "horses in out of the pasture", but for some reason the hotels have been slow to adopt the boot-jack system.

Attention is called to a remarkable record of service by George W. Austermiller, Madison agent, who has been a member of the SOCO family since June 26, 1899, and in all that time has never lost a minute's time on account of sickness. Aside from his knack of keeping the doctor away, G. W. is willing to defend his title of "champion checker-shover" and assures the writer of these clinkery columns that he is experiencing a scarcity of opponents.

Just about the time noise had been simmered down to minimum in the Indianapolis office (second floor loft) along comes Al Vehling with a pink shirt loud enough to ring an old year out.

They could scrap their snow plows if R. B. Beverly, S. S. 164, ever decides to go up into the northwest—for he certainly heaves a vicious broom.

When last seen Karl Kirchefer, salesman, also known as the "Flying Dutchman", was staggering home under a load of O29 envelopes, insisting that he intended to relieve the monotony by asking for a tough territory.

JOLIET, ILL.

Once upon a time there was a district superintendent who announced that he was securing 65% of the business in his field. The sales promoter, taking his idea from Kansas City, scornfully said, "Poof! Poof!" which aroused the superintendent to declare that he was correct in his estimate and would defend his statement before the world. "Why," quoth he, "I will stand up before anyone and tell them the same thing." And it so came to pass that some ten minutes thereafter, being examined by the "big chiefs" of the company, that he was asked concerning his percentage, and did reply that he was getting 55%. When he was privately rebuked by the sales promoter for this inconsistency he explained the matter saying that he had stated he "would stand and defend his statement" but that it was a great deal different when he was sitting down.

All agents are striving to get their names on the "Honor Roll," a pamphlet which will be issued each month from the Joliet office. The Honor Roll will show the station and agent's name who shows a gain on Red Crown gasoline. For every month that an agent shows a gain, an Honor star will be added. If a star is received for January, February and March and then a loss in April is more than has already been gained, all stars will be removed. If an agent has a loss for the first three months and in April makes a gain he will get one star. Let's all have stars for each month. 1921 rewarded fighters; these fighters will be leaders in 1922.

Beauty Contest for married men on the first floor was recently conducted, all honors going to W. J. DeGroat, special confidant of the powers to be. Second prize was taken by Oscar Horn of the equipment department. —X—! Girls, what chance will you give us single fellows?

John Sontag, our clever Joliet agent, has of late been studying Shakespeare. If in a conversation with you, he happens to quote a line or two of poetry, please overlook it, because the poor boy is just trying to follow a great man's teachings. His favorite saying being: "Much ado about nothing."

George Johnson dictates a letter to Miss Olander, upon signing same he discovers file reference was given as LJD. Be careful, Miss Olander, or you will be signing your name that way.

Our faithful Sherlock is still performing his duties; he tells us Dewey Martin is now paying special attention to an attraction on the east side of town. He can be seen most any night traveling in that direction.

Elmer Campbell is still trying to imitate Uncle Tom, of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"; ever read the story, Elmer?

Mr. Pesevento, our traffic king, supposedly went into the field checking for lost barrels, but results sure come fast as Leo is now closely watching all newspapers trying to find "A house for rent."

The other evening when making a dash for the Cass street car, Hilda Andreson admitted that the ice was slippery and the asphalt was hard; some of the boys so absorbed in the outcome admitted the same.

Mr. L. J. Davidson, formerly of the iron barrel department, has been appointed salesman of the Ottawa field. We are told that with him went the gold medal which was awarded him a short time ago. We are all with you, Dave! Go to it.

A SPECIAL REQUEST FROM OTTAWA

Say, Joliet! Send down your Sherlock Holmes. We have lost a tank wagon and driver down south of Ottawa somewhere. While Bill Biel was at Dayton he received a phone call that Warren was stuck. The call was made by George LaVanway and when Biel asked just where Warren was located LaVanway replied, "Oh, I forgot to ask him that."

C. A. Roberts, tank car department, offers a reward of $5.00 for the return of his missing toupee which he claims was misplaced somewhere near the Joliet National Bank. "There's a shiny spot still shining."

We can't figure out why the girls all want to ride home with Bolton lately. We will admit he has an awful cough and is looking bad. Here's wishing you success, girls.

Louis Buchman, our Morris agent, tells us he has moved from his $40.00 a month home into one at $20.00, so that with the extra savings of $20.00 per month he would soon have enough to buy a *FORD!*

R. G. Stewart, assistant general manager, spent January 17 in Joliet. Our district superintendents were in at a meeting, and had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Stewart. From the few remarks made by the district superintendents, we are sure they were well pleased with the general ideas as outlined and will be with Mr. Stewart from the word "Go."

William "Buster" Wiedenhoefer, stock clerk at the garage, believes in going into disguises at times. Since that so-called "moustache" has been noticed, it is not surprising that our active manager, Mr. E. E. Morton, failed to recognize him the other morning.

Why does Jim Crowley at Ottawa always carry a basket of sandwiches on his truck? That's easy; he says that he may be sent to Utica some day and wants to feed that "Starved Rock" he has heard so much about.

Miss "Joe" Horan sure thought she slipped a fast one over on the bunch when she became a bride on January 21. We are just wondering who was most surprised, "Joe" or the Bunch. "Joe" sure can keep a secret. Good luck from us all, Mr. and Mrs. Yack.

Evelyn Reece says no car was ever made that's better than a "Reo."

Coming up the steps the other morning "Bill" Watson's feet got twisted and since he has been unable to determine which is his right or left one.

A certain young lady on the second floor has of late been heard singing to herself: "Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust. If my beau doesn't get me, someone else must." A little help, please—what's her name?

George Ball tells us he can prove luck always comes in one stretch. The stretch being from Aurora to Joliet, 23 miles, time 8 hours, cause 3 blowouts. Better get solid tires, George.

Pat Morrissey came to work on January 3 with a cold in her head and 12 handkerchiefs in her hand; all brought about by a night's dissipation in the Chicago theatres.

Our manager's home is now being heated by a special brand of coal, mined especially for Mr. E. E. Morton. It is sootless and smokeless. The coal he used in the early part of winter was sootless, smokeless and HEATLESS.

O. J. Karschnick, H. R. Smith and R. O. Esh, tank wagon salesmen, made their regular visit to the office on January 16, exchanging ideas with our sales promoter. We expect big things from the above mentioned. Smith expressed his willingness (?) to return to Geneseo and work the rural trade on a truck without a windshield and with the temperature hugging the zero mark.

Have you noticed the smile on Bob Anderson's face lately? He tells us he is happy. April will soon be here and with April showers, raincoat business is good.

Since Harry Berst has been working at the office the Joliet & Eastern Traction Company have decided to go out of business. We all know Berst is a big fellow but never expected those results. Better buy the line, Harry.

George Otis, one of our efficient garage mechanics, drove to Kankakee the other day. George, you know, is courting a little nurse at the asylum. The authorities became so interested in the case that they decided not to allow his leaving, but after much arguing and pleading he finally gained his freedom. Better look out, George, it might not be so easy next time.

The thing that is causing so much confusion and worry is—who marcelles Raphael Byrnes' hair—it looks so pretty.

Harry Hanlin, iron barrel man, became "Daddy" on January 13. Mr. Stork brought him a nine-pound baby boy. We know a boy was perfectly welcome, as Harry had previously mentioned that he was soon to have a "Junior." As January 13 was Friday, Harry is wondering if "Lucky" would be an appropriate name.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

No news from Kansas City this month. Guess Joliet ran 'em out of gas. Even Friend Miles hasn't been heard from lately.—Editor, Record.

Geo. Bartholomew, our embryo cartoonist of the home office, spent a few minutes renewing old acquaintances while on a visit to K. C. in January. He was accompanied by the wiff and chield.

Mr. L. C. Stonebraker, special tank wagon salesman, suddenly resigned. We have not heard what his future intentions are but wish him well in whatever he may undertake.

Geo. Aylward was recently admitted to the bar—not a soft drink parlor, but that select association of learned men whose privilege it is to say what they think, and get paid for it. If anybody is too dumb to grasp that, we'll elucidate further—he's a lawyer. If it takes nerve to do it, HIS success is assured.

Miss Nadine Hill, dictaphone department, wonders why no one ever gives her notoriety in the Stanolind Record. Being very deserving, but just too modest to do anything notorious for publication, we're giving her this article. Will Scotty please sing that little song "Oil By Myself"?

Bill Mileer, station examiners department, has a new addition to the family circle—a baby girl born January 25. Congrats, Bill, how many is that?

Carl Nichols, salesman, also has a baby girl at his home. Mrs. Nichols formerly slung a mean Underwood at the K. C. office and has many friends amongst their numbers—that is, those who are still with us.

Sounds like the spring building season is at hand. Mr. Uran, station examiner, just recovered from an attack of shingles. Whatever them is.

Mr. A. C. Fox has been transferred from the 20th and Harr. station to station examiner. As soon as he gets the drift of the work he will assume his new duties, which are to check stations and drive a Ford; but the greatest of these is to drive a Ford.

Miss Perdue has been transferred from the sales department to the cash sale department. We hear she concocts a weird 044.

Miss Laura Ruhlman resigned and has accepted a position with another company.

The credit department is like a ship without a sail—the able skipper, Mr. Larson, having left the employ of the company January 26. He did not outline his future occupation, but it is understood that he has something very promising in view. The reception line of his many friends who bade him farewell somewhat resembled a bread line, only 'twas not as hungry looking.

Ahem! The Stanolind Social Club of the K. C. office will have its inaugural party February 18. All oil cans and flat tires are expected to report for a good time on that date. Cake eaters and flappers might slip by the door but we don't guarantee their safety. Officers of this newly organized club are as follows: Miss Q. Lewis, High Kafloot from the Office; Geo. Juvenal, Big Cheese from the Service Stations; Harry Winkelman, High Muckety Muck from the T. W. Salesmen; E. M. Fraher, Big Noise from Armourdale. The Club will be supported by tapping each employee's pay check semi-monthly to an amount yet to be fixed.

Everyday Movies: P. T. Whitney looking for a house.

A new department has been created, known as the statistical department. P. Green is skipper and Bill Merrick is the first mate. Have 'em figure your income tax report, men!

Eddie Frohm was the proud recipient of an Independence hair cut not long ago, which looked like it came from a barber college. The following day the newspapers (in Independence, THE newspaper) stated a barber was killed in Independence. It wouldn't take a detective to dope that out.

The boys of the stock department spent Sunday with home folks, getting acquainted, after six months' inventory.

George Gates ain't taking no chances of getting out of trim—he drinks milk out of the bottle, and all the time a far-away look spread over his handsome countenance. Them was the good old days, wasn't they, George?

Earl Kendrick, sales force, tendered his resignation after several years' service with the company. He leaves many friends who wish him the best of luck in the future.

* * *

MISSING

Has anyone seen Pete?

Pete who?

Petroleum.

Kerosene him yesterday and he hasn't benzine since.

LA CROSSE, WIS.

The following promotions went into effect January 1, at the La Crosse office:

H. W. Rennebohm, order clerk to service station superintendent; John Benesh of the checking department, to order clerk; A. Warner, ledger man, to record clerk; W. Selbo, stock clerk, to general clerk. Edna Newman was transferred from the checking department to the stock department.

Mr. F. Wegman, agent at St. Charles, Minn., has accepted the position of agent instructor in the western field, succeeding L. Knott.

Silas Huber, tank wagon salesman at Marshfield, was promoted to salesman in the Abbotsford territory.

John M. Gallagher is the new attendant at Service Station No. 356, Eau Claire, succeeding K. A. Heggen.

E. A. Lee has accepted the position of agent at the Dodge Center bulk station, succeeding W. S. Briggs.

J. J. Fleming is the new agent at Viroqua, filling the position vacated by F. W. Kromrey.

Mr. T. A. Lemke has been employed as additional salesman in the city of Eau Claire.

R. A. Amundson, salesman, succeeds G. V. Anderson and R. H. Duncan fills the position of salesman vacated by C. W. Jones. We welcome all these new members into our Stanolind family and wish them unlimited success in their new duties.

E. S. Palmer, station examiner, has moved his family from Marshfield, Wis., to La Crosse.

W. E. Blodgett paid us a visit on January 3.

J. W. Shields, lubricating engineer, visited the Chicago office during the holidays.

A. B. Nichols has returned from a business trip to Austin, Minn.

C. W. Zittleman, agent at Menomonie, has been suffering from diphtheria, but is reported to be recovering very rapidly.

Clyde Blinston, bookkeeper, had to submit to an operation for appendicitis, and we wish him a very speedy recovery.

Fred Miller, truck driver, is also on the sick list, but is getting along very nicely.

Harold Pardis spent a very enjoyable vacation at Marshall, Minn.

Miss Helen Ferguson spent the holidays at her home in Mauston.

Jack Rubin and family have returned from a trip to Milwaukee, where they spent the Christmas holidays.

Salesman E. W. Korn is planning on moving his family to Chippewa Falls in order to be nearer the center of his territory.

Roy R. Quast is now salesman on the territory formerly made by John Haanstad, the "Polarine King." Mr. Haanstad is now living at Eau Claire and is making the territory covered by Mr. G. R. Hartson up to the time of his death.

Every home in Eau Claire will have in it a pair of Kalo-Chrome Candles, is the prediction of G. M. Rathbun, agent-salesman.

At Neillsville, Wisconsin, Agent Jos. Zilk has a new salesman, Joe, Jr. Joe reports that he is coming along fine and it will not be long before he will be at the wheel of the big G. M. C.

Wm. Casey, Jr., has the distinction of being the first agent at Knapp, Wisconsin.

Mr. Hobein of the Chicago office gave an interesting talk to the force at Marshfield station recently on "Ways of overcoming stock irregularities." We trust he left with the conviction that we are all live wires up here. (How could he think otherwise? —Ed.)

Ed. Henneman, service station attendant at No. 108, Chippewa Falls, states he has been looking for a holdup artist for three years and has had no luck. Ed. figures on some easy money picking up gentlemen of this variety.

On December 20, the girls of the office gave a farewell party in the form of a crystal shower at the "Y" rooms in favor of Miss Mary Rohr. The evening was spent with music, sewing and chatting. At 10:00 o'clock the committee on eats (Lottie Klanrud and Ellen Wood) served a delicious two course luncheon. The table was very prettily decorated in Christmas attire. Mary was presented with water goblets and sherbet glasses, together with all the good wishes of the crowd.

Omar Johnson is talking of establishing a "Matrimonial Bureau" as a side line. All right, Omar—"Let's Go!" A new diamond hasn't made its appearance for some time. Queer too, diamonds are cheaper now.

The New Year resolution made by Lottie Klandrud certainly got her to the dentist's office "on time" one certain day.

We are all glad to hear that Eulelia Zimmer, who has been ill since Christmas, is on the way to recovery.

The stork deposited a bunch of JOY in the home of Floyd Berger, salesman, in the form of a baby boy on December 20; and the best of all, the girls were treated to a five-pound box of chocolates and the boys to a box of cigars. Here is hoping that little William thrives.

Chippewa Falls will soon be favored by Eau Claire office's talented actor, Albert Zimmerman, in the well known play, "What Happened to Jones." The Chippewa maidens are all waiting for Al. He has asked that they omit flowers.

La Crosse visitors for this month to the northern district include Jim Shields, Evan Evanson, George and Henry Rennebohm. They all found the "coldest in ten years," cold enough—40 degrees below.

Herman Bahr, warehouse foreman, is back on the job after a three weeks' illness.

During the past ten days, Al. Zimmerman, billing clerk, has been out knocking 'em cuckoo with Polarine sales.

We initiated Salesman Lemke by having him assist Tank Wagon Driver Huse in shoveling their way to Albertville, 16 miles through three feet of snow, to deliver the FULL LINE.

T. E. Hollaran, our agent at Chatfield, has resigned, and Mr. Elwin E. David has been checked in as the new agent.

MANKATO, MINN.

The Standard Oil Company (Indiana) was well represented at a Fun and Frolic meeting of the Mankato Advertising Forum held at the Hotel Heinrich, Mankato, on the evening of January 25. A delicious dinner was served at 6:30, which was liberally interspersed with music, song, short speeches, hilarity, and the distribution of numerous advertising novelties. The guests were considerably "enlightened" as to the extent of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) line by the presentation of a pair of Cordova Banquet Candles, which were received with decided favor by the gentler sex. The party broke up at a late hour following a few delightful hours of dancing. Ad Forum President M. H. Farr, of the International Harvester Co., is to be congratulated upon the success of this undertaking.

With the transfer of Mr. Wm. Clark, service station superintendent, to the Des Moines division, came the announcement of the promotion of Mr. George Kelly to succeed Mr. Clark in the Mankato division. Mr. Kelly had been service station auditor with Mr. Clark for the past two years, working in the office before that time. We all congratulate George on his well-earned promotion. Mr. L. A. Gode, stock clerk, was promoted to service station auditor to fill the vacancy caused by the promotion of Mr. Kelly. We likewise all extend our best wishes to Mr. Gode.

C. S. Norby, agent at Canby, Minn., was a visitor at the Mankato office on February 2. Mr. Norby has been in the employ of the Company over a long term of years and we are always glad to see him in Mankato.

The last week in January the Mankato office force held a celebration and called it "sick week". A mild epidemic of the "flu" kept a number of the force at home for at least part of the week. Among the missing were C. J. Humm, J. F. Krier, F. C. Brown, Madelyn Balzer, Angeline Hunt, R. W. Pinney and Oren Davis.

Earle Osten, record clerk, spent the last week in January in taking a trip to Madison, Wis., to attend the Junior "prom" at Wisconsin university. Earle is a former student at that institution. While on this trip he improved the occasion by making a visit to the Chicago offices, visiting the record department. He reports an interesting and instructive visit.

While Sales Promotor G. A. White was instructing a sales recruit on the merits of Red Crown gasoline it was suggested that he give the office force an opportunity to hear his remarks. Accordingly Mr. White cleared one of the offices and gave a most helpful and instructive address. Many questions were answered and there is no doubt but that Red Crown was thoroughly "sold" to every person fortunate enough to be present. This meeting was held on the afternoon of January 12, since which time such an insistent clamor has arisen for a repetition that an evening meeting will undoubtedly be arranged in the near future.

Manager M. H. Chesbrough called the office, garage, and warehouse forces together on January 17 for the purpose of organizing a "Safety First" committee for the Mankato division. Mr. J. J. Meyer, equipment superintendent, was elected chairman of the committee for the division; Mr. Aaron Bates, committeeman from the warehouse; Mr. John F. Krier, committeeman from the offices; and Sidney Fields committeeman from the garage and shop. A "Safety First" paper was read by chairman-elect Meyer and a unanimous resolution adopted to place Mankato division in first place with no accidents henceforth.

Mankato division claims that thirty-seven future orders since the first of the year is rather a notable achievement when taken by a service station attendant. But that is what Ben E. Keeler did at Pipestone Service Station No. 64, Mankato division. It's the smile that does the business, thinks Ben, and we know that he never has to try to smile. It's a habit.

On the evening of January 28 the Red Crown Club, Mankato division, entertained members at a "Funny Dress" dancing party held at the company offices. While the attendance was rather small for various reasons, the pep of those attending more than made up for lack of numbers; in fact, it was a wild party which grew wilder as the evening progressed into morning. The Loyola orchestra contributed largely to the success of the evening by their liberal and hearty repsonse to encores. Mrs. Anderson was again strongly in evidence with her prize fruit salad and angel food cake, which Olga Rodning assisted in serving. Beautiful prizes were awarded for the most comical garb.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

The Milwaukee office was favored with a visit from Agent Wells and Mr. Marvin of Fox Lake, Also Agent Arentson of Birnamwood on January 24. The time was very profitably spent and afforded each an opportunity to become acquainted with our new chief clerk, Mr. L. D. Hyde, formerly of St. Joseph, Mo., and our new assistant chief clerk, Mr. L. W. Sturhahn, formerly of Quincy, Ill.

Our little Gretchen of the ledgers is now smiling the whole day through, thinking of the gay time spent in Columbus and Detroit on her recent vacation.

We are glad to have Mr. H. B. Pickard with us as head station examiner, having been transferred from the Keokuk office.

Whenever molars or wisdom teeth ache, we refer you to Joe O'Meara of our tank car department, who has just had the experience of having one of each extracted. His talk on whether or not it should be done is most amusing and might avoid a trip to the specialist.

Hurry up, Marjorie, get over that cold! The record department needs you, and misses your dimpling smile.

Our manager, Mr. T. H. Lang, in company with our assistant manager, Mr. R. I. Prather, visited our trade at Waukesha, January 25, and reported conditions fine.

Again we are surprised! Margaret Arras succeeded in keeping the secret two weeks that she had taken a life partner and now the billing department are aghast to know how anyone performed this feat. Margaret and her husband are now living in sunny California and we all extend our well wishes.

Now, Simmy (meaning Mr. Ryan of the stock department) please don't feel piqued at some of the

Standard Family not knowing you on Grand ave. It was just that new derby and handsome wrap you were airing that made the transformation so complete; some were unaware it was our same little boy from Dubuque.

Whenever Sammy smiles the loudest, we know she has "knocked 'em all over" at the bowling party. Watch her score!

Mr. W. O. Dixon paid us a visit January 27 and as usual it was enjoyed by all.

James McCrory and F. J. Jennings, recently of our sales force, have journeyed to Davenport to increase the gallonage in that division, so now Milwaukee will have to watch her step and retain her own rank.

Just to prove his good nature, as well as his fondness for train rides, Mr. Bennallack, our congenial credit man, even smiled when, at the end of a trip to Green Bay to attend a big meeting, found it had been postponed. Oh, well, a little outing is good for the best of us.

Mr. Berkenkotter has temporarily suspended his little rounds to the service stations, due to illness which we trust will soon be over.

Please, has anyone a periscope to lend? Our special gasoline man, Edw. Taylor, cannot see the comic side of Harold Lloyd's pictures when sitting behind a post at the Alhambra.

Salesman A. N. Bemis and Agent Allen Hitch of Whitewater spent the holidays to good advantage visiting our Whiting Refinery.

A. Berge and E. Youngblath of Reinhardt's "Bear Cats" challenged H. W. Pett and P. G. Kreutz of Nick's "Tigers" to bowl 3 games, for high honors. Some large scores were anticipated, for both Pett and Kreutz have season averages of 150 or more for 50 games. It must have been an off day for both of the men, as scores of 124 and 126 speak for themselves and altho Pett has his own bowling ball, it did not help. Kreutz and Pett have blood in their eyes now for such disastrous defeat as they received, and have begged for a return match to allow them to stage a come-back. Boys, you better grant their request, if they will consent to practice daily.

Milton Gissing of the credit department says: "That was my cousin that bowled 705, it runs in the family." He must be a distant relative, Milton.

Our annual salesmen's round-up was held at the Milwaukee office January 13 and 14. Great preparations were made for making 1922 a banner year in the Milwaukee division. Friday evening, January 13, a basketball team of the northern division and a team composed of Milwaukee representatives, gave a very interesting session of basketball at the K. C. Gymnasium. It was rather strenous work for some of the boys, but we believe they are all back in condition by this time. Saturday evening as a windup, all the sales representatives gathered at the Blatz hotel for dinner and an evening of entertainment We know from enthusiasm shown that a right start has been made for the new year.

The sympathy of the Milwaukee office is extended to Miss Frances Kritter who lost her mother, Friday, January 27.

The cold weather and snow did not hinder the stork at Amherst. With the thermometer at 32 degrees below zero and snow six feet deep, he called at the home of Agent Somers on Saturday morning, January 21, and left an eleven pound boy. Another Standard Oil agent.

Milwaukee: Note in this issue how Detroit has covered its field on gossip.—Editor, Stanolind Record.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

We are glad to see Dickey back in the harness. In the future Dickey will keep a reasonable distance from lumber wagons.

Mrs. Noyes is certainly a poor bowler; however, she has other talents. (From our secret police we learn this item was inspired by Klebba's jealousy, his own record, made January 25, being 115, 123, 136, for an average of 127.—Ed.)

Can anyone explain why the city order department appeared on the same morning with 1922 haircut? We did notice that the Minneapolis barber college announced a demonstration the day before.

We hear so many people around the office talking about Joe and Tommy. Joe and Tommy who?

Arneson has a hippopotamus appetite. He also is a good mixer. Mixer of what? Ice cream and beer.

Geo. Day says that wheat cakes are a dessert.

Miss Selness is very happy these days. So is the fellow.

Miss Halvorson is having trouble with her eyes. So would we if we had to write him a letter every day.

Tom Birmingham took Chapman of St. Paul for a ride recently in his Ford. The next day Chapman reported sick.

W. E. Hunt says that he has had pneumonia, tonsilitis, typhoid fever, diphtheria, gout, measles, dandruff, rheumatism, heart trouble, gallstones, earache, toothache, etc., etc., and he weighs 250 pounds with a winter overcoat on.

Hugh Moshier is always dissatisfied with something. What's the matter now?

Although McCluskey has been using a hair tonic (?) there are yet no visible results. Don't quit it, Mac, perseverence wins even when growing new hair.

When you sit aside of Geo. Day at a banquet, either eat fast or watch your food. That boy has an octopus reach.

Mr. Joseph Roelfs is now on the sales force, and Joe says he is on the force to sell goods, not to draw his salary. We're back of you, Joe, you know that.

There is a man at Plainview, Minn., who is trying to induce Miss Gladys Munro to move to Plain View permanently, but Miss Munro cannot see small town life, although she admits she can see the man. She wants him to live in St. Paul, and naturally he can't see St. Paul.

Hultman of the checking department wants us to know that he has a son at his house. All right, Hultman.

We now have a botanist in our employ. Ladies and gentlemen, meet Mr. Earl Campbell.

Lawrence Fisher, the service station examiner, also wants to announce that he has a daughter. The Standard Oil family is getting larger every day.

A young gentleman in an automobile calls for Miss Etroola Lane every evening at five o'clock. Why not bring him to one of our dances?

Miss Birdie Anding is our new file girl. She evidently comes from a family of golfers, or they would not have named her Birdie.

Mr. Hall, the auditor, is now comfortably situated in Mr. Vincent's office. We are glad, Mr. Hall, that you are finding things in such excellent shape in Minneapolis. Don't hurry away.

On January 28 the Red Crown Athletic Club gave a dance at St. Anthony's Hall, which netted us a little money for the coming season's expenses

of the Red Crown Kittenball team. It is predicted that the Standard Oil Company will win the Kittenball championship this coming season, and the attendance at the dance indicated clearly that the employees are back of the Kittenball team.

Our annual dance in January was a huge success. Over 200 were there, the country salesmen helping to swell the crowd. There were so many interesting features it would almost be superfluous to enumerate them. Cake and ice cream were served. Needless to say it was all consumed.

Red Crown signs are becoming conspicuous in the Twin Cities.

At this writing Mr. O. B. Freyberg is in the hospital, having had an operation. We hope that he will be at his desk when he reads this.

Mr. Cochran, Mr. Brown, Mr. Klebba and Mr. Kingsley held a number of meetings in the country. About thirty agents* attended each meeting.

*Oh, you have country salesmen and agents in the Minneapolis division, after all? We thought from the gossip they were all office folks there. But you don't have any service station attendants, do you?—Ed.

PEORIA, ILL.

The Peoria division wishes to commend its new local editor, Mr. Paul A. Johnston, for the fine showing in the January and February issues. Good work, Mr. Johnston! Keep it up!—J. L. Coleman, manager, Peoria division.

Have you noticed that Oscar Faber is getting away from cigarets? Yep, M. D.'s orders. Oscar hied himself to Kresge's and supplied himself with a tool that put him at least twelve inches from the "nails". Reg'lar Wallie Reid stuff. One bad feature, though, Oscar has to mount his trusty flivver backwards.

The girls of the front room no longer ponder in darkness as to why so many people have "Sis" Hopkins' number. Marg let the cat out of the bag the other morning when she came to work with "Number 88" boldly placarded on the sleeve of her coat. Recommendation: "After the ball is over" pay less attention to what that nice looking young man in the cloak room is saying and more to what he's doing. Some day he's liable to come looking for that number, Marg.

And so Ethel Wertz and Jane Higgins now have a meal ticket jointly. 'Zat right, Lindy? My, my, but these station examiners do have the allurin' ways. Consider Hutcherson, Stevers, etc., to say nothing of Flanagan.

Rex Sabin believes that Posts as well as names have variations. Will some one kindly inform the gentleman as to whether the Saturday Evening Post is intended for the support of the Travelers on the "White Mule Path?"

Alice Fitzpatrick and Zillah Pritchard, after their trip to Chicago on January 14-15, were seen mutually applying snake oil to the backs of their necks. 'Smatter, girls, too many towering edifices, or did the "side door Pullman" interfere with your slumbers?

Pash th' water, Bill!

Simon Mayer doesn't quite get the idea of these here galoshes the girls are distracting us with nowadays. After mounting a street car the other day he remarked that he just spotted a damsel wearing silk stockings and feather beds on her feet. One of the soft stepping kind, eh, Si?

Newspaper reports inform us of the burglarizing of the Munea residence on January 7. Losses included ten dollars and a revolver. What was the gun for, Jess—to kill the live ones" in the cellar?

A "wise crack from Joe Blow" contributed by Miss Pritchard: "Oh, look at the hair on Pete's bald head!"

The ways of the telephone operator are beyond comprehension. Look at nice young Salesman Riley, only in the office a few days—Bang! Big box of candy. Nellie, aintcha got no pity for 'em atall?

The family Wet Wash must have slipped one over on Mr. Phillips on January 14. His hosiery presented a wonderful study in contrasts—one black one blue.

One Friday evening recently Messrs. Powell, Toohey and Kelly, having heard wondrous tales of the prowess of Miss Vehyl at the ancient pastime of tenpins, dropped in at the Proctor Center drives to see that young lady perform. And another wondrous tale they told next morning. "Poodles"—9; total pins—237; average—79. Christine, we're ashamed of you! That A. B. C. trip is off, absolutely!

Anna Prager is making use of her sister's wardrobe on occasion. Some things don't fit Anna as well as they do the rightful owner, and Anna almost lost—lost—well, anyhow, Anna lost her composure.

The other night Ruth Sutton and a few more of the Standard Oil Company girls went to see "Mitzi" at the Majestic. Ruth left at the end of the second act because "he" was waiting outside. Tip us off, hereafter, Ruthie, and we'll arrange to start the show earlier. (Now, if that was only a ball game—they let 'em in at the seventh inning).

J. C. Lee, formerly district superintendent, Chicago field, is a newcomer in our ranks, assuming his duties as superintendent of the central district, Peoria field, on January 1. Mr. Lee is not a stranger to some of us, and one and all we bid him welcome and wish him success. (And tell Clay Lee for us if he doesn't turn in more news about his men than he has in the last six months we are going to be off him for life.—Ed.)

Bill Phillips is now buying Shorty Johnson's "hot dogs" on time.

Rumor hath it that a certain young man in the warehouse is very shy of one of our stenos, W. V. P?

Philip Hoeft, one of the vets of the Peoria warehouse crew, is back in the game after a week's illness.

Simon Mayer, aside from his multitudinous duties as majordomo in chief of the barrel department, Peoria warehouse, is functioning also as purchasing agent at large, specializing in candy and peanuts for the warehouse, and Spearmint for the office stenographers. Si says a good man is always in demand.

Leo Seitz is the latest addition to the warehouse office force, transferring from the sales department, main office.

Nay, brethren, that throng of wildly excited citizens at Glen Oak Park lake last Sunday was not attempting the rescue of some unfortunate. The cause of the disturbance was Charlie Heaton, Peoria's "giant" receiving clerk, cutting a few capers with the skates his wife hung on the Christmas tree. We can't say how Charles stacks up as a dancer, but on the ice he sures wings a mean dog.

Great agitation recently in the vicinity of Mason City. Luster Watkins, stake truck driver, invaded that region, trusty blunderbuss acock. Net result—four rabbits killed in action; one hundred odd, badly scared, but still running.

During the recent zero weather Chris Wyss, cellar man, Peoria warehouse, had to come out of the sweat room for air.

On January 23, Milan Veeder turned out for duty with his Gary stake truck all overhauled and repainted. Milan got so chesty over the outfit that he nearly had a row with his wife; he wanted to take the Gary home and sleep in it.

Wm. Wolaver, tank truck driver, is somewhat under the (zero) weather.

Donald Sutter some time ago took a long journey to Kewanee. (We all expect to take a long journey also, in the future, Don, but why pick on Kewanee?)

Mr. James Sellars, Peoria barrel painter de luxe, during the recent cold snap had to shove the regulator over to the limit to keep from getting his brush hot.

Chris Ludwig, better known as Red, generously devotes his spare time to keeping employees' wives' bread knives sharpened. (Better sneak one of 'em for that Friday shave, Chris).

Freeman Hardy, service station tank truck driver, is unamimously awarded the leather medal as champion story teller for the Peoria division. (How come, T. C. J.? Remember what Jack Abrams told ye ed about you?)

Powell and Naylor had us consumed with curiosity t'other morning when we beheld 'em heading down Perry st. at a mad gallop. Ingersoll showed plenty of leeway for the office, hence our wonderment, till we heard about the daily attraction on Caroline st.—D'ja tell the Missus about it, Mahlon?

The barbers' state examiner was in Peoria on January 25, and held a clinic at Jefferson. Paul Adams, being in need of a little tonsorial attention, offered himself for demonstration purposes. The examiner, a contrary cuss, reversed the process and used the razor on Paul's hair, with results—oh, what results!

This same man Adams, by the way, is indebted to his revered chief, W. R. Battin, to the exrent of one "buck" or "bone" or whatever you want to call it, and if he doesn't deliver in the near future he's going to encounter drastic measures. (That man Battin eats the three cushion stuff, Paul. Ye ed knows. Lay offa him.)

The sales department filing cabinets bear the cheerful admonition "Keep Smiling," and every time we have to ask that outfit for a file we feel like recommending a change to "Keep Hunting."

Solomon in all his glory didn't have anything on Cletus Wagner, as concerns the ladies. Morning, noon and night finds the youth referred to with at least a half dozen sweet young things about him.

Things that never happen: Lynn Taylor giving the right of way; Verna Kennedy making too much noise; Frank Lotts ready to fight; Ralph Waugh confessing lack of skill as a dancer; John Sherwin saying "I'll do your work, Bill;" Christine Vehyl running for a street car; Zillah Pritchard walking to work in the morning; Harry Lessig avoiding the girls; Nellie Naylor refusing conversation with salesmen during working hours; Floyd Wright sitting on the main floor at the Majestic; Joe Simms on a diet; Clarence Powers with his hat off; Simon Mayer dining with the blonde; Don Sutter declining a dance invitation; Bill Phillips seen with a girl at the Madison.

A bunch of Standard Oil Company girls went to see "Smilin' Thru" at the Majestic on January 26. After battling thru the crowd in the coop there was more weepin' than smilin'.

District Superintendent Lee pulled out of the yard on January 27 on his first attempt at taming one of our man-eating Henrys. He took McCready along. Mac's portfolio, we chanced to note, contained a stack of "Safety First" and "First Aid" literature. Talk about preparedness!

Ask Leo Martin if he got his fifty cents back yet, and watch him smile.

GALESBURG

E. H. Miller, driver for motor tank truck No. 12747, while making a farm delivery recently, was unfortunately bitten by a hog, and was for some time under the care of a physician. He is back on the job, none the worse for the encounter, and voices the opinion that he must have tackled one of those "Morton Tractors" they talk about up Joliet way.

SPRINGFIELD

The boys here are doing some bowling, and will be ready shortly to knock the sox off of Peoria or any of the "A" stations in this division. Lloyd Snyder is captain, and don't forget that District Superintendent Eberle is a member of the team. (Can't scare Peoria with that, Webb, old topper, we've seen that man Eberle roll before.)

Britt's baby, as chronicled in our last, is still industriously manufacturing molars, and has its pa nearly worn to nothing.

Fox and Constant used to work on the farm before they signed up to drive trucks at this station, but that didn't prevent them from buying a moldy rabbit skin for an A number one coon hide a few days ago. Fox doesn't feel so foxy, and Constant says he constantly refuses to buy any hides hereafter.

Salesman Russell Hanson was recently presented with a nine and one-half pound boy. Everyone claims it takes after its dad, particularly, so the neighbors state, with regard to the late hours it keeps. Anyhow, the gang enjoyed the smokes.

We expect to smoke again about the time this gets in print. The fellows here are good smoke producers.

These galoshes the girls wear nowadays are plumb demoralizing. Auto Mechanic Lloyd Snyder has had to take to wearing glasses. Let's hope he never meets any Russian boots. (Come up to Peoria oftener, Lloyd. We'll make you carry a telescope.)

W. R. BATTIN WINS DEMONSTRATION PRIZE

The hour, half after ten, January 30. Within the portals of the "Front Office," the Boss and the Assistant Boss (otherwise known as Manager Coleman and Assistant Manager Phillips) ponder with gravest mien the problems of the day. And over all, around about, rest the hush, the vibrant silence, the throbbing calm, of busy industry. The opening door discloseth the form of one Battin (answering as sales superintendent) a smile expectant upon his classic features. His poised hand holdeth a lamp chimney; across its pristine surface the caption: "Unbreakable." With studied grace he tosseth his missile, high and far, upon the open floor. And it alighteth—about as silently as a hand grenade. And splintered glass flieth afar in tinkling splendor. And lo! The calm vanisheth — and likewise Battin! (The gentleman explained, after they had swept up the pieces, that he was merely demonstrating the indestructible qualities of the patent lamp chimney recently secured for Perfection tests.)

QUINCY, ILLINOIS

Henry Meyer with hoe in hand is in readiness to step to the "Home Plate of Spring" on March 21 and to shout "Come on, Old Man Weather, put 'er over!"

The little winged God has "blessed" another. On January 21 Byron Gaines, station examiner, was married to Mrs. Ruth Durst. Anything to offer under the head of "Good and Warfare," Byron.

Agent B. H. Bryan at Glenwood, Mo., like his well known namesake, is strong for prohibition. His motto "Work early and late to PROHIBIT COMPETITION."

Before a recent meeting of salesmen, Bramblet Mead matched pennies to "murder" time. We heard Mead cry out several times, "Hot Dog-gie" while Bramblet said NOTHING—(it's easy to guess the winner).

Someone has let the cat out of the bag at last. Alma Bradshaw gave George Beil a piece of home-made molasses candy an' Beil's upper store teeth got stuck in the candy an' it pulled' em right out. As soon as Beil can get over to the blacksmith shop Zeb Zimmerman is goin' to put 'em in a power vise and he thinks he can get the teeth and candy apart. Eatin' any solid foods, George?

"The Bat" gave us our money's worth in thrills, besides half the price of admission in laughs. Thanks to you, Laura, for the idea. We're sorry it was impossible for some of the club members to attend the theatre party, particularly our friend, Aldo, who was ill.

Some of the girls in the office are attending church services standing up for the last couple of Sundays, as they are learning to skate.

Hurley Smith, Pittsfield agent, won a bet from Oscar Lenhart last week about how many vowels there are in poker. Lenhart bet there was only one and Hurley says, "How about the IOU's," so Hurley won the money.

Agent I. E. Schnur at Griggsville, Ill., has several debutante teeth an' he's goin' to have a comin' out party for 'em at Doc Pullem's painless dentistry parlors tomorrow.

Dave Griffith says Hannibal is all het up about itself because someone has discovered a rosebush in that town that had roses bloomin' in February. Why we have roses bloomin' all year roun'. If you don't believe that, jest stand in Washington Square and watch our girls go by, or ask Harry Snow, who has first-hand information. (Are they wild roses, Snow?)

"So many complaints have been registered against our lighting system," writes Agent Wade Jenkins, Mendon, Ill., "that a movement is on foot to install a yeast plant in the power house to see if that won't make it more light."

Walter Cook had to keep awake all through the service up at the First Christian Church last Sabbath. He absentmindedly took a chew of tobacco just as he was goin' in the church door an' he had to keep awake for fear he'd swallow it.

Again recalling the January theater party, we wish to mention our disappointment when on the draw Dean Thomas failed to get the "dog-seat." (Dean's favorite seat is K-9.)

The barbed-wire hair net goes to John O'Donnell. On a recent auto trip to Kahoka, Mo., he drove over a stretch of rough roads just out of Canton. After reaching a smooth highway he discovered a wheel missing and on investigation learned that the roadster had run a half mile, more or less, on only THREE PEGS. (John insists he lost only a rim and tire. Maybe so, but we doubt it.)

General Manager T. J. Thompson and Assistant General Managers Amos Ball and N. R. Grimshaw addressed the salesmen of the Quincy division at meetings held January 5 in the main office.

The organization took on added power at Canton, Mo., by securing the services of Mr. M. F. Power, recently appointed agent. He has all the earmarks of a hustler and we predict he will fully live up to his name.

If the infant son of Arch Schupbach, Downing agent, retains the aggressiveness he now displays, he will soon make his dad "dig in" some to keep ahead in extolling the merits of Standard Oil products. In other words Arch has some boy.

Mr. Cecil C. Pickett, a former resident of Shelbyville, Mo., is now agent at Barry, Ill., succeeding J. H. Lippincott, motor truck driver at Quincy. If there is any business to be secured in and around Barry, Cecil says he will sure "Pickett."

Salesman C. C. Harris (outlining talking points on Semdac to Agent Ed Boltz, Gorin, Mo.)—"Did you get that, Ed?"

Ed—"Because my father has a wooden leg and my sister a cedar chest, do you think I have a block head?"

Salesman R. R. Hedrick: "Say, friend, who in the deuce wrote the awful burning brevity about me which appeared in the December issue?"

Correspondent: "Can't say R. R."

Hedrick: "When I learn his name I sure will burn his CAPUT MORTUUM." (Not having received a news item from Hedrick to date, we figure his search for the guilty person's name has been fruitless).

Miss Dolly Scott read the booklet, "What is Good Gasoline," so conscientiously one evening that her blood reached a "boiling point," with the result that she had to remain at home for a week carefully nursing a boil.

NOTE: Nice work, Quincy, in covering your field.—Editor, Record.

SAGINAW, MICH.

Bob Lempke, construction man, recently fell from one of the tanks at the Saginaw plant and broke his hip. On being taken to the hospital, he was given a room with an old schoolmate, who had been brought in for "repairs". Bob was taken to the hospital on Saturday, and before Monday evening thirty of the employees of the company had been in to see him. One of them brought a Stanolind Record. Bob's friend remarked on the fact that so many had been in to see him, and added that he had been at the hospital for two weeks and no one had visited him. All that Bob could answer was:—"It all depends on where you work." (And he said a whole mouthful when he said that.—Ed.)

Frank Holloway, tank truck driver at Saginaw, had the misfortune to smash a finger on his right hand recently while cranking his truck. Mr. Holloway has been in the employ of the company for 22 years, and it was just 21 years ago that he had an accident while driving a team of horses. During the past 21 years he has been a very consistent worker, in that he has been away from work only one week, and has never had occasion to stay away on account of sickness or accident. Mr. Holloway is very proud of his record and we can all look with envy at the way he has been faithful to his duties. We all hope for his speedy return to work.

We extend our sympathy to Mr. Edward Fischer, clerk at the Saginaw plant, in the recent death of his wife.

Better late than never. Mr. Clair Sturdavant, agent at Riverdale, and his wife are the proud parents of a daughter, which arrived November 15, and answers to the name of Miriam.

An interesting meeting was held at Bay City on January 9, attended by the tank wagon drivers, and having as guests Assistant Manager E. R. Soop, District Superintendent W. H. Coleman, and Chief Clerk R. A. Lilly. Each of these gentlemen gave a very instructive talk on sales and service. Short talks were also given by F. D. Church, agent, Wm. Richter and H. P. Bosley, salesman.

We are told that the Saginaw division has a couple of Caruso's in embryo in the persons of Elmer Baker and Edward Franklin Symons of the Saginaw machine shop. Recently they entertained the shop men with some selections for the larger part of the afternoon. The only time they will sing, however, is when they are full—of dinner.

Ray W. Reamer, agent at Yale, is back on the job again, after being forced to loop-the-loop with his truck by the careless driver of a touring car. Ray says they lifted a big load off his shoulders when they heaved the big truck, but he put another one on when he said he would put Yale in first place in the Southern division.

Sanford Getz, agent at Brown City, has the record of being the most economical man in Brown City. "Swause" carries a rubber band around his price book, and when it broke recently he took it to Marlette to be vulcanized.

Robt. Gray, agent at Almont, certainly gets the silk snow shovel for being a good Samaritan. "Bob" recently came steaming into Almont with the competitor's truck hooked on behind. It had become frozen in the gasoline line. We presume the competitor uses Red Crown for his own truck now.

The new plant at Imlay City being completed, Agent Chas. Hoisington looks for big things this year. We thought he had seen enough big things when they installed the 25x30 tank last summer.

Our chief clerk, R. A. Lilly, has acquired a habit of looking out the front window every few minutes on Saturday mornings. One bright Saturday a. M., a few weeks ago, some nervy purloiner came along and annexed a Ford sedan that R. A. had purchased only a few months before. We don't know why he picked on the chief clerk, because we know lots of "rattling" good Fords he could have taken, for instance, the ones driven by "Ollie" Oliver and Jim Keho.

ALPENA

Bernard Lamp, of Port Huron station, spent the holidays with his relatives in Alpena.

We wish to express our sincere sympathy to Mr. Daniel Ryan, city tank wagon driver, in his recent bereavement, the death of his son, Nolan R. Ryan. Nolan was attendant at Service Station No. 31 in 1918.

A club of the employees was formed on January 7. The purpose of the club is to form a closer relationship with each other and to discuss business conditions and problems in connection with our work.

Daniel Ryan has returned to work after being confined to his home for some time with a sprained wrist, which he received while cranking his truck. His young son tells us he did this when he lifted the truck off the ground.

CHEBOYGAN

As our honorable manager says: "You have got a h— of a country up here." Hard frozen snow, two feet deep on the level, and as deep as six feet in spots. We have had to lay up the trucks and resort again to the "nags" to keep up our reputation for service.

R. M. Suey is sporting a new pair of "galoshes" since coming to Cheboygan. (The correspondent would suggest skiis).

"Dad" Lauer, you will have to look after your barrel-painting records. Bill spent two days last week painting our refined barrels, and we will say he went some.

Good work, Saginaw! You are covering the field. But don't overlook the service station men.—Editor, Stanolind Record.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA

WELCOME—Salesmen, Agents, Service Station Attendants and all Employees now with us recently transferred from the Des Moines field. We are glad you are with us, hope you will like us, and thru the columns of the Stanolind Record we extend our welcome. (Yes, and now have said newcomers turn in a little gossip for said Record columns.—Ed.)

Mr. Thayer has just returned from a 4 days inspection tour of the Sioux Falls district of this division.

Assistant Manager Leonard was called home recently on account of the serious illness of his mother, which was followed only a few days later by the serious illness of his father. We are pleased to learn that both are on the way to recovery.

The Polarine contest of 1921 was won by our illustrious "Kit Carson," whose showing was exceptionally fine. Close on his heels came Salesman Hunting, and mighty close too, but .009% behind. That's going pretty close. After such a close race for several months, and especially during the hot weather, these gents felt they ought to have a day or so recreation. A very kind invitation was extended them to visit Chicago and Whiting. Accompanied by District Superintendent Hagy they made the trip, saw the sights and report a very interesting and enjoyable trip. Yes and they brought home some brand new jokes from Chi, I wouldn't dare to tell one or two they sprung on me. NO SIR. (Not even to the Sioux City Tribune?—Ed.

The dance of January 21 proved to be a very enjoyable event, splendid music, slippery floor, lots of punch (in the bowl). Everyone seemed to be having a jolly time and looking forward to the next.

Paul Matthiades has entered upon his duties as salesman. Paul's congenial manner and his good-fellowship should make him one of the best representatives we have, we hope he will like the work. We know the trade will soon be glad to say, "Come again, Paul."

It is absolutely necessary that we mention the fact that Clara Donegan has a new dress. We got kinda tired of the old one. She says she will not invest in Gooloshes no matter what they say.

Mr. T. S. Sweeney of the record department was away for a few days last week to attend the funeral of his brother-in-law, Mr. Lowry. The office extends its sympathy to Mrs. Lowry and her family.

"Put on your skates." Gilman Terrace is the popular place these nights and the contest is on between Wilson Kipper and Geo. Waddell. Wilson says when it comes to the fancy skating, he's the guy, but George "covers" more ground. Iona

DeCamp appeared the past week with a "swelled face," not toothache either; you will gett hat way if you can't skate.

Miss Link is our latest addition to the record department and Mr. Ness in the bookkeeping department.

We have been wondering where some of the girls get their idea of dress, but we know now. Gooloshes came from the movies, bells on 'em too. With Gloria Swanson earrings appearing, etc., we wonder what will come next. (Well, judging from recent developments at Hollywood a movie actress is our idea of zero as something to imitate, and we're not exactly prudish either.—Ed.)

Mr. J. G. Larmer just returned from the Huron field to be with us for a few weeks again in the interest of steam plant lubrication.

Among the business callers of the past week at the Sioux City office were Mr. Willis of the "Winner Line," Mr. Kluthe of Scotland, Messrs. Hoeven and Hyink of Alton and Agent Guesebroek of Geddes.

Lee Rider, our service station attendant at Primghar, Iowa, was instantly killed last Sunday morning when the car in which he was riding with Forrest Manley, of Primghar, turned over while making a turn on an icy road near that town. Manley escaped uninjured. They were returning from Everly and had reached a point about a half mile from town when the auto skidded on an icy place in a curve in the roadway. Mr. Rider's father is city marshal at Sheldon. To his family and parents we extend our deepest sympathy.

Judging from the gossip, Sioux City is another division which employs practically no agents, country salesmen, tank wagon drivers and service station men.—Editor, Stanolind Record.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Mr. Amos Ball, assistant general manager, paid a visit to the St. Louis office January 6.

Mr. Dick Thomas of the Chicago office paid a helpful visit to the St. Louis office during the week of January 16.

We were shocked to learn of the murder of our general salesman, Thos. Frothingham of the Flat River district, who was murdered in the Flat River Y. M. C. A. on the night of Monday, January 16. Mr. Frothingham was shot as a result of playing a practical joke on a man who was not able to take a joke. While Mr. Frothingham has been with this company only ten months, his loss is deeply felt and his death was a great shock. His body was shipped to his father, mother and brother at Golconda, Illinois, for burial. Our deepest sympathy goes to the family of this splendid young man.

Cupid has been using his darts promiscuously in the St. Louis division. Mr. H. A. Shoknecht, lubricating engineer in the city of St. Louis, has announced his engagement to Miss Adeline Grass of St. Louis the date for the wedding has been set for February 14. Our best wishes go to this young couple and we promise that Mr. and Mrs. Shoknecht will be properly teased when the big performance comes off St. Valentine's day.

Miss Helen Pausch is soon to be married to Mr. Boyd Prideaux, a prominent young banker of this city. We regret losing Miss Pausch from this organization, but our loss is the gain of Mr. Prideaux and we compliment him upon the success of his efforts towards selling Miss Pausch on the idea of matrimony.

Our Beau Brummel, Bill Zipp, has been concentrating his thoughts upon a certain young lady whom he meets religiously every evening in order that he may drive her home in his luxurious Ford coupe. We understand that Bill has just about sold himself to the young lady and the wedding will take place soon.

Mr. A. H. Haman, agent at Cape Girardeau, has been on the sick list for a few days, but is now back on the job.

Barney Harris, general salesman down in the Ozarks, is having some trouble in getting his trade to recognize that it is really he that is there for business. Last week Mr. Harris, accompanied by District Superintendent C. R. Ewing, arrived at Rolla, Mo., and went to the Harris home for supper. Mr. Harris went to the bathroom to wash up and picked up a cake of brown "Rit" soap, which Mrs. Harris had been using for dyeing a shirtwaist, and thoroughly lathered and dyed himself a nice brown color. Mr. Harris has investigated the dye industry and is regaining his cheerfulness in finding out that this stain will wear away within the next seven or eight months. In the meantime by referring dubious persons to the spot on the back of his neck, he can prove his assertion that he is a white man.

Mr. Grover Shubkegel, general salesman, with headquarters at Columbia, is spending a few days in the hospital undergoing a slight operation.

The poem which follows was sent us by Mrs. C. C. Amos, wife of the hustling agent at Eldon, Mo., and shows the spirit which is manifested by Agent Amos in handling the affairs of this company in his field:

"You haven't heard from the Eldon Agent yet,
But we are here on the job at work, you can bet,
To work for the Standard Oil company is our greatest delight,
And when we find it necessary we work day and night.
Surrounded with customers and a big field to work,
With plenty to do and always on the alert.
Now don't misunderstand what we are trying to tell,
We have all kinds of Standard Oil supplies to sell.
Everything a customer could possibly mention,
A wonderful display to attract their attention;
With Perfection Oil and Red Crown Gasoline
We ought to be able to get up quite a steam.
So you see we are striving both with engine and man,
And are doing our best to supply the demand."

District Superintendent Ewing was advised upon his return from a district superintendent's meeting in St. Louis on January 3, that he was again a Papa. A 9-pound boy was born on January 3. Mrs. Ewing and the boy are both progressing splendidly.

A. Slavik of the St. Louis main plant has been going around with his nose bandaged up and a discolored eye. Al claims he ran into one of the fire doors. How big was the other fellow, Al?

Some of the boys went on a rabbit hunt Sunday, January 15, and succeeded in getting 58 of the bunnies. The hunters were Wm. Doll, Edw. Kountz, Philip Herzog and John Riordan. They all report a good time and are planning another hunting trip for the near future.

It has been reported that our old friend, Cotton Cowherd, has purchased a Ford coupe. Going to treat the girls to a joy ride, Cots?

Discovered: An "Almost human Ford". Mr. Schubkegel informs the correspondent that upon taking over the Ford car in his new territory he discovered that every time he passed the golf links the car was inclined to turn in, it evidently having acquired this habit from frequent trips. It was only

due to added strength that he was able to keep the car on a straight course.

History has it that when a man is in love he floats on the "Zephyr of the Breeze," that is why Mr. Foster's attention is sometimes called to the fact that he must not make his territory in too big a hurry, but to stop at every hamlet and village on his circuit. From all the evidence it must be first love, as after several trials the disease is not so contagious Do not go skylarking, Foster, keep on the green earth.

In the apportioning of wealth of the country it is rather fortunate that some people do not possess too much of it. This was the case of Mr. Sam Hager, agent at Jefferson City, on his visit to St. Louis when he attended the salesmen's conference. He was trying to negotiate a deal to buy the Railway Exchange Building, as he was rather awed by its height and immense proportions, but after finding out the price of it he decided not to venture into the deal at present. We understand that he also admired some of the other buildings and often remarked about their great height and stated those in Jefferson City were mere midgets in comparison.

Mr. Grover Schubkegel has decided that the only way the country can be saved is by strict attention to the rules of thrift. His New Year's resolution has been made accordingly and he promises a large bank balance by the end of 1922.

The northern division seems to be in a bad way in regard to houses, as Salesman Smock says that to date he has not been able to find a house in his entire territory.

Mr. August Luebbers is becoming a "road expert," as he has been running the truck around Owensville, Mo., for some time and ought to know now whether to start out with his Ford car or not. He certainly ought to be able to avoid being pulled out of mudholes in the future.

Our popular co-worker, Miss Jane Denehy, has left us for other fields, and will be missed by all. The E. O. C.'s surprised her with a farewell luncheon Saturday, January 29, at the Busy Bee tearoom. The salesmen presented her with a nice gift and Jane says she will long remember her friends of the Standard Oil Company.

SOUTH BEND, IND.

Dillon Patterson, our pianist, says since he doesn't have to play on Sunday afternoon and evening he has a little time to himself. What do you mean "to yourself?"

Cora Ingram has the loveliest string of pearls, received from her cousin as a birthday gift. It's the funniest thing how she and Catherine Strantz can rake up these otherwise unknown cousins on birthdays and Christmas.

The Whiting Red Crown basket ball team played the Y. M. C. A. boys of South Bend on January 21. Plenty of Standard Oil Company rooters were on hand, but the final score was 43 to 33 in favor of the Y. M. C. A.

Lucy Marshall has gone and *done it.* She left a perfectly good Five Hundred Party early to meet a mere man. Lucy, we thought you had more sense.

The next time Mr. Schrom takes a trip alone on the train someone should see to it that he is in charge of the conductor, for if he gets many more of those awful sleeping spells he is going to have a hard time explaining the reason for not changing trains at Goshen.

Were they surprised? Well, just ask 'em! Honoring the birthdays of Helen Kerr and John Buzolits a picnic lunch was given at noon, February 8, in the meeting room of the garage. Covers were laid for eighteen at a table prettily decorated with ribbon streamers and the centerpiece being a basket of tulips (honest-to-goodness ones). At each end of the table a birthday cake lighted with candles (not telling how many candles). The eats were glorious and Walter Johnston sure "took the cake," the biggest piece there. As a memento of the occasion Helen was presented with a solid silver (?) pancake turner (from Woolworth) and John with the latest model in buzz wagons (also from Woolworth's). Those who *ate* were John and Helen, Catherine Strantz, Gertrude Nyberg, Mabel Miller, Dorothy Jones, Ellen Forslund Anna McCartney, Bessie Drone, Louise DeGroote, Margaret Burns, Lucy Marshall, M. R. Staples, Mandus Vanderbosch, Bland Isenbarger, Walter Johnston, Frank Bauer and Mr. Wolf.

Scene on the scales in front of Woolworth's Five and Ten Cent store, last Sunday afternoon: Ann McCartney getting weighed—galoshes 'n'evreything.

Paging Mr. R. W. Carrington! Grant Maddox called at the hotel for the forgotten garment, but we understand it's pink crepe de chine and trimmed in val lace. How come, Mr. Carrington, how come?

Mr. F. W. Cowgill has been employed as foreman in the South Bend machine shop. Welcome to the Stanolind family, Mr. Cowgill.

Just what did happen to that soft, downy substance that made its appearance on Howard Wolfe's upper lip a short time ago?

Mr. Ralph George, our city tank wagon driver at Auburn, Ind., took the stake truck the other day, loaded it up with Polarine case goods and started for Garrett, as we have a service station there. Evidently he believed everything the Ford salesman told him about a Ford running without Red Crown, all to his sorrow, as when he had gone three miles, he ran out of Red Crown and never discovered it until after he had cranked and cranked and sent in a fire department call to the agent to send out another truck and pull him in. There was another truck rushed to his assistance and when it arrived on the scene, Ralph was still cranking, pretty well warmed up even though the motor wasn't. Now the driver of the tank wagon had met a lot of people in his time on the road in the same predicament. The first thing he did was to look and see if he had any Red Crown in his tank. As usual, there was none. After filling the tank, Mr. George took the air toward Garrett, a happier and wiser man.

At our Angola station, we have a hustling agent by the name of Fisher, and by the way, he is some fisherman according to our correspondent in that field. His first name is "Mack" and he drives a big Buick car. Next to working for the Standard Oil, he would rather go fishing, and all of his spare time is spent in the summer at one of the many lakes around Angola, and I understand that last summer he caught so many fish on two or three of his trips he had to call for help. If such is the case, I hope next time he "hollers" down this way. Now if this is a fish story, don't blame me, because it was told to me to be a fact.

We have in our employ at the Auburn station a man by the name of George. Girls, he is a scream, at least there is one young lady at Ft. Wayne who is always willing to "let George do it." He makes regular trips to Ft. Wayne every Sunday, and it is

my understanding she is thinking about taking up her abode in Auburn, Ind.

On January 9, Case Webster, the driver of the bandit car which held up Service Station No. 731, was brought before the court and pleaded guilty. He was given from one to fourteen years in the state reformatory. He is the second man who got from one to fourteen years on this case.

You know one of our good customers told me the other day that he was unable to secure the road on one of his recent trips through the northeastern district. On investigating, we found that the guilty party who wouldn't "lay over" when the horn was honked, was our district superintendent. We immediately advised him that if he was driving faster than Ralph was driving in that Ford, he wouldn't need to go round him, because all Ralph's Ford needs is a pair of wings and she'd fly.

Time, January 28, 1922. Place, Ft. Wayne Station. Present, all Ft. Wayne salesmen, service station attendants and tank wagon drivers, and a few oysters.

(*Editor Note:*	Sounds awful appetizing—next time make your notice previous—don't let your light be hidden under a bushel).
Toastmaster:	Mr. E. D. Johnson.
Entertainment:	Evening was spent in light fantastics, being enjoyed by all—postoffice, spin-the-pan, and similar games were indulged in.
Favors:	E. W. Waltke, first prize, hand-carved muffler; Elzie Bender, consolation, celluloid doll, rattler and necktie.
Chefs:	Bill Grage (Grogy) and Chuck Elliott.
Disappointments:	No women—very few stewed (oysters).
Comment:	We understand the expense fund was comprised principally of *fines* levied on members of the Ft. Wayne family for utterances of the words Gasoline and Oil without the Standard prefix Red Crown and Polarine. (Seems to us like a poor cure—ought to have a cooler, Ed!)

Lawrence Flickenger, service station attendant at No. 5, Fort Wayne, says it was a funny feeling to see a gun come out of a pocket where he was expecting money, and hear the words "Stick 'em up".

Owing to the wave of service station hold ups we have issued instructions to arrendants to "Shoot to kill—the motor". It is easy to say what you would do if you were held up, but did it ever happen to you?

Manager of one of the large grocery stores in Fort Wayne asks us: "Tell me about this High Test Gasoline". Our agent's answer was: "Tell us about High Test Coffee". He saw the point and considered his question answered.

On January 31, B. V. Force, salesman at LaFayette, Ind., became the proud father of a 7-pound girl. Now that Bert's head has expanded to an abnormal degree, it would only be fitting and might be regarded as a token of *warm* esteem, if Geo. Schilling would make him a present of his newly won hat. The entire southwest district, including Supt. McGriff, concur in this, leaving only one thing for you to do, George—if yours and Bert's lives are to be worth living. Bert: Another good reason for a picture.

L. W. Harris, agent at Fulton, writes thus: "No sales for 12–12–21. Stork left us a nine-pound baby girl."

Our worthy chief clerk, Jno. Marcus, is undecided whether to give up bowling altogether or organize a separate league. With a new pair of shoes he'll have to produce (either pins or another alibi)—nothing else to do.—Scratch League.

Anna McCartney has a new belt—that runs all around. (Sure keeps her going.) When it wears itself out she infuses new life with Eureka Harness Oil. Belt dressing would serve a double purpose, Ann, by preventing slips. Caution: Apply to the outside or it might be responsible for a third purpose. That kind of *slips* don't count.

E X T R A — After only a few treatments, three new hairs have already made an appearance on Walter Johnston's head. And we understand they are red, at least two of them. Maybe Walt hadn't finished painting the third when we noticed it. What of it—white and red wouldn't be a bad blend.

Fred Irvine, our former lubricating salesman, has resigned his position with us to look after an estate left by his father-in-law, who died recently. We will miss your bright smiling countenance very much, Fred, and hope you will come back to see us occasionally.

Wayne Baer, former agent at Wabash station, has recently been made general salesman with headquarters at Huntington, Ind. Look out, boys, for when Wayne gets started he sure is some "Baer" and we are looking for big things on his new job.

W. D. Cross, former general salesman, has resigned his position with the Standard Oil Company, going into the garage and accessory business. He assures us that he is still 100% for the Standard Oil Company, and we in turn wish him the very best success that could come to any man. By the way, Dad, it might be a good idea for you to get a good supply of colored water on ice, for when some of the boys go motoring next summer in the vicinity of Geneva, your place will likely be their headquarters.

Frank Blake, general salesman, recently moved from Marion to Hartford City. We will say that the people of Hartford City have another good addition to their town.

E. H. Beech has recently been promoted to lubricating salesman in the southwestern division. Good luck to you, old boy, we are with you.

R. C. Walburn, former agent at Montpelier, has been transferred to agent at Portland, Ind., and Mr. Geo. A. Rain, former tank wagon driver at Montpelier, has been promoted to agent. Good luck to you, boys, on your new positions. Here's hoping we will hear lots of good things from you.

G. E. Harrell, former tank wagon driver at Wabash, has been promoted to agent at that station.

Lyman Harris, former agent at Fulton, and recently promoted to position of agent instructor, must surely have checked short five gallons on Red Crown, for here is the reason told by Lyman himself, never dreaming, of course, that it would be repeated: Lyman was in a farmer's yard making a delivery of Red Crown. Now unknown to Lyman in this same yard roamed a rather vicious "he" goat. Lyman had just left the truck to dump the last five gallons of Red Crown when Mr. Goat charged from behind with the result that Lyman separated several feet from the earth and parted with the five gallons of Red Crown, which scattered to the four winds.

When Lyman came to his senses he was on top of his truck wondering if the goat could jump that high. The farmer's wife stood at the kitchen door "laughin'." Well, just ask Lyman if it was very funny for a few minutes.

Ask E. N. Franklin, attendant at service station No. 771, Portland, what he knows about Bob Walburn's appetite. Franklin says Salesman Blake will think twice before asking our worthy Portland agent out to dinner again.

Everybody's out of step but "Jim," so Helen says.

Mary Alice Gibbons, of the order department, is wearing what she terms a friendship bracelet. Who's the friendship, Maggie?

We understand Gertrude Nyberg, of the lubricating department, went skating the other evening and took an oil stove and plenty of Perfection with her. He must have been a cold proposition. Next time try taking an "Armstrong" heater along, Gert.

On Friday, the 13th, the score was 1 and 1, Mr. Hug's favor. For particulars, see Miss Gibbons.

Miss York, of the accounting department, who was called home by the serious illness of her father, has returned. We sincerely hope he has improved and is on the road to recovery.

Change of scenery: George Gale giving the office a treat.

Mr. A. A. Dodge, of the stock department, has returned, after ten days' absence on account of illness. Welcome back, Doc.

We all grieve over the loss of our handsome credit man, Mr. E. S. Haggerty, who was transferred to Mankato, Minn. A dinner was given in his honor at the home of Mr. A. H. Tyler on the eve of his departure. The guests included Messrs. Evans, Warner, Poulin, Baker, Steiner, Loushbough, Delcamp, and Johnny Harringer, who presented Mr. Haggerty with a K. of C. ring. Many heretofore unknown musical talents were displayed by Joe Poulin and Cal Evans at the piano, Mr. Warner entertained with several violin selections and Johnny Harringer was the life of the party. The rest of the crowd just enjoyed themselves, even though they realized they were losing one of their best friends. Attention, Mankato Girls—Mr. Haggerty is still enjoying single blessedness; may you have better luck than we did.

Pearl—Gena, what is the color of your hair?

Gena—Waterloo.

Pearl—Waterloo! Why do you call it that?

Gena—Near Auburn. (Please note. Gena says this is an original joke.)

A crowd from the office "tripped the light fantastic" last Thursday evening at the Oliver hotel. As Catherine Strantz was chairman of the affair we felt it our Christian duty to go and help swell the crowd. Everyone had a wonderful time dancing to "Harry Denny's music" and the dance was a big success.

Hazel Hultgren, the demure little typist on the second floor, said she had to wear two sweaters under her coat it was so cold the other day. All we can do is give you the same advice we gave Gertrude Nyberg. Get yourself an Armstrong heater and all will be well.

Miss Florence Mountjoy has returned to her desk after a week's illness.

Talk about going from the sublime to the ridiculous! Frank Bauer used to read Longfellow and Shakespeare and lately for some unknown reason he spends his whole noon hour pouring over three volumes on etiquette. What's the big joke, Frank? A "girl."

Mr. A. H. Tyler, our new credit man, and Mr. Byron DuPark attended a Credit Men's convention in Fort Wayne last week.

Mr. T. J. Thompson, accompanied by Mr. N. R. Grimshaw, attended the salesmen's meeting at the Oliver hotel, December 15. Talks were given by the managers and were responded to by our district superintendents and a number of salesmen. Formal announcement was made of the promotion of T. B. Clifford to the managership at Decatur, Ill., and also the appointment of E. P. Warren to the position of assistant manager at South Bend. Mr. Clifford was presented with a diamond stickpin by the salesmen, as a token of their regard.

"I can't bowl tonight—I have to go home and get supper and wash the dishes and then it will be too late"—verbatim excuse of our petite telephone operator, Margaret Burns, the first night the girls bowled. Later in the evening, she was discovered "emptying" dishes at the Phila with a nice, tall blonde of the opposite sex. Whadayamean, Maggie, "Washing dishes?"

It is with regret that we announce the death of Arthur W. Smith, tank wagon driver at LaPorte, Ind., on December 20, after an illness of three weeks with typhoid fever. Mr. Smith was in the service of this company four years, and was always a courteous and efficient employee. Our deepest sympathy is extended to his family.

When H. J. Meyers, Ft. Wayne salesman, visited the South Bend office he lost two friends in the marketing department. He approached Mr. Baer with these words, "I suppose you are Mr. Baer, as I was told he had a moustache and I see you are the only man here with a moustache." And *right there sat Pat O'Reilly* and *Ray Cohen*. It's too bad, boys, but don't give up hopes.

No, Amandus, "Gottlieb" isn't running a free lunch counter. You are supposed to pay for your own meals.

Emma Ireland, record desk clerk, has returned to her work after three weeks' illness. Glad to see you back, Miss Ireland.

L. W. Harris, our worthy agent at Fulton, Ind., made the announcement in the remarks column of Form 142 which read: "No sales, 12-21-21, stork left a 9-pound girl at our house." Good excuse, Harris, sounds reasonable.

Amandus Vanderbosch was seen standing in front of one of our local jewelry stores looking at rings. "Watch your step, Van."

You should have seen Willie Pulley do the modern Sir Walter Raleigh act, with the able assistance of Pearl Hunt one rainy day when the back yard was real "juicy".

Ruth Chearhart tried the simple life in the country for a while, but when she found the "Packard" didn't get her to the office on schedule she again decided on the bright lights of South Bend.

John Buzolits of the construction department, just returned from a two weeks' vacation; we are glad to see his smiling face again and to hear that he helped his mother clean house and then *just rested*.

We are sorry to report that Mr. G. A. McIvor, South Bend city salesman, has been ill for about two months, and has not yet returned to his duties.

We don't see how Mabel Miller, of the construction department, ever expects to acquire a husband. She wouldn't even let him eat lunch with her. Mabel, you will have to mend your ways.

John Strang is a firm believer in that story about the early bird and the worm; he doesn't think anything of starting his day's work at 6 a. m. Do you suppose he gets his own breakfast?

Dedicated to Ray Cohen of the order department:

Ray went up the ladder,
To hang some Christmas bells,
The ladder tipped, and Raymond slipped,
The rest, I'll never tell.

We've heard of people having wooden legs—but listen! Florence Mountjoy has a "cedar chest," she got it for Christmas.

Attention, girls! That good looking man we saw around the office right after New Year is our new salesman, Mr. Bland Eisenbarger. . . . . (No girls, . . . he isn't.)

We hardly believed in tonics that would grow hair on a billiard ball, but seeing is believing, and we wish John Steiner would reveal to us the deep secret of his curly locks.

Miss Kercheval, stenographer of the order department, carries a case supposedly containing a mandolin, but we are in doubt about the contents, as Pearl lives in the south end of town.

Laura Kreuger organized the Girls' Bowling team in the office. Although Laura is small, we expect her to roll the highest score, for as she says, "you know good things come in small packages."

South Bend's loss was Decatur's gain. While we all regretted to see Mr. T. B. Clifford leave this division, he takes with him to Decatur the very best wishes of every employee of the South Bend division for success, and at the same time we congratulate Mr. E. P. Warren upon his promotion to assistant managership and bespeak for him the hearty support of the entire field in his new position. Again we are reminded of the old adage: "You can't keep a good man down."

We wonder if Spot Smith uses the ouija board, for we can't imagine how he always manages to keep on the winning bowling team. He's always there when the prize money is distributed.

Our city salesman, Mr. E. H. Beech, of Elkhart, Indiana, has been promoted to smokestack salesman. We are very sorry to lose him as a general salesman, but it only goes to prove the old saying that you can't keep a good man down; therefore, knowing the way that he has previously "hit the ball," he will continue to do so in his new line of work. We wish him the best of success.

William Mast, our efficient warehouse refined oil man, Elkhart, Indiana, has a brand new 1922 Ford touring car. He says it is the latest model out. The agent at Elkhart thinks this car was especially made for Mr. Mast from the way he brags it up, fine leather in the upholstering, etc. We don't know whether he has a one-man top on it or not, but as soon as he has tried this feature he has promised to let us in on it.

Rex Drake, tank wagon driver, Elkhart, Indiana, who formerly had the agency at South Whitley, is getting so that he don't shy at the city street cars any more when they go by, nor even look at the tall buildings.

Our correspondent, Mr. L. V. Johnson, advised us this A. M. that he had been so busy selling Semdac and looking after the new territory which was recently assigned to him, that he was unable to give us any news for this month, but has promised faithfully that next month will be the banner month.

Mr. R. A. Fry, another one of our correspondents, telephoned us from a farm house that he had enough news in to fill the entire Record, but he was stuck on a clay hill in his big Ford roadster and couldn't get to the post office to mail it. We knew those hills were pretty steep over that way but we thought it had been frozen up all the time. He has promised if it occurs again that he will get the news to the post office if he has to walk, so we are counting on him for big things next month.

Mr. W. X. Snyder, general salesman, has just recently been assigned some new territory in which is included his old home town, Kendallville, Ind. We know Kendallville is a live town because we heard Walter Johnson talk so much about the county fair they hold over there, so if we don't hear from Mr. Snyder any other time, we will when they pull the big county fair.

WICHITA, KANSAS

Miss Carmela Lewis of the stenographic department is greatly missed these days, being absent from her desk because of the tragedy that occurred in the Lewis family January 7. Miss Lewis' mother, sister-in-law and two-year-old nephew were instantly killed when the automobile in which they were riding was struck by an interurban car. The sister who was driving the car was seriously injured, but is improving, and her recovery is now anticipated. We are hoping Miss Carmela will soon be with us again.

George Baker, shipping clerk, has been very ill. Some kind of stomach trouble. Any kind is bad enough, George

The "Polarines" have had a very successful volley ball season, having won the majority of games played. In the last three series they have won ten games and lost one. The contenders were the Southwest Cracker Co. (two series) and the Dold Packers (one series).

Mary Short, steno, attempted to play janitor with one of those little automatic valves on the steam radiator recently when the little a. t. refused to "automat." She succeeded wonderfully—in flooding the floor for about ten feet with hot aqua pura. This she didn't mind, but when the steam came pouring out she "hollered" for help. To make short work of it, Mary, you should call the porter unless you happen to be the best little porter that ever ported.

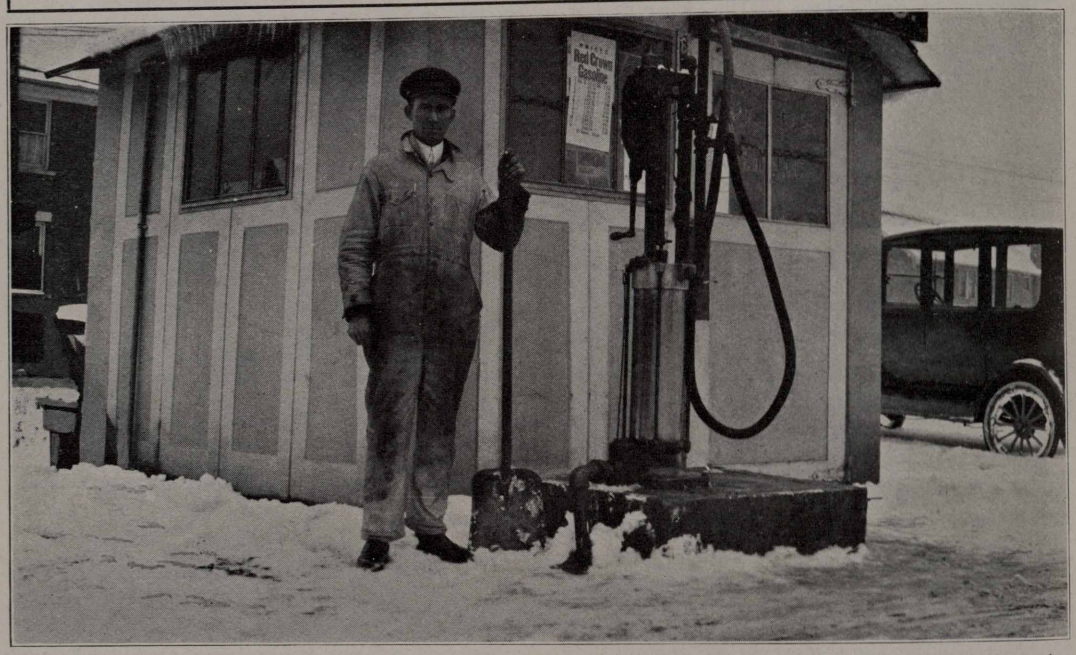
The Standard Oil Red Crowns, now in the Industrial Basket Ball League, opened the season by winning the first two games from the Bell Telephone Co. and the Western Lithograph Co. The scores were 21 to 10 and 31 to 15, respectively. Again on January 25 the Red Crowns walloped the Western Lithographs 28 to 14. Refined stuff, eh, boys! Those upholding the honor of the SOCO are Brandt, Lamb, Bishop, Roach, Muller, Ross and Branaman.

Bob Morris, tank car department, evidently has something (feminine?) on his mind, as he recently held an ace, king, queen, and jack, bid three, and was "set." How come, Bob?

Ben Buck, salesman, thinks he is seven feet tall since Francis Harry Buck, ten-and-a-half pounder, came to his home, January 15. But, Ben, you are a very small part of the big Standard Oil family. Just listen to this letter from old Doc Stork:

Stanolind Record, Correspondent, Wichita, Kan.
Dear Sir: I am pleased to report to you as follows: Thomas Taylor, equipment department, one baby girl, called Mary Errington Taylor, 6½ pounds, January 17. Ben Newton, salesman, one baby girl, 11 pounds. Charles Llewellyn, agent Newton

DIOGENES SHOULD HAVE BURNED PERFECTION



Had old Diogenes burned Perfection kerosene in that lantern of his he might not have had to wander so far in search of an honest man, for he likely would have found him at the first Standard Oil filling station where he stopped to get his lantern filled. Above we have Roy B. Van Sycklen, service station attendant at Detroit, whose finding and returning to the owner of $301 was reported in the January issue of the Record.

one baby boy, January 16. L. E. Skinner, agent, Delphos, girl, Lulu Mae, December 23. I have been very busy for the last month or two, but I wanted you to know that I am still on the job working night and day. Please give my compliments and best wishes to Ralph Muller, L. G. Baste, and Jim Calkins. Yours expectantly, Doc Stork.

Bert Smith, salesman, attempted to drive over a fire hose recently, but a policeman convinced him that a block of asphalt is better to drive on than three or four feet of rubber hose.

W. R. Greenwell, salesman, has been ill at his home for some time. We hope he will be his own jolly self again soon.

The entire station examining staff, together with their wives and friends, were entertained January 14 at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Alexander. In keeping with the recent marraiage of Neil Harrison and Katherine Robbins, the heart scheme of table decorations and refreshments (ice cream and cake) were carried out. Virgil Sherwood furnished several numbers on the saxophone. The bride and groom seemed to have a jolly time, but alas and alack the groom was inveigled into going down town with two of the guests on an errand. Instead of stopping in town the guests speeded on to Hutchinson, where they kept the groom until noon next day, when he was returned to his waiting bride. The bride and groom were good sports and none enjoyed the fun more than they. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Neil Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Alexander, Mr. O. O. Guth, Miss Helen Orth, Mr. L. J. Black, Miss Keem, Mr. C. F. Simmons, Miss Mary Hudson, Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Quillan, Mr. Virgil Sherwood, Miss Capitola Miller, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Hunter, Mr. and Mrs. Verne Chism.

James Kuhn has been transferred from the check department to the refined oil and gasoline department.

C. C. Lucas has been promoted to superintendent of service stations, Wichita, to succeed P. B. Youle, who resigned.

Bob Kalp, welder, has been drawn to serve two weeks on the jury. Hope you have a quiet time, Bob.

Doris White, file clerk, has resigned to attend business college.

Robt. Rasmussen, 06 clerk, complains of sore feet. New shoes seem to aggravate the malady. Try a number nine next time, Robert.

James Calkins, construction department, is being honored with a visit by Mrs. V. R. Wittich, Mrs. Calkins' mother.

F. A. Bull, agent at Hutchinson, is recovering from a recent illness.

Yes, Tom, we can give you the desired information. The new telephone girl's name is Opal Sowell, and furthermore, she's pretty as a peach and unmarried, but you don't need to think you can monopolize the telephone all the time.

* * *

"She refused you?"

"That's the impression I received."

"Didn't she actually say no?"

No. All she said was, 'Ha-ha-ha!' "

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Indiana)

General Sales Department

H. S. Morton, *Vice-President*

Allan Jackson, *Vice-President*

General Manager

T. J. Thompson

Assistant General Managers

John L. Carter, Northern Division
R. G. Stewart, Central Division
N. R. Grimshaw, Eastern Division
Amos Ball, Western Division

Lubricating Department

B. T. Thompson, *General Manager*

C. O. Wilson, *Assistant General Manager*

Asphalt Department

F. P. Allen, *Manager*

Branch Offices

CHICAGO, ILL.
H. A. Lewis, *Manager*
C. F. Hatmaker, *Assistant Manager*

DAVENPORT, IOWA
L. W. Cameron, *Manager*
C. W. Flanagan, *Assistant Manager*

DECATUR, ILL.
T. B. Clifford, *Manager*
John H. Budde, *Assistant Manager*

DES MOINES, IOWA
H. A. Monson, *Manager*
J. N. Elkert, *Assistant Manager*

DETROIT, MICH.
H. R. Cochran, *Manager*
H. H. Keating, *Assistant Manager*

DULUTH, MINN.
I. J. Shields, *Manager*
G. E. Webb, *Assistant Manager*

EVANSVILLE, IND.
W. J. Lang, *Manager*
Ewald Brauns, *Assistant Manager*

FARGO, N. D.
F. I. Packard, *Manager*
P. A. Raupagh, *Assistant Manager*

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.
J. C. Marshall, *Manager*
R. F. McConnell, *Assistant Manager*

HURON, S. D.
A. H. Dodsley, *Manager*
C. L. Bailey, *Assistant Manager*

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
E. P. Galbreath, *Manager*
H. E. Bruce, *Assistant Manager*

JOLIET, ILL.
E. E. Morton, *Manager*
Carl Monson, *Assistant Manager*

KANSAS CITY, MO.
H. C. Griffin, *Manager*
J. W. Wilson, *Assistant Manager*

LA CROSSE, WIS.
J. H. Lambert, *Manager*
J. E. Monegan, *Assistant Manager*

MANKATO, MINN.
M. H. Chesbrough, *Manager*
John Beaton, *Assistant Manager*

MILWAUKEE, WIS.
T. H. Lang, *Manager*
Ivan Prather, *Assistant Manager*

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
F. L. Cochran, *Manager*
W. H. Brown, *Assistant Manager*

PEORIA, ILL.
J. R. Coleman, *Manager*
G. F. Phillips, *Assistant Manager*

QUINCY, ILL.
A. L. Martin, *Manager*
T. P. Jones, *Assistant Manager*

SAGINAW, MICH.
L. J. Thompson, *Manager*
E. R. Soop, *Assistant Manager*

ST. JOSEPH, MO.
Geo. M. Whelan, *Manager*
T. D. Warren, *Assistant Manager*

ST. LOUIS, MO.
A. P. Robinson, *Manager*
H. J. Bemis, *Assistant Manager*

SIOUX CITY, IOWA
D. B. Thayer, *Manager*
B. F. Leonard, *Assistant Manager*

SOUTH BEND, IND.
D. L. Guilfoyle, *Manager*
Ezra Warren, *Assistant Manager*

WICHITA, KAS.
P. J. Quinlan, *Manager*
W. C. Van Horne, *Assistant Manager*

Remember This

WHEN Abraham Lincoln was a young man he ran for the legislature in Illinois, and was badly swamped. He next entered business, failed, and spent seventeen years of his life paying up the debts of a worthless partner.

He was in love with a beautiful young woman to whom he became engaged—then she died.

Later he married a woman who was a constant burden to him.

Entering politics again, he ran for Congress, and again was badly defeated.

He then tried to get an appointment to the United States Land Office, but failed.

He became a candidate for the United States Senate, and was badly defeated.

In 1856 he became a candidate for the Vice-Presidency and was once more defeated.

In 1858 he was defeated by Douglas.

One failure after another—bad failures—great setbacks. In the face of all this he eventually became one of the greatest men of America, whose memory is honored and loved throughout the world.

When you contemplate the effect of a series of setbacks like this, doesn't it make you feel kind of small to become discouraged, just because you think you are having a hard time of life?—*Praetorian Guard.*

NEWMAN MONROE CO., CHICAGO

STANOLIND RECORD

Vol. 3 APRIL 1922 No. 6

AMOS BALL

PUBLISHED FOR THE EMPLOYEES
by the
STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(INDIANA)

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Indiana)

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W. M. Burton, *President*
H. S. Morton, *1st Vice-President*
W. E. Warwick, *2nd Vice-Pres., Genl. Mgr., Mfg.*
B. Parks, *3d Vice-President, Asst. Genl. Mgr., Mfg.*
E. G. Seubert, *4th Vice-President, Secretary-Treasurer*
Allan Jackson, *5th Vice-President*

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WHITING

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J. E. Evans, *Assistant Superintendent*
H. F. Glair, *Assistant Superintendent*

SUGAR CREEK

G. H. Moffett, *Manager*
H. R. Boehmer, *Superintendent*
F. W. Bruckmiller, *Assistant Superintendent*

WOOD RIVER

C. B. Manbeck, *Manager*
S. A. Beach, *Superintendent*
F. J. Gainer, *Assistant Superintendent*

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Thomas S. Cooke, *Manager*

Casper, Plants Nos. 1 and 2

R. M. Andrus, *Manager*
A. E. Thompson, *Superintendent*

Casper Plant No. 3

M. G. Paulus, *Superintendent*
R. E. Wood, *Assistant Superintendent*
J. E. Rouse, *Assistant Superintendent*

Greybull Plant No. 1

H. M. Lockard, *Superintendent*

Greybull Plant No. 2

B. L. Warren, *Superintendent*

Laramie Plant No. 1

W. A. Morris, *Superintendent*

Loramie Plant No. 2

J. F. Cullen, *Superintendent*

Industrial Relations Department

J. W. Curry, *Director*, Chicago, Ill.
E. H. Fisher, *Assistant Director*, Chicago, Ill.
C. W. Smith, *Director Safety Division*, Chicago, Ill.
W. N. Bercaw, *Assistant Director*, Whiting, Ind.
C. F. Hall, *Assistant Director*, Wood River, Ill.
A. S. Hurt, *Assistant Director*, Sugar Creek, Mo.
D. M. Lobdell, *Assistant Director*, Casper, Wyo.

Joint General Committees

WHITING

Harry Banahan	Howard Deveney	James Griffith	Albert Romstock
John Bodick	A. E. Dimmock	Thos. Hayes	Joseph F. Scher
Frank Eaton	William Fuller	Thos. McFadden	Nick Scholl
	D. J. Gallagher		
T. S. Boyle	Wm. Haman	L. C. Moore	M. R. Schmidt
A. D. Buchanan	M. J. Hannon	R. T. Myrick	J. E. Spanier
C. H. Daugherty	F. W. Lau	Charles E. Patten	P. O. Vandeveer
	J. C. Melvin		

SUGAR CREEK

C. K. Bowles	W. M. Decker	L. C. Howard	W. C. Wright
	Matt Delles	Chas. Spahr	
H. O. Eyssell	F. H. Frisby	Frank G. Lee	G. W. Thompson
	A. O. Hodges	H. B. McCoy	

WOOD RIVER

J. F. Evans	Fred Emmel	William E. Kelly	J. W. Stephenson
	Orland Hemphill	G. W. Pilcher	
Wm. Bacheldor	John Flanagan	W. I. Jolley	L. L. Tuley
	M. E. Hartwig	C. M. Shook	

CASPER

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Arthur G. Davidson	F. T. Keegan	Tom McCoy	B. B. Simpson
Earl A. Dowler	Richard Lott	R. R. Rausch	Paul M. Walker
Pitt Covert, Jr.	A. V. Forbes	R. V. Heinze	W. H. Tolhurst
W. C. Eads	Frank Francis	J. R. Luxon	C. J. Warner
Wm. L. Emmell	J. R. Freeman	C. P. Taylor	R. E. Wood

GREYBULL

Leroy Anchors	J. J. Kelley	Roy Ludington	L. E. Watson
L. B. James	Edmund P. Landers	Troy Majors	Guy E. West

STANOLIND

RECORD

Published for the Employees by the

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(INDIANA)

Publication Office: 910 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago

Vol. 3 APRIL No. 6

Sing a song of sixpence, pocketful of rye*
Five and twenty blackbirds baked in a pie;
When the pie was opened the birds began to sing,
Wasn't that an awful dish to make our poor ears ring?

***Figure of speech; "water" wouldn't rhyme.**

Chicago, Ill., March 10.—Dear Folks: Of course you are all just exploding with curiosity to know what happened to the managers and assistant managers of the sales department at their delightful two-day assembly in this beauteous city by the I. C. tracks, but we regret to report we can't tell you so very much about it for the reason that we were lucky enough to catch an old-fashioned dab cold, which is a darnedsight worse than flu, and so didn't have to attend any of the meetings except the banquet, which was even luckier for the managers than for us because we were billed to make them a speech, too, and after they had been orated at by everybody else from the chairman of the board to the sales manager's office boy, we fear that would have been the straw that broke the camel's back—not that we have any evidence that any of them are camels—but anyhow, it all goes to prove that it's a sick wind that blows somebody some good, or whatever it was Socrates or Hank Allen, or one of those philosophers said about winds.

From what we heard Ed Bogardus say, however, we guess what happened to them was plenty, and they got orders which mean they've got to do thirty-nine and one-half hours' work in twenty-four. And this morning we got a letter from a bird at Casper, whose initials are C. A., and he wrote all about those "white collared bosses who got soft jobs"; and then we thought about what those managers have got to do and have been doing and how they're wending their way through the dreary night to some place a hundred miles from home, getting a new wrinkle a minute because the percentage for their territory fell off a full percent last month, or didn't gain as it should have gained; prying their autos out of mudholes or getting to bed in a jerkwater hotel at 4 a. m. and having to be up at 7 to see the boys and keep Red Crown moving so C. A. and the other fellows in the works will still have jobs; working all day and half the night and not even daring to think of "overtime" because their territory has a flock of others ahead of it on the precentage list—and all the while C. A. working his regular shift per day or night—whichever it is, it's regular, anyhow—and then going home to enjoy his family, and get a square home-cooked meal, and pound his ear without any green horned monster called "sales resistance" to give him nightmare; and we read again what C. A. wrote about "white collared bosses who got soft jobs," and then we almost died of laughing!

And then we recalled how the members of the board looked last night and how they looked when we first saw them a little more than two years ago, and we wondered, C. A., we wondered, in whose head business cares and hard work and

MAKING WORTH WHILE FRIENDS FOR STANDARD OIL

Mankato, Minn. — The kids at Madelia, Minn., know and appreciate Standard Oil service and they are quick to make use of it during any lull in business after school hours. When the little old wagon runs dry, why S. S. 71 is on the principal highway, and T. E. Gillespie, attendant, is always ready and eager to give the boys the same good service that "dad" gets with his car.

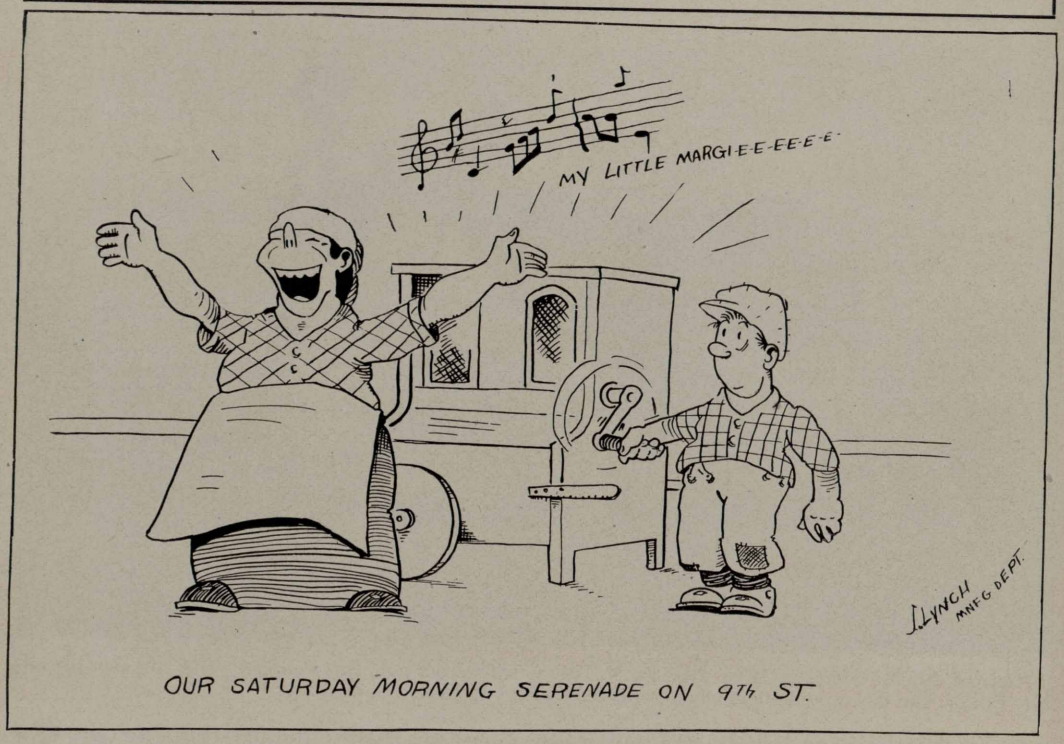
long hours had put more gray hairs in the last two years, yours, or any one of theirs? And, believe us, C. A., we didn't write that to please the members of the board because most of them are pretty proud of their ability to do forty-eight hours' work in twenty-four and will probably want to scalp us, and maybe will, for daring to insinuate that anything can make them show the effects of strain. And while we were thinking about that, and about the troubles of C. A., and the troubles of the managers, we thought of one member of the board who frequently makes a bar of chocolate do for lunch because he hasn't time to go out and eat. And then we sighed at the irony of fate.

There we go, getting serious just when we were trying to be funny, but shoot, folks, that's the way of life, or of the weather—we aren't particular as to our similes.

But we'll have to stay serious for a moment, most horribly so, for we have a shocking occurrence to relate. Shudder, folks! Awful as it is, it seems we have some fiends among us and they got loose at the managers' meeting and before the debacle was ended a multitude of alibis were murdered. We didn't see it but we have Pat Quinlan's word for it, so it must be so. The slaughter must have been terrific because we heard Pat say he came here with a thousand alibis and wasn't going back with any, and some of the other birds said they were in the same fix, so we certainly hope for somebody's sake it isn't a capital offense to murder an alibi.

The banquet was also something in the nature of a debacle. We started off with a cocktail (crabmeat) and ended up with moldy cheese, but the condition of the cheese is no reflection on the condition of Chicago if all the nice things we heard said about Gus Lewis and Charlie Hat-

UNFAILING HARBINGER OF SPRING, CHICAGO



OUR SATURDAY MORNING SERENADE ON 9TH ST.

maker and the percentage of Chicago have any truth in them.

St. Cecilia, who we believe is the patroness saint of music, was invited to the banquet, but the board of directors sandbagged her right at the beginning when, by request, they rendered an aria—oh, yes, we had arias; Mary Garden's opera has nothing on us—an aria entitled "How Dry I Am, How Dry I Am." St. Cecilia was carried out on a stretcher then and there, but, sad comment though it be on the musical tastes of us Standard Oilers, no other aria of the evening won such hearty applause or evoked such heartfelt sympathy from the audience as this classic of days gone by—though we did hear Charlie Manbeck of Wood River say to G. H. Moffett of Sugar Creek as he rolled a condescending, scornful eye on the assembled marketers: "Huh, G. H., guess these city fellers on the board of directors and sales department ain't such smart guys after all. What say, G. H., what say?" And G. H. said: "Poor fellows, I don't see how they enjoy the dinner, but then city folks is queer." We guess R. H. McElroy heard them, too, because he grabbed a seat right next to them and refused to budge all evening, and when we last saw him he was still sticking close to Mr. Manbeck and looking hopeful.

In the meantime somebody yelled for all the Irish to get up and sing "My Wild Irish Rose" but they didn't seem to know whether Sinn Feiners or Provisional Governmenters were wanted so all hung back till MacMildenberg finally broke the ice by rising, and we don't know how wild Rose was but we'll tell the world that sure brought a flock of wild Irish on their toes but Mildenberg got down before they got to him and just then the music started so there wasn't any riot. And T. P. Jones of Quincy murmured to us he guessed there were more John Bulls there than harps but Cameron and some of the other cautious Scots said we'd better keep our seats be-

NOT SUCH A DONKEY AS HE LOOKS!

Detroit, Mich.—Here we have Mrs. A. N. Bailey, wife of our agent at Pontiac. Did you ever dream, Mr. Editor, the day would come when you would wish you were a donkey?

cause they'd be hanged if they'd help pay for any shattered furniture, and anyhow Lloyd George and Mike Collins have patched up a truce between us, so we didn't start anything, which was too bad because we'd like to have shown F. L. Cochran there are a lot tougher things than sales resistance.

Next somebody said for all people over 45 to get up and sing "Silver Threads Among the Gold" and Doc Cash got up with them and got away with it because he's a manufacturer and nobody knew him and also probably because his face is bald.

And Amos Ball and Allan Jackson and Bob Stewart, who just got back from New York, sang a song about "playing ring around the rosy on the pavements of New York," and maybe that's all they played, but if we'd been choosing a song for them we'd have taken a chance and had 'em sing "Experience."

Though if we'd heard 'em first we wouldn't have let them sing at all.

We are glad to report that Mr. John L. Carter was there, and we hear he has been very ill with jaundice, but we thought people with jaundice were yellow, and there's less yellow in him than most anybody we know of; and anyhow he wasn't one-tenth as yellow as Norris Reed was when the music master began making every department sing and he got scared they'd get down to the ad department. But we guess the ad department doesn't amount to much because nobody asked it to sing, or maybe somebody had heard it sing before.

Our legal bunch, led by Chauncey Martyn, got up a quartet and sang one song and several tunes and managed to escape cremation, and R. H. McElroy, invigorated by his proximity to the manufacturing department, responded to a call for a solo with the information that if anybody laughed they were going to get hurt and as he isn't exactly a soft-boiled egg we all pretended we enjoyed it and clapped like everything; and Mr. Dodsley sang a song, and Commodore Jones led a sextette on whom the original Floradoras had nothing much except face, voice and shape; and the marketing committee, led by a Tom Tom

BIGNESS DOESN'T DIMINISH HIS SPEED

Grand Rapids, Mich.—Mr. S. J. Stewart, agent at Edmore, Michigan, is about as big as Jess Willard, and, judging from the report of one day's activities, as fast as Jack Dempsey. A record for one day: Between the hours of 6 A. M. and 5:45 P. M., Stewart delivered and collected the cash for 3,005 gallons of Perfection oil and Red Crown gasoline. These goods were distributed in four towns with a total truck mileage for the day of 75 miles. The truck is a 1½-ton Dodge. Yes, he's a hustler, girls, but another lady saw him first.

(at least that's what our phone girls call him) also sang something and successfully withstood the assaults of darky waiters with trays of dirty dishes until the song was finished, though we were all pulling for the waiters; and that part of the manufacturing committee which was present stood up at the piano and under the direction of Dr. Burton went through a pantomime, but what it was all about nobody knows to this day.

Heavens! We nearly forgot to tell you that the Hon. J. W. Wilson of Kansas City was there in full voice and he said this time he had his nightie with him, which was a great relief to us, because last time we saw him we were on a train coming from Kansas City and Wilson was on the train and his suitcase wasn't, and he had to sleep *ow naturel*, or whatever it is the French call it when one has to sleep without his nightie, and Mr. Griffin told us it didn't matter because people in Kansas City don't wear nighties much anyhow, and we were kinda worried about it for fear they might catch cold or something, so we felt a whole lot better when Mr. Wilson told us he had his with him this time, and we guess Mr. Griffin must have been just spoofing us.

Oh, yes—all the managers and assistant managers who have anything to do with Wisconsin had to sing "On, Wisconsin," and when they got through they gave a yell from Wisconsin U and everything, just like they'd been to college once themselves, and we hope they have, because, believe us, it'll take a college education to figure out how to do all the things they've got to do in the time they've got to do it in. So a good time was had by all and everybody rushed for trains to get back home to get up early and kill a little sales resistance. Yours truly, Ed.

P. S.: Mr. E. G. Seubert, who's just finished building a new house and was the only simon pure bachelor at the meeting, was forced to sing a song entitled "I Want a Girl," but he must have a faint heart or weak voice or something because we all had to help him out.

WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS UNFORTIFIED BORDER

Fargo, N. D.—Here is something for European delegates to the proposed Genoa conference to think about. The iron post in the above marks the United States-Canadian boundary line near Crosby, N. D. Eugene Brancht, son of our agent at Crosby, is standing on the United States side of the post. Crosby is about five miles from the border.

P. S. No. 2: There was also some real singing by the Cameron Bros. & Luby, all Chicago salesmen.

P. S. No. 3: We nearly forgot about it, but there was also a lot of talking at the banquet. Talkers were Ed Bogardus, chairman, Dave Guilfoyle, H. S. Morton, Pat Quinlan, Allan Jackson, F. L. Cochran, E. G. Seubert, Beaumont Parks, Dr. W. M. Burton, Mr. Chauncey Martyn and Col. R. W. Stewart. Sorry we can't tell you what they said but copies of this magazine might fall into the hands of a competitor and we'd hate to be responsible for scaring even a competitor to death.

ANYTIME, ANYWHERE

Sioux City, Iowa, March 1.—The following item was published recently in an Iowa newspaper and sent to the Record by our agent at Orange City, as another example of Standard Oil service:

"You certainly have to hand it to the Standard Oil Company when it comes to service, oil or otherwise. At least Charles Van Dersluis of Orange City, Iowa, and Miss Amy Radenbert of Westfield, N. D., are of that opinion.

"Mr. Van Dersluis, who is in the employ of the Standard Oil and who is an attendant at the service station at Orange City, and Miss Radenbert came to this city to be married. Whereupon J. B. Daly, Standard Oil salesman of service station No. 1 here, enters into the plot. Mr. Daly showed the young couple to the court house where a license was obtained. Immediately after obtaining the license Mr. Daly conducted them to County Judge Sime, who tied the knot. The obtaining of the license and the marriage ceremony itself took only fourteen minutes.

"Yes, sir, when it comes to service, in regard to oil service or marriage service, it makes no difference, the Standard Oil is there."

* * *

"Yes," said the old man to his visitor, "I am proud of my girls, and would like to see them comfortably married; and as I have made a little money, they will not go penniless to their husbands. There is May, 25 years old, and a really good girl. I shall give her $1,000 when she marries. Then comes Bet, who won't see 35 again. I shall give her $3,000, and the man who takes Eliza, who is 40, will have $5,000 with her."

The young man reflected a moment, and then inquired: "You haven't one about 50, have you?" —*Everybody's.*

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE WOOD RIVER JOINT GENERAL COMMITTEE

NOTING with pleasure your letter of January 24, printed in the March issue of the "Stanolind Record," we, the Branch Office Managers of the Sales Department, desire to take this opportunity, while here assembled, to express our appreciation of your cordial spirit of cooperation and your well-wishings for the current year.

You may be sure that we are bending to our task with renewed zeal, in an effort to increase our sales of the past year. And it is a happy task, because of our complete confidence in the high quality of the various products that come from our refineries.

The continuation of this confidence depends upon your efforts—the individual efforts of every refinery employe—in jealously guarding the quality of the products that we sell. Just as long as every employe of the manufacturing department does his duty toward maintaining this quality, we can confidently market our goods, and constantly increase the volume of our sales.

Neither of us can succeed without the cooperation of the other. Although our work is entirely different, our goal is the same—greater achievements for this splendid company of ours. We are not independent organizations—but inter-dependent. This friendly spirit, therefore, is not only desirable but essential to the continued success of this company. Your determination to enthusiastically recommend our products to consumers and dealers in your community admirably reflects this spirit.

AND BE IT RESOLVED that we thank the men and women of the Wood River works for their kindly message of encouragement and answer by assuring them that while we are aware that the continued success of our company is dependent upon volume of sales, we are also mindful of the fact that an ever increasing volume of sales cannot be maintained, except where the quality of the goods sold is of that excellence which our brothers in the manufacturing department are furnishing.

We, as marketers, therefore, gladly accept your assurance of support, and in turn, offer a reciprocal pledge of cooperation, so that, together, we may write into the record of this year's work a story of achievement unparalleled in the history of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana).

T. J. THOMPSON,
General Manager, Sales.

The above resolution was passed at the meeting of managers and assistant managers of the sales department, held in Chicago, March 8 and 9.

THIS SPOILED OUR WORK FOR THE DAY

We took one look at this, recalled that all good cooks come from Indianapolis (we married one from there), and felt impelled to go to dinner a half hour earlier than usual; and so potent was its inspiration that when we finished our vest and trousers were, and still are, farther apart than George Ashman's in the picture. Naturally we are in no condition to write clever things about a food fest, so all the scintillating remarks we were going to make about this Indianapolis party will have to go unwritten. However, with Ashman's vest in that condition before dinner—he must have "helped" lay the table—we are moved to wonder if that coffin in the center is where they laid him after dinner; or is it a coffin? And we fondly hope that rope on top of the locker was used on Harsh, who sent this picture in and so bears the onus for getting us in this sodden state—besides, there are a lot of people who will agree he ought to have been hung long ago, for his jokes if nothing else. But if he escaped, Henrietta—and that's you in the lower left corner—will you please "give 'im the axe" for us? You know where, since you went to Shortridge.

NOT STANDARD OILER

"Not long ago a salesman appeared who was selling a special brand of lubricating oils. He traveled by auto, covering about 300 miles per week, returning home every Saturday. When he had finished his "ready-made" line of arguments, showing the superiority of his brand of oil, he turned to relating his experience with other brands. It thus developed that he never carried a reserve of lubricating oil for his own car, not even for the one week away from home, but had to depend in emergency on any oil he found at the dealers. There was one, and only one, other brand than his own which was nearly as good, and he could usually get that. Other times he had to take inferior brands.

The question naturally arises: If the brand of oil he sold was really superior, saving his engine, saving wear on bearings, saving gasoline, saving so frequent and difficult clean-up, why did he not always carry a quart or more in reserve?"

When we showed the above clipping from the Michigan Tradesman to Mr. T. J. Thompson, general sales manager, he said we might print it if we wished, but he was certain of one thing and that was that it did not refer to a Standard Oil salesman because no one of them would ever permit himself to be caught in a situation where he would have to buy any other lubricant than Polarine.

* * *

"What's the charge, officer?"

"Vagrancy, your honor. He was loafing around a street corner."

"Ah, impersonating an officer."

* * *

"I trust my husband absolutely."

"Yet you never let him out of your sight."

"Of course not. There's no sense in giving him a chance to prove that my confidence is misplaced."
—*The Good Wife.*

STANDARD OIL KNIGHTS AND LADIES OF LA CROSSE

La Crosse, Wis.—"Let's Play" was the password during the four days of La Crosse's Second Winter Carnival, Jan. 25 to 28, inclusive. The mayor turned over the keys of the city to His Majesty, King Boreas II, and her Royal Highness, the Queen of the Carnival, and from that moment joy reigned supreme among the good subjects of the realm of La Crosse.

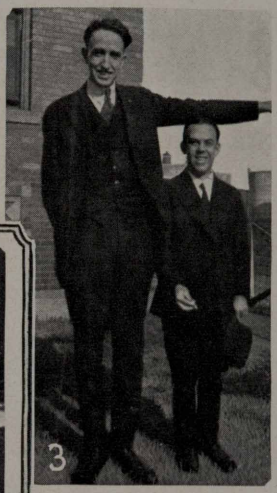
Thursday, Jan. 26, was the scene of the most spectacular and elaborate parade ever staged in this city. Our Standard Oil Company Marching Club was composed of 38 knights and seven ladies wearing khaki breeches, white stockings, white sweater and red tassel cap with white pompon. The big Packard truck gaily decorated, proudly carried our queen, Miss Mabel Baker, who was enthroned beneath a huge RED CROWN and looked resplendent in her queenly attire. A handsome banner preceded the marchers, who paced along like the crusaders of old, with the insignia prominently displayed from shoulder to shoulder and on their arm so that there was no doubt as to what tribe they belong. That they were very popular along the line of march was evidenced by the comments heard on the sidelines.

The whole community was one big family united in only one purpose—that of having heaps of fun. This carnival will go down into community history as second only to Chicago's Pageant of Progress, but eclipsed in splendor and magnitude by no other ever staged in this part of the country.

POOR FISH!

Indianapolis, Ind.—Extra! Extra! Not to be forcing the season but before the ice breaks up or the sap begins to run or the little robins go "To-wit, to-wee," in reference to Doc, Crip and Red's carp depicted on Page 14, Vol. 3, No. 3, what us "bait drownders" want to know is how did honorable ED of esteemed Stanolind Record get the notion that a buffalo fish was a cat. Possibly C. V. J. had been "chasing a wild bull frog umpty miles" and pulled this "Merkle" just before he started to spin.—Harsh. (Well, now we know what a poor fish is, anyhow.—Ed.)

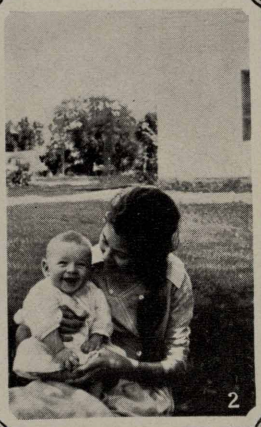
From Evansville and Thereabout



No. 1—Harry Schriver, head of our stock department, will be surprised to see this as he had no idea it was being snapped. No. 2—On the left, Marion Miller, daughter of R. A. Miller, district superintendent at Murphysboro, Ill. On the right, Katherine Wightman, daughter of P. H. Wightman, salesman. No. 3—The tall boy is Z. L. Rogers and the short one is William Ralston, Evansville, Ind. No. 4—Though this is from Evansville it represents Evansville, Dubuque and Peoria, Margaret Blondin being a local product, Louise M. Powers having come to us from the Dubuque office, and Frances Childress claiming Peoria as her home. No. 5—Zaff Rogers sure got a lovely Christmas present this year. Her name was Miss Carolyn Hull.

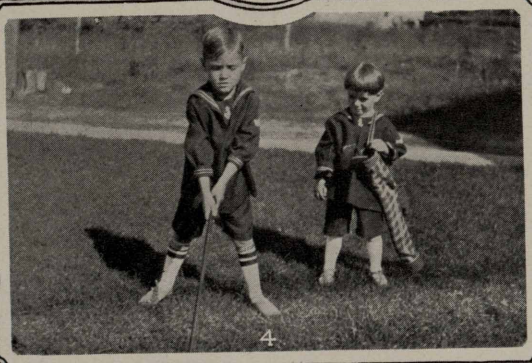
Members of Our Des Moines Family

1



2

3



4

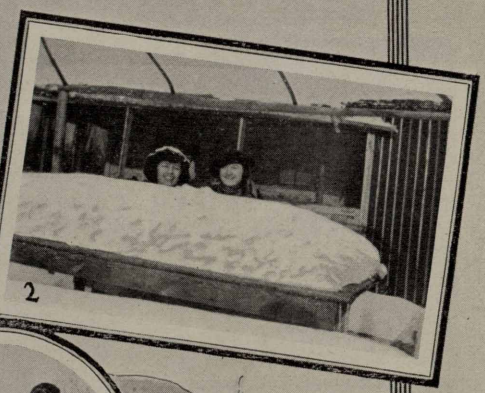
No. 1—Master Jimmie Koontz, at 20 months, son of A. G. Koontz, general salesman at Waukon, Iowa. Jimmie uses Red Crown exclusively in this car. No. 2—Myron Edward at 4 months and his Aunt Nora. No. 3—Milwaukee would like to claim this young lady, but nothing doing, say the Des Moines folks who have fallen in love with Grace Elkert, daughter of our assistant manager. No. 4—Jack and Billy Wright, sons of E. G. Wright, of the order department. Billy says Jack knocked the ball a mile.

LITERALLY ZERO IN OCCUPATIONS

Duluth, Minn., March 1.—The boys found this a new occupation but when necessity called they were right on the job. Above is the snow shovel brigade. Left to right: John Myre, Andrew Carlson, Felix Krammic, William Godfrey, Ted Rouleau, Henry Nelson, Al Johnson and John DeRosier. Below is shown how we kept open for business. "The Storm" is still the chief topic of conversation. Business and traffic in and about Duluth was practically suspended for three days.

Duluth Snow-Buntings In Search Of Food

1


2

3

4

5

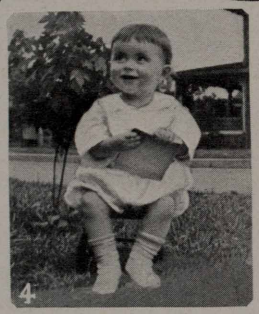
You should have heard them, my dears! Never was such a twittering as when they set out in snow waist-deep for a seven-mile hike to Eleanor Johnson's camp on French river; hot dogs, rolls and coffee. No. 1—Phrona Currier, Doris Kurrel, Esthyre Pomroy, Lenora Green and Edna Nelson found the going hard and flipped a bobsled. No. 2—Phrona and Doris thinking of the hot dogs. Doris wishes the table of snow would turn into ice cream if it weren't so fattening, you know. No. 3— Pioneers had nothing on Eleanor Johnson and Anne Lynott—they've got an axe and everything—who brought the food into camp. No. 4 —Oooo! You should have heard what Phrona said when the snow went down her neck! No. 5—Roly, poly, hi-ro-le-oo! It was too deep to wade in from the main road so Phrona and Doris flopped down and rolled. Got off their course and fetched up against a drift.

And Not a Stephen in the Lot!

1

2

3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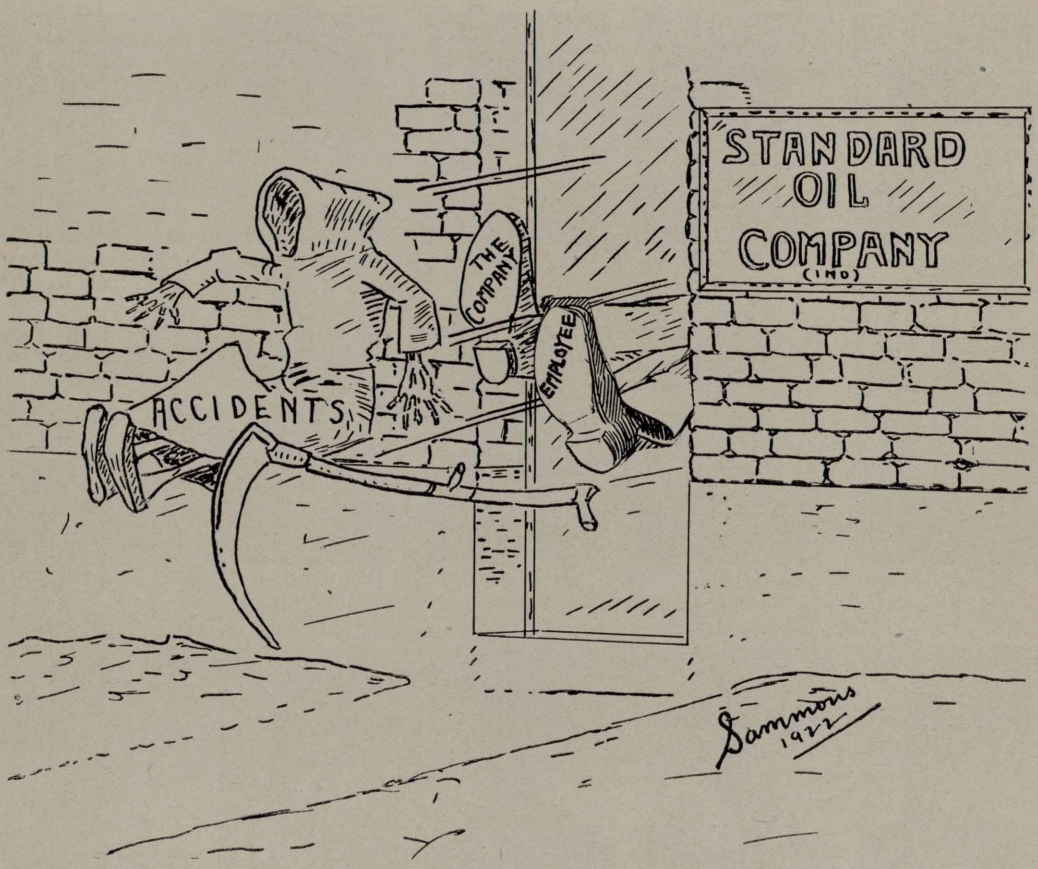
5

6

7

In a flock of kiddies from Decatur one might expect to find a lot of little Stephens, but not in this lot. However, most of them are from the Decatur field, rather than from the city of Decatur. They are: No. 1—Stella Launtz, at 6 months, daughter of district superintendent W. F. Launtz, East St. Louis. No. 2—Three sons of Agent Harry Cornish, Greenville, Ill. No. 3—Jack Allen Luster, at 14 months, son of Agent S. E. Luster, Stonington. No. 4—Robert Lambert, Jr., son of Bob, stock clerk, Decatur office. No. 5—Evonne Fay Hiler, at 11 months, daughter of Agent Hiler, Witt. No. 6—Paul Price, at 2 years, son of Agent H. O. Price, Strasburg. No. 7—Master W. A. Schwind, son of Agent C. J. Schwind, Belleville.

KICK HIM OUT AND KEEP HIM OUT!



THE PLUGGER

He plugged along
  From day to day,
And soon he drew
  A raise in pay.
And then he plugged
  Along some more
And got his name
  Upon the door.
But still he plugged
  And now we learn
He's managing
  The whole concern.

* * *

There are two freedoms—the false, where a man is free to do what he likes; the true, where a man is free to do what he ought.—*Charles Kingsley.*

WAS WILLIE ASKED AGAIN?

The lady was entertaining some of her son's little friends.

"Willie," she said, addressing a 6-year-old, who had been served with a plate of cold beef, "are you sure you can cut your own meat?"

"Yes, thanks," replied the little chap, who was making desperate efforts with knife and fork, "I've often had it nearly as tough as this at home."

* * *

"You did me a favor ten years ago," said the stranger, "and I have never forgotten it."

"Ah," replied the good man with a grateful expression on his face; "and you have come back to repay me?"

"Not exactly," replied the stranger. "I've just got into town and need another favor, and I thought of you right away."

* * *

A society woman wrote to an army officer:

"Mrs. John Sears de Voille requests the pleasure of Capt. Smith's company at a reception on January 14, 1921."

The following day she received this reply:

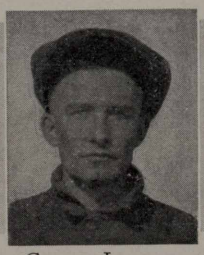
"Capt. Smith's company of 250 accepts with pleasure."

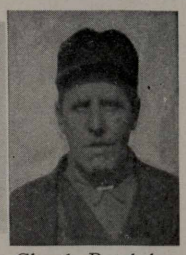
AMAZING SAFETY RECORD AT WOOD RIVER

John Gartenbach,
Acid Works

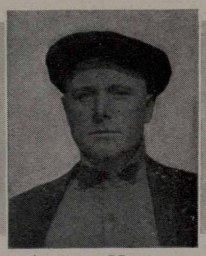
Samuel Hubbard,
Paraffine Dept.

Joseph Layman,
Masons Dept.


George Luman,
Crane Dept.


Claude Batchelor,
Tin Shop Dept.

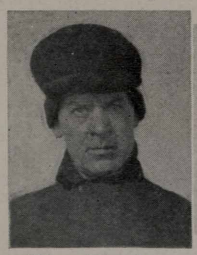
Lossie Pierce,
No. 5 Crude

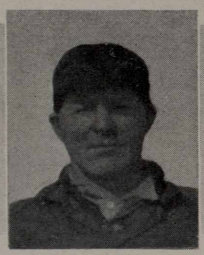

Arthur Heuer,
No. 6 Crude

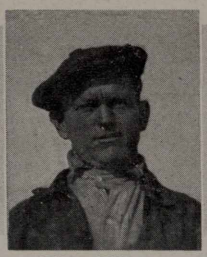
A. H. Gibson,
No. 1 Pressure

Don Waggoner,
Pr. Pump House

George Wilken,
No. 2 Pressure


Wm. Watsker,
Pr. Still Clnrs.


James Hester,
Common Labor


Wm. Wildt,
Refy. Labor

Jacob Tremmel,
Machine Shop

Fred Simms,
Pipe Shop

Wood River, Ill.—The above were recently chosen as employee representatives to serve on the regular six Safety committees for the coming six months. If looks count for anything, the Wood River refinery will surely be made a safe place in which to work. What do you think about them? We think that they are as fine a crowd as could possibly be gathered together. Tim Hawk, of the electricians, is unavoidably absent from the group. His picture will be shown in an early issue. Safety suggestions should be handed to respective committeemen, given to Mr. C. F. Hall, safety director, or dropped in the Safety suggestion box at the north gate.

SOME RECORD!

Only one lost time accident among 900 employees during an entire month is the record made at the Wood River refinery of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana). The record was made during the month of December and has been made a matter of editorial comment in newspapers in that vicinity.

Congratulating Mr. C. F. Hall, safety director at Wood River, Mr. C. W. Smith, Safety director, Standard Oil Company (Indiana), wrote:

"This is the best record that has ever been made even for one month at any of our refineries, and I feel positive that it would be impossible to make such a record unless the majority of the foremen in your refinery were co-operating with you. For 900 workmen to go for a full month with

TELLING IT TO 'EM AT WOOD RIVER

Wood River, Ill.—The above picture is of the new Industrial Relations Mail Service Board at north gate. The boxes at the bottom are for use of employees in sending in matter pertaining to Industrial Relations, suggestions as to Safety, and news items for the Stanolind Record. This is a good medium of "telling it to us." The Industrial Relations and Safety divisions are at your service, and the Stanolind Record needs your news items.

only one lost time injury is a record to be proud of and one which the other refineries will find it hard to duplicate. It only makes it clear to me that it is possible for Wood River, or any of the other refineries, to go that length of time without even one lost time case."

EXTRA! EXTRA!

Just to show that their one-accident record for December was no accident, the employees of the Wood River Works duplicated the record in February, again going a full month with only one lost time accident.

* * *

Parson—"Do you take this man for better or worse?"

Mandy—"He can't get no worse, and they is no hopes of his gettin' any better, so I takes him as he is."

JACK EISELE DIES

Chicago.—John G. Eisele died January 16, 1922, after a brief illness. Mr. Eisele had been in the employ of the company in the sales accounting department for four years and eight months and the news of his death was a shock to his many friends throughout the building. He was a gentleman in every sense of the word, courteous to all, considerate of others, an honest, loyal, manly man whom everyone respected and liked. The entire force extends sincere sympathy to his bereaved family.

* * *

To know how to wait is the great secret of success.—*De Maitre.*

SIX MONTHS WITHOUT AN ACCIDENT

Saginaw, Mich.—The Safety First Campaign at Flint, Mich., has brought results. The drivers shown in the accompanying picture have operated trucks for the last six months without an accident. There are twelve trucks operated in Flint, and during the past six months only one accident has occured, which cost the Company $10.00. The driver that had the accident is not in the picture. (Aw—cruel and unusual punishment!—Ed.)

SIX NEW ANNUITANTS

Six employes have been placed on the company's annuity payroll since February 1st, according to an announcement by Mr. E.G.Seubert, fourth vice-president and secretary-treasurer of the company. They are:

Fred Scheffler, 10550 Avenue G, Chicago, formerly carpenter's helper and roofer at Whiting; with company 30 years and 8 months.

William Herman, 7310 Kingston avenue, Chicago, formerly carpenter at Whiting; with company 32 years and 4 months.

Edwin W. Engler, 304 Sheridan avenue, Whiting, formerly fireman at acid works, Whiting; with company 21 years and 10 months.

Michael Weigand, 309 Sheridan avenue, Whiting, formerly watchman at Whiting; with company 28 years and 8 months.

John Miller, 10250 Avenue M, Chicago, formerly carpenter at Whiting; with company 32 years and 10 months.

Frank H. Johnson, 616 East Second street, Michigan City, Ind., formerly warehouseman at Michigan City; with company 32 years and 6 months.

ANNUITANT DIES

The Record regrets to report the death of Mr. Thomas E. Archibald at Evanston, Ill., January 24. Mr. Archibald was formerly agent at Evanston and was in the service of the company 34 years and nine months. He was placed on the annuity roll July 1, 1921.

* * *

First Professor (in high-powered motor car)—We've got it at last.

Second Professor—G-got w-what?

First Professor—Perpetual motion—I can't stop.

13 YEARS WITHOUT AN ACCIDENT

Saginaw, Mich.—The above picture shows G. M. C. truck No. 15299, at Flint, Michigan. This truck is three years old, and for the last 15 months has been driven by O. J. Nye, who is shown in the picture. During the fifteen months Mr. Nye has driven the truck the only repair has been that of packing the water pump at a cost of 20 cents. Who can beat that record? In addition to that Mr. Nye has been driving for this Company thirteen years last August, and has never had an accident.

DIRTY FACES

The Whiting Mutual Benefit Association had a balance of $16,796.51 on February 1, 1922, with 1,340 members in good standing, according to the monthly report of Secretary W. O. Walker. Receipts for the month were $1,272.75 and disbursements $446. The association carries a checking account of $1,198.16, with the remainder of its funds invested as follows: Liberty bonds, $4,000; Whiting Savings & Loan Association stock, $5,304.50; Hammond City Improvement bonds, $5,025; savings account, Bank of Whiting, $906.99; War Savings Stamps, $361.86.

* * *

"How fast can your car go?"

"Just fast enough," replied Mr. Chuggins, "to break the road rules, and not fast enough to keep ahead of the cop."

C. O. D.

Detroit, Mich.—John Leon, tankwagon salesman at Clay avenue plant, was sent out to make delivery of one compartment of Red Crown, C. O. D. Being told that this customer was hard to get money from, he spotted his wagon and hooked up his hose. Customer looked at compartment, saying: "O. K. Let her go." After a duration of three minutes he came rushing out of his place of business hollering "Shut her off. I haven't got any money," to which John answered, "Don't worry; I haven't turned it on yet."

* * *

Elsie—"Mamma, George Washington must have had an awful good memory, didn't he?"

Mother—"Why, my dear?"

Elsie—"Because everywhere I go I see monuments to his memory."

WHEN THEY GROW UP THEY'LL DO BETTER

South Bend, Ind.—The above is a picture of Mr. Chas. Klaus, agent at Nappanee, Ind., who is 84 years old. With the assistance of his son, whom you see looking over the cab of the truck, he being 63 years old, he sold and delivered in the first three weeks of October 125 gallons of Eureka harness oil.

BOWLING BY WIRE

Whiting and Wood River bowlers couldn't keep off each other any longer and as it was impossible for them to get together on the same alleys they arranged a series whereby each team was to roll on its own alleys, the scores to be reported by telegraph. The first match was rolled March 1, Whiting leading by 132 pins. The second match was scheduled for March 8. Results of the first match were:

Whiting	930	930	891	2751
Wood River	904	824	891	2619

Members of the Whiting team are C. Henrikson, C. Miller, P. Liesse, Fred Lau and R. Wilkinson. Names of those bowling for Wood River have not yet been reported to the Record.

Here's an idea the sales department might take up next year. By using the mails instead of the telegraph—the cost of which might prove prohibitive—and reporting scores to a central office, a league with every division represented might be formed. Harshman of Indianapolis has been pondering such a stunt for some time. The Industrial Relations Department has nothing to do with the Sales Department but possibly it could be persuaded to act as a clearing house for scores. If Harshman would write a few insulting letters to some other divisions he might get something started.

* * *

Two professional men were talking. One characterized a friend as a gentleman, and the other asked, "Just what is a gentleman?"

"A gentleman," came the prompt reply, "is a man who is clean inside and outside; neither looks up to the rich nor down on the poor; who can lose without squealing and win without bragging; who is considerate to women, children and old people; who is too brave to lie; too generous to cheat; and who takes his share of the world and lets other people have theirs."

A good enough definition, don't you think?

CROWDS TURNED AWAY FROM S. O. BOXING-WRESTLING MEET

900 Men, Women and Excited Kids Storm Whiting Community Center When Jack West of the Boiler Shop Batters Down John Wargo of the Garage for Knockout—Kid Boxers and Battle Royal Tickle Cheering Throng

By J. W. BINHAMMER *Whiting Works*

Another boxing and wrestling meet, the second to be given within the past three months under auspices of the Standard Oil Athletic Association, was held in the Community Center, Whiting, February 27. Almost an hour before the time set, the house was packed, with hardly any standing room available. It was estimated that fully 900 people were in the hall and by the time the first bout was started, hundreds had to be turned away at the door. The show proved in every way the growing popularity of the Athletic Association at Whiting. No admission charge was made as this was purely for Standard Oil Company employees.

One noticeable feature of the evening was the large number of women who had taken interest in this entertainment. The whole balcony was reserved for women only and every seat was filled.

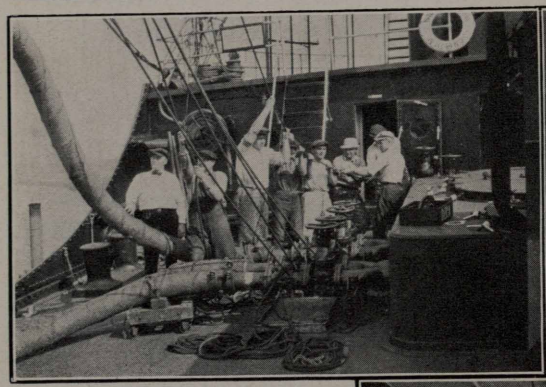
Although the entertainment was to start at 8 o'clock, the Standard Oil Company band, which had turned out in full force under the leadership of Fred Leverenz of Whiting, played several popular numbers, starting at 7:30 o'clock. The program opened with vocal solos by Leo Meyers, who sang "When Frances Dances with Me"; Vincent Sell, who sang "Carolina Rose"; and Harry Glair, who sang "Mandy 'n Me," with William Wilson and George Fedor accompanying. All these men are employees of the Standard Oil Company and were heartily applauded. Ed Grady also gave several recitations, much to the delight of the audience.

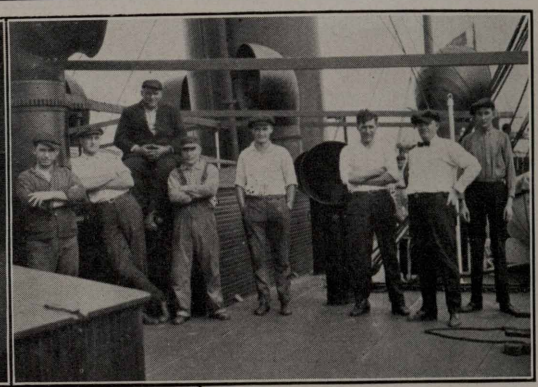
The first number of the program was a wrestling bout between Ned Naef of Whiting and Rudolph Stchl of Hammond, both men weighing in at 135 pounds. They wrestled ten minutes without a fall, the match being a draw, although there was plenty of action from the starting bell to the finish. The match was ably handled by Alex Manta, who was the third man in the ring.

William Wargo and Harold Jensen

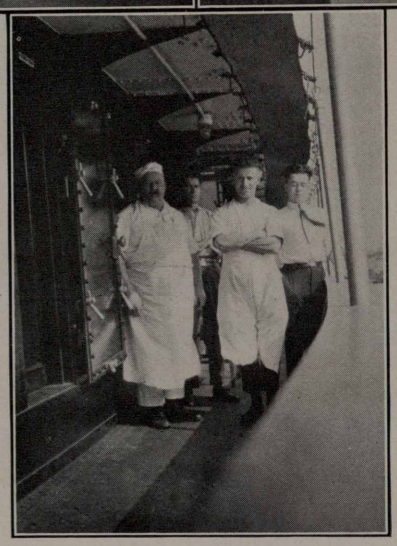
The second number was one of the surprises of the evening, when suddenly two men appeared in the ring each holding a bundle covered with a robe and only a small curly head protruding. Again, as suddenly, two small figures were seen, one in each corner of the ring. They were introduced as William Wargo of Whiting and Harold Jensen of Chicago, each being four years old and weighing 50 pounds to the ounce. They went three one-minute rounds and it was said that never before was such an exhibition seen in Whiting. They went into it with both hands flying from the first round to the last, with left hooks, uppercuts, etc., landing freely. This was sure one bout which won the whole hearted applause of everyone in the hall. Joe Wagner was referee and it sure was a sight

YO, HO, HO! AND A HOLD FULL OF GAS!





Meet some jolly people from THE FLEET, folks, these being some of the men who operate the good ship COWAN. In the upper left we have the forward crew, comprising quartermasters, lookouts and deckhands, hard at work. Left to right: Mate Leonard Johnson, Engel Olson, Henry Hommerquist, Andrew Hanson, Christ Carlson, Charles Swanson and Bill Jonathan. In the upper right we have the after crew, engineers, oilers and firemen.



Left to right: Eusivie Fernendz, Martin Swanson, Dave Wellman, Edward Hedwig, M. Galso, Mate Leonard Johnson and Charles McAllister. And in the center—the galley crew—Chief Cook Peter Willis, C. W. McKinnon, Pastry Cook James King and R. A. Sobolewski. Crews on the Great Lakes, 'tis said, are the best fed of any in the world, and crews on Standard Oil Company (Indiana) steamers are the best fed on the Great Lakes.

to see a six-footer giving advice to two scrappers neither higher than his knee.

Waljack and Higgins fought next for three rounds at 115 pounds. They put on an exhibition mostly of modern defense and heavy blows were scarce in this bout.

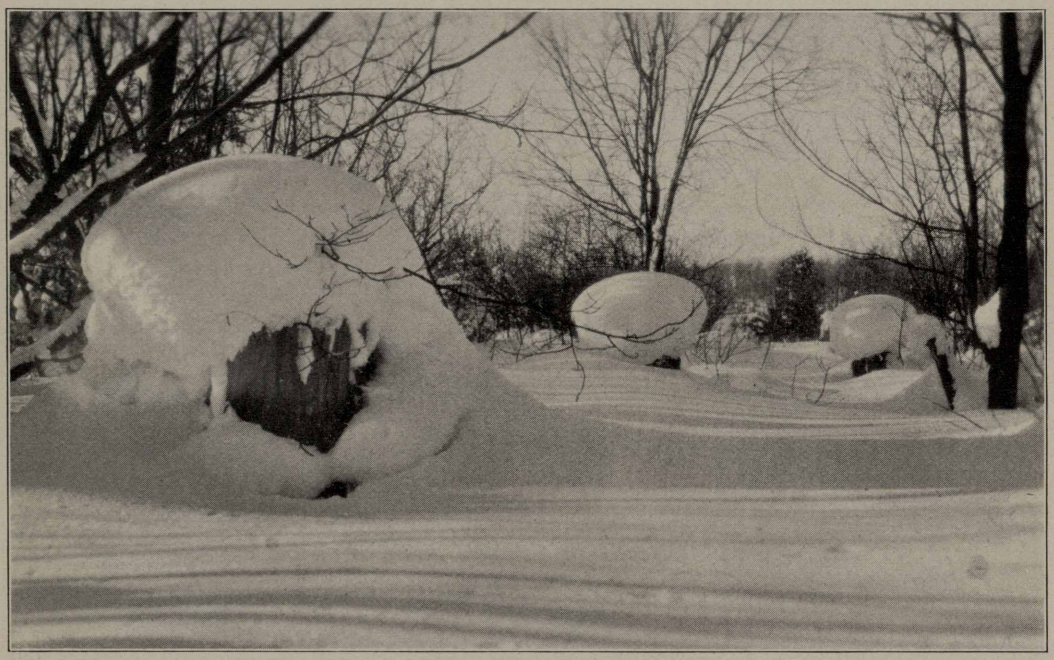
The third bout was between Jack Nibbler and Young Coughlin. This lasted three rounds with Coughlin having a slight edge on his opponent.

The McClellan brothers, both employed in the Whiting Refinery, and well known by hundreds of fellow workers, boxed three rounds of that variety of boxing known as shadow boxing. Both men displayed some clever footwork.

Johnny Croake, of South Chicago, substituting for O'Neill, fought three rounds with Young Adams of Cleveland, Ohio. This was a good bout, bringing out many of the fine points of boxing. During the intermission, Harry Glair presented Mr. Lou Moore, representative of the Refinery department, with the trophy cup won by the Red Crown team representing the Refinery department in the Standard Oil field meet, staged at Whiting park last summer. This was followed with a speech by Mr. D. J. Paskwietz, president of the association, on the plans of the Athletic Association in the future and the announcement of the drive for funds to be held March 20 to 25.

The big bout of the evening followed. It was to be a six-round affair between John Wargo of the garage and Jack West

MUSHROOMS IN MICHIGAN WONDERLAND



The Snow fairies, using stumps of trees as stems, scattered through the woods of Michigan thousands of giant mushrooms. If, with our porterhouse steaks, Chicago chefs would only serve us with mushrooms of this size, Alice in Wonderland would be no happier than we. The above was taken in the Michigan copper country, near Calumet, Duluth division.

of the boiler shop. It will be remembered that Wargo was the man who won a decision over Bill Schultz, the champion boxer of the Whiting refinery, at the first boxing entertainment held December 9, 1921, and that Jack West is the man who knocked out Andrew Casper with one blow in their bout at the field meet last summer. Both men are very popular at the plant and each had a large individual following. The bout lasted three rounds. In the first two rounds Wargo was plainly the leader, but in the third round, West, who had been saving himself while Wargo had been taking the offensive, opened up and with three quick blows sent Wargo to the floor for the fatal ten count and knockout.

The second surprise of the evening came when a little color was introduced by the sudden appearance of five huskies in the ring, each decorated with a pair of boxing gloves. The idea was to see which one of the five would be the last on his feet after the other four had been knocked out, he to receive the prize. Forthwith a sight was presented which will be remembered for a long time: five pairs of hands swinging at random with the owners falling to the floor, through the ropes and into one another's arms, until one by one they met their Waterloo and only one burly man was left standing. Joe Wagner refereed this Battle Royal and only once was he perplexed when trying to count out two of the participants who had been knocked out at the same time, much to the delight of the audience.

This concluded the program for the evening. Credit for the entertainment must be given Harry Keefe, chairman, Eddie Clabby, Chas. Groat and Eugene Grogan. Harry Glair deserves creditable mention for the efficient way he carried out his role af master of ceremonies in introducing the participants and announcing the events.

AMOS BALL

ON THE outside cover of this magazine appears the portrait of Amos Ball, assistant general manager, sales department, in charge of the Western division.

For the information of one C. A., who writes us about "white collared bosses who have soft jobs," Mr. Ball is one of those with a "soft job," which soft job consists of bearing the ultimate responsibility for the increase or decrease of sales in the Davenport, Des Moines, Kansas City, Quincy, St. Joseph, St. Louis and Wichita divisions, of trying to be simultaneously in points where he is needed in the four states of Iowa, Illinois, Missouri and Kansas, and at the same time attend marketing committee meetings in Chicago and keep up with his office work. Maybe C. A. would get corpulent on that job, but we can't say that Mr. Ball is getting so.

And for those who think our "bosses" somehow just fell into their big jobs, the career of Mr. Ball with this company should furnish a subject for illuminating thought. He entered the employ of the company twenty-five years ago at Marshalltown, Iowa, as a sort of utility man, having as his duties the performance of clerical work, firing the steam boiler, filling tank wagons, doing warehouse work and calling on the trade.

While performing these duties in the daytime he spent his nights studying shorthand and typewriting, and in April, 1900, was transferred to Des Moines as clerk and stenographer to Mr. M. Storer, manager. He held various positions in the Des Moines office, including those of assistant to the manager, chief clerk, and later assistant manager, which position he held in June, 1921, when he was made manager of the consolidated Des Moines and Dubuque divisions. In December, 1921, he was made assistant general manager, sales, in charge of the Western division.

During his service with the company there have been many momentous changes.

"When I first started," he told us, "our principal product was kerosene oil for use in lamps. Gasoline was sold almost altogether for use in stoves, and, significant of the times, one of our most famous specialties was 'Boston Coach Oil.' The internal combustion engine for stationary power, and its use in automobiles, trucks, tractors and flying machines, was practically unknown. Our deliveries were all made by horse drawn vehicles, and nobody ever dreamed of a service station.

"During these years it has been my good fortune to have witnessed the profound effect of all these things on our business and to have had a small part in its upbuilding. It is exhilirating and inspiring to think of what the next twenty-five years must hold in store for this great industry. May we all live to see it!"

ALEX NAPUDA OF SUGAR CREEK TAKES THE PLUNGE

Sugar Creek, March 1.—After Alex Napuda's partner in crime, Frank Diesko, took the fatal plunge, Alex couldn't stand it any longer, so followed in Frank's footsteps, as is shown above. As this picture was received just in time to make the deadline, we were unable to obtain any of the details, not even the name of the bride, but if anyone desires any additional information, just ask Alex; he'll tell you all about it.

The lady bank clerk had completed her first week, and a friend asked her how she liked the work.

"Oh, it's beautiful!" said the girl. "I'm at a branch where nearly all the people we know have accounts, and it's so nice to see how little money some of your friends have in the bank!"

* * *

Mr. Jones, while reading the morning paper at breakfast, was astonished to see the announcement of his own death. He rang up his friend Smith at once. "I say, Smith! have you seen the announcement of my death in the morning paper?"

"Yes," said Smith. "Where are you speaking from?"

* * *

"Dear God," prayed golden-haired little Willie, "please watch over my mamma."

And then he added as an after-thought, "And I dunno as it would do any harm to keep an eye on the old man, too."

* * *

Newlywed—Why don't you make the bread mother used to make?

Mrs. Newlywed—Why don't you make the dough father used to make?

The bashful bachelor on the fifth floor recently encountered a neighbor, a young mother, and, wishing to be neighborly, asked:

"How is your little girl, Mrs. Jones?"

"My little boy is quite well, I thank you, Mr. Smith," replied the proud mother.

"Oh, it's a boy!" exclaimed the bachelor in confusion. "I knew it was one or the other."

* * *

Mrs. Casey: "Me sister writes me that every bottle in that box we sent her was broken. Are yez sure yez printed 'This side up with care' on it?"

Casey: "Oi am. An' for fear they shouldn't see it on the top, Oi printed it on the bottom as well."—*Boston Transcript.*

* * *

"A caller with a poem wants to see you, sir."

"The devil! What's his name?"

"It's a young lady, sir, an' she's a peach."

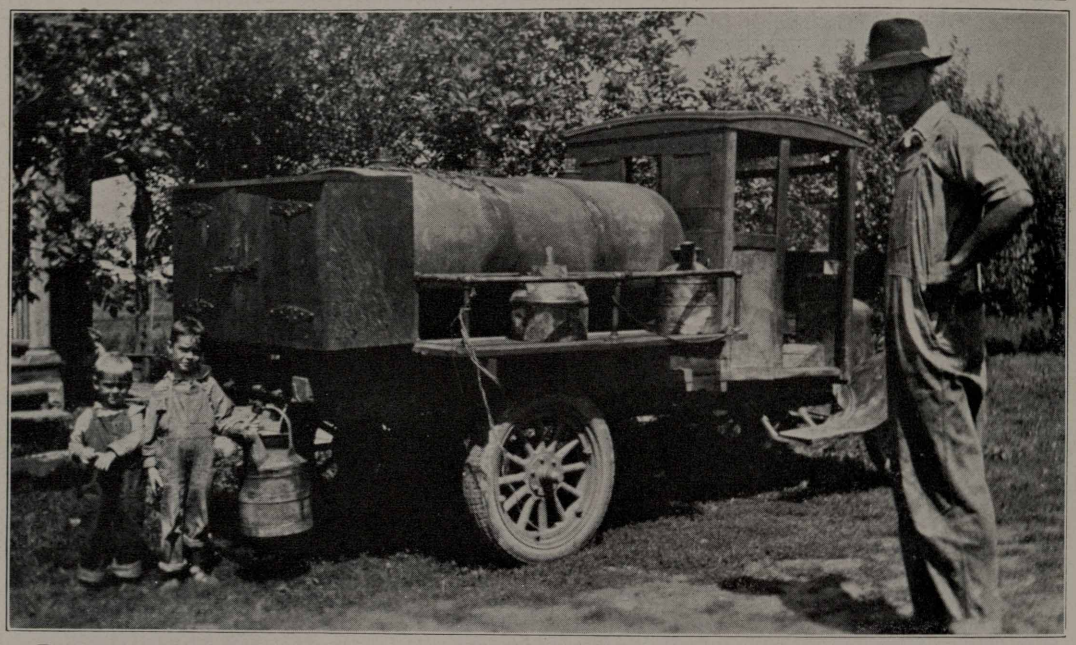
"Ah! Show her in. I'll be glad—ahem!—to look at her lines."

* * *

"Heavens! I've swallowed a pin. What shall I do?"

"Well, don't make all that fuss over a pin. Here's another one."

THEY SAY HE'S GOT A HAWKEYE FOR BUSINESS



Davenport, Iowa.—Here is one of our prides of the Hawkeye state, Mr. J. A. DeDecker, agent at Victor, Iowa, with his man 'o war and two able seamen. They're always eager to help out Dad.

AN S. O. SERVICE STATION, AD INTERIM

"Service, Anytime, Anywhere, and Under Any Conditions".—A new service station was being built at Payne and Whitehall, St. Paul, but Carl L. Lundberg and Dave Turnblom kept right on supplying customers in the manner shown here. They kept it up from July 1 to September 1.

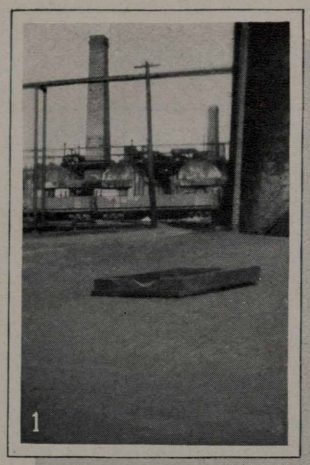
FUELING THE FIRE FIGHTERS AT ABERDEEN

Huron, S. D.—Chief C. F. Kingsley, of Aberdeen, is very proud of the fire fighting equipment maintained by that city, and with good reason, for we believe the equipment is as good as in most cities of twice the population. One truck is a White, another an American LaFrance and the third a Studebaker. The men standing between the second and third trucks are all Standard Oil folks. Left to right: G. H. Ryan, "A" station agent; J. B. Daly, city salesman; H. B. Coshun, district superintendent; D. F. Hamlin, in charge of service stations, and W. L. McGovern, his assistant.

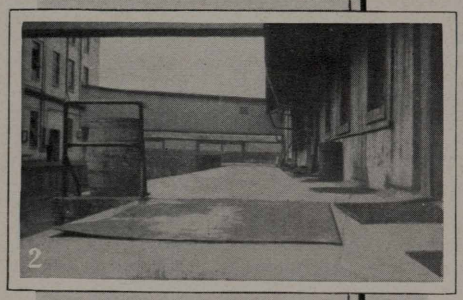
JUST A BABY, BUT TALKING ALREADY!

Peoria, Ill.,—This is S. S. 167, Springfield, Ill., Peoria division. This station, though but recently constructed, is up and coming with the best, and the attendants, Geo. Hoffman and Jas. Merrill, are on the job early and late as exponents of the service symbolic of Standard Oil.

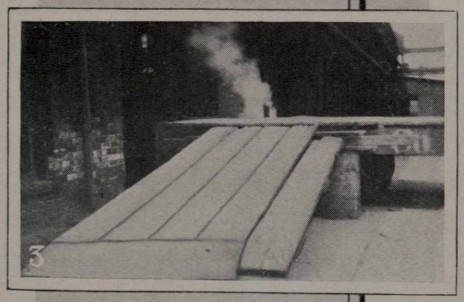
Brought to Light Safety First!



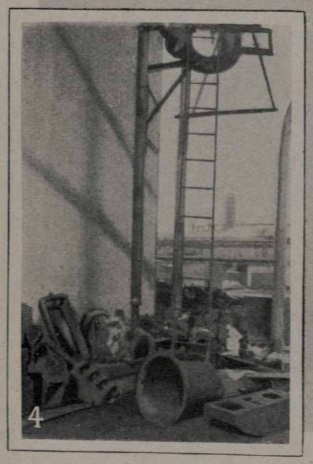
It did not rain pitchforks on a certain windy day, but wooden man-hole covers from the top of tanks. These are now hinged so they can not blow down. Do you know where there are any other loose covers like these? All loose overhead material is a menace, on windy days.



They just will not lie flat, so why leave iron plates in passageways or on loading platforms where they are a stumbling hazard, or where cut shins will be the result. At this particular place they are now kept along the side of the building.



One plank broken from this runway. When are the rest going to part company? Be honest now, do you really enjoy working on a runway of this kind? There is only one way to build a ramp of this kind and that is the "Safe" way.



The ladder is all right, we will guarantee that, but what a mess to step into. Some people surely do pick out peculiar places to pile scrap iron. And yet if a man broke his neck some night at this point someone would have the nerve to call it an accident.

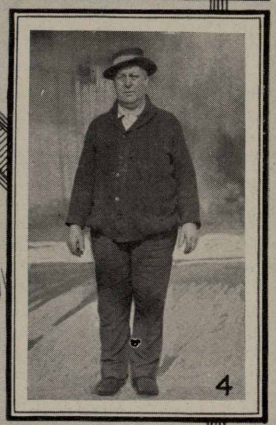
Submitted by

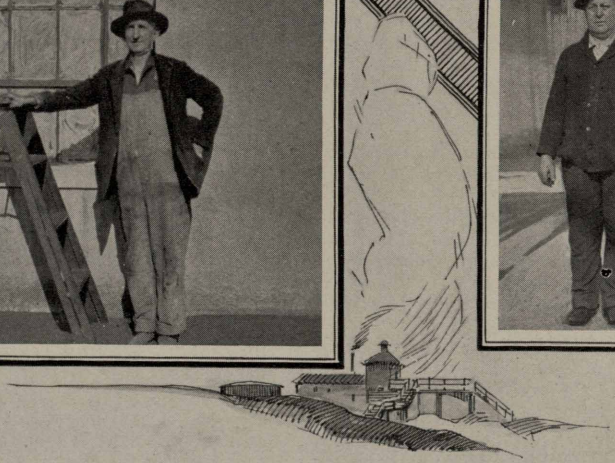
C. W. Smith, *Safety Director, Standard Oil Company (Indiana)*

and

Fred Lau, *Assistant Safety Director, Whiting Works*

Famous In Wood River, Illinois





No. 1—Thomas Gifford, watchman at North gate. No. 2—Ed Carmody, veteran who worked at Whiting before coming to Wood River, shown at his work on the agitators; he's considerably "up in the air" in this picture. No. 3—Pres Atkinson, janitor at No. 1 boilerhouse washroom is known throughout the plant for his sunny smile. No. 4—William Soliday, stillman at the steam stills and veteran in the company service, snapped while on the job; he hasn't gotten thin working for Standard Oil, we gather.

WHITING, IND.

During the process of cleaning a large number of empty iron barrels at the new barrel house, February 21, a Masonic gold ring was found in one. Should the loser happen to read this he can recover the ring by communicating with Whiting.

Where was Mr. P. A. Petersen, superintendent of the can house, going Sunday morning? He was all slicked up! Purple spats, a bright green suit, yellow and brown cap, white vest and tan shoes. Was he going to a ball or Coo Coo? There is a reward of 83,000 Pesos (32 cents in American money) for any information as to where he was going. Please notify Mr. John Roman, chief solderer, Standard Oil Company.

Frank Fischer, Grand Chief Wahoo of the Cherokee A. C., attended a banquet of Wild Moose, March 6, 1922. We would like to know if there were any wild women there.

FOR SALE OR TRADE: One perfectly good lot 50x25feet in Roseland for one Ford Sedan; apply to Jake Berhens, can house.

Archie Jewel, of the clean-up department, is on the sick list. The boys hope for his speedy recovery.

Tom Walsh, of the switching department, is back on the job after being off several weeks due to an injury.

Howard Deveney, of the clean-up department, has been under the weather for the past week.

Wilbur Gough, clerk at the salvage yard, is in Denver for his health.

Pete Byrne, of the salvage yard, suffered a paralytic stroke last month and was taken to the Auburn Park hospital. The boys hope for his speedy recovery.

Mrs. Brown, wife of our congenial employment man, has gone to Indianapolis to take treatment for her health.

Mr. C. C. Koehler, employment manager of the Sugar Creek refinery, was a visitor at the Whiting refinery.

Mrs. Minsberg, wife of our machine shop general foreman, was removed to a local hospital last week.

John Kish, of the clean-up department, is back on the job after a week's absence due to illness. The boys at the pressure stills are glad to see John on the job again.

The salvage king, Tom Burke, is back on the job after several weeks' illness.

John Muldoon, of the machine shop, and Ralph White, of the pipe shop office, are to open a garage on New York avenue.

We extend our sympathies to Mr. J. V. Nyland and family in their recent bereavement over the death of Mr. Nyland's mother.

The filtering oils department now claims to have on its employee's roll one of the best athletes in the plant, in the person of William Theissen, who accepted a position here Feburary 23.

We regret to announce that Miss Violet Brechman, forelady at the FFF plant, has left the employ of the company. We wish her luck on any future undertaking.

Mr. Dave Clements bewails the fact that all he lacks in his outward appearance is good looks, but then you should worry, Dave; they say beauty is only skin deep.

We now have a real automobile salesman in our midst. He is none other than Mr. Chas. Fogli, who has taken over the Buick-Chandler agency in Whiting.

The personnel of the white oil department is again increased by the transferring of the Misses Susanne Skrabala, Marie Bertic and Sophia Blastich from the grease works and Grace Johnson from the can house.

Eddie Juliar must be contemplating buying a car (judging from the inquiries we hear of everything from a Ford to a Piecre). So you auto salesmen get busy.

Mr. Ed Grothouse reports another addition to his family. This brings the total up to seven sons. We'll say things ought to be bright around your home, Mr. Grothouse.

If the railroad company were to make a close check on the number of monthly tickets sold between Chicago and Whiting, they would see an increase of at least one ticket per month. Reason: on the fifteenth of February, Mr. John Fischrupp took unto himself a wife, Miss Olga Swanson. Her home was in Chicago—so is John's now. Just the same the candy and cigars were swell, John.

Jack Westfall was off about a week in the middle of February, due to illness. We are glad to see you back on the job again, Mr. Westfall.

Fred Wilhelm thinks he possesses at least two of the attributes which make a politician, namely, that he is fat and that he can throw a good line.

Anyone taking a stroll down the alley in back of Atchison avenue will see two new structures designed to be garages, one in the rear of Mr. Ben Jones' residence and the other belonging to Mr. James Judson, built ostensibly to house their respective cars. Jones claims his is Gothic architecture while Mr. Judson does not know if his is Twentieth Century design or some Pre-Historic. They were built by the owners themselves, jointly working together. No doubt now they soon will be hanging out their shingles reading, "Jones and Judson, Garage Builders De Luxe."

Notice: Eugene Grogan and John Binhammer have been appointed reporters of the filtering oils department. Anyone having any current comment, news, clippings, or pictures suitable for publication, will please turn them over to either of the above mentioned reporters.

THE HOLY SMOKE

Vol. I Final Edition *No. 1*

Published daily, weekly, or monthly (see the editor)

By the Editor: The Holy Smoke will be published daily, weekly, etc., or when sufficient data can be gathered to form another publication. No matter contained herein should be taken seriously by anyone. Caution:—Don't blame the editor as most all the news is solicited. THANK YOU.

Topics of the Day: What was the trouble with Radloff's eyes Wednesday morning?

Why does a certain Steno still wear galoshes when Russian boots are in the vogue?

Why does Marie Rittman jump about two feet whenever anyone approaches beside or in back of her unawares. You'll have to ask her, we think she knows.

NOTICE—Any news, advertisements, etc., will be gladly received by the editor.

Weather: Forecast taken every two weeks. Temperature range today will be from 10° to 455°. Probably snow, rain or sunshine. To be on the safe side, better prepare for all.

Face powder companies have larger sales. See Elizabeth Schulz for particulars.

Information Wanted: I would like to get full particulars on all transportation facilities between Chicago and Whiting, preferably R. R., Street Car, Air-plane, and Submarine. Signed, John Fischrupp.

Wilhelm in the Limelight: Fred Wilhelm, our popular School Board, busted three buttons of his vest last Friday due to the fact that he received a letter that was in one of the sacks included in the Whiting mail robbery February 1st.

Our popular matinee idol, John Fischrupp, is about to jump the broom stick and will land in the uncertain waters of matrimony. Our sympathy goes out to the unfortunate lady.

Confidentially, Quinn says "Hammond surely put on a minstrel show." He is a great booster for Hammond (now).

Orders Taken Now: I will take orders now, up to carload lots, for raspberries to be delivered within six months, as my currant bushes are starting to bloom now. Signed, Geo. Parker. P. S.: See sample in laboratory.

Elizabeth Schultz thinks there should be an official investigation made into the affairs at Hollywood if they get any worse.

FOR SALE. Three pairs of nice shoes, cheap, at the low price of $9.98. Only have been worn one-half year each. Signed, Dick Compton.

Reduce: Dr. Parker claims great things by eating the proper food. He makes the statement that by only eating cakes and pies, he has reduced from 190 to 220 pounds and he further asserts that he firmly believes he can shrink himself to a ton. Dr. George's appearance proves his theory.

Dick made the natives of Chicago a visit last Friday. We wonder what Dick will use when the doctor pronounces him well.

Sure Signs of Spring: Henry Bodefeld wears tan oxfords at work all day Friday.

We Wonder Why: Brenner walks so fast (so he don't catch cold, they say.); the steno is always looking for gum; Marie likes to wear Brenner's coats and sweaters; Art quits work at 3:45 p. m. Fridays; we walk down the track as we wend our weary way homeward *now.*

This concludes the first issue of Holy Smoke. Did you enjoy it?

SUGAR CREEK, MO.

Alex Nylund's neighbors have all been wondering why the crape on the barn door. While investigating they ran across Tony Phillips and of course Tony, being an honest man, informed them that one night a band of robbers tried to get into his yard and he proceeded to take one good shot at them. As luck would have it, Alex Nylund's dog happened to be the leader of the gang. By taking good aim he settled one old debt that he had been wanting to settle ever since he sold his calf. But now Tony has all the neighbors down on him for being so cruel hearted.

Eddie Henderson, of the machine shop, is the proud father of a baby girl, born the morning of February 6th at three bells. The only disappointment about it to Eddie is that it was not a boy.

Doc Johnson, of the laboratory, says, "I'll never be without fresh eggs again."

Tom Dumsky held his secret for a long time, but it is finally out. And Tom, we want the cigars.

George Gibbons is a real democrat; he says that during Wilson's administration he bought and paid for his house, and now he has to mortgage it in order to get enough money to put on a new roof.

Field Marshall M. V. Hancock has been promoted to the honorable position of toting pay checks. Can you imagine a native of the swamps of Tennessee being able to scale these fire walls and climb winding stairs under such heavy responsibility? But our junk dealer, Chuck Masters, of the salvage yard, says it is not astonishing at all, since Hancock has acquired the ability of making a nine-ball combination on the three-ball in the side pocket of a billiard table; therefore he is capable of doing anything.

Tony Phillips was made very happy when he opened his mail and found enclosed a check for fifteen dollars from a well known furnace company in Kansas City, informing him that they were sorry that they had overcharged him, and if this was not enough they would gladly make up the shortage. Tony was somewhat surprised to get it.

The boys have all been wondering why Harvey Kimball refuses to tip his hat when he meets a lady on the street. We know Harvey to be a perfect gentleman in all respects, so Harvey please take your hat off.

Since Pete Akers has been working with Carl Smee, he has sent his father to Arkansas to buy a piece of land—excuse me, I mean rocks, honest-to-goodness rocks, because I have been there myself. Pete sure falls hard when he does fall.

"The Mystery of the Pressure Stills," or why did George Thomas walk into the ash pit that was full of water?

The thrill that comes once in a lifetime—G. W. T. back at his old stand, while R. C. W. was in Chicago.

Two of our old timers have left us, Chris Jordan Toncheff, of the pipe department, and John Toth, of the common labor department. They are both moving to Whiting.

Talk about figures; you should see George Hackett in swimming!

Virg Caldwell says his Ford is just as simple as his old tongueless cultivator used to be.

Pat Leyden is back on his old job again in the boiler shop and challenges anyone to a game of horse shoes, no one barred.

George Rolls is getting to be some engineer. He drove two Ford "lizzies" to work the other morning. Some driver is George.

Farmer Frisby says he will build on his two lots this spring, if the neighbors don't object. No one has lost any chickens for the last two years, so Farmer, don't build. (A tip.)

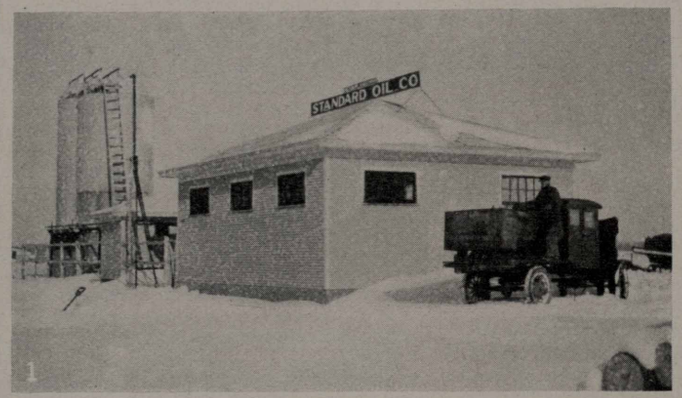
Alvis Smith is all puffed up nowadays. He has a ten-pound boy and says the boy will learn to say "Dad" before he is four months old. He has already asked the "Old Man" for a job heating rivets for the boy, starting next summer.

It has been rumored that Perry McAvoy has been trying out new boarding houses. (I'll bet that Perry will be pretty sore when he reads this and that he will try to find out who wrote it. I'll also bet that he will find out who wrote it and that he raises cain with them when he does.)

Mr. Editor: You will notice that our news column does not amount to a great deal this month. It is not filled with "pungent paragraphs" as we would like it to be. This is because we were unable to get the incomparable Archie E. Hicks to contribute anything. Hicks is good at this kind of work; he simply can't be beat; he should devote his entire time to journalism. Please do not think that this is being published merely to gratify the vanity of Mr. Hicks, and that we thought that by this means we could get him to help us out, nothing like that—oh, no.

John Beal, pipe coverer, has the most expensive home in Sugar Creek, and the natives take pride in pointing it out to visitors as one of the beauty spots of the town of which there are so many. (?) John has a fully equipped work shop in the basement, and makes good use of his tools.

SNOW DULUTH UNDER? IT CAN'T BE DONE!



No. 1—"And snowing yet, Jerooshe o!" R. E. Espin, agent at Meadowlands, Minn., getting in from trip of two days. Was stuck in snow and forced to take refuge in farmhouse. Normally he makes same trip in five hours. But he made it and delivered 1 300 gallons of Perfection and Red Crown! No. 2—When his flivver co sed itself licked, Archie McKenzie, country salesman, got out his snowshoes and continued to call on the trade. No. 3—I. M. Cripe, agent at Wausaukee, Wis., and his gang, maintained S. O. Service in spite of the Snow King. No. 4—Salesmen, "A" station agents and department heads who refused to let the snow cool their enthusiasm at annual sales meeting, Duluth. No. 5—Sorry space doesn't permit showing deer shot by Agent Fred Hooper, Iron River, Mich., and Fred, Jr. No. 6—Agent H. Hartwig, Manistique, Mich., kept in touch with the trade even when engines on the Manistique & Lake Superior railroad gave up the ghost like this.

Passengers on Fleischman's bus were given a shock recently when Jim Hinde rode home with them, and then were entertained with an explanation as to why Jim separated himself from so much of the filthy lucre at one time. It was learned that Jim had a twenty-five cent deal on at home with a fifty per cent profit in it for him. The boys are trying to figure it out as to whether Jim is to be a future financier or has his pockets lined with fish hooks.

C. E. DeLand, head timekeeper, is one good sport; he has volunteered to back up the Athletic committee to the extent that others fail to do, so you got to hand it to him. C. E. always was a rooter and his actions on the side lines stamp him as a dyed-in-the-wool fan.

E. J. (Professor) Cox has quit trading Fords, and is now dabbling in real estate, and contemplates building in the near future. He hasn't got it figured out yet how he can get a forty-foot building on a forty-foot lot, and not use his neighbor's yard to come through. We suggest he put the front of the building where it belongs or let someone else do the figuring for him.

Judge—When is a man intoxicated?

Tippy Howard—I don't know, Judge; I am so young and unsophisticated, and having seen so little of intoxication in my young life, I am not capable of judging.

(Extract from testimony at Sugar Creek City Hall). Ask "Doc" Woodward. He knows. The marshal was just "sick."

Warren (Sally) Starks has been promoted to the position of truck driver, and here's hoping he will get rid of some of that avoirdupois that he has been toting around here for the last twenty-five years.

Jim O'Hara succeeds "Sally" Starks in charge of the garage.

The employees of the main office take this opportunity to express their sympathy in the death of Mrs. Von Holtzscherr, at Ottumwa, Iowa, age 81 years. Mrs. Von Holtzscherr was an aunt of Wallie B. Hodge, formerly a member of the main office force, but now a clerk in M. V. Hancock's office.

To Charles W. Smith and wife belongs the honor of being the parents of the first twins born in Sugar Creek. Twin girls arrived on the 29th of January, Charlie said if they were boys he would have called them "Pete" and "Repete."

WOOD RIVER, ILL.

Herb and George, of the machine shop, are famous as duck hunters. Saturday night, January 28, they spent hunting ducks at the power station. However, Jake says some of the ducks were fishy. Perhaps they were fish ducks, boys.

If you wish to start a small riot just ask Press Atkinson, our well known janitor, for a bucket of steam.

S. J. Halloran has taken up dancing as a specialty.

The machine shop wishes to express its thanks to H. Wuestenfeld and Doc Weindel for quitting tobacco. Our tobacco lasts twice as long now.

Just ask Simon Halloran what the Bumble Bee has to say.

Our Athletic Association has taken up horseshoes. What's next, mumblepeg or checkers?

John Fedoric, acid works fireman, attended a wedding in Benld, and you would know he enjoyed himself if you were ever present at one of these Hungarian weddings, where they have everything.

We have noticed a number of contests in the Record, but the acid works challenges any and all on having the ugliest three. George Carson, Joe Evans, stillmen, and Sheets, fireman, had their teeth removed and are now awaiting the making of a new set of corn on the cob cutters.

John Seni, acid works stillman, bought a hog and butchered it himself, and its products cost him more that way than if he bought packing house products. He now believes the packers must sell and get a good price for the squeal.

John White, lead burner at acid works, reported after two days off duty that he had a bad cold and then added he would have to buy another gallon. They never called that a cold before prohibition—they simply stated you were having a hilarious time.

O. Hopkins, extra fireman at acid works, ruined our record for Safety First as is shown on bulletin board. He felt acid on his neck and then looked up and some of the acid went in his eye.

It is reported that Max Hartwig proposes to submit an ordinance to the village board to prohibit water troughs and such in this village. Hartwig says he can produce ample reasons why such an ordinance should be in vogue, and can take the members of said council to Alton to prove his contentions. We understand that Billy Witthofft and Art Hibbard are backing Max in this move.

Chas. Zweig, of the paraffine department, has purchased a new Dodge automobile. Let this serve as a warning to pedestrians.

Harvey McDowell was out for a little drive the other day and tried to jump a ditch with his Chevrolet. It is the usual old story from then on. Harvey had plenty of asphaltum in the transmission, but didn't have quite enough soda along.

Wm. Traband has acquired a Ford. It is in good shape except that the rear wheels have to be raised off the ground when it is desired to start the engine. This apparently is a "Safety First" method as the magneto is loose. Some say that Bill bought it, but we have more confidence in Bill than to believe that. It must have been given to him.

Ben Purcell is sporting a Baby Grand Chevrolet now. Let us know when you go anywhere in it, Ben.

Joe Jackson has been off a week on account of sickness. We hope Joe will be with us before long.

It seems that the amount of telephone service is governed by who the operator is. George Thompson, Bill Hoffman and Fred Gerl have been seen using the 'phone a great deal lately, Bill Hoffman having the worst luck of the three. He had trouble starting his car Sunday morning because it was raining, and on account of being out working with the car didn't hear his telephone ring.

The Safety department has distributed some fine calendars. They are attractive and instructive, but they are out a month late. We are all thankful for being remembered with one, but then—Remember Safety First and be on time.

Mike Calahan has ambitions to be a Ford demonstrator and has asked all the property owners in Park View to cut all trees along the streets low to the ground.

Bill Hoffman brought back a fine bouquet of roses from Alton the other day. Bill is always considerate of his father.

Harry Canfield took in the auto show in St. Louis recently. Harry couldn't make up his mind what kind of a car he wanted, so decided to wait and think it over.

We are glad to report that Arthur Heuer is back at work after a two weeks battle with the "flu."

Shorty McDonald, of the gas absorbers, was seen carrying a pin of steel home the other day. Shorty explained that he was going to make a lathe from the pin and with lathe cut some new valves, and then put the old car on the market, ten dollars down, ten dollars per month.

Joe Evans had all his teeth pulled the other day, and although he is a toothless wonder, Joe can still talk.

The coke train had a wreck, a good one, and now Bill Witthofft is kept busy telling "who steers the dinky anyway."

Mr. Geo. Lang, in purchasing a box of sugared popcorn, drew a fiddle as a prize. Mr. C. Wiggins, of No. 5 crude house, purchased the same for the small sum of $50.00 cash. He says he knows music.

Mr. J. Phipps, No. 5 crude house, took another trip in his gasoline drinking nerve wrecker. Results: stripped transmission, six blowouts and a broken clutch. It only cost $13.90, he says, and he did the work himself. We wish you better luck next time, John.

We are sorry to hear that Lucile, the little daughter of Mrs. and Mr. Wm. Stormer, has the mumps. We are hoping for an early recovery.

FOR SALE: Eggs by the dozen or setting or by the hundred settings. Rates on carload lots. See Charles Wiggins, No. 5 house.

A banquet was tendered Rus. Durham and the members of his gun squad by Gus Haller and his cohorts recently. The losers of the "shoot" were to put up the feed, and Gus lost. A good time is reported and it is said that Gus made a good host. We have, however, heard some comments as to the sarcastic remarks in speech by Durham regarding the shooting qualities of Haller's outfit. In connection with this "shoot" Durham has confided that Haller yelled "pull" five times. The man in charge of the trap did his work, but Gus was unable to see any bluerocks. He turned around and wanted to know what was the matter that the trap was not sprung. Anyway, Gus was successful in bagging three rocks, which is going some for him. From the best information obtainable we understand that Haller expects to get revenge by having Durham put on the jury docket in the near future.

Wm. Halton motored to Staunton last Sunday inspecting the concrete paving.

Union Street hath charms for Edward Carmody, treater on the refinery agitators.

Ralph Volz visited relatives in Highland, Saturday.

"Gee, goils," said the sophisticated flapper, "didja see Mr. Hannold at de Fireman's Ball on de 14th?" We did.

Harry Harrod had an accident, in which his Ford figured prominently. Fortunately no one was hurt.

Tiry Harrod's wife has been quite sick, but has recovered sufficiently to permit Tiry to return to work.

George Harr spent his last "thirty-two off" in Alton, on good behavior, so he says.

We wish to extend our sympathy to Earl Custer, in the death of his father, C. E. Custer, who died in Florida recently.

Mr. Walter Heideman and his Lexington made a trip to Delhi through some muddy roads, taking his sweetheart and her mother and father to visit Mr. and Mrs. Orville Britweiser. Walter had two good reasons for making this trip—his first Sunday off in six months and a fine chicken dinner.

Mr. Robert Parks does not wear the same overcoat to work now that he did before they had the plugged line at the pitch stills. The collar he wore that day is being cleaned also.

August Schuler, pressman helper, is thinking seriously of getting married. We wonder if it is any of our business who she is.

Bernard Halloran had an operation performed on his eye February 1 by Doctor Blair of St. Louis. We understand that the operation was entirely successful.

Red Coulter, the sorrel-topped boilermaker with the large opening under his nose, has flung a challenge far and wide stating that his 17 months old baby boy can lick anyone of his weight. Perhaps he can, Red, but it is also true that you said that little Don can chin himself ten times in succession and walk seventy-one feet on his hands.

John Robertson, the old reliable fireman at No. 2 house, crude, is in the chicken business as a side line. "Happy" has Rhode Island Reds fed on assorted gravel from the bed of Wood River, and Brown Leghorns fed on the choicest garden truck of the neighbors. Eggs, two dollars per setting. Rhode Island Reds guaranteed to lay; Brown Leghorns are guaranteed to feed off the neighbors.

Henry Ronnenberg is the man who accommodates everybody. He took Joe Jackson to Alton the other day to get one of Joe's trucks. While they were waiting for the truck the water in Henry's Ford froze. It required real diplomacy and much self-control to keep the situation calm.

Matt Freeman, the handy man of No. 2 crude house, invested in some prize White Rock chickens several weeks ago. About the time Matt thought they would start laying, they all died, and are still laying or lying.

Geo. Lang was off a few days with a light attack of grippe, but is now back on the job, something his many friends in the plant are glad to note.

Harvey McDowell, an old side-kick of Charles Wiggins, enjoyed a motor trip to St. Louis on one of his thirty-two off. Harvey was busy watching the pretty women and ran out of gas and had to push the old "Chev" several blocks to the next filling station.

We have been asked questions often which we cannot answer, and so we advertise for help on this one: "Why is Bill Hoffman called the Black Prince and the Wizard?"

Henry Monken seems to be happy these days and has his lips parted with the famous "Monken" smile. The sun glints off those gold teeth with a real dazzle.

John Phipps had an exciting motor wreck at Battle Creek the other week. The details include a broken axle and some stripped gears. The main part of the story was that John had a team of mules hitched to the car and the old mill parted in the middle.

Claude Kiger, of the extra firing gang, started to St. Louis during the cold spell. The water in the radiator froze so that it was necessary to leave the car at Madison.

Somebody beguiled Johnson, the mortar-mixer of the brick department, to wait at a hole in the ground with a club on Groundhog day. It took a long time to locate Johnson after the whistle blew.

Charlie Young, the ex-corporal of the chocolate soldiers in the A. E. F., has just taken the last degree in the N. B. F. Charlie says this requires him to let the neighbors' chickens alone, and stay out of watermelon patches.

Henry Schewe, of No. 1 house, is the agent for India herbs, "the most wonderful medicine in the

world—cures dyspepsia, kidney trouble, rheumatism and lumbago, stops the hair from falling out, and removes grease spots. A sample given away, the only charge being the price of the bottle—one dime, ten cents."

Dick Gerdes is advertising for a lost tar pin. It seems that Dick had just finished making the pin and had smoothed it off in first class shape, when it disappeared. Some way Harry Gifford always laughs when the subject is mentioned.

Harry Canfield, of the crude still repair gang, is to be transferred to the pipe shop. This is a promotion, but we feel the loss at Harry's leaving the first division. Harry is a bright, industrious young man and will make good wherever he goes.

Jim Carrigan says he plated up six crude stills in 45 minutes. We are liable to gamble he can't "plate up" one in 45 minutes. However, we now know why Ireland was so long gaining her freedom—Jim Carrigan was not there.

Asa Lipseic bought a new Gardner automobile the other day, but had to take it to the garage the first day he tried to run it. The carburetor and several other parts of the engine were missing. The telephones are still working, so it must have been a stone wall Asa rammed into.

David Moore's black and tan beagle hound is advertised "lost, strayed or stolen." Surely that hound stopped with Bill Obermiller or Henry Ronnenburg, Davy.

Artie Swope, of the crude still repair gang, has announced his candidacy for the Mayor of South Wood River. Judging from Artie's test of the coils in 5 and 6 condenser boxes he would make a good Mayor.

John Tryonovitch stepped into No. 1 house the other day, and not seeing the stillman or helper, proceeded to help himself to a few of the supplies. The rag can moved right toward John, frightening him so that he jumped five feet and his hair stood on end. John wasn't able to part his hair for a week.

Herb Wolweaver and his Marmon were seen passing through Wood River last week. The Marmon had a tire off and badly battered fender and radiator and was towed by a Chevrolet truck pulling in second gear and hitting on three cylinders.

Elmer Honke is a very short little fellow. It is told that when he went to see his girl the first time, her mother asked him if he still believed in Santa Claus.

Herman Falkenhain, despite Matt Freeman's preaching, still continues to borrow chewing tobacco from the firemen.

Albert Hall went to Granite City the other day to get a good piece of walnut furniture he had seen advertised. But finding all specimens were made of "hoak, helm, hash or 'emlock," he came back empty handed.

Henry Whelan has decided that it is hard to please a woman even in the matter of a house. Henry laid off the other day to buy a house, but his better half vetoed the proposition.

George Oetkin recently hired a nurse in a case of sickness at his home. Jim Mooney was seen to wave his hand every time he passed George's house, which was on several occasions. Happily, Mr. Oetkin's family are now all well, but Jim Mooney seems downhearted.

Lawrence Regus is out after the cleanest shift on the crude stills, judging from the amount of soap he recently passed out.

A. W. Smith was five hours late getting home one day. Smithy says he didn't know before that five hours could be talked about so much.

Roy Thompson is nervy, to say the least. Roy has been taking his family to his father's to spend the thirty-two hours off each week. Now that Roy's Ford is for sale, the old gentleman will soon have to come in and take Roy and family out.

Some of the boys can't harmonize Harold Vernor's $7,000 house and five-cent corncob pipe. (Maybe it's cause and effect.—Ed.)

Archie Bowman is considering painting his Ford and has referred to the laboratory for a suitable mixture of shoe blacking and stove polish.

Henry Gifford makes a regular weekly visit to Belle street in Alton.

For the latest in Paige automobiles, consult Alfred Foster at No. 3 house.

Bob Claybough helped Henry Wrench butcher a hog during the recent cold weather. The hog weighed 300 pounds and had a double skull.

George Gilham looks ten years younger since he has shaved off his moustache.

We hear that Elmer Hunt will soon be alongside Thomas A. Edison. Elmer has invented among other things, an oil burner, a gas burner, a tar plug, a still safety valve, and is now working on something else. He will name it what it looks most like when he finishes it.

Charles Amburg has been advised by his doctor to quit chewing tobacco. We wonder who saves the most money now, Amburg or the firemen?

Amiel Brummer, stillman, and Fred Parker, helper, at No. 1 crude house, are both on the sick list and off duty. We hope to see them both back soon.

An earlier item advertises the loss of David Moore's beagle hound. It came back with a toe missing and two more broken and stopped at Henry Ronneburg's house. If you remember, we predicted it would.

Gus Stalhut is preparing to take his Ford out when the weather becomes good. Gus hasn't had his Lizzie out for three years.

There must be something wrong at No. 2 crude house. Uncle Tim and Uncle Matt haven't had an argument for two days.

Henry Bartels has some moustache. We heard someone remark that he looked so much like Louie Stern that Henry is often taken for Louie. Someone also advises Henry to leave East Alton earlier than 11:30 P. M.

We regret to note that Mrs. Frank Peiper's father died recently. Frank was off several days on that account.

Roy Bartlow looks like a picture of despair. Roy had two dogs, for which two Bill Obermiller offered him four beagle pups, but Roy held out for a better trade. One was a bird dog, the only fault to be found with him being that he would chase foxes. The bird dog has disappeared and was last seen near Bethalto chasing a fox across the country. Roy's other dog was a rabbit hound, his only weak point being that when chasing a rabbit, if he came to a fence he would lie down and whine until Roy came and lifted him over. Now the rabbit hound is gone too.

We are told that Curley Andrews lives in his basement. Bill Hoffman says that Curley's basement is lighted up all night, but whether the wife has driven him to the basement or Curley is study-astronomy, Bill doesn't know.

Henry Stormer, formerly the pride of Missouri Point, says that Matt Freeman came over to watch him turn the washing machine, but when Matt went home Henry discovered much of his wine had been consumed.

Dick Thompson and his coffee bucket make the regular trip from East Alton daily.

Lawrence Ragus had the misfortune of losing some of his fanciest chickens recently. Some one sure dined on expensive chicken.

Mr. William Gainer of Whiting, Indiana, returned to his home after a pleasant visit with his son, Frank, of Ninth street.

Mrs. Charles Heddesheimer, who has been on the sick list, is much improved, we are glad to say.

Mr. and Mrs. John Kovach are rejoicing over the arrival of a 10 pound baby boy, who made his appearance on February 8. John is some chesty now and is not bashful in predicting a wonderful future for the young man. This is his first heir.

Mr. Andrew Humunik and Mrs. Emma Humunik of Hazleton, Pa., are visiting John Humunik and family (particularly John's young Junior).

C. Bandy, our hustling messenger boy, is always on the job, but more so now, in view of the fact that he is sporting a new "bike." We only want to impress him with one thing and that is that this bicycle is only made to carry one person—so either walk, Bandy, or buy a Ford to take care of "Sweetums."

CASPER, WYO.

Jack Athey, truck driver, is off duty with a broken elbow, caused by truck No. 16 back-firing. He is doing well, but we hope next time he will have it a little more under control (the truck).

The three mechanics, Jesse J. Kear, Fred Fredlund and Ralph Andrus, and Chauffeur Ralph Myers, have been transferred from the machine shop to the truck department.

Ben Hamill, driver of the express truck, is moving into a different neighborhood. We hope he has a little better luck in his new location.

The men of the refinery extend deepest sympathy to B. H. Frerichs, stillman, whose wife died February 22.

"Hippity-hop to the baker shop!" We lost Richard Mason, fireman, who is going to peddle something besides crust and wind in his new baker shop. Here's wishing our former fellow-worker good luck.

Girls, attention! Here is an opportunity to get a well-trained husband. J. L. Carlson, helper at the continuous treating plant, and E. D. Davis, helper at No. 1 pump house, started "batching" February 12 in an apartment on South Grant Ave.

We have an excellent lot of candidates for the famous "Associated Order of Benedicts" at both Nos. 1 and 2 pump houses and at the treating plant. Don't rush, girls—we must keep these places operating.

Eugene Dexter, painter, moved February 1 to an apartment at 12th and Willow streets.

Clifford Johnson has been transferred from No. 2 pump house to No. 3 house.

Wm. Matson, helper at the continuous treating plant, was on the sick list February 2 to 6.

These Wyoming breezes we have been having lately have inspired some of our citizens to write poetry, but their effect on most of us has been anything but a poetic feeling. Please don't ask us to repeat some of the remarks we have heard. (About the wind, not the poetry.)

T. E. Laurie, labor department, moved into his new home on North Jefferson street February 4.

Hazel Hand, daughter of Lee Hand, pressure still cleaner, died February 12. Mr. Hand has our sincere sympathy.

"The kid," Joe Bailey's brother, was married to Miss Mary Hoover, Hackettstown, N. J., on January 29. Bailey had his good time in the East and then came back to Casper, leaving the bride at home. Evidently he thought New Jersey a much better place for his bride than Wyoming.

Claude Pease, of the electrical department, formerly of the Whiting plant, is sporting a new Buick six.

Born, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Saulie, a ten-pound boy. Mother and son doing fine.

Fred Fredlund is building a new home. What is her name, Fred?

C. E. Hall, of the pipe department, has returned to work following an operation for appendicitis on his daughter, who is reported doing well.

The "flu" is back in Casper, and about half the force are getting it or are getting over it.

The new gas line is going in rapidly and the plant looks like the front lines in the Argonne.

The Chinook winds we have been having the last week or two have been the cause of a lively trading of real estate. Nebraska got the most of it.

The horseshoe season is on, and some of the boys in the asbestos gang are cutting down their lunches to practice.

M. L. Allen, carpenter foreman, who recently returned to the Casper plant after the new bunch of pressure stills at Laramie plant No. 2 were completed, bought a new car at Laramie and drove it through the snow to Casper. He had the misfortune of having the car stolen while it was parked on Center street. Yes, he says he will buy another and equip it with two-six guns, and woe be to the person who opens the car door without knowing the combination.

Wylie Allen, of No. 2 boiler house, has rented and furnished a house on Chestnut street. Mrs. Allen is returning from Albia, Iowa, where she has been nursing her mother through a long spell of sickness. Much improvement is now marked.

Howard Clark, of the paint department, has moved to his new home on 14th street.

M. V. Whiting, pipe department, has returned to work after a ten-day siege of the grippe. It was a double case, as his wife was in "the grip of the grippe" also.

John McClellan is back in the paint gang after serving a fifteen-day term on the committee investigating the cost of living for the Department of Industrial Relations.

February 23 and 18 below zero here in Casper—the groundhog surely knew his part when he saw his shadow.

Robert Wilson, formerly of the blacksmith shop, is now employed in the pipe department.

Dr. and Mrs. M. G. Paulus recently spent two weeks at Santa Barbara, Calif. From reports they had a very nice time. We didn't want our Doc to leave us at this time, but headquarters told our boss that he must go, and go he did.

Markland, Skonich, Miller, Forrest and Losher are the new firemen at No. 3 acid houses.

John Rice has been transferred from the firing line to the unloading and mxing of acid.

Harry Newland is breaking shift for the acid separator men.

Arthur Hinds is the new fireman at No. 1 acid house.

It is claimed that because of our altitude we do not feel the cold like we used to around Whiting and elsewhere. However, under certain conditions the cold can be felt. On the morning of February 2 it was 14 degrees below zero. Our acid works fore-

man, Ernest Gerber, was curious to know why his men couldn't get acid through the line to the treating plant, so he decided to walk the lines over the famous North Platte. Gerber didn't figure that it was very cold, and the river looked very inviting. The dredge had made one nice deep spot which would be ideal to the average American boy. Evidently Ernest thought he was a boy again and just let his foot slip. He is still telling how cold it was on February 2. He knows now why, and would not go through the line.

T. S. Cooke returned February 13 from a trip to Chicago. He was there on company business, and also on the business of having a dentist "bust" his jawbone. Those wisdom teeth sure do hold on.

T. M. Johnson, over on the separators, got the same kind of a "bust on the jaw" as Mr. Cooke. He says "the misery is all over now." We'd say it was "all over now," from the looks of his jaw.

Lloyd Smith, brother of D. J., arrived from Whiting on February 2. We hate to take 'em away from home like that, but it must be done.

Messrs. Curry, Lobdell, Critchfield and Eberstein recently made a tour of Cheyenne, Laramie and Denver on business invloving the investigating of living conditions, in the interest of the Department of Industrial Relations.

Messrs. Park, of Florence, Lockard and Warren, of Greybull, and Cullen, of Laramie, came to Casper to attend the regular meeting of the Rocky Mountain refinery chiefs, February 20 and 21.

Frank Francis is now general manager, board of directors and treasurer of the B. S. Express. Ask him about sludge disposal. He knows.

James Cullen has been promoted from laborer in the pipe shop to acid works laborer.

J. D. Gleghorn is now attending to steam conservation, taking the place of Geo. W. Snyder, who has been transferred to Greybull in the Department of Industrial Relations.

F. M. Sanford has been transferred from the mechanical department to Greybull, where he is to be chief engineer. Casper is bound to be a second Whiting.

Mrs. Warren was quite sympathetic about the oil spilled around Mr. Rouse's testing lamp. Eric! You should be sure to keep that corner cleaned up.

If "Schmiddy" were as good a reporter as he is manager of shoe repairing, the Record would be overflowing with Casper news each month.

H. R. Bates and Ralph Huntington, the drafting room Orioles, are in the contest to determine who has the best voice in Casper. Trials will soon be held at a local theater on the Sandbar. Watch for the date, which will be announced later.

King Oscar (Jack Catterall) was out riding on Napoleon Sunday morning, February 19. From the way he acted here and there the following Monday we judge that Napoleon gave him some ride.

Jack Catterall went to Denver on Tuesday, February 21, returning on Friday, the 24th.

Dutch (Carl A.) Blutarch, formerly of the pump repair gang, has been transferred to the garage. With Dutch on the job the garage will have no more use for the garage crane.

E. J. Fulham, of the garage, is wearing a smile these days. We wonder why?

Adeline has moved to the office of J. A. Richards, purchasing agent, formerly of Denver.

It is with extreme regret that we record the death of Mrs. Lucille McKnight, wife of Harry McKnight, car card clerk of the shipping department.

Tracy Canady, chief clerk of the shipping department, left Tuesday, February 7, for Lawrenceville, Illinois, where he was called on account of the illness of his father. His father seemingly improved, Mr. Canady returned to Casper on February 21, and two days later he received a wire stating that his father had died. We extend sincere sympathy.

Kid Smith went out on a "bronc" February 24. He wouldn't have had so many sore joints and aches if he had taken the advice of Donald, his big brother.

GREYBULL, WYO.

F. M. Bellamy, cleaner on No. 3 and No. 4 batteries, announces the birth of a ten-pound girl.

Irving Baker, helper at No. 1 house, is back on duty after an illness of two weeks. Glad to see you back, Irving.

Albert Crisp was absent recently on account of illness, but we are glad to report Al back and feeling fine.

Owen Bentley was off a few days recently with a touch of the grip.

D. E. Yandel was also on the sick list, but is back on the firing line again. Tex says the flu sure is hard on a man's pep.

F. T. Larsen, of the repair gang, had the misfortune to fall and cut his knee on a piece of ice while hurrying to work.

It is said that Wm. Patterson is quite a favorite among the faculty of the local schools, judging from appearances at local functions. How about it, Bill?

Mrs. Anna Lockard, mother of Supt. Lockard, is here from Pittsburg, Pa., on an extended visit.

In spite of the cold weather everyone seems to have the fishing fever. A rainbow trout, weighing seventeen pounds, was caught in the locker room the other day.

HOME OFFICE, CHICAGO

We have a reporter in the telephone room, a live one, too, but she is too busy to send in any "gossip" this month, so we are going to substitute for her and write a few things about the telephone department that our hello girls are too modest to say themselves. The Standard Oil Company, Indiana, stands for Service, first, last, and all the time, and that is exactly what our telephone department is delivering every day. We have one of the most efficiently handled private exchanges in Chicago and the operators certainly do their part in giving us Service. We should do our part in cooperating with them and that means we should be as prompt about answering an in-coming call as possible. A large proportion of the calls that go through the board are between departments and it is no uncommon experience to call someone in another department and wait two or three minutes before getting an answer, although there are five or six people located within a few feet of the phone, each of them waiting for the other to answer the phone. If they were to receive the same kind of service from the telephone department they would let out a "holler" you could hear in Hammond. Think it over and see what you can do toward making your individual phone somewhere near as efficient as our hello girls.

Things are still breaking wrong for Fred Craver. He was called home last week by a message that his

17 BELOW ZERO BUT HEARTS STILL WARM

Casper, Wyo., March 1.—It was 17 degrees below zero when this was taken, but these girls of the main office, Plant No. 3, don't mind, for their hearts are still warm. Left to right: Mrs. Warren, Mrs. Van-Burgh, Margaret Leonard, Adaline Gilbourne, Mrs. Castleman, Isabelle McDonald, Etelka Boling.

house was on fire. Considerable damage was done, but fortunately it was covered by insurance. Cheer up, Fred, the sun cannot shine on one side of the street all the time.

We note that The Chicago Tribune awarded someone a five dollar prize for the motto "If you whistle you cannot whine." That accounts for Dave Radcliffe's cheerful disposition.

Our setting-up exercises during the daily fresh air period in the traffic department are certainly producing good results. Several of the old timers who used to touch the floor in five grunts are making it in three now. For real genuine pep and go in doing these stunts keep your eye on Sunny Jim Tyrell. He is there.

Speaking of Jim reminds us to call attention to the fact that he is still flying the flag of contentment over his bachelor quarters in spite of the efforts of certain fair ones to round him up. Jim knows when he is well off.

We have been asked by several fifth floor girls to find out where Art Sandstrom gets those wonderful vests. Come across, Art, come across, the girls want to have some gaiters made from the same material.

E. E. Stranger is running opposition to Mr. Briggs of the fifth floor in the egg business and we are patronizing our home merchant. We hope someone will butt in on the monopoly Jimmy Brandt, HE-vamp of the Chicago bookkeeping department, has on the chicken business.

The fifth floor bunch is making a lot of noise about Commander Ed Yale and his Greedy Gang of Grub Grabbers, and also about Miss Ingrid Rummelhoff, the Knife and Fork Queen, and we are getting tired of their boasting, so we ask them in all seriousness if they have ever seen Dave Radcliffe surround a meal. If not, they do not know what eating means.

One of our new stenographers says, "I think Mr. Pritz is so amusing." You are right, little one, he is a diverting chap. Ask him and see.

The Midwest Review contains a clever parody entitled "The Midnight Ride of Milton Kahn." Milton was formerly one of us and we all enjoyed reading the humorous account of his latest adventure.

If you ask Russell C. King, who is the champion bowler of the Stanolind Bowling League, he will blush a beautiful watermelon shade and murmur something incoherently about "modesty forbids me, etc." He has a ball, presented to him at Christmas by a lady (he says his wife), which he carries like a lady's handbag. It has been rumored he takes it to bed with him, like a little girl with a new doll. He is really a good bowler, notwithstanding that he sometimes forgets to take his thumb out of the ball when he throws it.

Mr. A. E. Persons, the traffic department chief clerk, whose middle name, by the way, is "Fresh Air," has allotted ten minutes morning and afternoon to exercises for the purpose of filling the

respiratory organs of his organization with ozone. He has, however, about decided to abandon the exercises, as his female employees are becoming so handsome he is afraid of their being picked off. The plump ones are becoming svelte and the slim ones are developing beautiful curves.

If you happen into the traffic department during the noon hour, you will observe several hotly contested games of checkers in progress. The players present to the interested outsider the aspect of a movie patron just at the instant when the villyan is about to slay the beautiful heroine (but doesn't) and even breathing is suspended while awaiting the outcome of a decisive play. Although a certain amount of mystery prevails, your enterprising reporter has ferreted out the fact that the fans are in training for a match at the Traffic Club on March 15. We hope to be able to furnish further particulars in the next issue of the Record and trust the gentle reader will not perish of suspense in the meantime.

Gentlemen, Note: You have noticed that beads are quite the thing this winter, but you are probably unaware there is a language of beads, the same as of flowers, etc. You will note there are two sorts of beads worn by the girls of the traffic department—pearls and red beads. The pearls mean "I have a beau; he gave me these." The red ones mean "I haven't a beau, but I'd like to have." Don't fail to notice the number of red beads that will appear the day following this issue of the Record.

Brucie Smeed may have some speed in a checker meet, and J. C. T. affirms that he has everybody beat; and King and Croke and Savageau the berries claim to take, while A. E. P. and H. T. Z. insist they take the cake; when Radcliffe winks, I know he thinks that he's the best e'er seen. But I've George Nelson's word that HE'S the checkerboard champeen.

Hubert Schmit has decided not to eat so much during Lent and now limits his lunch to six sandwiches, two apples, a small piece of pie (only about six inches across) and a pint of milk.

Elmer C. Pritz just loves to brag about how smart his young son is. But, then, he says, why shouldn't he be smart—he's got a smart father.

John Smith says the only time he's sorry he isn't married is the day he pays his income tax.

Dire and ominous foreboding emanates verbally from the cloister of Brother Daly. It is expected much wrath will descend upon the thin skull of the scribe who penned the item regarding the chap's powers of ambulation. "Foot power," says Bert Williams, "is an art." Guess Daly's got the same idea.

Ever notice Joe Hamming is a blonde when he washes his hair?

Talent is much in evidence in the general manager's office—also versatility. The well known Rohan is the "champ" pianist, Kluender now and then obliges us with a bass solo (sounds like "L" but it ain't; he always sings second base), vaudeville "A la mode" administered by Messrs. Fischer, Stanke, Bobleter, et al. These are all secondary and of minor note when compared with Bill Holton's electrical act—same was demonstrated recently for the benefit of the bunch. Bill makes Marconi look like a bum.

R. Emmet Ryan (otherwise affectionately known as "Grogan," "Gink Fowler," etc.), dean of the bell hops, has an amazing capacity for the art of monologue. Services of the youth may be obtained on presentation of proof that ancestors roamed the wilds of the Emerald Isle and were represented at the late Sinn Fein convention. "Grogan" was first to solve the cabbage gag, also put Columbus hep to the egg mystery. Office hours 12 to 1; only allows himself sixty-three minutes for daily repast.

Don't you just love Frank Carr's evening serenade, "Any more passengers, Chris?"

You, whose eyes gaze upon this bit of print, have very likely seen the object of this outburst. One Stanley Lill, vainly employed at various and sundry specifics in the general manager's department, directly under "Grogan" (E. Ryan), distracted super-attendant of the mail desk, said official being Stanley's chief source of motive power. Friend Stanislaus has left the rank and file of old youth with its attendant knickerbockers and donned the "Toga Virilis" (cloak of manhood) consisting of some pre-mature ideas, and one ornery pair of long pants. His radicalism is bearing him along at a terrific rate, so it won't surprise us at all to learn that he has discarded his hip garters and placed himself where no metal can touch him.

Since N. J. Becker has been smoking cigarets during the day, he has found it necessary to smoke Piedmonts. Due to financial conditions, Beck?

We note that William O'Connor, the office Zbyzsko, enjoys his noon hours trying out his strength with his partner. We also note that he is very seldom on top.

With the passing of the 13th street beanery, the building which housed same faces isolation. The devotees of the proverbial two-bit lunch join in mourning its demise.

Now that Bill Barrett, the winner of two tires, has left the cooperage department, it leaves no one to uphold the golf record of that department; however, it is said that Brother Bell, better known as "Bell o' the Barrels," wields a wicked stick. We shall see—June 20 is coming.

The recently acquired Scion of the House of Essery bids fair to outdo his dad. Only trouble experienced with the youth lies in the fact that he gets coal all over the floor when stoking the heater; however, if he develops a grin like his old man, we will be glad to welcome him to our midst.

Mystery, deep and unfathomable, surrounds also Mr. J. G. Lannin, able first lieutenant to Mr. R. G. Stewart. We would only think it fair, Jawn, if you would explain to all why you are receiving the many congratulations.

Can you imagine Hugh Boyle, our erstwhile henchman, being labeled "Wandering Jew" with that visage that openly bespeaks Killarney's Lakes? (Well, what would you expect from Joliet, where they can't tell a hog from a tractor?—Ed.)

Respect for his superior commands the punctilious G. A. French to countermand his being addressed "Commodore." Very exasperating to say the least, George, and we will be only too proud to call you "Ensign" hereafter. Noblesse Oblige.

"Is there a man named Duffy in the office?"

"Yes. Why?"

"You certainly did curse him in your sleep last night." Ralph Kluender's better half speaking. We know both gents. Enough said.

Miss Randall says she would like to see a familiar name in the Record. Well, here you are, old timer.

Add to the list of heroes unheralded the name of Ray Breckman of the appropriation department. Not every day do we find a man among us courageous enough to indulge in a hirsute growth on the upper lip. Is it a success? We'll say so—just like a doormat only no "Welcome" sign on it.

Mr. Ray Compton's host of friends have been pleading with him to go into the mysteries of the

East Indian countries for their enlightment, but up to the present time have not been favored with a lecture. Mr. Compton, whose smile welcomes all who enter Room 401, is familiar with the glamour and glory of the lands east of Suez, having spent several years globe-trotting.

A news item in the "Tribune" of recent date records the robbery of T. W. Cahill's flat. Just why the burglars used a moving van to haul away Tom's Ingersoll and small change is not obvious; we love you and all that, Tommy, but the investment in that Ingersoll only accounts for one of the 7500 yen we are short. Rest of the bunch ask anxiously where are the other 7499???

It will be of interest to many of his former friends to record Mr. Walter Bobleter's sojourn in Buenos Aires. Walt, it will be remenbered, was Mr. Allan Jackson's stenographer when he was manager of the Eastern division. At present he laughs at the Volstead act on account his position of assistant purser on the U. S. Shipping Board steamer "Huron."

On the suggestion of several we use The Record as a medium to dope out the means by which Elmer Larson acquired the name "Lucky Leif." There being no semblance to the Norse explorer who disported the name so many years ago, we wonder whether the nom-de-plume suggests ability to deal, shuffle or mayhap accomplishment in the art of "ye galloping domino."

Many were the changes that took place among the employees on the sixth floor during the past month. A new face in almost each department. We wish good luck to all those who have taken on new responsibilities and extend a hearty welcome to all new employees.

A few cases of illness were reported during February, the most serious case was that of Art Kline's. What was the matter with him? We don't know, but we hand it to Bessie S. for choosing what she did. You know Bessie got the measles,

Bessie got to bed
Bessie got the doctor

This is what he said: Sentenced to stay in bed ten days. Oh, Measles, where is thy sting? Nothing to do but sleep for ten days. Now we are afraid of an epidemic of measles.

Want to know anything about bicycle races? Ask Kline, he knows.

Phyllis Scraft says it's only a friendship ring, but we have our doubts.

By popular vote Miss Mary Ellen O'Connell is elected chief heartbreaker. Beware, young man, beware.

Signs of Spring: McNulty's new vest. (Have you seen it, girls?) Joe Valentine has removed his spats and put them away in mothballs for next winter. Baseball talk. More baseball talk. That far-a-way look in Freddie Schield's eyes. ("In the spring a young man's fancy"—and you know the rest.)

Mr. J. L. Carter, assistant general manager, has been away from the office for some time because of sickness. He has spent several weeks in Hot Springs, Ark., and is improving right along. He has been picking violets and enjoying the beautiful weather there and says the tulips and jonquils are blooming in everyone's yard and are beautiful, but he is tired of loafing and wants to be back on the job. We surely hope you will be with us soon, Mr. Carter. Inquiries from the field concerning you have been numerous, too.

During Commodore Jones' absence on a business trip his wife had a stroke of paralysis, regarding which he was very much worried on his arrival, but received a telephone message at the office that she was doing very well.

Mrs. E. D. Gillette has just returned to the office after a two weeks' sickness with the flu. Everyone missed her smiling countenance and springy step, especially her pal, and they again take their daily trek down Boul. Mich. and overtake Mr. Mitze, Chicago division, who walks along in such a debonair and leisurely manner.

Miss Irene Colby has just had her hair bobbed. She surely does look wonderful. She is the first "bobbed" one in our midst. Who'll be next, girls?

Miss Clara Foote thinks she will go into the knitted tie business instead of being a stenographer. She has supplied all her friends with beautiful knitted ties and they are crazy about them, and, incidentally, about her too. So, boys, if you want any knitted ties consult her. Price probably will be $3.00 per. They're worth it.

Mr. Ray Compton is always looking out for everyone's welfare. Sometimes when we complain we can't breathe he will even go into one of the bosses' rooms and open the windows so we will get the benefit of the fresh air.

One of the girls in the building inquired one day who that little fellow was who sat at the first desk near the front offices. Sh!! She meant Mr. Markey. Watch your step, Markey.

Miss Olive Duplessie has complained about her stomach which has given her considerable trouble. Does anyone know of a diet which will adjust the trouble? Possibly a dinner at the Congress or La Salle will fix it. Send in your invitations, boys. She's good company and a good looker, too.

Florence Johnston has purchased a new spring suit. It's blue, tailor made, with buttons here and a collar like this and trimmings down the back. The skirt is plain, with gathers here and it's just about this long. You know.

A. L. Rich is peeved because his neighbors don't sweep up the alley every day. Every time he takes out his Lizzie he finds it necessary to spend a couple of hours picking up tacks and broken china.

Rose Engel and Mae Sramek know a swell looking dentist—and he isn't married. They are picking out all the old fillings in their teeth so they can have him refill them.

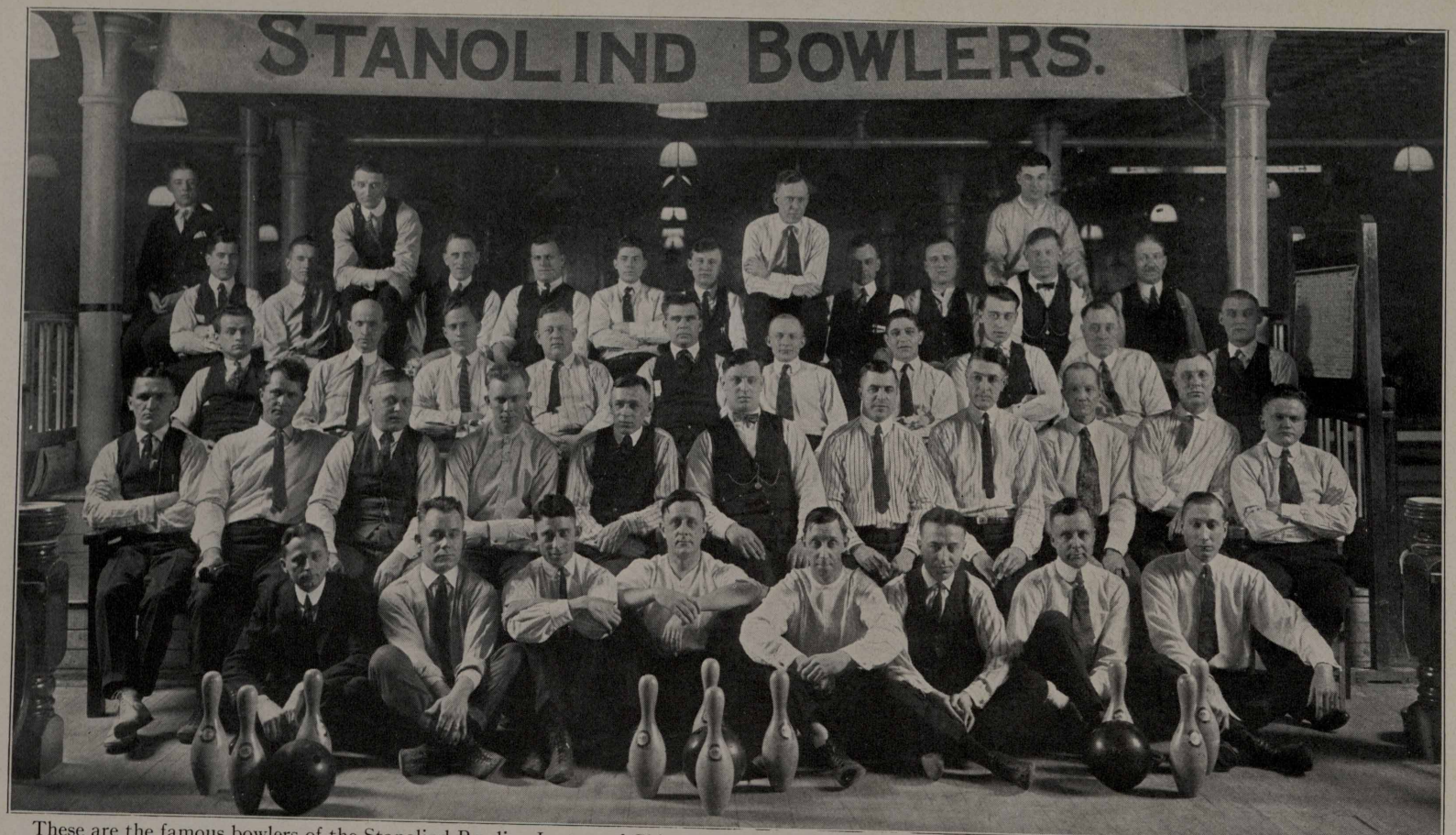
Helen Buldman is wishing spring would hurry up so she can leave off her galoshes.

Adelaide Kuhn almost forgot to send her best beau a valentine, so she mailed it special delivery late in the evening. The valentine reached the B. B.'s door around midnight, waking his papa from a deep sleep. Papa sat up shivering with dread for a couple of hours until the B. B. came home, imagining the envelope contained all sorts of bad news. It looks like another busted romance.

We understand "Art" Sandstrom is well posted on "How girls should dress." Girls, are you in need of advice?

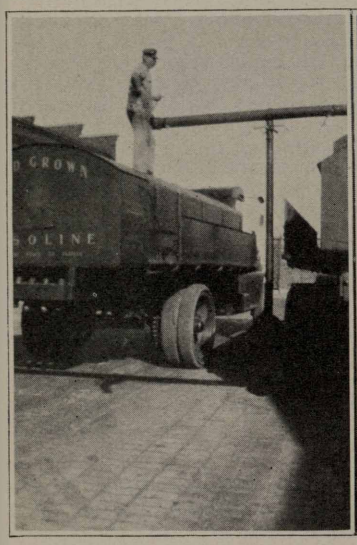
Edna Lamb is certainly glad to be back in the traffic department, after her sojourn in other departments as pinch-hitter. She is particularly fond of the exercises, during which her fetching giggle is much in evidence.

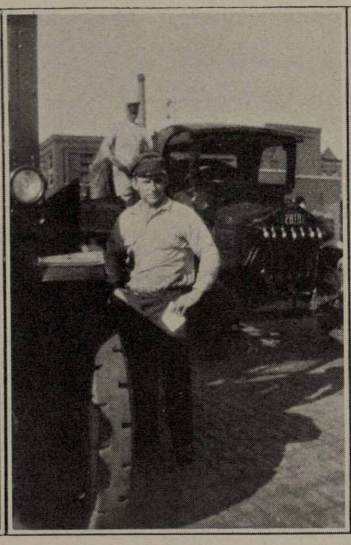
Believe Minnie Hodson has gained a few ounces toward the coveted twenty pounds since she has been drinking milk. On the other hand, Emma Cornils spends her lunch hour nibbling an apple and trying to imagine she's a canary, in an endeavor to lose twenty pounds. And the funny part of it is, they look good to us just as they are.

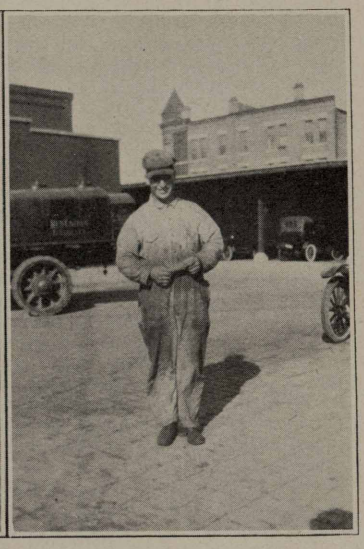


These are the famous bowlers of the Stanolind Bowling League of Chicago, who are sponsoring a big dance to be given April 22, at which all the Standard Oilers in Chicago should be present. In the photo, left to right, lower row: F. H. Bosworth, W. Roberts, E. Vodak, L. Wendt, W. Juergensen, G. C. Wolke. Second row: G. J. Savageau, J. Sable, C. Henrikson, C. Whitey, M. Gadish, G. F. Novak, A. J. Cameron, M. J. Weppner, A. W. Bumhour Fred Lau, J. A. Brandt. Third row: H. Heimerdinger, R. C. King, C. Thorstenson, W. Barrett, Ed. Yale, A. Grebe, E. Freedman, H. Modert, H. Benight, C. Meier. Fourth row: E. Cameron, W. Roos, W. Knorst, F. Fischer, J. Rohner, S. Sroka, F. Radcliffe, J. Sroka, A. Novak, Rosegrant. Top row: E. Knorst, W. Anders, H. Blix, A. J. Klein. Mr. Blix, by the way, is our new correspondent for the Chicago sales division. At the time this was taken Grebe, Thorstenson, Lau, Henrikson and Scott were leading the league in individual scoring. Wolke is president of the league, Roberts is vice-president and Juergensen is secretary-treasurer.

ON THE JOB AT FOURTEENTH STREET







No. 1—James Galligan, tank wagon salesman, so faithful to the 5-ton Mack that it would break his heart if he should lose it. No. 2—George Bartman is a good tank wagon salesman and very popular among his fellow workers, but he just will chew. No. 3—George Novack, another tank wagon salesman, is as good natured and happy as he is dirty in this picture. He is one of our best men.

Sure, and Paddy dear, and did you hear the news that's goin' round? Jeanette Shea and Marie McCann are plannin' a foine toime for St. Patrick's night. When you happen near their desks, just whistle "The Wearin' of the Green" and watch them stand up.

Ashur Will Perkins Helland, he of the curly locks, has taken unto himself a better half. We have had our suspicions for some time there was something *brewing* and this sure looks like a real case of "Home Brew." Art was guillotined on Saturday, March 4. We might have said he was inaugurated on the above date; but now-a-days the only office the men know anything about is the place where they draw their shekels, and besides when anything goes wrong at home the women usually take your head off. We have so far only mentioned Art. This is intentional. We wish to feature him because it is his last public appearance. Anyhow, the manufacturing department wish both Mr. and Mrs. Helland very much happiness. We might add that the boys and girls in the department all chipped in and presented Mr. and Mrs. Helland with a very handsome case of silver.

"Close Shave" Gasch is leaving the company's service soon, and we wish him good luck. We understand there is some likelihood of his going to Switzerland, as there is a great demand, at present, for hole-makers for Swiss cheese. Hop to it, old kid, before you get your new plate.

Bob Kofoed and Roy Bettledorf wish to announce their resignations as officers of the "Original Turtle Raisers Society." Bob says he used to get about 300 eggs from each turtle every season, but now he doesn't get any. Maybe you haven't the right kind of turtles, Bob. Maybe?

Swede Aarlie is sure keeping the "Home Fires Burning"—at least he's never out with the boys any more. We told you so.

Col. Weiss still parts his hair in the middle. Colonel doesn't approve of prohibition, and now that they are after our smokes, swears he will wear his hair in a braid if they take his Lady Nicotine away.

Look out, boys, the "vamps" are sure busy on the sixth floor. A collection has been taken up to provide one poor fellow with blinders, as we understand he has asked for help. It must be awful to feel yourself slipping into a "vamped unconsciousness." However, there are some were "vamped" long ago, and are still under the "spell."

Our stenographic department has considerable knight in it, even in the morning.

Girdles seem to be Miss Iwema's nemesis. She has lost two recently, and we suggest that she tack the next one on. We don't understand this, Grace, for we never heard of you letting anything go to waist.

The explosion heard some time ago, February 24, and which was attributed to dynamite in the Argo quarries, was actually caused by the Stanolind Bowling Association having their pictures taken at Bensinger's.

Mr. Briggs, our handsome Lothario of the mail desk, has changed his cry from "Have you paid me for them eggs," to "Come and get your milk, and have your personal mail sent home."

Some of the boys are kicking themselves over the speed they made getting away from Kelly's minstrel show. Ask Ralph Rummelhoff, he knows!

Ralph's sister, Ingrid, also made a hit with two dark gentlemen at the Playhouse the same evening.

Look out, boys, clear the road, Art Frank has taken up bowling.

After the show visit Ed's doughnut shop.

It now becomes our duty to report Wm. C. Kruger, Jessie Laing and John Ely on the sick list, and from all reports they are severely afflicted. Ely is in the hospital, where he had his appendix removed, and Jess and Bill have the "flu." The best wishes of the entire fifth floor are extended for a speedy recovery.

"Winnie Winkle" Gordon, of the fifth floor, stepped out to Chicago Lawn on February 16, 1922, taking with her several of our most promising flappers to see a regular old fashioned minstrel show given by a club of which "Spike" Kelley is president. When a certain three of the young ladies sat in the first row the doggoned show nearly busted up. The end men have not been normal since.

Johnny Jordan, of the distribution department, fifth floor, has undertaken the task of raising a mustache. The longer it grows the more convincing it becomes that his real name is "Jordanski," but if he lets his chin whiskers grow we're going to lynch him. Signed—Gas House Gang.

Will those interested in anatomy instructions, massage cream, egg shampoo, eyebrow tweezers and sugar pipes apply to Professor George Smith at an early date? The professor you will find well informed on all of these subjects. We might also add that he is well qualified as an instructor of the "JO," and is open for engagements.

George Zglicynski, the Irish bunco champion from Cicero, came to work sporting a swell green suit the other day. How is your brother, George? Is he getting better?

Cards have been received from Miss Katherine O'Neil, who is in Phoenix, Arizona. Miss O'Neil is enjoying the warm sunshine and becoming a very proficient Ford operator. Watch out Mr. Wilkie, you have a rival.

CHICAGO SALES DIVISION

LET'S NOT FORGET: Stanolind Bowling League Dance. Time—Saturday Evening, April 22, 1922. Place—Masonic Temple (Main Drill Hall). Ask your fellow-worker if he or she is going.

It is with much pleasure that we make mention of Pat Coffey, warehouseman at our 14th street station. Prior to his present position he gave to us service that we are proud of and though his duties have become more and more extensive, he still renders that unfailing assurance of service. His word is his bond to us.

Frank Huffer, warehouseman at Englewood station, applies the rule of knowing his goods to his work the same as the salesmen. If you do not believe us, ask Frank where any certain brands of oil, grease, candles or wax are in his warehouse.

Jim Donahue, former motor truck driver now acting in the capacity of a route foreman at Englewood station, says there is plenty to do in his new vocation. We're for Jim because we know he can handle the situation.

The efficient way in which orders are being handled at our Cortland street station is due to the cooperation of Chas. Rummelhoff, Edward R. Hodgson and George Otterstrom. It shows they are on the job.

Mr. C. C. Uchtman, agent at Libertyville, says he can hang his hat any place and make it his home. We believe you, Coony.

Mr. T. S. Clawson, former salesman, was placed on the annuity payroll October 1, 1921, after giving 28 years of loyal and faithful service to the company. We miss you, Tom.

Mr. R. E. Halling, motor tank driver, at Rogers Park station, was one of the many interesting talkers at our Safety meetings. It is with much pleasure that we remark that he carried his point well on the subject of "Responsibility." We are all with you, Roy.

When we say that our telephone order clerks give "service" we mean just what we say. The department consists of Miss Butcher, Miss Corcoran and Mr. Denyer. It is the polite, couretous and efficient service that wins.

We do hope that the wife of our agent, Mr. J. H. Gamble, is recovering from a recent operation, as we know she has a hard battle to fight.

The stenographic department of the Chicago sales division has been swamped with work but through the efficient cooperation of all concerned they managed to clear the decks. Here's to our stenographers!

Employes at Cortland street station report that three weeks ago they had the misfortune of losing their district superintendent, Mr. S. F. Martin, and that they all miss him, especially a Miss W., for she made a remark at luncheon a day or so ago. "Oh how I do miss Mr. Martin; we used to have so much fun."

We wonder if Walter Magnusson at the Cortland station is going into the "movie" business, as he changes his address so often we can't keep track of him. It's reported there is a widow on the West side here. Do you suppose she has anything to do with it?

J. Gwozdjack, Polarine tank truck driver, is very enthusiastic about his truck and thinks business would all go to pieces if that truck should be tied up for a few days. "MORE POWER TO YOU, JACK."

It is again a pleasure to have Mr. Charles Miehle with us, as he has been very sick. We hope he will continue to improve as we know he had a vacation which he did not care much about and is glad to be back on the job again.

Joe Szymczak has been trying to get a corner on PERFECTION OIL, buying 15 gallons every week, cash and carry. Is he going to compete with us?

The Chicago billing department made a very fine record the last day of 1921 by closing the month's business on December 31, 1921. For the volume of work that passes through this department at the close of the month we consider this a record to be proud of and extend our thanks to the entire department.

Mr. Botsford seems to think he got cheated in February because he only had 28 days to check out his stock. Cheer up, Bots, in March we'll give you 31!

Mr. Grebe doesn't care anything about purchasing Eastertide candles for Easter but he'd like to know in advance if they're going to make Roman candles for Fourth of July.

Chris Hoff, motor tank chauffeur at Englewood, has been given more territory. Chris was formerly on a dairy wagon, which is sufficient evidence as to why the added territory

Chas. Barlow and H. Kaiser, of Washington Heights station, were out hunting racoons. It is said the only thing they caught was a bad cold, even though they had a couple of shots in their guns.

It has just been reported that just about two months ago Chauffeur P. Houle of Washington Heights station became a benedict. We extend our hearty congratulations, Joe. Better late than never.

R. E. Halling, former motor tank driver of Rogers Park, has advanced on the firing line to the position of a salesman.

Englewood drivers are so confident of their driving ability that they are willing to wager they will have the least number of accidents for the year 1922 in the Chicago sales division. Ata Boy, Dave.

T. E. Donahoe, former yardman at Englewood station, was recently placed on the annuity payroll, after 26 years and 6 months of loyal and faithful service to the company.

Jim Hickey, after 29 years and 11 months of loyal and faithful service to the company, was placed on the annuity payroll November 1, 1921.

Inspector Hunt remarked, mechanically speaking, that everything was in tip-top shape at Englewood. This accounts for the confidence displayed by Englewood and which reflects to the merit of their mechanic in charge, Mr. Harry Kuhn. Keep the good work up, Harry.

The spirit of cooperation, we are told, is what allows Mechanic E. Janku to perform his duties in the most efficient manner. He has in his charge Kensington, Washington Heights and Blue Island stations. Primarily speaking, this is one of the many steps toward Safety First.

V. E. Hoffman, chauffeur at Kensington station, has been presented with a new truck. they say he laid awake all night thinking about it and before leaving his home he telephoned the station to make sure no one else took it. We would do the same thing, Vernie.

S. L. Cook, chauffeur at Kensington station, says he has has his competitors working outside of his territory. We leave it to you, Scotty.

John Spier says he now has 35% of the garages in Kensington, but will make it 50% before this summer is gone. Let's go, John!

Ain't it a grand and glorious feeling! From the broad smile on his face, ask Mr. Nigg of the stock department. He knows! Mr. Nigg is the very proud father of a baby daughter born February 8.

We regret to lose our esteemed chief clerk, Mr. W. D. Roberts, who has been transferred to the general auditing department, but feel sure that he will make good at his new undertaking. The congratulations of the whole Chicago Sales Division are with you, Bill.

Following the above transfer, Mr. J. H. Bamberger has been appointed to succeed Mr. Roberts as our chief clerk. Both of these appointments are the result of a number of years of hard work, plus ability. We will all be with you, Jack, and will help make your new work a success.

The Chicago sales correspondent, Mr. Bamberger, having found his new duties would not allow him to continue the good work he had already done in this line, has relinquished this work to Mr. H. N. Blix. Harry wants the same cooperation that has been given Mr. Bamberger and we will endeavor to show the rest of the fields that Chicago is still on the map.

E. R. Cunningham and Geo. Schrader, the "Gold Dust Twins," are burning up the roads these days and showing customers the superiority of Red Crown gasoline by mileage tests. They have done wonderful work along this line and we know Ernie and George will continue to show up the other fellow.

We are glad to see that Salesman R. C. Smith is back on the job again after a few days of illness. "Automobile Row" has missed you, Ross, and we know when you get back there, you will sell them the full line.

Fred Lehner of Cortland street is some greaser. Started to grease his truck the other day and when pretty well along and very much enthused over the job (also pretty well greased himself) he calls "Oh, Charlie, how do you get these wheels off?"

The Safety Council of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), Chicago division, has just completed a very successful Safety First campaign, extending over a period from January 13 to March 9. The large attendance at each one of these meetings, which were held every second Thursday, was gratifying to the management, denoting as it does that the employees of this company are very much interested in eliminating so-called "accidents." Outside of Coroner Peter M. Hoffman, the speakers at all of these meetings were men working for the company, and included, Mr. H. A. Lewis, manager, Mr. C. F. Hatmaker, assistant manager, many of the department heads, and drivers at the different stations. The entertainment, as well as the serious addresses, proved that the Chicago division abounds in latent ability in this respect, and many of the ideas brought forward through these meetings will be developed later. One of the new ideas that was a direct result of these meetings was the formation of the Executive Safety Committee, which meets every Tuesday evening from 5:00 to 6:00 o'clock, and at which every driver who has been in an accident during the previous week, whether through his own fault or through the negligence of someone else, is brought before this committee and examined carefully as to the causes leading up to the accident. In order that the accident may be intelligently illustrated, there is a ground plan in the office, with toy street cars, automobiles, wagons, light posts, etc., that can be moved around at will and brought into position to demonstrate clearly the location of the various vehicles at the time the accident occurred. From all indications Chicago should lead the field in the low percentage of accidents for 1922.

DAVENPORT, IOWA

Florence Anderson, switch board operator, would like to work in the checking department.

One of our charming young women of the record department, while on a tour through Reynolds, Ill., decided to have some candy. The salesman happened to be very courteous and business-like and asked if the young woman would not care to sample some of his best brands. After sampling about 30 cents worth, our fair customer purchased a 10-cent sack of jelly beans.

When O. C. P., our purchasing man, was checking over some O17s he came across his laundry bill for Service Station 37, F. E. McMains, agent, calling two teddy bears and one towel. How come, Frank?

When some of the girls of our office force asked Florence, our cheerful telephone operator, if she would like to join them in going to a dance at LeClaire, Iowa, she replied that she would not care to go as the farmer boys are too bashful. Give them time and practice, Florence, they'll learn.

We wonder what a certain young man at Stanwood would think if he knew how much one member of the order department raved about our leading man at the Grand theater.

On February 13, Bob Despain gave a farewell party for Mr. C. J. Wharton (Heavy), who was transferred to Ft. Madison. According to all present, it was SOME party. Blinkie called for Nick Klepfer and told his wife it was a Sunday school party and that he would bring Nick home

FIRST JOINT GENERAL COMMITTEE, GREYBULL

Greybull, Wyo., March 1.—Here is our first Joint General Committee under the Industrial Relations Plan of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana). Standing, left to right: Roy Ludington, H. M. Lockard, Guy West, LeRoy Anchors. Seated: L. E. Watson, Ed P. Landers, L. B. James, J. J. Kelly. Mr. Kelly is chairman for the elected representatives; Mr. Landers for the appointed representatives.

at 9:30. Now, Nick's wife is laying for Blinkie, so he has to peek around the corners first when he is delivering to see if the coast is clear.

The Social Club of the Davenport office met at the Blackhawk hotel on the evening of February 24, to discuss plans for the coming party which is to be held some time in March, date not as yet set. Signed, Bob Kibler, chairman.

Fred Benthin, the "Penn Dutchman" salesman, bragged so much about how much he could do that Radasch, the "German Dutchman" salesman, called him, and said he would sell more specialty before a cat could lay an egg if he went on the nest right now than Fred could in two weeks.

Mr. Johnson, truck driver at Burlington, is being promoted to agent at Mediapolis, Iowa, effective March 10.

Pearl Rush, service station attendant at Ft. Madison, Iowa, lives up to his name; he sure rushes for business and is a pearl of great prize, so the customers say.

Charlie Altes was fanning along the street the other day and his right front tire came off and rolled down the road ahead of him. "What t— h—!" yelled Charlie. Just a loose screw, we all got them.

Mr. Fred (Happy) Miller, one of the junior clerks in the old Keokuk office, is going in as clerk at the warehouse on February 15, and is now learning the work. If Happy develops into being as handy handling this job as he is the ladies, he ought to be manager in 1924.

Mr. C. W. Flanigan, assistant manager, and Mr. W. N. Bragg, chief clerk, made the Keokuk office a visit on Thursday, February 9, and Keokuk advises us that they certainly enjoyed their visit and give them a special invitation through the Stanolind Record to call again soon.

On February 15, Mr. J. C. Wharton is going to be checked in as agent at Ft. Madison, Iowa, and we expect oil and gas to be coming in by special trains on the Santa Fe to take care of the business he is going to give us. We have already put in an order for five extra storage tanks.

Mr. Sage and Mr. House of the Davenport warehouse have been seen wearing a mustache. From all appearances it seems as though they are having a hard time keeping it in trim, as only a few hairs are now visible. I wonder who's going to win the cigars.

Vivian Dodds and Viola Rebb went to a masked ball the other night and took first prize—the reward being $2.50 each. I bet the other girls are sorry they didn't go.

Gertrude, after riding home from Wheatland a few days ago, said that she knew the road very well, but she and her gentleman friend got lost.

NO WONDER DEMPSEY'S THINKING OF EUROPE

Davenport, Iowa.—These are the boys who keep the Davenport trucks in shape 365 days of the year. Left to right: Paul Du Prey, the wizard painter; H. Sanders, his wizard assistant; Estes Lee, mechanic; G. Preston, master mechanic who is soon to be Dempsey's challenger, and E. O. McRoberts, who is a wizard like the rest of us. In fact, we're all wizards in Davenport now—watch us GO!

Effective February 1, the following changes were made in the Davenport office: Mr. Gamble, formerly of the Keokuk office, succeeded Mr. R. C. Johnson as head of the stock department; Mr. G. Wickland, formerly of the Keokuk office, succeeded Mr. A. L. Damp as head of the sales department. Mr. R. C. Johnson now holds the position of second assistant credit man. Mr. A. L. Damp has been transferred from sales department to record department. Mr. Leo Reis, formerly assistant cashier, is in charge of returned goods; Mr. Dewey Williams goes from returned goods to bookkeeper; Mr. Leo Tigue from bookkeeper to first assistant credit man; Mr. J. Georgen from station examiner to assistant purchasing agent.

Vivian Dodds, of the order department, spent Saturday and Sunday in Clinton. Her visits seem to be getting quite frequent. What's the attraction in Clinton, Viv?

O. C. Petersen is going to start camping next week—he says the office gang is welcome to drop in any old time.

Vera nearly wrecked an Ediphone—Johnnie's eyes were the cause. Why is it that we have to talk to ourselves when we have Ediphones to talk to, and they can't contradict us?

Mr. Bomford stopped for a short visit on his way to Chicago from Des Moines.

E. O. Sparrowgrove and L. Beresford are now general salesmen, selling the full line.

Lost, a beautiful string of pearls. Finder please return to Miss Eunice Frazier. These pearls are highly valued by me on account of being a gift. P. S.—If not found will someone give me Eunice's address.

Eva Greenside of the checking department has accepted a position as manager of the kitchen of A. Tjaden, D. C. Best wishes, Eva.

How comes all the girls of the checking department are taking the fatal step?

DES MOINES, IOWA

"Pop" Ansen has had another birthday, his fifty-eighth. The boys at the warehouse celebrated last week when this veteran passed another milestone. Mrs. Ansen brought down a birthday cake which was a wonder, both in size and quality, and it surely disappeared. "Pop" joined the Standard Oil ranks as a tank wagon agent in 1906.

R. J. Weishaar, tank wagon agent at Ft. Dodge, kills two birds with one stone. He keeps his truck polished with SEMDAC LIQUID GLOSS, making it look good and advertising this excellent product at the same time.

C. H. Larson, salesman at Harlan, has moved into a hotel, leaving his family. There's a reason,

though, as the Larson family has been quarantined, and C. H. is locked out.

G. T. Galbraith, SAFETY FIRST man, is breathing a sigh of relief. His desk hasn't been moved for a week. Recently he has been out of breath trying to keep track of his belongings, he was moved so often.

T. E. (Tom) Geil has a new position with the company. Geil, who has been a tank wagon agent, is now general salesman.

District Superintendent J. M. Pfiffner grabbed opportunity by the forelock recently when he sold a barber who was cutting his hair a five-gallon can of Stanolax.

It's a shame the way rabbits grin at "Bill" Ostberg and George Knapp.

Excitement filled the office when Miss Clarice McCarthy of the sales department handed in her resignation, and we all prepared to attend the big event, which we thought would happen before many moons, but the greatest surprise of our lives came the day of her leaving when the news leaked out that the final step had been taken in Newton on October 22, and the bride and groom were at home on Urbandale avenue. Mrs. Sullivan has been with the company for over four years and was a favorite among all. We all join in wishing the bride and groom hearty congratulations and best wishes.

In order to stop the epidemic of sore throat and colds, Mr. Beaman has purchased drinking glasses for each and everyone in the office. It looks as if Mr. Beaman has the epidemic by the throat.

Miss Agnes M. Eaton was out for several days on account of a death in the family.

Mr. C. A. Pyles spends half the day as service station collector and the other half as city collector. He says he made his best collection Saturday, February 25—her name was Miss Stiles.

A report has reached this office that S. W. Greene, salesman, at Hampton, Iowa, has recently been married. These Standard Oil Company salesmen are sure smooth with the salve.

The Red Crown Social Club wishes to announce that the leading feature on the program at the next meeting will be a song by Urban Ackerman entitled "In the Mon'in."

The Red Crown Social Club had a Valentine party on Thursday evening, February 16, at the K. of P. hall. This was a real party. Everyone seemed to come with but one thought—a good time, and they had it.

The music furnished by the Red Crown orchestra was a delight to all. When it comes to real pep we have to hand it to them. A great deal of the success of the evening is due to them, as they gave their evening to the enjoyment of others. The games were enjoyed by all and there was a great deal of friendly rivalry as to who would be the winners. The milk drinking contest which was won by Mr. William Baker, caused a great deal of laughter. (We didn't know Bill was such a past master in the art of drinking from a bottle). The vocal solos by Miss Helen McMahon, Miss L. Loveland, Jack Welsh, and the Ukelele girls, Miss Alice Hamilton and Miss Helen Klinger were features of the evening. A buffet luncheon was served about 9:30, and dancing was enjoyed until 11:30

DETROIT, MICH.

Mr. C. R. Schnur, who calls on the biggest automobile manufacturers in Detroit and certainly knows something about automobiles, apparently does not know everything about driving them for he was recently summoned to appear in traffic court to answer a complaint entered against him. On account of the fact that violators of the Detroit traffic ordinance are being given jail sentences at the present time, Mr. Schnur was considerably worried over what might happen to him. On the day of his trial he bade his wife a fond farewell and put a clean collar in his pocket, expecting to be away for a more or less protracted period. We can easily imagine his relief when he found that all he was charged with was running past a traffic officer's signal and he was fortunate enough to have the judge dismiss the case.

Mr. Roy Secord, formerly tank truck driver at Lansing, is now operating the Fowlerville station.

Mr. Painter, former service station attendant at Wyandotte, has gone in business for himself. Every success is wished him by his former associates.

Leo Lavey, agent at Pinckney, took a partner last month and the new firm is Mr. and Mrs. Lavey. Congratulations and best wishes!

It has been requested that Mr. Jos. Abbott of our equipment department carry his spectacles when he visits Waldron next time so that he will be able to tell the difference between the agent's wife and the Polish woman who does her washings, or else he may have to go home and confess to his wife that his conduct is not just what it should be when he goes south fom Detroit.

Herman Hutzel of Saline blew into the Hillsdale office the other morning and his first question was "Where is the pie house?" Anyone acquainted with Hillsdale knows what Herman was looking for.

E. F. Klein, S. S. 328, is rejoicing over the arrival on February 19, of a 7½-pound baby girl.

If anyone wants to learn how to throw curves on bowling alleys, kindly consult our expert bowler, Bob Vining, at our Jackson office.

We were all glad to see our old friend, Dean Treat, of the Chicago office, here for a few days.

Bill O'Mara of the lubricating department, is now sporting a Chevrolet touring car and he is real generous with it. To see the bunch get out of it, one would think it is a public jitney. We're glad a few get to work on time anyway.

J. B. Hoyt's mother had the misfortune of falling and breaking her hip a few days ago. She is getting along very nicely, in spite of the fact that she is 73 years old. Mr. Hoyt is our mechanic at the Jackson station.

G. B. Creighton, S. S. 42, Detroit, is the proud daddy of an 8-pound daughter, Helen Elizabeth, born January 25.

Mr. V. V. Green, our grim looking, but nevertheless genial service station superintendent, is breaking in a fine new Dodge roadster. Mr. Green formerly drove a Chevrolet and says his new steed sometimes backs up when he wants to go ahead, on account of the difference in the gear shift, but so far he has always arrived on time and feels much relieved to think he can now grow as heavy as he pleases without danger of overloading his car. However, the first day he drove it he had a spare tire stolen and we understand he got "pinched" the other day for not having his license in sight, so we are afraid we will have to take it away from him.

Mr. Keating, assistant manager, happened to see a cute little bronze box on the desk of one of the stenographers and picked it up asking, "Is this one of those new tape measures to use in connection with accidents?" Charlie Knapp answered "yes," but added in a low voice "red tape;" because the

box contained a cake of powder, powder puff and little mirror.

We would suggest that the next time "Bill" Doney of the Service Station department wants to play poker at Bob Marshall's that he be very careful where he parks his car, because it may not be so easy to explain to Inspector Jackson the next time that his car was parked in the wrong place merely an hour while he "talked over a few business matters with our credit man."

Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Rodgers, Jackson, are the proud parents of a 7½-pound girl.

For the information of all who enter the Detroit office: The box on the stairs for contributions to Stanolind Record means news items only. We say this because when we emptied it a few days ago we found two matches, a hairpin, some toothpicks and six pennies. (Keep the debris but send on the pennies. Glad someone in the company sympathizes with us.—*Ed.*)

It's a good thing Perry Masten is now in Detroit, because Hillsdale wouldn't be big enough for him since the bouncing boy arrived at his home March 1.

Glen Inman, construction department, who has been in the hospital for a couple of weeks suffering from ulcers of the stomach, is now home and we trust he will soon be able to be back at the office.

We sometimes wonder what will happen next, for one of these cold mornings while driving around the boulevard, we noticed a young lady running, frantically yelling at someone ahead of her. Always being willing to help a lady in distress, we speeded up a little and when near, much to our surprise, discovered that the lady was Miss Carol Mann chasing "Vint" Green. If she did that when he drove merely a Ford, we are wondering how fast she'll run now that he has his new Dodge.

Since Stanolind Hall has discontinued serving lunches at noon, a pleasant task was wished on Jack Mason, namely, to pilot two of our winsome stenographers to the various lunch rooms in the vicinity of the office. Jack claims to be doing it merely to accommodate the ladies, but nevertheless he was somewhat down-hearted when he found out they planned to bring their lunches from home.

We regret to announce the death, February 4, of the infant child of Louis Goniea, warehouseman at West Detroit.

Mr. Freddie Zahn of the refined oil department, Detroit, wishes the Stanolind Record editor would tell him why they put the clause on pay checks reading "This check must be presented within sixty days." Freddie can't figure out any reason for such a requirement. (Sorry, but it's all news to us; we've never been able to keep our check even long enough to read the printing.—*Ed.*)

For the benefit of some who have been worrying about their disappearance from their usual haunts, we would advise that Perry Masten, former agent at Hillsdale, is now a lubricating salesman in Detroit; Tom Cade, former general salesman, taking his position as agent. Sid Faulkner specialty salesman, Detroit, is now general salesmen over Mr. Cade's old territory. George McLean, former lubricating salesman at Detroit, is now agent at Ann Arbor.

Miss Florence Erhard has been confined to her home for more than a month with inflammatory rheumatism. Latest report is that she is now able to walk a short distance alone and we are hoping she will soon be able to be back at her old post. (Deepest sympathy, Florence; we've had it three times ourself and it sure is—well, you know.—*Ed.*)

We have a musician in our midst, C. A. Mac Donald at Bellevue avenue. We recently learned that he was at one time assistant director in a band and played at the Armory, February 22.

Orval Marts, warehouseman at Bellevue avenue plant, has returned from visiting his brother at Terre Haute, Ind.

Mr. and Mrs. C. V. R. Wilber are the proud parents of an 8½-pound son, Jack Hasley, born February 1. Mr. Wilber is service station attendant at Ypsilanti.

Mr. R. L. Cook, cashier at Ann Arbor, has purchased a Buick 4 and the boys at that office say they expect him to take enough trips to near-by lakes this summer to keep them supplied with fish.

A few days ago Romeo Choquette of the billing department, took his glue pot downstairs to replenish his supply and filled it out of a barrel which was standing there half empty. Not receiving the usual results, he took it back downstairs and asked Jack Shevlin, stationery clerk, "What's the matter with this glue, Jack?" Jack asked him where he got it, and upon being informed, said "Why, it's no wonder it doesn't work. You got it out of the soft soap barrel."

We all unite in extending our deepest sympathy to A. E. Fitzgerald in the loss of his wife, Friday, February 3.

Charles Marker, pumper at Bellevue plant, was out driving in the country last Sunday when some reckless driver hit his car. Charley had his hand hurt, but not very seriously, as he was only off one day.

No, Mr. Fillingham is not a burglar. He was merely climbing a ladder into his own house when his family was recently quarantined with scarlet fever. All are now on the gain.

DULUTH, MINN.

Business was practically suspended at Duluth office for two days, owing to the terrific snow storm that raged February 22 and 23. For days high boots, mackinaws, caps, skis and snow shoes were the vogue, but street cars are again running and the world moves on as before.

Our good friend and "heavy sales hitter," Owen McCabe, has had a very unpleasant cold and sore throat, but it didn't keep Owen off the job.

Mrs. Anderson, wife of O. B. Anderson, a merchant of Hawthorne, Wis., is very grateful to a certain Standard Oil salesman for rendering her assistance on the road just outside of Superior, and Mr. Anderson was profuse in his thanks to Mr. William Mueller. However, Mr. Mueller claims the credit is not due him. Will the guilty party please come forward and receive a few words of approbation?

Henry Willmarth, agent at Marinette, makes it a special point to look after the Perfection Oil business of those people using oil burning devices in heating their homes. Getting all this business at Marinette, aren't we Henry?

We are now morally certain that Miss Olive Pugh's great-great ancestors came from the Artic regions. She braved the storm and came down to tend the switchboard, and now holds the record for answering foolish questions!

Carl Sauter, salesman at the Soo, has an enviable list of "Futures" already taken for 1922 delivery.

Dan McRae and M. W. Dock report having found a place where the black bean soup is excellent! When do we go to McGregor again?

Fable: Once there was an office boy who responded promptly to the buzzer, walked down the stairs instead of falling down, and didn't browbeat the stenographers about their mail.

Several changes were made in our sales lineup for 1922. Mr. Bowman has taken over part of the Superior territory. Mr. Sanways now has headquarters at Crosby, Minn., and Mr. LaLonde has taken over the Hibbing field formerly made by Mr. Bowman. Roy Titus, our former agent at Bemidji, is now salesman in the Bemidji circuit. Mr. S. J. Nicholas and J. A. Johnson are now salesmen in Mr. LeRoux's district, Mr. Nicholas making his headquarters at Eveleth and Mr. Johnson working out of Virginia. Mr. M. McCabe, formerly on this territory, has taken over special work throughout District number two. Mr. Chas. Hanson, formerly service station attendant at Marinette, Wis., is now salesman in Mr. Carpenter's district, with headquarters at Escanaba.

We noticed the following in the Ripley Falls newspaper, regarding our Mr. James Lowney, truck driver at Hancock, Mich.

FOUND—A good rabbit hound. James Lowney.

LOST—A good rabbit hound. James Lowney.

WANTED—A good rabbit hound. James Lowney.

FOR SALE—A good rabbit hound. James Lowney.

For expert advice on deer hunting, especially on the art of bringing them home, ask Al Auger or Dick Carlson.

Mr. J. H. Hardy is all smiles—he's a grandpa! He received a wire from his son, Will, in Milwaukee: "Junior arrived. Weighs seven pounds. All's well." We are glad with you, "Cap," and extend our congratulations to both you and Mrs. Hardy.

Mr. Olson, agent at Hibbing, Minn., held a special meeting of all employees at his station directly upon his return from the general sales meeting in Duluth, carrying our 1922 policy straight down the line.

Too bad Mr. Dock didn't know Doris Kurrell before he married. How euphonious it would have sounded—"Wee Doch an' Dorich!"

St. Valentine's Day—how sweet the sound! Norris is certainly one of the regular ones, isn't he? The offering was so enormous that it was mistaken for a pair of snow shoes!

Fred Hooper, agent at Iron River, Mich., tells this one on the wee four-year-old tot, Floyd: Seeing his mother shelling hard boiled eggs, he asked if he couldn't have one of those "bare naked" eggs!

Edna Nelson, traffic department, thinks storms are perfectly all right if you're stalled at *home*, and not at a friend's.

Ralph Knowlton, formerly an employee at Marinette, Wis., is now attached to the sales promotion department at Duluth.

Help! Murder! Police! ! I'm going UP! ! ! ! That's all right, Mr. Stockstad, you can go up if you want to, but take somebody with you that knows how to operate the elevator!

OUR SALES MEETING

Red Crown canteen globes, electrically lighted and prominently displayed in the outside lobbies of the Spalding and Holland Hotels plainly marked convention headquarters. The boys came trotting in from far and near on all trains Wednesday morning, and Wednesday afternoon our Manager I. J. S. fired the opening gun by announcing an aggressive "Go Get 'Em" sales policy for 1922.

Our convention was conducted along the lines of "group committees" this year, with each committee assigned a definite list of questions and sales problems pertaining to special phases of our work. This idea went big and when the various committees got going the real work began.

On the second day the "A" station agents were introduced and came in for special mention in the part they are playing towards increasing sales, and if the proper quotas are realized this year undoubtedly they will again be invited to look over "Duluth's Bright Lights." The big feature of our morning session was a four-reel picture on "The Story of Petroleum," shown at the Lyceum theatre through courtesy of The Bureau of Mines. Interesting and educational, and highly enjoyed by all.

Thursday afternoon Mr. H. C. Witter of Detroit gave a very interesting and instructive illustrated lecture on "Lubrication and the Manufacture of Lubricants."

Then at six o'clock sharp the main entertainment feature of the whole convention was "pulled." Donning our "Napoleonic" head gear, we marched into the banquet hall and took our places at the long tables, gayly bedecked with Yuletide and Eastertide candles. One of the hits of the entire menu was the ice cream made up in the form of a large Red Crown.

Immediately after the banquet we formed a "snake parade" and zigzagged our way down Superior street, six blocks to the Orpheum theater lead by "Duluth's Own"—Kenny McGregor, Charlie Bowan and Jim Moore on the drums. Steve Nicholas provided special "war whoop" dances along the line of march and everything went well until the jail was passed. Directly in front stood a copper, who said in an official tone of voice to Sales Promoter Dock, heading the gang, "Say you—come here!" And Dock went! After much quizzing and stalling for conversation (and a great deal of sweating on Dock's part, so we learn) the secret was finally let out of the bag. A Joke had been played on our newly made benedict by one of the playful district superintendents, and after paying a fine of cigars for the desk sergeant and his able associates, Dock was released!

At the Orpheum we all donned our little caps, each cap bearing one letter of a word that spelled a Standard Oil product. The orchestra started in with "Cheer, Cheer the Gang's All Here," and we settled down to an evening of keen enjoyment. Pat Rooney headlined the bill that was perfection all the way down the line, and the actors and actresses entered joyfully into the spirit of the evening—making it a "Standard Oil Night" long to be remembered.

Friday morning was devoted to a general Safety First meeting. At noon a group picture was taken on the Court House Square.

Friday afternoon all agents and salesmen met with Mr. Ellison, Mr. Marshall and Mr. Gilmore discussing accounting problems. The salesmen continued their group discussions.

Owing to pressure of business to be brought up and the intense interest taken in all discussions, the meeting was held over to include Saturday.

Lubricating salesmen held special sessions during the convention, discussing problems pertaining to their work with Mr. Nelson, mechanical engineer, Duluth division; Mr. Witter of Detroit, Mich.; Mr.

PARTY "FOR MEN ONLY" AT EVANSVILLE

It was given by Frances Childress and Lois Powers at the home of the latter on the evening of February 6. It was nothing if not exclusive. Helen Zackman might have been the hit of the evening if she hadn't miscalculated the size of the young man from whom she borrowed the outfit. Try Lee Carlisle next time, Helen. You'll have to ask Mabel Ruff what the prize of the evening was—they wouldn't tell the correspondent. Left to right: Gladys Byers, Nettie Klein, Frances Childress, Helen Zackman, Mabel Ruff, Fern Phillips, Lois Powers and Edna Meinhold.

Van Valin of the railway sales department, Chicago, and Mr. Meyer of the road oil department. We were indeed pleased to have these gentlemen with us.

"Dick" Carlson, "Fritz" Lind and "Bernard" Vann easily walked away with the story telling laurels, which livened up every luncheon hour.

EVANSVILLE, IND.

C. E. Rightsell, agent at Herrin, Ill., put over a good "sell" recently on a gang of would-be safe blowers who visited his station during the wee hours of the morning. Following instructions from the Evansville office, Mr. Rightsell, having been able to send his last pennies to the bank, left the safe door wide open over night. And that was what the burglars found after they jimmied their way into the office at the Standard Oil plant. An empty safe, standing wide open and desolate of a single valuable item—just that and nothing more. No record of what words passed between them is obtainable, but they can be imagined. The net loss to the company, outside of the broken lock was a pair of scissors which the visitors evidently took a fancy to; or maybe they just took them for spite or to show they had been there.

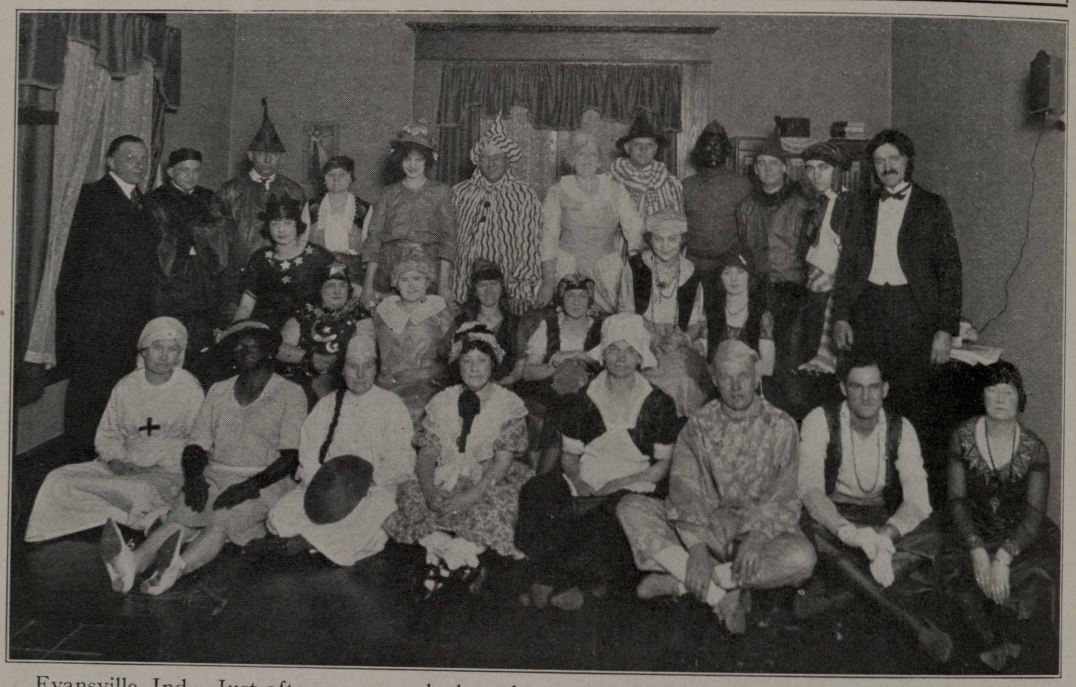
Mrs. William Mofield, wife of tank wagon driver at Harrisburg, Ill., has been seriously ill for some time. Mr. Mofield has had his wife at Christopher for treatment and had kept her under the care of a special nurse. Mrs. Mofield has the best wishes of the entire Evansville division and it is to be hoped she will soon recover.

Charles E. Wing, agent at Harrisburg, Ill., has been away from his work for several days, suffering from a severe attack of what seems to be the now prevalent grip. During his absence L. H. Hunt took care of the station until relieved by A. G. Kleinlein from Evansville.

Everyone who has recently visited the service station at West Frankfort, Ill., has come away remarking about the exceptional cleanliness of this station. J. L. Freeman, attendant at this station, would feel highly flattered if he could hear all the fine things which are being said of him and his good work.

George Bosse, Jr., attendant at Service Station 65, Evansville, got away with a pretty smooth alibi recently when a rough looking stranger dropped in

AND A HANDSOME TIME WAS HAD BY ALL



Evansville, Ind.—Just after we unmasked at the masque ball given by the Red Crown Pleasure Club, February 6, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Schulte. Lonnie Brown, impersonating a colored society belle; Jeanette Brauns as a wild girl from Borneo and Mrs. Elizabeth Leahy as a Chinese coolie, were the hits of the evening. Manager W. J. Lang, Mrs. Lang and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Riepe were unable to attend because of illness in the two families. Left to right, top row: W. E. Bringhurst, John Edmonds, John C. Schmitt and Mrs. Schmitt, Jeanette Brauns, John W. Limp, Mrs. Ewald Brauns and Mr. Brauns, E. J. Stikeman, Arthur Booth, W. H. Schulte. Center row: Mildred Schmitt, Mrs. E. J. Stikeman, Mrs. Otto Schinneman, Mrs. John Limp, Anna Leahy, Mildred McBrian, Mrs. Arthur Booth. Lower row: Anna Wyatt Bull and Miss Clark, pianist.

just before closing time in the evening and demanded the fruits of George's day of labor. When the stranger, through his coat pocket, levelled what had all the appearances of being a very active automatic and demanded of George all the cash of the station, George gave him the small change he had in his pocket and then explained that he had just thrown the combination of the safe and that he did not know this combination and really could not open the safe until morning when his "boss" would be there to open it for him. Although by no means satisfied, the hold-up man seemed to be convinced and departed, leaving no trace for the police, who arrived shortly afterward, to follow.

Jerry E. Ryan, service station superintendent, has commended the following service station attendants for the scrupulous manner in which they keep their stations clean and shining: F. C. Roberts and Clifford Collins at Marion, Ill.; Donald W. Casper, at Carterville, Ill., and C. M. Jones and Levi L. Thompson at Harrisburg, Ill. This does not mean that some of the other attendants aren't also keeping their stations in spick and span order, because the examiner may not have happened to be at their stations for a while.

The first thing William P. Henley did when he recently became agent at Goreville, Ill., was to make a drive for new business. Mr. Henley is a cartage agent and he puts it this way, "The more goods I sell the more the company benefits and the more I benefit. It's a mutual arrangement and so I'm going to sell all I can." We're all for you, Mr. Henley. "Let's go!"

Isaac Scholem, effective February 21, began dispensing Red Crown gasoline, Polarine oils and specialties at Service Station 115, Evansville. Mr. Scholem has started out like a real live wire.

Louis M. Stock has undertaken the responsibility of drawing customers and creating a trade for the new drive in station which is to be built in Evansville, to be known as Service Station 165. Mr. Stock has started doing business already, with nothing more than a temporary shed, and of course, the necessary pumps. Even at that Mr. Stock found room in his shed for several cases of specialty goods.

F. P. Crews, agent at West Frankfort, Ill., has been ill with penumonia for several days. During his absence from work his station was taken care of by A. B. Lucas.

E. J. Brinkmeyer, formerly service station attendant in Evansville, Ind., has been promoted to the position of city salesman.

Mr. John Stemper, formerly attendant at the same station with Mr. Brinkmeyer, has been promoted to the position of first attendant at the same station.

Morris Williams and Conrad Roth, of the Evansville warehouse, recently gave a real demonstration of Standard Oil Service. Five tourists traveling through Evansville enroute to the far south, had trouble with their engine just outside the company's plant. After vainly endeavoring to make their car resume its journey they came into the office and requested the privilege of using the telephone to call the service man for their car and a taxi for themselves. While they were doing this Morris Williams, who cares for the street pump, called Conrad Roth, tank wagon driver, who in the course of a few moments had the car running as smoothly as ever, so that this was what the tourists found when they emerged from the office. Needless to say, Morris had no trouble in filling their gasoline tank to the brim and putting in some oil, too, just for good measure.

L. M. Brown has been appointed specialty salesman to cover the entire Evansville division. Following his appointment, Mr. Brown was sent to Chicago for instructions. "They know what to tell you up there and they sure tell it to stick," was his comment upon returning.

William Criswell became the agent at New Albany, Ind., March 1.

E. A. Newhouse, former agent at this point, took Mr. Criswell's place as salesman.

Frank Allen was promoted February 1 to the position of first attendant at the Washington, Ind., service station.

Miss Mary Van Winkle has joined the office force at Evansville. Miss Van Winkle has entered the credit department, joining the efficient corps of E. L. Mentzer. A brother of Miss Van Winkle, James, is employed at the Sugar Creek refinery.

Asa Skeels has also entered Mr. Mentzer's department, enlisting in the capacity of assistant credit man.

Three of the young ladies in the upstairs office of the Evansville plant have clubbed together in hanging a large mirror. Among some of the fellows in the office there is much discussion of buying a vanity dresser for the trio. What do you say, girls?

Peter Ramsey has now been fully initiated into the royal order of Dingbats, according to grand master, Gus Bader. This order cannot be obtained by anyone who has never fallen off his chair or into the waste basket or spilled ink all over an important report.

Miss Carry McNabb of the equipment department, says that when Horace Alexander expectorates he sounds like a frog croaking.

Bob Gunton says the people at Joliet surely aren't very hospitable. He recently wrote to one of the young ladies at that point who had her picture in a recent issue of the Stanolind Record, but the young lady did not see fit to answer him.

After opening all the windows in the office at Evansville the other day in his endeavor to stop "sweating," Clarence Mann finally discovered that the extreme heat he had believed himself suffering from was really nothing more than a few drops of Stanolax rolling down his back after having dripped off of his slick pompadour. The whole office wondered recently when Clarence went home with a full gallon can of Stanolax and now the secret is evidently a secret no longer. That's all right, Clarence. We're all stockholders now. Rub it on your furniture, too; thay say it leaves a permanent gloss.

B. J. Morgan, tank wagon driver at Vincennes, Ind., became the proud father February 17, of an eight-pound boy. Mr. Morgan is wearing a grin from ear to ear. We don't know just what he is going to name his youngster, but we bet he gets a good name, for he has taken his time in finding it.

Rollie C. Tyler has been advanced to agent at Murphysboro, Ill.

FARGO, N. D.

In the interest of Safety First, a series of five successful meetings has been conducted during the past three months at the Fargo office. Smokes, pictures, and a snappy jazz orchestra were special attractions at the fifth and last. Several men were called upon without previous warning for impromptu remarks, their interesting and convincing talks gave assurance that "Safety First" has acquired many new champions. Mr. R. H. Reed, Chicago auditor, related several vivid accounts of disastrous experiences which have come to his attention during his many years with the company. The Safety Committee was congratulated by Manager F. I. Packard for the efficient manner in which the meetings were conducted and for the general good feeling of co-operation which prevailed.

Mr. Ben Killeran, formerly agent at Cooperstown, N. D., has taken over the station at Warren, Minn., which assures us of good results at that point.

Miss Emma Nelson of our stenographic department, recently became the bride of Mr. Henry Thompson, of Barnesville, Minn. They will be at home at Hawley, Minn , after March 1, at which place the groom is engaged in business.

Mr. R. H. Ellis, formerly construction foreman in the field, has been called to the office to aid Mr. Mielke, head of the construction department.

Mr. T. Bock, formerly employed at Devils Lake "A" station, has assumed the duties of warehouse foreman at Fargo. We welcome you, Mr. Bock.

Miss Lyda Anderson of the stock department, has returned from a vacation spent at her home at Badger, Minn.

Miss Loraine Tardiff, formerly of Crookston "A" station, is now assistant file clerk, Fargo. Crookston's loss—Fargo's gain.

The Fargo office force will be pleased to hear that Miss Agnes Kelly will again be back at her desk March 1. Mr. Jesten, better get your Nash in shape. Overby, you might start arrangements by talking with Miss Margaret.

Mr. Erdahl, general clerk, has again returned to his duties after a week's illness.

District Superintendent Guy F. Harris has temporarily taken over the Oakes field left open by the resignation of Salesman N. L. Raaen.

Mr. L. C. Ladner is now salesman in the Cando field, Mr. Hall being transferred to agent at Tolna.

Mr. John Alkenbrock, former agent at Deering, N. D., has taken over the station at Russell, N. D., succeeding Mr. P. A. Lerfold, who will act as agent at Maxbass station only.

Mr. A. G. Cummings is a new member of the Standard Oil family, having taken the field covered by Mr. J. D. Barnes, who has resigned. We welcome you, Mr. Cummings.

Specialty Salesman Ladner has been showing the sales force some little speed during the past month.

Jake Stahl of the stock department is spending several weeks in Illinois. These trips are becoming yearly affairs—better bring her back with you, Jake.

Sam Ordahl, credit department, is quite a tourist, having just completed a seven hundred mile trip in two days.

Manager Packard noticed that Salesman O. W. Roberts, Jr., was somewhat nervous during the recent sales meeting, and was rather concerned as to the reason. His mind was greatly relieved when he received a notice from Mr. Roberts announcing the arrival of a four-pound baby girl, Tuesday, January 24, 1922. The young lady's name will be Margaret Jane.

Auditor R. H. Reed, of the Chicago office, has been with us for the past two months. This is Mr. Reed's first trip to the Fargo office.

During the past month all salesmen in the Fargo division have visited Fargo office. A regular schedule was used, all salesmen under a certain district superintendent being called in at one time. Each group was allowed two days at the office. The early part of the first day was spent in conference with the manager and assistants. Later each salesman was required to visit all departments. By knowing in advance just what salesmen were going to be in on a certain date matters to be taken up with them were gotten well in hand the day before, and good results were accomplished. All affected are in hopes that this plan will be used annually.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

Mr. Clyde Wilcox of the checking department, went home to Greenville to have his tonsils removed. You have our sympathy, Clyde,

Howard Barnes, agent at Buchanan, Mich., is looking happy these days. His daughter was home from the Howell sanitarium recently for a visit. He says she is looking like a different girl and he hopes to have her back home again soon, to stay.

Our agent at Bridgman, Mich., Auggie Schultz, says everything is coming fine since he beat a competitive gasoline in a mileage test recently. He convinced a garage man that Red Crown would run his car just two miles further per gallon. The garage man is now painting "RED CROWN" all over one side of his building. Good business, Auggie.

One of the most artistically arranged and delightful social affairs of the winter season, was the Valentine party given by Mr. and Mrs. Bovee at Traverse City, Michigan, for the pleasure of the SOCO employees. A beautifully appointed dinner was served at 6:30, after which an enjoyable evening was spent playing "Hearts" and dancing, the old fashioned square dances causing much merriment. The house was beautifully adorned for the occasion. Mr. Bovee, who is our salesman, received the head prize for card playing, while Mrs. Harvey Slarrow, wife of our agent at Traverse City, received the consolation award for the ladies and Loren Newberry received the men's consolation prize. It sounds so good, Mr. Bovee, that we're sorry it didn't include all the SOCO employees.

It never rains but it pours. During the severe illness of the mother of Harriet Van Domelen, her father passed away, February 25. The SOCO employees wish to extend their sympathy to the bereaved ones.

Mr. Johnny Johnson has been transferred from the warehouse office to the "big" office. Johnny isn't sure he is going to like it so well, you know he's so bashful, and girls didn't work in the warehouse office. You'll like it, Johnny, they're not so hard to get along with.

Mr. Fred Huizenga, clerk at the Kalamazoo office, had a nice valentine arrive at his home. Fred says the boy weighs 7 pounds, 13 ounces and looks like a future SOCO man. Valentines usually aren't such precious packages, Fred; congratulations.

Mr. P. S. Merritt of the Grand Rapids garage was seen at the recent auto show, strutting around with his coat collar up and holding it shut. The next morning he was asked if it was cold at the auto show, "No," said Phil, "I forgot to wear my tie."

Mr. Leroy Osborn has been appointed agent at Hartford, succeeding C. Pomeroy, who has resigned. Welcome, Leroy.

Mr. H. R. Cochran and Mr. E. P. Galbreath recently made a cyclone (blew in and right out again) trip to see us.

Miss Marie Theis recently made a short visit at Big Rapids. She smilingly advised us that she accidentally "ran into Blondy DeWitt." Blondy says "hello" to the bunch. Was it really accidental Marie?

Hope Champlin and Theresa Amborski have become "Aunties." Both came down smiling one morning and said, "I have a new niece."

Ed Venema is back in the office with us again at his old job in the checking department. We are afraid, however, that the indoor work will make Ed still thinner.

Our heartfelt sympathy goes out to the sorrowing family of Frank Kirby, who lost his best pal, his "Dad," on February 24.

Mr. Ryno Benke has been appointed agent at Coloma, Michigan. Now watch the sales of the full line grow. Mr. Benke was formerly service station attendant at St. Joseph and Benton Harbor.

The Antlers of the Elks Bowling League, including Ace Hanna, Johnny Mieras and Hugo Pierson, won fouth place in the 5-men contest. Harry Ellis and Ace Hanna finished second in the doubles. You've got to hand it to the SOCO bowlers for winning prizes. We understand they won enough to pay for the liniment used on their arms.

"Dad" Shrider retired on January 1 after twenty-seven years of faithful service in the SOCO family. The sales force presented "Dad" with a beautiful diamond set Masonic ring. It is going to seem funny not to see "Dad's" snowy head around the office and we hope he'll come to see us once in a while. Good luck to you, "Dad."

L. D. Paul—You'll remember the last we heard of him he was in Ann Arbor to see a football game. Now we wonder whether the attraction was really the football game. Wasn't long after that he introduced Mrs. L. D. Paul.

L. Dean says that now he feels like a magazine, a "Woman's Home Companion."

Another Ford in the Grand Rapids field. Cecil Ford has just been appointed agent at Quincy, Michigan, and we know that like all the rest of the "Fords" he is "going to make the grade on high."

Mr. L. D. Hyde, former assistant chief clerk in the Grand Rapids office, has left St. Joseph and is now chief clerk at Milwaukee, Wis.

Mr. J. P. Spearow of Sturgis and Mr. F. France, agent at Coldwater, Mich., visited the office recently to see "how their reports were being taken care of."

Mr. D. E. Damoth and Orin Sterkins are our newly appointed agents at Saugatuck and Lowell, Mich., respectively.

Al Hosbein, service station attendant, at St. Joseph, Mich., is back on the job again. Al is relating some of his experiences, which happened during his leave of absence, spent in the wild and

woolly regions of Minnesota. Besides the stories, he brought back enough provisions to last the rest of the winter. Thanks to father-in-law.

It is with regret that we see Ace Hanna, our assistant chief clerk, leave our midst. Ace, it's true, you can't keep a good man down, but we hate to lose you, we're so used to you now. Seeing Ace intended to leave us anyway, the office employees thought they would aid in making the trip a little more comfortable and presented him with a beautiful traveling bag. Joliet, you're lucky, and A. S. Hanna, we wish you all the good luck there is.

Mr. John Mieras, better known as "Johnny," who has been with us since he was a "little" boy, now has the title, "Assistant Chief Clerk." Another case of "you can't keep a good man down," and we're glad of it, Mr. Mieras.

HURON, S. D.

S. L. McGill is developing into a first class specialty salesman. At Mitchell during an intensive drive the past week he made sale of a half barrel of Finol and also a half barrel of Stanolax, the largest single sale of these articles that has been made in the division this year.

Leon Johnson of Kimball was checked in as agent at Reliance last week to replace W. A. Cullen.

Everyone knows Mr. Bailey, assistant manager, is pretty smooth, but who would ever suspect him of cashing the same check twice.

Pat Ryan of Aberdeen in. Glad to see him again.

H. B. Palm, district superintendent, went to Akron, Iowa, last week to visit his parents and to help them celebrate their 50th anniversary. Mr. Palm's father and mother were the first settlers in that part of Iowa and Mrs. Palm was the first white girl to be married in that county.

Q.—"Where's Mr. Mahoney, head of the U. T. L. department?"

A.—"He isn't here." (Upon turning around) "Here he comes now, as usual." (9:30 a. m.)

Ed. Hanson, our general clerk, doesn't mind checking stations, but he had a little hard luck on his last trip, nearly loosing his little finger in opening iron barrels.

We see Mankato has a wonderful wrestler. Kent says he doesn't like to brag about himself, but he would sure like to meet that man Miller on some neutral ground, and shake hands with him.

Irene Olson, one of our fair stenos, is again with us, after being confined to her home for some time with the big head (mumps).

Helen Larkin hopes that we have a holiday on the 13th, as it is her wedding anniversary.

Alwin Areman is a good basket ball player, only he needs a football suit. First he looses all the skin off his elbow, then his knee and I suppose next it will be his nose.

Annual get-together party of the Huron office employees was held Tuesday evening, February 21, taking the nature of a Washington's birthday celebration. We had dancing, cards and stereopticon views of the Whiting refinery, all of which were highly enjoyed. Several of the wives baked magnificent cakes, three of which were still uneaten when the party was over. Our assistant manager, Mr. Bailey, thereupon put on an auction to make up the deficit in the treasury, and all three cakes were knocked down at good prices, our lubricating correspondent, Mr. Ole, getting one cheap at $2.20, of which sum we have not yet seen anything.

FOUND: February 1, 1922—big cowboy hat, two and a half miles out of Fort Pierre, S. D. Upon investigation it was found to be "Perke." Result of buck of bucking bronco.

A. H. Dodsley went out west last week on company business and he stopped at Wasta for 24 hours. He tells us he was snowbound but judging from his conversation when he got back we are inclined to believe he was stringing us. Ask him about the Irishman who went to Cuba for his health, or the other Irishman who disregarded the train dispatchers instructions saying that he didn't have time to read the Chicago Sunday Tribune. Of course, he may have been snowbound. Two weeks later—The same story about being snowbound, but at Watertown this time.

The girls in the office have organized a social club known as the "Soco" Club. They meet with the various members and their object is to promote good fellowship.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Dear Ed: It is hardly necessary to write "*Souse* Bend" correspondent for his plan of coaxing up a gossip column, as it's not every news-hound who can breathe back of a red bandana or handle a brace of "cannon" with a professional air. Some may be reckless enough to operate in cloth-topped shoes or under a fancy-banded hat—but shoving two guns next to the ribs of securely locked news, as it is locked up around this district—that's quite different, Charley.

Talking about being in the wrong church and the wrong pew, besides—the following notice posted at the Indianapolis warehouse about wins the box of agate mothballs and involves the author, "Whistling Rufus" Keyt, in all kinds of complications: "Close at noon Wednesday, MARCH 23d. acct Wash's birthday."

Speaking of cracking "hard shells," Sam Mettler, S. S. 84, Tipton, Ind., certainly swings a weighty sledge-hammer. As a final inducement, Sam sold an eight-ounce can of Finol on the "dollar down, dollar for life" plan, except weekly payments were limited to one lone dime. The customer, Mr. J. C. Whistler, is not only keeping up his payments, but is following the joke through nicely by insisting on a receipt for each dime, aside from personally putting this column "next" to this most unusual transaction.

Primrose might be the flower for February, a la Stanolind Almanac, but it's hardly that kind of a path in western Indiana, judging from the terse comments noticed on Forms 142 filtering through this palace of toil. A couple of the milder sentiments follow: Bloomingdale—"Good roads are a memory only, here." Dana—"Roads are like h—". (Like in Montana, Mr. White?) Paragon—"Took this load to where an airplane can't travel."

George Dietz, S. S. 58, Indianapolis, who at one time had collected enough cannon to rival the ordnance of the 1st Indiana Field Artillery, was double crossed by a thug who "called" during George's absence.

F. D. Baker, pump-handle spinner at Frankfort, is experiencing some difficulty in getting accustomed to the three-man-to-two-station idea. Fred is always backing up to the wrong "island" for his "trick"—tack-tags have been suggested as a remedy.

Preliminary practice leading up to the permanent installation of dictaphones is bordering on the comic, and featuring Mark Phipps as a headliner in the leading role "When a feller needs a friend, by Briggs."

J. C. Logan, Bainbridge agent, is still wondering why he picked out our only zero morning to sell a rural customer a gallon can of Finol. For the sale was not completed until our agent had climbed the windmill and applied a dose of "odorless and colorless." J. C. says the first thirty feet were the hardest and the next time he hears a "weather-vane" squeak he will pose as a tile ditcher.

Miss Henrietta Goldberger entertained the girls of the office at her home, Saturday, February 11, with a surprise miscellaneous shower on Mrs. Rolland Mitchum, nee Miss Helen Benner. Games were played and Margaret Hicks and Elizabeth O'Brien proved to be the fastest trick artists in the crowd. Pauline Cline and Kathryn McCarty won the booby prizes hands down, Pauline getting a pencil as big as she is, and Kathryn a glass darning egg. Refreshments, decorations and favors were carried out along valentine lines. In the center of the table was a large crepe paper-covered box containing the shower gifts and Helen can tell you how beautiful and useful they are. Cream and cakes in heart shapes were served and at each plate was a valentine and a heart shaped basket filled with candy. Red candles were burning at each end of the table. All present were generous in their praises of "Hattie" being a "real" hostess.

On Saturday night, February 18, the Polarine Social Club became more than a theory when employees and their families to a number well past the one hundred mark, congregated at the Washington Club rooms for the first banquet and dance. A very substantial stagger at a real feed was thrown, followed by a few brief speeches by President Frank S. Dudgeon, Manager E. P. Galbreath and former Specialty Salesman Delbert Wilmett, who is now city police judge. As the club formerly had only sported a president, the organization was completed by the election of additional officers. Ballots showed the following results: Vice-president, Troy Christman; secretary-treasurer, Miss Elizabeth Dashiel; executive committee, J. R. O'Kelly, R. F. Beatty, A. C. Mathias, William Miller and Miss Myrtle Clark. Immediately following the clearing of the tables, the main hall was turned over to the dancers, while the older folks grouped around the card tables for euchre and other stiff-jointed games. Of course in a gathering of this size so much happened that a dozen reporters would have come in handy. First the club refused to recognize the "press" and the Stanolind Record had to plunk down "six bits" same as the rest, therefore, does not deserve any too much space. Spect Troy Christman was elected "runner up to the president" to lend weight to the organization. President Dudgeon showed the crowd he could juggle words besides m. c. (milk cans) of Polarine. Manager Galbreath had a bum alibi for not putting on a spreadeagle speech—"too many ladies present." Judge Wimett, who spoke in the face of limited time. made a hit with the folks when he assured them if they would call to see him he would have plenty of "time" to give them.

J. E. (Woody) Wilson, who always eats dessert first, was out of luck this trip. Carl Roembke braved the joshing by appearing without his cap—the first time in eight years. As usual Brick Hicks drew a blank and was put to washing dishes. A regular cloudburst early in the evening prevented many from attending or there would have been a jam. Bill Jordan, cartage clerk, certainly had his girl trained during the dance, she danced with Bill or not at all. Ed Galbreath, sometimes known as "manager," mixed profusely with all of the "doings" although he was forced to retire to the tailor's for repairs after making an extra long slide in the bowling match, Mathias—Taffe vs. Ashman—Galbreath, where scores were of the duck pin variety. Libbie Lee Turner arrived all out of breath just in time to devour what was left on the table—a radish and a toothpick. Some claim Phil Serrin had a quart of Polarine in place of a cocktail for he certainly displayed a flock of loose joints on the dance floor. The evening was spent on the scenes of some pretty tender memories; noticed among those who searched for the old brass bar rail were Brennan, Hicks, Taffe, Aikins, Kirsch, Roembke, Tomlinson, Conlin, et al. Fred Peine showed some class at the tenpin game after fifteen years of lay-off. The "old folks" felt secure in their retirement at the card games, but were chased out on the floor by the official dishwasher who proceeded to call off circle and quadrille dances. When the line parted in the circle "hoe-down," Earl Thompson found himself at the end of a "whip" and he got the drag of his life, upsetting chairs, wall flowers and all; before the machinery could be stopped, Earl looked like he had just been initiated into fourteen lodges.

At a late hour, whether it was from the 1-10 of 1%, extra charged soda-pop or what, a trio in Serrin, Ashman and Galbreath took a sudden notion to sing and proceeded to revive "Good Night, Ladies." With George W. singing any louder a riot call would have been sent in.

Our leading slang artist who inhabits the traffic department, covered the proceedings nicely when he said: "Absolutely no dead freight in the shed; everyone did their share in having a good sociable time."

All active as well as retired employees of the Indianapolis field are eligible to join the club, the object of which is to promote greater sociability among its members.

J. F. Miller, former stake truck driver at Anderson, has moved over to Knightstown where Joe as agent intends to put K-town on the map by selling enough Red Crown to change the color of Blue River.

Wm. Krumrine, utility service station attendant, looks like he has been through a fodder shredder. He started out by buying the future Mrs. a hope chest for $19.98 and put a thrilling climax on his recklessness by undertaking to transfer the "object of his affections" into Kentucky for a visit. Bill's flivver forded the Ohio river in fine shape but "bucked" on the Caintuck mud and clay mixture; he forgot to turn the switch, the batteries ran down and in fact about everything cussable happened in the three days. William was pining for his Indiana home (Columbus S. S. 31), which he reached about the time the boys had decided Bill had turned moonshiner.

Billy Morris, circuit driver, is wishing for a million. While he is wishing as he is wishing for a truck that will pull with one wheel buried.

Listed among the coming month's best sellers will be a phonograph record by Jake Weaver, our head laundryman at the garage, who will offer bits of spicy comments on the condition of the "two-ton washings" being forced on him by the circuit drivers. It sure will be a "best seller" as Jake broke at least a dozen needles in making his "masterpiece."

Leslie (Hurry Up) Baker, city driver, couldn't stand the excitement of a new (the first) grandson. "Grandpap" was under the doctor's care for three days.

After successfully invading the wilds of northern Canada last summer, from which he returned unscratched, after campaigning against the ferocious porcupines, savage owls and bloodthirsty chipmunks, L. Van Liew, our lub. expert should lend his mail-order uniform and arsenel, not mentioning his correspondence school course on woodcraft, to the cause of the "Fifty lubricating engineers to Russia" movement.

About the time it was decided to resort to a club, an item or two sifts in from the outposts. Evidently some of the family are convinced that Stanolind Record news and pictures are not pumped or pipe-lined. For these small number of contributions, thanks is hereby expressed—large ones in proportion.

JOLIET, ILL.

On the evening of February 10, the girls of the office surprised Josephine Horan Yack at her new home on Youngs avenue. Everyone surely had a great time and Jo proved a charming hostess, even though a surprised one. We all wondered why Marietta wore that orange sweater. We didn't know it was a stretchable one. Ann Swenson had a pleasant surprise when the groom requested that she share her chair with him. We were all envious until Katherine Kane, sitting on the floor, became friendly with the groom and fearless of the new bride, kissed him, not only once, but frequently throughout the evening. Why, Kaney! Lil Olander seemed full of pep, inasmuch as she received a long distance telephone call from somewhere in the Ottawa circuit. Josephine, the blushing bride, was presented with silver and kitchen utensils, which, she said, she didn't know what to do with and upon receiving a bread pan stated she was going to bake her Elmer loaves and loaves of bread. Poor Elmer! Ask Mary McMillan.

Hooray for "Red" Bolton! We had the most wonderful dance at New Lenox, Wednesday the 15th. Credit is also due to Eddie Fitzer, who so kindly donated the "Elysium" for the big time. All who were there have been so enthused about it that the others, who stayed home, insist upon another party so they can go. There threatened to be a mob when the orchestra leader announced "The Kansas City Blues" by Dawson.

We hear that Pat Morrisey received a valentine with the following verse on it:

"Oh, be he went, Oh am he gone,
Oh are he left I all alone,
Shall him never come to we,
Shall I never come to he?—
It cannot was!"

We don't say for sure who sent that Valentine to Patsy, but we have a good idea. Incidentally, Hughie Boyle, Beau Brummel DeLuxe, received one with a red headed girl on it. Use your own judgment.

Mr. Morton says he is going to buy one of those Saxophone things to make Louie step lively. He claims he has been looking for something for that purpose for quite a while and not until he saw Louis toddling at the Standard Oil dance at New Lenox did he get on the right track. Louis surely does like to dance, don't you, Louie?

Two new additions to our bookkeeping department are Leo Offerman and Roy Olson, the second.

Dewey Martin, late of the office, has been transferred to the warehouse. We also hear that Dewey is some pilot. This from the bowling team after their recent trip to Aurora. Solgren, actually believing that Dewey knew the way home, drove as he was instructed and landed the boys in Naperville, instead of Joliet, at 2:00 in the morning. He stopped the machine right in front of a bank and the Naperville police thought they had rounded up a bunch of bank robbers, and told them to move on. They arrived in Joliet just about in time to start to work.

Our heartfelt sympathies are extended to Harry C. Hanlin of the iron barrel department, on the loss of his infant son, Harry Clayton, Jr., 5 weeks old on February 16.

Leo Pesevento surprised the office February 14 and is single no longer. The bride was Miss Anna Slusk and the wedding took place in St. Dennis church, Lockport. For their honeymoon, the couple went to Kokomo, Ind. They will make their home in Lockport. Congratulations!

On February 14, Mr. F. L. King, from Chicago office, introduced our new chief clerk, Mr. Joseph Honomichl, formerly assistant chief clerk at Wichita, Kansas. Short talks were given by Mr. Honomichl, Mr. Morton, Mr. Monson, and Mr. T. R. Dawson. We wish to welcome Mr. Honomichl and his family into our organization and can assure him of our hearty co-operation.

Recently Mr. A. P. Schmidt, who has always been considered a strictly sober gentleman, went to Forreston, Illinois. At 8:30 P. M. he applied for a room at the hotel, and as he was very much worn out from a hard day's work, Al decided to get a good night's rest, and went to bed early. He was awakened from a sound sleep by footsteps in the hall, and thinking it time to get up, Al hurried and dressed for an early start. While putting on the finishing touches, he heard two men in the hall talking and bidding each other good night. Whereupon Al went back to bed with all his clothes on.

Herman Kuntz, mechanic at the garage, met with a painful accident the other day when he broke his wrist while cranking a Ford tank truck. Here's hoping this injury will not affect his pitching arm as he sure is some pitcher when he gets the old ball breaking.

Vote for A. J. Lindgren for sheriff! This the cry of Miss Mildred Lindgren. She guarantees that anyone who votes for her dad need never fear arrest, no matter what kind of a mix-up he gets into. Also, she is making plans for a house party to be held after the election. Everyone is invited, as Mildred says if they are crowded for room, they can always use the jail, which is just next door. We'll all be there with the bells on, Mildred.

On Tuesday, February 7, the bowling team from the Joliet office accompanied by the ardent fans journeyed over to Aurora and encountered the highly touted team of Standard Oil employees of that city. Joliet won all three games, which were all hotly contested. Due to a little hard luck the Aurora boys ran into many railroads which caused their defeat. Following the games the boys were taken over to Mr. Tavennor's home and were entertained by members of the Aurora team, after which refreshments were served by Mrs. Tavennor. The boys wish to thank Mr. and Mrs. Tavennor for the excellent time they had and also for the refreshments.

We don't hear much about our bowling team, but from the scores printed in the papers, we seem

to have a regular team. They have won the last seven out of eight match games with some of the best teams in the city. Nothing would please the boys better than to arrange a series of games with our Chicago office. With a heavy anchor man like Charlie Sallgren, the rest of the team are confident they can clean up any of the outside teams.

The main excitement in the Joliet sales department from January 19 to 23 was to get plenty of advertising matter out to Freeport for the Winter Festival. The advertising matter arrived and was placed in the hands of the consuming public at the Standard Oil Company booth in the Freeport Winter Festival, sponsored by the American Legion Post of that city. Agent E. W. Greb, J. D. Barnes, and R. E. Harrison were much pleased to have the occasion to go over with the public the many us and the quality of Standard Oil Company products, and sent everyone away with a smile on their face and a Stanolind Almanac, "What is Good Gasoline," Semdac, Parowax, Stanolax, Mica, Eureka, Harness Oil pamphlets and a Red Crown gauge stick in their hand. The above three also had three able asistants. These were Service Station Attendants E. B. Thomas, V. L. Lacy, and A. A. Graff, who were also glad to have an opportunity to show their old customers and others something besides Semdac, Polarine and Finol. Advertising matter is not all that came from Joliet to Freeport. Mr. E. E. Morton and Mr. C. M. Monson also slipped into town to take a look at the display. There were no changes made in the display the following day, so we assume that Mr. Morton and Mr. Monson were pleased with it.

The following changes were made at the Freeport station February 1: J. D. Barnes, cashier, transferred to Joliet where he is now gliding around on the grease books in the stock department; Mr. E. B. Thomas, transferred from service station attendant to cashier; G. A. Littill, transferred from tank wagon driver to service station, and Irvin Black, a new man, has taken Mr. Littill's tank wagon. "Hi" Morrow is now driving a city truck instead of a rural and "Hi" is waiting at the front door in the A. M. to fill those Perfection tanks. Stay with 'em, "Hi," if you take them to the well long enough they will drink.

Freeport's slogan for 1922 is "Freeport First," and with its present organization figures should read accordingly.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

John Henry Budde, do you take Catherine Collins as your lawful wedded wife and promise to bring home your pay check to her each pay day? I DO! Catherine Collins, do you take John Henry Budde as your lawful wedded husband and promise to fry his spuds without onions in 'em, mend his feetless socks, until death does its part? I DO! And so they were married. The party of the first part, who was formerly district superintendent and now assistant manager at Decatur, made a business trip to K. C. which culminated in the above mentioned incident.

John Mornfeld, stock department, has been transferred to the junk ledger. We look for him to balance a mean hackney forthwith, being one of the best stock men, with the possible exception of Joe Wilhelm.

The cash sale department is working full blast again with the return of Roy Johnson who has been on the sick list for some time.

J. S. Moore is again in the harness after two weeks' illness. He says it was his stomach, but the fact that he recently shaved that little coffee strainer from his upper osculator, resulting in a terrible cold, sounds more plausible.

Bill Henderson was off duty for a few days on account of having his tonsils tooken out. Bill Miller relieved him at S. S. 60 and he reports that quite a number of horse drawn vehicles were parked in the keourt house squawr Saturday morning.

Miss Koerner is again seriously ill, after returning for a very short period to the workhouse. We hope for a speedy recovery.

Dan Davison made a short business visit in Wichita recently and also visited with his brother-in-law, who is manager of the Sinclair branch at that point. In his absence the stock clerks got rather frisky and it will be necessary to tame them again.

A. R. Ware, ledger man, was on the sick list for two weeks but has now recuperated and is on the job again—as you all know.

The new statistical department, with Percy Green as skipper, is well under way with business picking up daily. Miss Susie Kincaid, a past Standard Oil Company girl, helped out in a pinch recently for a few days.

The office was the scene of a very gay affair February 18, the occasion being the first entertainment and dance given by the Stanolind Club. There was dancing from 8:30 to 9:50 P. M., followed by a vocal solo rendered by Mrs. M. H. Farris, a jazz toe dance by Miss Dolores Farris which resulted in sore eyes to some of the male employees, a violin solo by Miss Beaulah Marty, which was voted "SOME SOLO." There was a short intermission calculated to give all a chance to mit one and another, after which more dancing was indulged in. For those who didn't dance, and some of the married men who quit dancing when they got married, card games were in order. Refreshments were served throughout the evening, making the party a grand success. A large number of outsiders joined with the employees to make the first party an inspiration for those to follow.

The Horse-Shoe-Star Chewing Club of the office is growing rapidly and now numbers many prominent knights of the weed. The only thing the club seems to lack is sufficient funds to purchase their supply and we believe this will soon be overcome by some thoughtful member. The amount represented in shoe leather worn out by the members in search of the weed would go a long ways towards laying in a supply. Instead of "Button, button, whose got the button?" it's now "Chewin', chewin', whose got some chewin'?"

Lockwood Armstrong, of the examining force, is confined to his home with a light attack of influenza.

Mr. C. W. Phillips has replaced Earl Kendricks as salesman. Mr. Phillips was at one time employed as ledger clerk.

W. S. Witherspoon has been transferred from the credit department to the cashier's department.

The stock department was seriously handicapped due to the absence of Dave and Lou Gardesky who just returned from their vacations. Miss Martin, of the billing department, also enjoyed a vacation during the same period.

G. B. Thacher, our agent at Odessa, Mo., reports that he filled a tank at a P. P. L. station and before he could collect for the gallonage, the party had died. What it takes to collect with, he's got, but what he wants to know is who to collect from.

They say the way to reach a man's heart is through his stomach and if Queenie Lewis can cook like she can make candy, we sure envy Al Hughes. When's the next treat coming off, Queenie?

In the January issue of the Record, the writer made some jocular remark about Tom Tennant having a boil on his map—well, since that time said writer has had a boil with another in the process of boiling at this time. He who laughs last, etc. Ain't it the truth?

Hev yuh noticed how fat the street car chauffeurs and footmen are gettin'? Mrs. Brennan is now cooking at the 9th street car barn, after several years service with the Standard Oil Company in that capacity. Her successor, Mrs. Brown, slings a pretty wicked skillet, but of course when a person gets set on a certain way of having the hash dished up, they get to be tempermental, whatever that word means. (I saw it in the Post.)

LA CROSSE, WIS.

On Tuesday evening, February 21, the Standard Oil Company Social Club held a most delightful dancing party at Oddfellows hall. The party proved to be a decided success, both socially and financially. About sixty couples were in attendance and everybody reported a wonderful time. If the attendance at our dancing parties increases in the future as it has in the past, it is evident that we will be obliged to build a hall large enough to accommodate our crowds.

Lucille Frizzell took the afternoon off February 20. It was Don's last day in the city. They contemplated a walk to the bluffs to take some "snaps." The weather caused a disappointment—dark and cloudy with regular showers. Our sympathy, Lucille, and remember—"Every cloud has a silver lining."

Dark shadows are lurking about the office of late, in the form of two Football Moustaches (eleven on each side) which recently appeared on our friends, Harold Smevog and Fred Schroeder. Fred reports good luck in sweet oil applications, while Harold says that he will never again use buttermilk on his moustache. The only reason we can give for Harold's moustache is that he made a wager that he could produce one. If so, Harold, it looks as though you were going to lose.

We believe Ed Grove's ability as a writer should be recognized. Why not favor us with selections for the "Record," Ed.

W. F. Johns, agent at Nekoosa, Wis., has added a ¾-ton International speed wagon to his equipment in order to give perfect service.

T. Loppnow succeeds Mr. Frank Beaver as agent at Loyal, Wis. Mr. Beaver or "Frank," as he is better known through that region, is moving on a farm near Loyal and figures on doing a lot of his farming with Red Crown and Polarine.

Mr. Chas. I. Benjamin is agent at Nelson, Wis., and has a new Ford truck for taking care of the business at that point.

Mr. Herman Brandt, agent at Pittsville, Wis., recently added another Ford truck to his equipment in order to maintain perfect service.

Mr. A. J. Goddard, district superintendent western district, has returned from a visit with his mother at Iron River, Michigan. He also visited friends at Iron Mountain and Ishpeming.

We are just in receipt of an announcement of the arrival of a daughter at the home of John W. Robertson, service station attendant at Cannon Falls, Minn. No doubt this accounts for the smile Mr. Robertson is wearing, and the smile probably accounts for the large number of future orders that he has taken.

Will someone advise us who or what the attraction at Brownsville? Miss Blanche Gayman is a frequent visitor to that most interesting place.

Mr. J. H. Lambert, manager, was a business visitor to Rochester, Minn., where he addressed the district superintendent and salesmen of the western district.

Mr. E. R. Remp has returned from a business visit to Chicago.

Mr. O. A. Helle succeeds Mr. Arns as agent at Harmony, Minn.

We regret to report the death of Charlotte Kohlhaus' mother, who passed away very unexpectedly.

Mr. Ed Poss has returned to his desk after an absence of a few weeks during which he submitted to a very serious operation. We certainly are pleased to see him looking so well.

MANKATO, MINN.

Primary elections for the offices of the Red Crown Club resulted in the old officers being renominated by overwhelming majorities. As none of these officers were up for re-election, various notices were posted declining the honor for the second time. At this writing no candidates have put in an appearance. With the general election set for the sixth of March the membership of the Red Crown Club is somewhat at a loss as to how to cast their ballot. How about a few stump speeches and torch-light processions?

The last function in the fiscal year of the Red Crown Club was given in the K. C. hall on the evening of February 18. The affair was planned as a Valentine party and from eight until nine-fifteen o'clock progressive hearts provided the amusement, prizes being won by Grace Blackmer and C. J. Jensen. Promptly at nine-fifteen the Loyola orchestra swung into one of their ever popular foxtrots and from that time until early morning the devotees of the dance tripped the light fantastic to their heart's content. The official dance of the Red Crown Club, "The Red Crown Quiver," was danced for a prize which was awarded to Mr. Chesbrough. The prize—well, it was labelled "Red Crown Quiver," but he wouldn't dispense any samples. Dainty refreshments were served by the Red Crown girls under the efficient direction of Mrs. Anderson, whose culinary art contributes largely to the success of this organization. The decorations followed out the valentine scheme and were in company colors, the orchestra being placed within a miniature service station topped with Red Crown globes. This party was the climax of a most successful year and was voted one of the most pleasant given by the Red Crown Club organization.

On the evening of February 8 the girls of the Mankato office force held a surprise party in honor of Mrs. Minnie Fischer. We have been unable to discover the occasion of said party, but suspicion that it was the result of the universal feminine desire for parties. Mrs. Fischer was invited to the home of Louise Kiffe where the surprise was "sprung." From the data gathered by the correspondent it would seem that the feature of the party was the eats, of which there was a plentiful sufficiency, due, no doubt, to the energy of Mrs. Anderson. (Mankato correspondent would suggest that, in the future, at least one mere man

(preferably the correspondent) be invited, in order that details and pictures of social affairs will not be lacking.)

Rumor has it that R. E. Neubel and W. P. Scherer of the Mankato office journeyed to a neighboring city one bleak night to take in a basketball game, and found when they arrived at their destination that the game had been played the night before. An air of foggy mystery seems to surround this trip.

District Superintendents T. A. Dorgan and H. B. Ray of the Mankato division are most profuse in declarations of their intentions to supply the Standlind Record with enough pictures for a year's publication. Total pictures received to date—0.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

THE APPLETON GANG

We've got a "gang" that can't be beat,
We hold the honors in our field,
Competitors are on the run,
We charge 'em with our Red Crown shield.

Albert Selig, M. T. D.
Is winding up his nineteenth year
While Henry Meidam tall and thin,
Takes care of stores with "pep" and vim.

Our Georgie Filz, as "Whitie" known,
Himself a clever man has shown
He's got the knack to handle trade
Easy or hard, he's not afraid.

Leonard Mead's a wilful "scout"
From morn to night, he's always out
Johnny Stecker's next in line,
His stake truck sure keeps lookin' fine.

Adolph Schroeder's warehouseman,
He sure does shake a wicked hook
He's always pluggin' for Red Crown
And sells 'em all a Coupon Book.

Now come our Service Station men
We've got the best that's in the land
Frank Schreiter, Henry Losselyong,
And then our "plugger" Jake Weiland.

Our clerk, we will not mention here,
He's not so very much, I fear.—Offered by THE CLERK.

(Last two lines censored by Milwaukee office. No, Cyril, we would not say that!)

We wish to announce the marriage of Chester Hacker, service station attendant at Sherman and Lisbon station, Milwaukee, to Maria Hahn. The marriage took place Wednesday, January 18, 1922. Congratulations and the best of luck are the wishes of the Milwaukee division.

It is with deep regret that we announce the death of our construction man, Mr. Steve Rhode, who died Thursday, January 12, after a long illness which resulted from an accident. Last rites were said at the Holy Cross cemetery, Monday, January 16. Pall bearers were: J. Walzer, B. Getz, P. Baum, A. Boginski, E. Czerwinski and John Berkenkotter.

Our flying salesman from the north, Mr. G. G. Bowen, took unto himself a wife on Saturday, January 21. Miss Mary Hollub from Wausau said "Yes" and closed the deal for life.

On Sunday morning, December 4, a new boss arrived at the home of Geo. J. Young, shipping clerk at our National avenue warehouse. While he only weighs 9 pounds, papa admits that he has surrendered whatever authority he previously had to him. He will answer by the name of Richard G. Young. Congratulations, George, the cigars were fine.

Mr. Dan Treat of the lubricating department, Chicago, spent several days with us recently.

Three cheers for the accounting department! Miss White, our demure little payroll clerk succeeded in slipping it over Sammy, smiling member of the marketing end, by coming down as "Bob" White instead of Inez, this fact not being observed for at least thirty minutes after the day had begun.

Our worthy traffic clerk, M. Kolka, is now pondering over how to invest his newly acquired wealth of $995.00, for instead of imposing the usual fine of $1,000.00 for failing to report his income, Good Old Uncle Sam let him off with a five spot. If anybody has any new "Get-Rich-Quick-Wallingford" schemes to offer, please step forward.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Mr. Carrington of Indianapolis, Mr. Melchow of Milwaukee, Mr. Saladin of Chicago and Mr. Smith of Fargo, were with us during the National tractor show. These gentlemen spent their time at the tractor show getting acquainted with manufacturers and studying the various types of tractors and their lubrication.

Harold Damkroger still contends that in order to be a success you must have an education. How about a little training, Harold, for good measure?

Although the great amount of snow has a bad effect on Red Crown sales, it practically assures the farmer of a good crop and bigger Red Crown sales for us when the weather breaks.

Another big dance was held recently at the Ark Auditorium and the carnival spirit prevailed. Our Red Crown Social Club dances are becoming very popular.

L. L. Hamlett, salesman in District Superintendent Damkroger's territory, recently killed a timber wolf ten miles south of Park Rapids. Mr. Hamlett says the wolf got stuck in the deep snow and Hamlett jumped out of his car, grabbed the wolf by the hind legs and dashed his brains (the wolf's) out against a cedar fence post. For further details of this sensational encounter between man and beast, write Mr. L. L. Hamlett, Park Rapids, Minn.

Allen Johnson of the checking department, broke his knee-cap but we are very glad to say that he is back again and all right.

Not very long ago, Heine Luedtke slapped a Scandinavian on the back, and after Heine got out of the hospital he concluded that back-slapping is an expensive familiarity.

Moran and his coupon book brigade showed a gain in Minneapolis in February.

E. H. Kelberg has been transferred from the check department to general clerk.

Nick Ericcson, the cashier, now has his crew in the cage with him.

E. T. Shea broke his ankle February 27. We hope he will recover rapidly.

Marion Olson bowled 148, 170 and 221 recently. Marion will bowl with the Red Crowns next season.

Barney Bentson, agent at Alexandria, had the grip. Barney says he still has the grip, but on the Polarine business.

Say, Mr. McLeod, how about that nurse across the street in St. Cloud? Making any progress?

Constance Beck is now doing Mr. Cochran's

stenographic work, and Miss Grosbusch is assisting Mr. Vincent.

The Minneapolis Division challenges the Mankato Division to a bowling and kittenball contest to take place in Mankato or Minneapolis this spring. The trip can be made in automobiles and it would do us good to show Mankato what a bunch of high class athletes look like. Do you accept the challenge, Mankato?

New names on the sales force are: C. W. Kizer, R. S. MacDonald and R. J. Lamberton. There's a trio of good names.

The Red Crown indoor baseball team defeated the Anoka team 6 to 5 recently.

It took four horses, one truck and nine men to pull Polarine Day and his Rolls Royce out of a snow bank in front of the Leamington hotel. Geo. Day is one man who appreciates a good running car.

Harry Allingham is the new agent-salesman at St. Cloud. Harry has about thirty years of service to his credit and knows the game.

Say, Nick Erickson, your Ford looks lonesome. Why? We ask you!

Mr. Hamlett, salesman, has the grip.

Mr. Hareid, salesman, has influenza.

We wonder why visitors from Chicago always insist on coming to this northern country with a paper overcoat and tissue paper shoes?

Mr. O. B. Freyberg is slowly recovering from his operation.

We miss Mr. Carter in our hallway.

The agent at Willmar challenges the world on Semdac Liquid Gloss sales.

Harold Fredeen is going to be married. As a preliminary he took sick. Better before than after.

Bob Carrington, a southerner, from Indiana, saw his first dog team in Minneapolis. I'll bet those dogs were some size when he told his children about them.

Manager Chesbrough of Mankato was a Minneapolis visitor recently, and made us a promise if we went to Mankato, and we are going to insist he keep his promise.

On Thursday evening, January 12, two employes at this division, B. L. Briscoe and L. A. Rossiter, and W. O. Dixon of Chicago, received their M. M. degree in Cataract lodge, all the work being put on by employes of this office, and they say the goat was well trained. Refreshments were served and Jo Armstrong and the boss gave short talks, as did the candidates, the latter very short, but not from nervousness. Oh! no.

PEORIA, ILLINOIS

On February 1 occurred the annual election of officers of the Peoria SOCO Club for the ensuing year. Considerable rivalry developed among the various candidates, and the "campaigning" that transpired in some quarters would have done credit to the best professional ward politician that ever drew breath. Scandalous rumors of stuffed ballot boxes, etc., still pervade our midst. However, no blood was spilled, and the results were satisfactory to all concerned, as follows: President, Frank Lindenfelser; vice-president, Harry Lessig; secretary, Hannah Ahrends; treasurer, Frank Oswald. Mr. Wantling, the retiring executive, and Mr. Lindenfelser addressed the assemblage, expressing their appreciation of all that had been accomplished during the past year, and confidence in a like success during 1922.

Our benevolent cashier, Mr. Waugh, challenges the world to a bout at the intricate and fascinating pastime of Five Hundred. Ralph modestly imparts as how he sure deals a wicked pasteboard.

Hannah Ahrends was so overcome by the unexpected honor of her elevation to the post of secretary that she started home still garbed in her office apron. Crossing Spring street the durn thing detached itself and fell to the pavement, leaving our sedate stenographer considerably nonplussed.

Tom Johnson, in addition to his other numerous accomplishments, occasionally dallies with the Muse. For reasons of space only we cannot give to the world the two delightful fragments he recently tendered, one extolling the praises of one "Polarine" (sales department, attention), the other an exquisite bit of vers libre describing the Cleopatra-like proclivities of one of our young ladies, to-wit, Bernice Moran. Phillips, Sutter, and the rest of you young bucks—watch your step.

District Superintendent J. Clay Lee, on his return from Chicago, February 6, entertained a luncheon party consisting of P. W. Adams, A. E. Bienneman, and G. F. Phillips. Former fellow workers of Mr. Lee kindly take notice that there are a few wise guys who live in the sticks.

On the Saturday before St. Valentine's day, Harry Lessig was seen examining Block & Kuhl's supply of love tokens. The lacy, sentimental kind, too. Impart to us, O Duke, where didst thou speed the shaft?

W. R. Battin regaled us recently with a stirring account of his personal prowess on track and field while a student. Dashes, middle distances, broad jump—oh, boy! After watching the demonstration he gave in the front office some days ago we are wondering why he didn't include the shot put.

Miss Moran says she's tried 'em all, and black and red go best together. Seems like a darned funny combination for a Manual graduate.

Leo Seitz wins the honors when it comes to eating Swiss steaks.

The decline of winter is hailed with relief by Milan Veeder, freight truck pilot. Claims he's worn out three pairs of overshoes. How comes Milan?—on the Gary all day, and to and from home in the Buick—we repeat, how come?

Tank Wagon Driver John McNeff wears a lurid red sweater—and up the river they salute him as "Red Crown." Look out, John, there's a young lady in the office who disputes the title. Ask Mr. Phillips.

Philip Hoeft has started a rabbit farm at 101 Shelly street. Do you intend buying your ground by the acre or the section, Phil?

Chris Ludwig, warehouse foreman, recently regaled the boys with a banquet of pigs' feet. In view of the item next above, Brother Hoeft should shortly be in line with a bunch of luck tokens.

Barrel Painter Sellers has changed his name to 84.

Tank Wagon Driver Wm. Wolaver has recently been confined to his home with a touch of the "flu."

Donald Sutter, our marceled stake truck manipulator, will sit at the ringside at the coming Gibbons bout. (She has pretty teeth.) Ye ed disclaims all responsibility for this, Don.

We welcome to our ranks Mr. E. R. Broadbent, who takes his place as lubricating engineer. Mr. Broadbent, who hails from Detroit, is a new comer with this company. Glad to see you, and good luck.

F. E. Howard, former agent instructor, has been transferred to general salesman, with headqua
at Farmer City.

The following additions have recently been made to the sales force, Peoria division: L. L. Rocole, E. Conrad, W. D. Stacy, Jr., F. L. Herbon and A. E. Beinneman. The best of success to you all, gentlemen.

Tell us Standard products aren't appreciated! Agent Foster of Belleflower submits an account of a recent transaction whereby a party in his territory traded one genuine, four-legged, full blooded bull for one hundred gallons of Perfection. This is no stockyards story, either.

On Thursday morning, February 23, occurred the marriage of Mr. Harry Rose and Miss Hazel O'Connell, both of Peoria. Mr. Rose is employed in the stock department, this office. We all wish you happiness and prosperity, Harry.

SPRINGFIELD

Agent Webb has moved his desk nearer the windows. Also had said windows cleaned. They face the street, and he doesn't want the view obstructed, apparently. Simultaneously District Superintendent Eberle moved from the windows. Couldn't concentrate, we judge. (If they wear 'em down there like they do in Peoria, Webb, old topper, we don't doubt it.)

The boys down here find all kinds of uses for Semdac in the home. Mechanic Snyder gives it as prizes at his card parties, and Salesman Britt sprinkles a little on the baby's dress to keep the floors polished.

Salesman Hanson, we understand, is in receipt of orders to remove his domicile from the vicinity of the railroad. Division Superintendent claims Hanson's six-weeks-old boy pesters the engineers by throwing stones as they pass.

W. D. Stacy, Jr., the latest addition to the sales force in the southern district, looks like the goods, and naturally—he's from the Capitol City.

Mr. Broadbent, lubricating engineer, who recently entered this division, spent several days with Salesman Hanson. Here's to your right arm, Broad; your left is your bowling arm, not so good.

Since genial Salesman Fred Knight has received his new Ford all equipped with starter 'n' everything, he comes at you with this—"Remember way back when used to crank the darned thing?"

P. R. Hinds, Ashland salesman, was in Springfield Lincoln's birthday to visit with General Pershing and Vice-President Coolidge. Rainey had a nice chat with the general, who remembered his (Rainey's) exploits in France. The vice-president did not distinctly recall Rainey, but thought he recognized the voice.

QUINCY, ILL.

M. R. Pierce, hustling agent at Queen City, Mo., has just purchased a new 1½ ton Sampson truck. Talk about the boy with the new Red Top boots. He has nothing on Milo. Pierce went some in 1921. Watch him in 1922.

The sympathy of the entire organization is extended to our good friend, Ed. Boltz, agent at Gorin, Mo., and we trust that by the time the Record goes to press Ed's son will have fully recovered.

Scott Dowell, agent at New Cambria, Mo., has a novel scheme for selling cartage goods. Whenever a grain buyer visits the town Scott loads up his truck with cartage goods and camps on the spot, and as fast as the farmers are paid for the grain he gets busy with a sales talk on SO products. You've got the right idea, Scott. Sell them while thay have the money!

We recently received a letter from Bill Garrett, agent at Salisbury, Mo., which did our hearts good to read. Bill is endowed with the proper fighting spirit. The only reason we don't print the letter is because the Record is not printed on asbestos. Go to it, Bill!

S. B. Gaines has been transferred from the position of station examiner to our Main station plant, where he is now taking charge of the accounting work.

Mr. O. O. Hedrick, former agent at Clarence, who conducted this station without a loss, is now showing the rest just how he did this, having been transferred to position of station examiner.

Mr. O L Durham has been appointed as agent at Clarence, Mo., succeeding Mr. O. O. Hedrick.

Agent Denzil Bunch, Marceline, Mo., professes to be some billiard shark. In fact Denzil is seriously thinking of issuing a challenge to young Jake Schaeffer.

A short time ago District Superintendent W. C. McAdams visited at the Standard Oil station, Mt. Sterling, Ill. Being in need of funds he telephoned Chas. Wilson, driver, at his home and asked if he had any money to loan. Thinking McAdams said "Mica" Wilson replied, "I have two on the wagon."

Theodore Fritzmeier, M. T. driver, and Miss Jeanette VanTuyl have entered into the matrimonial game with the best wishes of all members of the SO family at Quincy. The groom's father, the Rev. W. Fritzmeier, Bluff Hall, officiated at the ceremony, which took place on January 11.

Mrs. B. Radtke, wife of our assistant chief clerk, and children, arrived here Saturday, February 11. Mr. and Mrs. and the family are now comfortably located at 2208 Vermont Street.

Friends of Mr. Henry Dirks, price clerk, will be glad to learn that his daughter Dorothy, who recently underwent an operation for appendicitis, is now fully recovered and again attending school.

Mr. F. P. Latier, who is auditing our station, and wife, are renewing acquaintances and making new friends during their short stay in Quincy.

Salesman C. C. Harris has been transferrred to Hannibal, Mo., as salesman in Hannibal and immediate vicinity.

I. N. Blodgett has entered the service of the Standard Oil Company as salesman and has taken over the territory formerly covered by Mr. Harris.

Territory formerly covered by Mr. O. K. Lenhart is now being looked after by Mr. Harry Cason, salesman who recently became a member of the SO family.

All employees in our field extend their sympathy to Salesman W. A. Lynn in the death of his father.

Hereafter when in company with a stranger, Salesman O. K. Lenhart will first inquire if the stranger is a minister before carrying on his usual conversation.

V. D. Manker, who checks Quincy service stations, is hoping his friend, Bud Williams, service station attendant, will soon stop talking about his pen of fine chickens and the number of eggs received daily.

We are told that Mr. Chas. Wilson, driver at Mt. Sterling, Ill., sold one gallon of Finol and one pail of Mica to a farmer, who, except for his dog, lives alone in a small one-room shanty. The farmer bought the Finol for his shotgun and the Mica to keep the flies off his dog's ears

According to present indications, Mr. E. C. Bunch, our new agent at Atlanta, Mo., will find it an E. C. (easy) matter to Bunch a lot of new business in his territory this year.

We welcome to the SO family Mr. R. V. Delaney, who succeeded S. P. Burgess as agent at Paris, Mo.

Mr. A. E. Kull, our Louisiana, Mo., agent, has taken unto himself a wife and so far as we know retained a cool disposition throughout the ceremony.

SAGINAW, MICH.

Charley Bell, our Port Huron country driver, on a recent Eureka tour, met a farmer who had a dry harness, a load of "Murphys" and a wistful look. Charley sprung the Eureka one on him, but the farmer turned his pockets inside out and mournfully shook his head. A tear trickled down the driver's cheek and his breath came in short pants. "How can I sell my usual 100 cases today?" he said. Then an idea came to him; he would trade the Eureka for "spuds"; the farmer, being a keen business man, readily consented. The potatoes opened their eyes, and the harness crackled a smile as they parted company. Since then Charley has brought in three loads of hay and a squash, and tomorrow he is calling on a fellow who has seven Fords and fifty-seven cents in Canadian money. Boy, page Louie Goldman.

F. A. LaLonde, agent at Cheboygan, is rapidly recovering from his recent severe illness.

It sure is all that Sherman said about war, to make deliveries in the rural territory out of Cheboygan these days. One man drives the team and one man runs along the side of the sleigh to keep it from overturning, or the barrels from tipping out. Bill says he takes everything back that he said about using a Ford for rural deliveries. Little old Lizzie looks pretty good from the cold seat of a tank sleigh.

City Tank Wagon Salesman E. G. Schmidt, of Cheboygan, was a pretty sick man a few Sundays ago, but recovered sufficiently by evening to take his tri-weekly trip to the apartments. What a great little doctor Cupid is.

The following letter was received from Agent Shepherd, of Merrill, concerning his Eureka harness oil activities: "This afternoon I drove into a farmer's yard and filled up his Red Crown and Perfection tanks, then proceeded to tell him of the merits of Eureka harness oil, and how easy and how well he could oil his harness without soiling his hands. He listened very attentively until I had finished, then he said: "You are the most interesting liar I have heard since I bought my Western oil stock," but he took his five-gallon can and paid cash." Even though "Chan" didn't divulge to us what he told this customer, we are satisfied that the customer was wrong, because "Chan" always tells the truth even thou h he has to prevaricate a little bit in telling it. Further than this, if what he had to say about Eureka was favorable he couldn't have lied." Chan," do you think you can convince them to use it on their pancakes? There's another angle; think it over and increase your sales. (Editor, please lay off this joke—it's fresh.)

E. D. P. Jones, service station attendant at Bad Axe, is the proud father of an 8½-pound baby boy, born Sunday, January 29. Mrs. Jones and Ed. Jr., are doing fine, but the recovery of Ed, Sr., is doubtful.

We are sorry to lose Miss Charlotte Beisterfeld, who left the employ of the company on February 28. Within the next month or two Charlotte will become the bride of Mr. V. C. Van Dusen. Well, our loss will be "Van's" gain. The office presented Charlotte with a beautiful floor lamp in anticipation of the coming event.

MACHINE SHOP SPARKS

The boys of the shop enjoyed the cigars from Stanley Lawler, recently married, very much. Now they will be more willing to work on Stan's car. Good luck to you and your bride, Stan.

Ace Pringle of the paint shop has the Bowling Blues. Here's the reason: Symons-Dauer 1004; Pringle-Hawkins 869.

Several of the men from the shop spent an evening with Bob Lempke, who recently suffered a fractured leg. We were royally entertained, and Bob showed us he is his old self again.

Ed. Symons is rapidly recovering from the effects of eating too many "hot dogs" at the last Safety meeting.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Agent and Mrs. H. J. Struemph, Freeburg, Mo., are the proud parents of a bouncing baby boy, who was born on Feb. 6. The Stanolind family welcomes this newcomer.

Agent Charles Kromme, Owensville, Mo., recently attended the funeral of a Mr. Garver, who had been a lifelong friend of Agent Kromme. These two served together in France until the fatal day when a shell exploded in their midst, killing Mr. Garver and five others. Mr. Kromme came through without a scratch.

Mr. I. R. Robertson, agent, Belle, Mo., comes back and says that perhaps he does pull a "Beaner" now and then in figuring discount, but when it comes to advertising and selling Mica Axle Grease, he is there with bells on. When the city council of Belle recently had their regular meeting in the grocery store, conducted by Mayor Wm. Printis, enough chairs were not provided for the council and as the store was well stocked with 25-lb. pails of Mica Axle Grease, Agent Robertson distributed the 25-lb. pails of Mica Axle Grease so that each alderman might have a seat. In distributing the pails some of the contents of the pails, inadvertently or otherwise, were smeared on top of each pail and today Mica Axle Grease is a well advertised product in the town of Belle.

Salesman M. W. Gladish, who splashes around in the swamps of Southeast Missouri, is smoking 25c cigars again in celebration of the fact that he has again been made a "Grandpa." Congratulations.

It is understood that there is a good looking cook at Wellsville, Mo., whom Bill Rasmusser is endeavoring very hard to have cook for him the balance of his days. Wish you the best of luck, Bill. Nothing like having a good cook in the family.

Mr. Amos Ball, assistant general manager, Mr. C. C. Slater, Mr. R. H. Thomas, and Mr. M. Mildenberg of the Chicago office visited the St. Louis division during the month.

Mr. L. C. Cargile, salesman in the Springfield, Mo., territory, has been having a hard month. He suffered in the early part of the month with a bunch of boils. After pain comes pleasure—and after Mr. Cargile's boils were cured, Mrs. Cargile presented him with a new baby boy. We understand that Mrs. Cargile was seriously ill and are glad to report

that all members of the family are now all on their feet with the exception of the youngster, who will get there soon.

Mr. O. H. Gerard, who has been connected with the traffic department of this division for some time, was transferred, at his request, to the St. Louis sales force. Mr. Gerard was keen to get out and sell goods, so the chance is his. Best of luck, Ollie. If you make as good a salesman as you did a traffic manager, and we feel sure you will, we know that the St. Louis division will have a nice gain all down the line this year.

A few new salesmen have joined the St. Louis division recently and are hereby officially welcomed and taken in as full-fledged members of the Stanolind Family: Mr. E. A. Hart is working in Southwest Missouri; D. O. Snyer, Southeast Missouri; W. O. O'Dell and H. S. Nichols are working in the city of St. Louis. We wish the men the utmost success with this company.

"Stew" Butler resigned from the St. Louis city sales force to sell Dodge cars. Our loss is the Dodge Bros'. gain, and we know that "Stew" will be successful in his new vocation.

Our Mr. Geo. W. Brown, resident of Peoria, Ill., living at 123 N. Underhill street, recently advised us that he toured from Havana, Ill., to Denver, Colo., and back. During his trip he used nothing but Red Crown gasoline and Polarine oil and advised that in every instance he received very courteous treatment and reliable road information from all Standard Oil Company service station attendants, which made his trip easy. He takes this method of thanking the Standard Oil Company for their courtesy and excellent service and to compliment them upon the uniformity of their products. This letter shows the importance of service station attendants keeping one informed as to local road conditions, as tourists look to them for authentic information of this nature and by being prepared they are able to render valuable service to our customers.

Mr. H. A. Schoknecht ran true to the schedule as advertised in the last issue of the Stanolind Record, and on February 14 became the husband of Miss Adeline Grass. A sweeter valentine than this could be asked for by no girl. Last Saturday the regular monthly luncheon of the St. Louis city salesmen was held at the American Annex hotel, at which time the groom was presented with a handsome coffee percolator as a gift of the St. Louis city sales force and office. Mr. E. N. Shallenberger made the presentation speech, and the groom responded with the words: "Fellows, I don't know what to say as my wife takes care of the conversational matters in our family, but I want to thank you for both of us and assure you that this remembrance is deeply appreciated."

SOUTH BEND, IND.

Lost, strayed or stolen: One wonderful correspondent at South Bend. May be suffering from shell shock. If found, please return to Editor, Stanolind Record.

WICHITA, KANSAS

Jean Jones, refined oil and gasoline, is again at his desk. He was off a few days having an unfriendly visit with Mr. Grippe.

Arthur A. Alexander is again with the company in the stock department. He has been rusticating in Wyoming for several months, but is glad to be with the grand old company again.

C. F. Simmons, formerly station examiner, has been promoted to the position of salesman.

J. W. Honomichl, assistant chief clerk, has been promoted to chief clerk in Joliet division. The employees gave him a beautiful watch and chain, which was presented with a few well chosen words by Manager Quinlan. Our best wishes go with you, Joe.

Don Allen has been promoted to specialty man. Don is young and we are glad to see him climbing.

R. M. (Mac) Evans, yardman, has resigned and is moving to Arkansas for the sake of his wife's health. Mac is a good old scout and the boys appreciated him so much that they gave him a fine gold watch, and a pound of Horseshoe to chew on the way down to Arkansas—he can make his own twist after he gets there. Barney Wright, tank wagon driver, made a fifteen minute presentation speech. The first thirteen minutes he had everybody laughing at the jokes he was cracking on "Arkansaw," but the last two minutes, when he spoke feelingly of our appreciation of Mac, came very nearly being given over to sob stuff. Mac generally has a witty reply for everybody, but this time he was "full up" and couldn't speak. Never mind, Mac, several of the boys were looking drippy, too.

Unexpectedly came the news that R. M. Sweeney formerly foreman of the paint shop, has succumbed to an attack of heart trouble, February 20. Mr. Sweeney seemed to be improving in health and was expecting to take a trip back to Illinois. Mr. Sweeney had worked for the company several years and is remembered not only for his excellent work but also because of his genial nature and sturdy helpfulness. Our sympathy was expressed by a beautiful spray of pink and white carnations.

Recently John Christopher, S. S. 5, saw a Ford come up on the driveway and stop at a pump. He went out, stuck his head in at the side curtain and asked "How many?" Failing to get a response, he looked in the front seat and there was no driver. John began to suspect "spooks" and was getting shaky when he saw a man running down the road. He explained: "Say, John, I left that darn Ford idling in front of the garage back there and it's down hill here and the pesky thing started out on its own accord." "Yes," said John, "Fords like Red Crown gas. You just can't keep them away from a Standard Oil filling station."

After defeating Dold's Packers two straight games the Polarine Volley Ball team of Wichita defeated the Coleman Lamp Company two out of three games in the hardest fought series of the season.

On January 13 employees and friends gathered in the office to enjoy a Snowball Serpentine Dance, the music for which was furnished by the Isabel Perry orchestra. The girls came arrayed in aprons of all descriptions, some in very unique patterns, and the men in overalls. Cards and other games furnished amusement for those not caring to enter into the dance. Refreshing punch was served. All left expressing themselves as having spent a most enjoyable evening.

Ed Cook, warehouse cashier, has been absent a few days because of the death of Mrs. Cook's sister, Mrs. Atkinson.

Milt Harwood, construction department, visited the boys in the shop and office a few days since. He was on crutches, having been struck by a Missouri Pacific train last June.

M. A. Cook, equipment department, is building a new house in the third block on Meridian street.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Indiana)

General Sales Department

H. S. Morton, *Vice-President*

Allan Jackson, *Vice-President*

General Manager

T. J. Thompson

Assistant General Managers

John L. Carter, Northern Division
R. G. Stewart, Central Division
N. R. Grimshaw, Eastern Division
Amos Ball, Western Division

Lubricating Department

B. T. Thompson, *General Manager*

C. O. Wilson, *Assistant General Manager*

Asphalt Department

F. P. Allen, *Manager*

Branch Offices

CHICAGO, ILL.
H. A. Lewis, *Manager*
C. F. Hatmaker, *Assistant Manager*

DAVENPORT, IOWA
L. W. Cameron, *Manager*
C. W. Flanagan, *Assistant Manager*

DECATUR, ILL.
T. B. Clifford, *Manager*
John H. Budde, *Assistant Manager*

DES MOINES, IOWA
H. A. Monson, *Manager*
J. N. Elkert, *Assistant Manager*

DETROIT, MICH.
H. R. Cochran, *Manager*
H. H. Keating, *Assistant Manager*

DULUTH, MINN.
I. J. Shields, *Manager*
G. E. Webb, *Assistant Manager*

EVANSVILLE, IND.
W. J. Lang, *Manager*
Ewald Brauns, *Assistant Manager*

FARGO, N. D.
F. I. Packard, *Manager*
P. A. Raupagh, *Assistant Manager*

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.
J. C. Marshall, *Manager*
R. F. McConnell, *Assistant Manager*

HURON, S. D.
A. H. Dodsley, *Manager*
C. L. Bailey, *Assistant Manager*

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
E. P. Galbreath, *Manager*
H. E. Bruce, *Assistant Manager*

JOLIET, ILL.
E. E. Morton, *Manager*
Carl Monson, *Assistant Manager*

KANSAS CITY, MO.
H. C. Griffin, *Manager*
J. W. Wilson, *Assistant Manager*

LA CROSSE, WIS.
J. H. Lambert, *Manager*
J. E. Monegan, *Assistant Manager*

MANKATO, MINN.
M. H. Chesbrough, *Manager*
John Beaton, *Assistant Manager*

MILWAUKEE, WIS.
T. H. Lang, *Manager*
Ivan Prather, *Assistant Manager*

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
F. L. Cochran, *Manager*
W. H. Brown, *Assistant Manager*

PEORIA, ILL.
J. R. Coleman, *Manager*
G. F. Phillips, *Assistant Manager*

QUINCY, ILL.
A. L. Martin, *Manager*
T. P. Jones, *Assistant Manager*

SAGINAW, MICH.
L. J. Thompson, *Manager*
E. R. Soop, *Assistant Manager*

ST. JOSEPH, MO.
Geo. M. Whelan, *Manager*
T. D. Warren, *Assistant Manager*

ST. LOUIS, MO.
A. P. Robinson, *Manager*
H. J. Bemis, *Assistant Manager*

SIOUX CITY, IOWA
D. B. Thayer, *Manager*
B. F. Leonard, *Assistant Manager*

SOUTH BEND, IND.
D. L. Guilfoyle, *Manager*
E. P. Warren, *Assistant Manager*

WICHITA, KAS.
P. J. Quinlan, *Manager*
W. C. Van Horne, *Assistant Manager*

The Foundation of Every Prosperous Business

RECENTLY the Chicago Journal of Commerce in an editorial discussion of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) as an example of modern American business, said:

> "Three years ago the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), which does business in eleven states, adopted a wholesome publicity policy, not only to derive the natural benefits of advertising its products, but to acquaint the public with intimate information regarding the Company and its affairs. The fair dealing, justice and equity of its practices, the business principles which rule its conduct, have been published far and wide throughout the territory it serves. Its policies were frankly disclosed to promote the welfare and to secure and hold the confidence and esteem of its stockholders, employes, and the public. The Company has paid for this publicity service just as any other industrial or mercantile enterprise pays for its advertising, and with most gratifying results.
>
> "This publicity campaign has been dubbed 'Good-Will advertising'—a happy phrase. Good-Will is the foundation of every prosperous business. Good-Will always contributes to profits and can be secured only by fair dealing, fair prices, and a rigid adherence to business ethics. In all these the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) is a model of efficiency."

THIS appreciation of the purposes, practices, and achievements of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) so clearly expressed in the above quoted editorial is most gratifying to the Board of Directors of this Company, for it confirms their conviction that understanding and fairness go together. You cannot be fair unless you understand. You cannot understand unless you are willing to be fair.

The Standard Oil Company (Indiana) is performing a highly essential service in a highly specialized branch of industry. It is doing something that has to be done in a way that entitles it to the approval of the public it serves.

It is to the interest of the public as well as the Company that the Company should give a frank account of itself and of the stewardship of its seven Directors.

Hence this sustained campaign.

Standard Oil Company
(Indiana)

910 So. Michigan Ave. **Chicago, Ill.**

NEWMAN MONROE CO., CHICAGO

STANOLIND RECORD

Vol. 3 MAY 1922 No. 7

R. E. CLARKE

PUBLISHED FOR THE EMPLOYEES
by the
STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(INDIANA)

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Indiana)

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Allan Jackson, *5th Vice-President*

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WHITING

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A. E. Thompson, *Superintendent*

Casper Plant No. 3
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J. E. Rouse, *Assistant Superintendent*

Greybull Plant No. 1
H. M. Lockard, *Superintendent*

Greybull Plant No. 2
B. L. Warren, *Superintendent*

Laramie Plant No. 1
W. A. Morris, *Superintendent*

Laramie Plant No. 2
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E. H. Fisher, *Assistant Director*, Chicago, Ill.
C. W. Smith, *Director Safety Division*, Chicago, Ill.
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C. F. Hall, *Assistant Director*, Wood River, Ill.
A. S. Hurt, *Assistant Director*, Sugar Creek, Mo.
D. M. Lobdell, *Assistant Director*, Casper, Wyo.

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Roy Ludington
Troy Majors
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STANOLIND
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Published for the Employees by the
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Vol. 3 MAY No. 7

$84 IS EMPLOYEES' STOCK PRICE FOR NEXT 12 MONTHS

Standard Oil Company (Indiana) Employees' Stock Purchase Plan Enters on Its Second Year With 7173 Employees' on List of Subscribers, an Increase of 1073 Over the Number on April 1st, 1921

During the twelve months beginning April 1, 1922, and ending March 31, 1923, employees purchasing company stock under the employees' stock purchase plan will have it bought for them at the rate of $84 per share. This is an increase of $11 a share over the price paid during the twelve months ending March 31, 1922, during which period the price to employees was $73.

The price of $84 means that employees will pay $56 for each share, the company contributing the additional $28 to make possible the purchase at $84. Payment of dividends begins as soon as the employee and the company together have paid in enough to make possible the purchase of one share. Dividends are accredited to the employee's account and re-invested in stock. Stock is to beplaced in the possession of the employee-subscriber at the end of the five-year period, April 1, 1926.

Complete participation in the plan, up to the 20 percent prescribed limit, is the equivalent to the employee-subscriber of a 10 percent increase in salary.

The plan enters on its second year with 7,173 employee-subscribers, an increase of 1073 over the number who signed for stock when the plan first went into effect, April 1, 1921.

This increase was made in the face of a considerable number of withdrawals, some voluntary, some involuntary, most of them the direct result of the depression which affected all industry during 1921. Where the industrial depression made permanent layoffs necessary, without fault of the employee, employee-subscribers thus laid off had returned to them the amount they had paid in plus the 50 percent promised by the company, in spite of the fact that they had not completed the five-year period. In these cases payment was made in stock. One who reads carefully the provisions of the plan will note that this was a most liberal interpretation of its provisions. The board of trustees, however, felt that inasmuch as such withdrawals were involuntary, and brought about through no fault of the employee, such employees should share in all the benefits the plan offers.

Under the present policy of the board of trustees, employee-subscribers who are released from the company's employ for fault of their own, or who, remaining with the company, voluntarily withdraw from participation in the plan, will receive back, not stock, but cash up to the amount they have paid in, plus six percent interest. This policy, it is understood, will remain in effect until further notice.

In connection with voluntary withdrawals, Mr. Seegers, of the employees' stock purchase department, has asked the Record to point out that an employee temporarily pressed for money and having need of his entire salary, may still remain a participant in the plan and thus not lose the 50 percent contributed by the company, if he will take advantage of the reduction clause. Under this he may, if necessary, reduce his payments towards

stock to $1 per installment, and later, at any time his finances permit, may again increase the payments as he desires, up to the prescribed limit of 20 percent of his salary. If he withdraws entirely, he loses not only the 50 percent paid in by the company, but is barred for a period of one year from further participation in the plan.

One year ago the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) formulated and put in operation a plan for assisting its employees in buying shares of the capital stock of the company. For the information of those who have since that time become employees of this company, the details of the plan are herewith reprinted:

The primary object of the company in adopting this plan is to give its employees an opportunity to become partners in its business and share in its profits.

The acceptance of this plan by an employee is, of course, not obligatory. Each employee is urged to carefully consider the opportunity offered, and if he decides to go into the plan, to weigh carefully the question of the amount he can afford to have taken from his wages to be invested in stock.

In order to avoid fluctuations in the market price of the stock and to enable an employee to know how much stock is being purchased for him, the price at which stock shall be bought during each year of the plan has been fixed at whatever may be the average price of the stock for the period of six months prior to March 31st of each year. For the coming year the price will be $84.

If after a careful reading of this, any employee desires further information about the plan, he is invited to consult with the head of his department, and, also, if employed at a refinery, with the employees' representative elected by his division.

The plan to help employees purchase its stock was formulated, worked out and put into operation by the company with the single purpose of benefiting those employees who wish, through systematic saving, to become partners in the business.

Not only will the employee who accepts this plan have a definite ownership in the business, but he will have the satisfaction of knowing that he participates in every saving he effects.

His earnings from his investment will be in exactly the same ratio as that of the largest investor in the capital stock.

This plan is the method which this company, viewing the situation from the vantage point of sound business experience, has taken to help those of its employees who are ambitious to better their condition. The company believes that, by assisting its employees to save part of their earnings and invest it in a successful business, it is doing something which will carry the employees a long way toward that economic independence which every man hopes to attain.

The man who works and saves is climbing upward, but the man who invests his savings wisely is climbing faster.

You who are given this opportunity to invest your savings in the company stock under conditions which are entirely to your advantage can, in a few years, have an income which will go a long ways toward making worry unnecessary. To save, to be economical, far-sighted and frugal is not the easiest road to travel, but it is the safest, and in the end the most profitable. The man who, month by month, sees his savings grow and knows that, as they reach a point where profitable investment is possible, they will be invested in a business which is successful, is freer of mind, more contented, and more productive than he could be if this anchor to windward did not exist.

Everyone knows that it is easier to earn money than it is to save it, and those who have had the greatest experience know best how much easier it is to save money than it is to invest it in such a way as to keep the principal safe and make certain that it earns a fair, equitable return.

The plan herein outlined is designed and intended to provide the machinery with which any employee of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) can accomplish all of these things.

By indicating his desire to do so, any employee can systematically save any part up to 20% (one-fifth) of his earnings, and to every dollar he sets aside the company will add 50 cents. This means that you

(Continued on Page 4)

TO ALL EMPLOYEES

On March 31, 1922, the following policy was adopted by the Directors of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana):

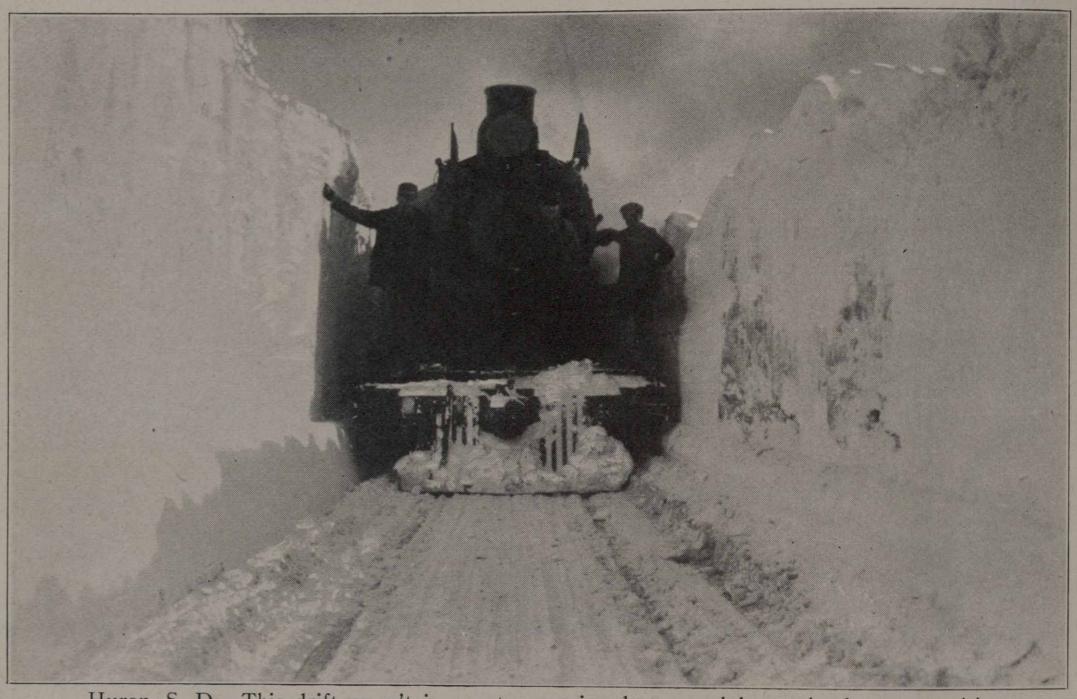
> Notice is hereby given to all employees of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) that hereafter in all cases where an employee strikes or for any reason quits his employment with the company without its consent, he thereby forfeits all rights to participate in the Annuity, the Employees' Stock Purchase Plan, and all other rights to recognition by this company, based on continuous service.

At the time this policy was adopted it was apparent that employees of the company in the coal mining department at Carlinville, Ill., would go on strike, although there was no quarrel or question at issue between this company and those employees.

The Annuity Plan, the Employees' Stock Purchase Plan, and other benefits, rights and privileges extended to employees on the basis of continuous service, are measures based on the fundamental axiom that cooperation between employer and employee is necessary to the successful operation of a modern industrial institution, and represent an effort on the company's part to meet the employees more than half way in establishing that cooperation. The Directors, therefore, feel that when an employee strikes, or quits his employment without the company's consent, such an act constitutes a virtual refusal of cooperation with the management, and that such employee should be considered as having of his own volition abandoned all claims to those benefits, rights and privileges which are extended on the basis of cooperation through continuous service.

Golf Tournament, Olympia Fields, June 13, 1922

IN THE HEART OF THE "OPEN" PRAIRIE



Huron, S. D.—This drift wasn't in a cut or ravine, but was right out in the open prairie

(*Continued from Page 2*)

receive an immediate return of 50% on the money you save and that this return is at once invested in stock of the company.

As soon as your savings have reached an amount sufficient to buy one or more shares of stock, the purchase is made and dividends declared are added to your savings to buy more stock. At the end of the five-year period all of the stock thus purchased is delivered to the employee together with any uninvested money which may he held for his account.

Is this not a real business opportunity? You save your money systematically—it is invested for you, and, at the end of the period, you are handed every dollar you have saved plus the added 50% which the company has contributed and the dividends paid on the stock since the day of purchase. Certainly it must appeal to the frugal, far-seeing, ambitious man whatever his position in life may be.

The following is a copy of the Plan adopted:

Employees' Stock Purchasing Plan

PURPOSES

1. The purposes of this plan are to enable the employees of the company and those actively engaged in the conduct of its business to become stockholders therein on favorable terms, and to assist them in paying for their stock.

TERM OF THE PLAN

2. The plan shall be in operation during the term of five years, from March 31st, 1921, unless sooner terminated in the manner hereinafter provided.

THE FUNDS

3. The purposes of the plan shall be carried out through the establishment and operation of several funds, created by individual deposits by the several employees and by the company as hereinafter provided. To such individual deposits shall be added whatever interest is earned by the several funds and the proportionate amount of whatever dividends are

THE "CATMOBILE" CONQUERS SNOWDRIFTS

Fargo, N. D., April 1.—The problem of transportation over the snow buried roads of the northwest states was solved by Mr. J. E. Balfour, garage man at Hallock, Minn., who is 100 percent Standard Oil as to the petroleum products handled in his garage. He calls his machine a "Catmobile" and it sure did travel over the snow drifts like the animal from which it derives its name. Mr. Balfour is shown on the left in the above. The photo was submitted by Salesman Fevig of the Thief River Falls field.

received from the stocks held as herein provided.

THE TRUSTEES AND THEIR POWERS

4. The several funds shall be administered by three trustees, to be appointed by the board of directors of the company. The said board shall have power, in case of death, resignation or inability to act of any of said trustees, to appoint a new trustee, or new trustees, to fill such vacancy, and shall also at all times have power of removal and substitution of any trustee, or trustees, and any such new trustee, or trustees, shall have the same power and authority as is vested in each of the three original trustees. The trustees shall not be held personally responsible, except for their willful misconduct or gross neglect, and the trustees shall not be required to give bond. The trustees shall not charge or be paid any compensation for their service as such. The trustees shall have power:

(a) To receive all moneys deposited by the employees and by the company under this plan.

(b) To invest the several funds from time to time, as far as practicable, by the purchase from the company of its capital stock, at prices to be fixed as herein provided.

(c) To pay, satisfy and discharge, out of such trust funds, any taxes or assessments that may from time to time be fixed or imposed thereon by any lawful authority, and also the reasonable and necessary expenses incurred in the administration of the funds, not however, including any charge for office or clerical expense in connection therewith.

(d) To adopt, and from time to time, alter and amend, rules and regulations for the carrying into execution of this plan,

EUREKA!

Des Moines, Iowa, April 1.—Mr. Henry C. Kuhl, attendant at Service Station No. 98, Odebolt, Iowa, has been the pace setter in the Des Moines division lately. In 32 days he sold eighty-one five-gallon cans (the can in the picture is his 81st sale). Mr. Kuhl would like to know if this record has ever been beaten.

and their decision shall be final as to all questions or interpretation and applications of the plan, accounting, values, interest, withdrawals, accruals, and as to all other matters arising in the administration of the plan.

ELIGIBILITY

5. The term "Employee," as used herein, means any person who on March 31, 1921, or at any time thereafter during the existence of this plan, has been in the continuous and exclusive service of the company more than one year, and shall be regarded by the trustees as permanently employed, or as being actively engaged for a like period of time in the conduct of its business, and includes officers and directors. The trustees shall be the sole judges as to who is such employee, or who has been thus actively engaged in the conduct of the company's business. All employees as thus defined and so determined shall be eligible to share in the benefits of the plan.

PARTICIPATION BY THE EMPLOYEE

6. Any employee may become a participant under this plan by making deposits therein in the following manner:

He shall authorize the company to deduct from the amount due him as current compensation for services on each pay day, whether monthly or otherwise, a sum not in excess of 20% thereof, and to pay the same over to the trustees, to be placed to his credit, which deduction and payment over shall thereupon be made.

THE COMPANY'S DEPOSITS

7. When any such deposit shall be made by or on behalf of the employee, the company shall, out of its own moneys, pay to the trustees a sum equal to 50% of his deposit.

PRICE OF STOCK

8. The price at which the trustees may from time to time purchase stock from the company, for the purposes of the several funds, shall be fixed by the directors as of March 31st of each year during the period covered by the plan. Such price shall be substantially the average market price of the stock during the previous six months; provided, however, that in no case shall the price be fixed below the par value of the stock. The price so fixed shall govern as to all such purchases during the ensuing year.

TITLE TO STOCK PURCHASED

9. The stock so purchased shall be issued in the name of the trustees, who shall hold title to the same and shall possess all voting and other rights pertaining thereto. Said stock shall be apportioned to the depositing employees upon the termination of the plan in proportion to their deposits and according to the time they have been respectively participants in the funds. Separate accounts shall be kept of

the amounts deposited by each employee and by the company, and the employee shall have no interest whatsoever in the stock or in the deposits made by the company until the final termination of the plan, or until a termination of the plan as to him upon his withdrawal, whereby he is given stock as hereinafter provided.

WITHDRAWALS

10. Withdrawals may be made as follows:

(a) An employee who remains in the service of the company, may, if he so elects, withdraw from the plan at any time, and shall thereupon be entitled to receive back from the trustees the amount of money deposited by him, with interest at the rate of 6% per annum, or at the option of the trustees, the equivalent thereof in the stock of the company, to be reckoned at the average cost of such stock to the trustees during the period that he may have made deposits. Such withdrawing employee shall not be eligible to again participate in the plan for the period of one year.

(b) An employee who leaves the service of the company voluntarily, or is discharged for good cause (of which the trustees shall be the sole judges), shall thereupon cease to be a participant in the plan, and his account shall be closed by returning to him the amount he has deposited with interest at the rate of 6% per annum, or, at the option of the trustees, by assigning to him the equivalent thereof in the stock of the company, to be reckoned at the average cost thereof to the trustees, during the period that he may have been a participant in the plan.

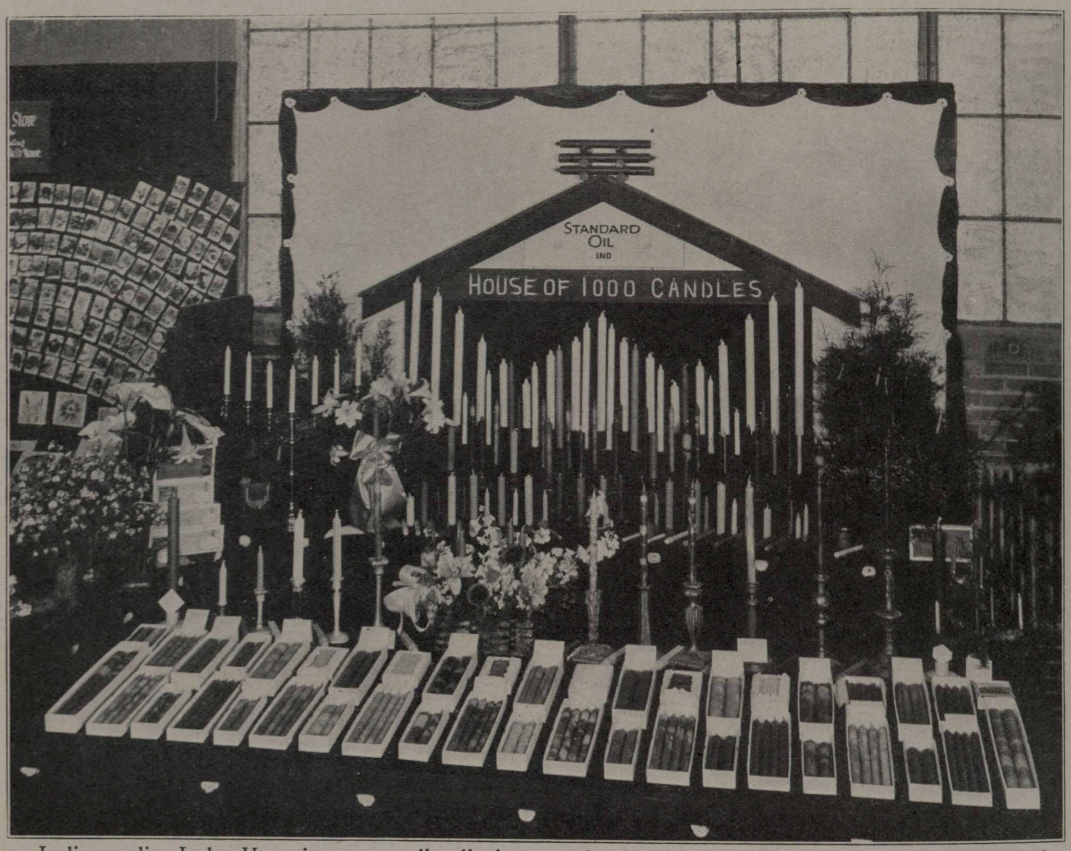
(c) An employee who is retired under the company's annuity plan, or who quits the service of the company, on account of total disability, or for other satisfactory cause, or is discharged for no fault of his own (of all of which the trustees shall be the sole judges), shall receive in stock at the average cost thereof to the trustees, during the period he has made deposits an amount equal to the aggregate sums deposited by him, plus 50% thereof, and whatever dividends have been received upon that amount of stock by the trustees during that period, less his proportionate share of any taxes, assessments and expenses, such stock to be in full shares, any differences to be paid in cash.

(d) In case of the death of a participating employee while in the service of the company, his administrators, executors,

GOING UP!

Recognition of merit came to another young man in the employ of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), when, at the annual stockholders' meeting in March, Mr. F. T. Graham was elected assistant secretary of this company. His promotion was pleasing news to the people in the home office, for to his fellow workers he has ever been both courteous and accommodating. His modesty prevents us from relating his history, but we did extract from him the following facts: Entered the employ of this company May 16, 1906. Served as stenographer for Mr. G. W. Stahl and Mr. J. C. McDonald, and as secretary to Mr. E. G. Seubert. Always to be found on the Sixth floor.

AND THEY VIE WITH FLOWERS IN BEAUTY



Indianapolis, Ind.—Here is our candle display at the National Flower Show, held in this city March 25 to April 1.

heirs, or beneficiaries under his will, shall receive in stock at the average cost thereof to the trustees, during the period that he may have made deposits, an amount equal to the aggregate sums deposited by him, plus 50% thereof, and whatever dividends have been received upon that amount of stock by the trustees during that period, less his proportionate share of any taxes, assessments and expenses, such stock to be in full shares, any differences to be paid in cash.

GENERAL PROVISIONS

11. On the termination of the plan, any sum to which a depositing employee may be entitled less than the value of a full share of stock shall be paid in cash, and in determining the number of shares to which the employee shall be entitled, the same shall be computed according to the cost thereof to the trustees during the time the deposits respectively are made.

12. All stock and moneys accruing from the withdrawal of participants in the several funds shall inure to the benefit of the participants remaining at the termination of the plan, and shall thereupon be distributed among them in proportion to their respective deposits and for the time that such employees have participated in the plan.

In the event of all of the participants in the plan withdrawing therefrom prior to its termination as herein provided, then the trustees shall, and they are hereby authorized to terminate the plan by distribution of any funds remaining in their hands among those who have been par-

DO YOU REMEMBER THOSE GOOD OLD DAYS?

When Jack Lannin, now of the general manager's office, Chicago, and Roy McConnell, now assistant manager, Grand Rapids, worked in the Detroit office, some 18 years ago? The impressive youth at the extreme left is Mr. Lannin, and next to him is Mr. McConnell. Third from the left is Mr. Oscar Kirchwey, stock clerk; fourth, is Ernest Andrews, station examiner in Detroit field; fifth, Fred Brown, now assistant chief clerk; seventh, Lester Havens, agent at Flint, Mich., Saginaw division. The little chap near the door is Richard Lubnau, now general clerk at Detroit. Others are unidentified.

ticipants proportionately as their interests may appear.

13. The interest of an employee under the plan shall be considered and treated as personal and shall not be subject to assignment or transfer, by operation of law or otherwise, nor shall any other person acquire any right therein or thereto, except as herein otherwise provided.

14. Payment in cash or by delivery of stock in accordance with the terms of this plan on the death or withdrawal of an employee, or on the termination of the plan, shall be in full satisfaction of all claims under the plan and against the trustees and against the company thereunder.

15. The several funds deposited hereunder by the several employees shall each constitute and be a separate trust as between the trustees and each employee, it being the purpose and intent under this plan to create a separate and distinct trust to be administered by the trustees for each employee who is a participant under the plan.

AUDIT

16. The accounts of the several funds shall be audited at least once a year by an independent auditor, to be appointed by the board of directors.

TIME OF DELIVERY OF STOCK

17. Except as otherwise hereinbefore provided, no employee shall be entitled to receive stock or cash from the several funds before the termination of the plan; but on such termination, the plan shall

(*Continued on Page 12*)

LOYALTY

By Mr. R. E. Clarke

General Auditor, Standard Oil Co. (Ind.)

The old proverb, "As a man thinks, so he is," probably has not been associated by the average person with any thought of "Loyalty."

Loyalty, to the minds of most persons, carries the thought of allegiance to a person of superior rank; for instance: In the monarchical form of government a loyal subject is one who is faithful in allegiance to the king. A loyal citizen under the republican form of government is one who is faithful in observance of the principles upon which constitution and laws are founded.

In industrial organizations, it seems the word loyalty has another meaning. To the person who looks beneath the surface of things, there appears this other meaning.

Loyalty, in that sense, means loyalty to the pursuit of ideals; the putting forth of the necessary effort and thought, to accomplish that which a person knows by experience or example to be the best work that it is possible to do; which work, when completed, will be a credit to that individual and a source of pride to him, particularly if the work is accomplished in a such a fashion that it conforms to the plans and directions of a wise and able leader.

The constant application of this allegiance or loyalty to ideals will be reflected in the work and thoughts of the individual so that at all times he will exert his best efforts to whatever task falls to him. It will so guide his actions that it will justify the saying, "As a man thinks, so he is."

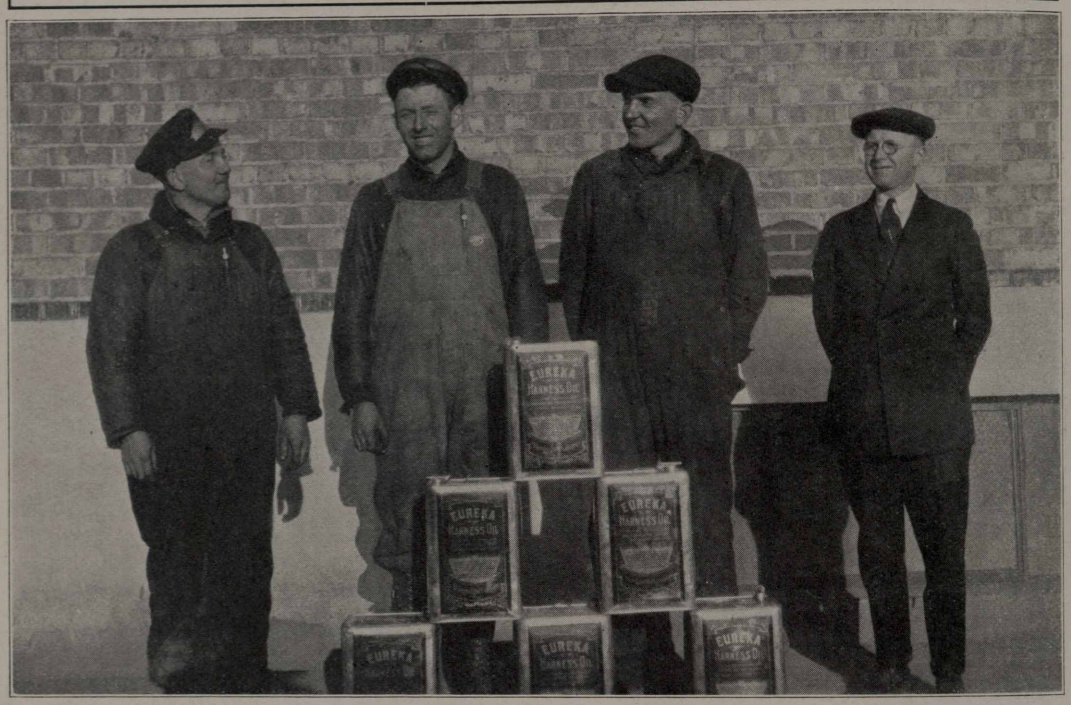
Loyalty, then, to a group of individuals joined together in a business enterprise, means the putting forth of the best efforts of each in his own job to the end that the enterprise shall prosper, and each worker prosper with it.

No doubt Mr. Clarke's conception of loyalty, and his constant practice of it during his years of affiliation with this company, accounts in a measure for his success in attaining to to the responsible position he holds as general auditor of the company. His portrait appears on the outside cover of this magazine.—*Ed.*

TYPICAL FLOOD SCENES IN S. E. KANSAS

As we go to press floods are ravaging several states in Standard Oil Company (Indiana) territory, news reports indicating Indiana, parts of Illinois, Kansas and Missouri as suffering the most. The above taken Sunday, April 8th, on North Main street, Ottawa, Kan., shows the flood on the day before it reached its height. The next day the floor of S. S. 218 was under two feet of water. Kansas City reports this scene is typical of many towns in southeastern Kansas. Below is the wreck of our station at Burlington, Kan., after the flood water receded at that point. The high water mark may be discerned on the building wall. In streets nearby the water was nine feet deep.

OVER THE TOP IN FORT DODGE SECTOR



These fellows are proud of themselves. And we're proud of them. Yes, there's a reason. They were the first over the top in the Des Moines division on their quota of EUREKA HARNESS OIL. Left to right: Truck Salesmen Adam Spirek, Roy Weishaar, Elmer Parkes, and Agent-Salesman A. C. Gienapp, all of Fort Dodge.

(*Continued from Page 9*)

forthwith be terminated by the distribution of all the stock and cash therein to and amongst the then participants in the plan, proportionately as their respective interests may appear.

AMENDMENT OR ABOLITION OF PLAN

18. This plan may be recalled, abolished, revised, amended, altered or changed in such manner as is or may be provided by the statutes of the State of Indiana, or in the absence of such statutory regulation, this plan may be likewise recalled, abolished, revised, amended, altered or changed by the directors of the company.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

The following questions are asked and answered in order to further explain the practical operation of the plan:

1. *What is the Nature of the Stock Offered Under the Employees' Stock Purchasing Plan?*

The company's capital stock is all common stock and every share of such stock, whether owned by employees or others, has absolute equality as to voting, dividends, and participation in assets. The trustees hold the title and all voting and other privileges of the stock purchased by them under the plan until such time as it is deliverable to participants in accordance with the terms of the plan.

2. *Does the Company Guarantee the Value of the Stock?*

No. It is subject to all the privileges and risks attending the ownership of common stock. The stock may increase or decrease in value. That is a chance which the participants will share in common with every other holder of the stock.

3. *Are Dividends on the Stock Guaranteed?*

No. For several years dividends have been paid regularly on the capital stock,

"THEM DAYS IS GONE FOREVER!"

But Agent O. F. Middleton, shown in the driver's seat, is still our agent at Chicago Heights, where this was taken in June, 1897, when our station was first opened at that point. It supplied a territory of 300 square miles. The beautiful black team Mr. Middleton drove was claimed to be the best in southern Cook county. The tank on the wagon had two compartments, usually filled with Perfection Oil. The racks on the side held five 5-gallon cans of stove gasoline. One of these cans would supply a town for a whole week, so little gasoline was being used at that time. The Chicago Heights station has since grown until, instead of one horse drawn tank wagon, it boasts four motor tanks and one motor stake truck. Within the territory it once supplied have developed stations at Beecher, Ill., in the southern part of the district, and at Tinley Park, in the western part.

but the company cannot guarantee them to anyone.

4. Who May Participate in the Plan?

Any employee is eligible to participate in the plan at its beginning if on March 31, 1921, he or she had been in continuous and exclusive service or actively engaged in the conduct of the business of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) for one year or more and has continued in such service up to the date of his or her application.

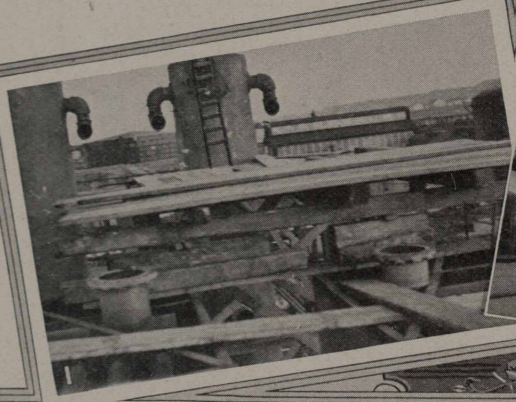
Thereafter, during the continuation of the plan, an employee will become eligible after completing one year's line continuous and exclusive service with the company, and on signing authorization for deduction from salary can become a participant in the plan beginning the first day of any month. The first deduction is to be made from salary due for the first half of the month following that in which the subscriber signifies his or her intention to become a participant in the plan.

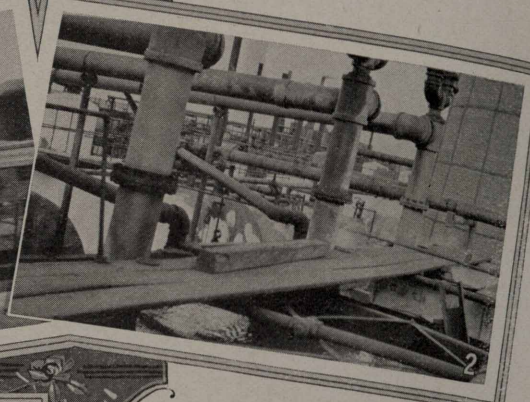
5. How May Deposits Toward the Purchase of Stock Be Made?

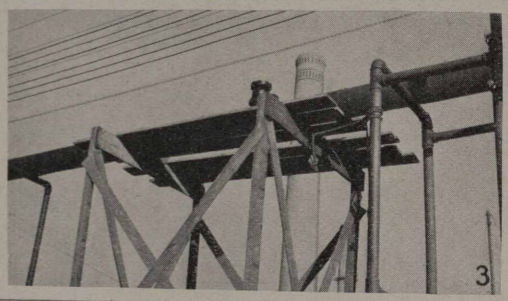
An employee's deposits may be made only by signing an order on the company to withhold on each pay day a certain amount of his earnings, not to exceed 20% of his regular compensation.

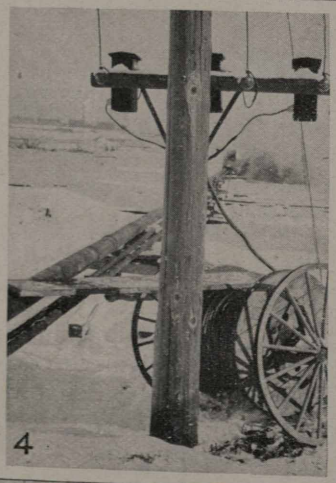
(*Continued on Page 18*)

Brought to Light









Casper Ho! We began to think there was nothing to "Bring to Light" at Casper, but it appears we were wrong. Casper believes in one subject at a time, this time the subject is "Platforms." Pipefitters and welders, doesn't it make you long to get busy on this job and put in a few handrails? But you can't have the job, for that has already been completed. We are not publishing these pictures so Casper can look at them, for, of course, they have already taken care of this situation. We are just wondering if you folks at the other refineries have any such platforms. We probably wouldn't put a handrail on the platform in picture No. 4, but we like to have a regular platform in such places. Note the ladder in picture No. 1. Isn't it remarkable what things we once allowed to exist? Whoever left that 6x6 on the walk in picture No. 2, didn't have much thought for his fellow man. You see if a man stumbled over that timber at night he would have hard work hanging on that invisible handrail. We hope that rope held in picture No. 3. The wind blows hard at Casper.

Safety First

Submitted by

C. W. SMITH, *Safety Director, Standard Oil Company (Indiana*

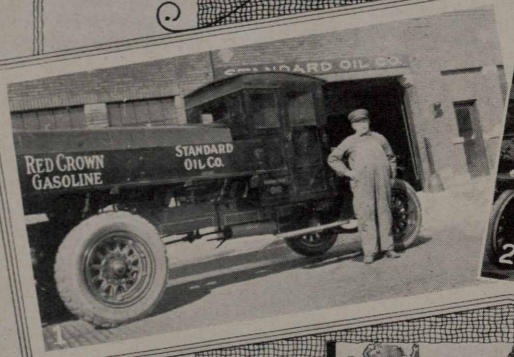
and

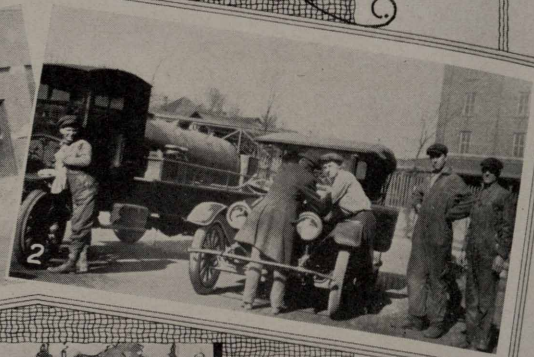
R. A. HARTZELL, *Safety Director, Casper Works*

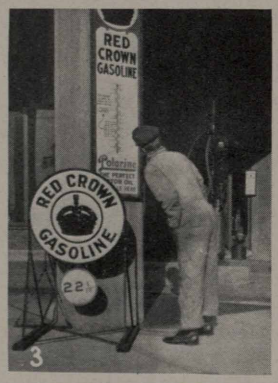
READING THESE IS TIME WELL SPENT

The man who spends five minutes reading a Safety bulletin and pondering the message printed thereon, has not wasted those five minutes. Often the poster repeats to us something we already know, but the watchword of Safety is constant vigilance, and these Safety bulletins are spurs to keep our vigilance eternally alert. One of the first moves of the Safety department in the sales division was to have several hundred bulletin boards installed throughout the field, and to issue posters such as shown in the above. They are issued semi-monthly. Watch for them. The little reminder you get from reading one may save your life that day. Also, you are cordially invited to send in any data that you feel would be suitable for a poster, or any other matter along Safety lines.—*F. C. Singleton, Safety Director, Sales Department.*

SOME MORE OF THOSE WIZARDS OF DAVENPORT







They claim to be all wizards in Davenport these days and they sent us these pictures as additional proof: No. 1—William Young has been 29 years in the service and today delivers more Red Crown than his younger fellow-drivers. No. 2—A busy day in front of our repair shop, left to right: Truck Driver W. P. Lorenzen, Foreman E. O. McRoberts tuning a carburetor for a customer; Mechanic Estes Lee and R. H. Belless. No. 3—Mr. Veach, attendant at S. S. 291, getting the temperature (5 degrees below zero) to prove Polarine cannot be equalled as a winter lubricant. No. 4—The largest and most up-to-date garage in the Quad-Cities—Moline, Rock Island, East Moline and Davenport —uses Standard Oil products throughout; has displays of Semdac, Polarine Cup and Transmission, Finol, and for the rural trade calling there, Mica Axle Grease; besides selling Red Crown at the filling station.

AND EVERY ONE IS THE WONDERFULLEST CHILD!

Davenport, Iowa.—Anyhow, these are the most wonderful kids in the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) territory, comprising some eleven states. No. 1—Grandpa J. H. Tappert, lubricant salesman, with the company 36 years, has the nerve to claim that his granddaughter, Miss Louise, resembles him. No. 2—Little Miss Evelyn Crasper has an appetite that keeps her dad, truck driver at Burlington, hustling for business. No. 3—And here is the wonderfulest child of 'em all—our own Rudie, of the Davenport office. Claims he can lick any office boy employed by the company. OH, BOY! (Beg pardon, Rudie! We learned too late you had been promoted to file clerk.—*Ed.*) No. 4—James M. Hyde, of Cresco, and Jimmy, Jr. No. 5—Ralph E. Hubbell, age 2½, of Pottsville, can rustle that old gas can like a veteran.

WHO CAN MAKE THIS BUNCH EAT CROW?

Milwaukee, Wis.—Employees at Madison, this division, held an old fashioned get-together party recently and consumed most tremendous quantities of roast chicken and trimmings. For the year 1922 they adopted the slogan: "Madison First!" They also passed the following resolution: "And if there are any other stations, 'A' or 'B,' in the Milwaukee field, who think they can beat Madison out of first place, let them hop to it!" This is certainly a praiseworthy resolution, but already from other stations comes the word: "Yeah, Madison First!—In eating chicken! It'll be crow they'll eat when the year is over." (Well, we'll print the picture of the station gang that makes them eat said crow.—*Ed.*) In the above first row, left to right: Robt. Mitchell, Jr., S. S. attendant; Otto Schultz, T. W. driver; Mike O'Neil, T. W. driver; A. A. Aldrich, salesman; R. S. O'Neil, agent; W. T. Weber, S. S. attendant. Second row: George Anderson, clerk; Howard Jones, S. S. attendant; Fred Thurber, T. W. driver; Roy Fletcher, carburetor mechanic; Martin Langseth, S. S. attendant; Billy Scheer, cashier; Joe Knudtson, T. W. driver. Third row: O. N. Vangness, construction man; Herman Kilbakken, warehouse man; Bill Andrews, S. S. attendant; Mike Feiler, T. W. driver; Jim Moore, T. W. driver; Ed Bosser, S. S. attendant; G. T. Dougherty, district superintendent.

(*Continued from Page 13*)

6. How Much Does the Company Put Into the Plan?

Whenever deposits are so made for a participating employee, the company will pay into the plan for the use of the employee, as provided in the plan, 50% of whatever amount has been deducted from his pay in accordance with his authorization.

7. Who Has Charge of This Plan?

The three trustees appointed by the board of directors are R. W. STEWART, W. M. BURTON, E. G. SEUBERT. The services of these trustess are without expense to the plan.

8. When May an Employee Start His Account?

On any first half pay day of a month after he or she has become eligible as explained in Answer to Question No. 4.

9. How Much May an Employee Have Deducted From His Salary?

Any amount in even dollars that does not exceed 20%, or one-fifth, of the compensation due him or her on each pay day. This percentage establishes the maximum, no employee should deposit to this extent except after careful thought and consideration as to whether he or she can continue to keep up the deductions as authorized to the full 20%. As an illus-

WHY STANOLIND ASPHALT IS IN SUCH DEMAND

This shows why Stanolind Paving Asphalt, one of the many products manufactured at our Whiting works, sells so readily. The road shown in the above is four years old and is paved with our asphalt. It is one used by a cement company to ship cement by truck from an outlying plant into Chicago, and many such loads as pictured here pass over the asphalt pavement daily, in addition to other heavy traffic. In spite of this hard usage, the pavement is still in first class condition. In one day recently, Mr. F. P. Allen, manager of our asphalt department, received requests for our booklet on Stanolind Paving Asphalt from Shanghai, China; Sydney, Australia, and Chapultepec, Mexico.

tration: An employee receives a monthly salary of $158.00 and wishes to deposit approximately 10% of it, the deduction authorized should be $16.00 per month or $8.00 if paid semi-monthly. This method will greatly facilitate the handling of many thousands of accounts, and keep the deduction in even dollars.

10. If an Employee's Pay Is Temporarily Reduced Because of Sickness or Other Cause, Will Deductions Be Continued During That Period?

Under the rule adopted by the trustees, deduction will be omitted on any pay day when the amount due a participant for current compensation for services has been reduced to 50% or less of his average pay, because of sickness or accident disability, leave of absence or temporary lay-off, unless he shall have specifically requested that the deductions be continued during such period.

11. After Authorizing a Certain Deduction From His Wages, May an Employee Change the Amount?

Under the rule adopted by the trustees, a participant may change the amount of the deduction from his pay if he submits reasons that are satisfactory to the trustees. Before becoming a participant under the plan each employee should carefully determine the amount he can regularly save, so that, as far as possible, later changes will be unnecessary. If, however, one authorizes a deduction of an amount which he later wishes to increase or decrease by reason of changed conditions, he may file a new application with statement of his reasons. In no case will a changed authorization be retroactive.

12. Will a Subscriber Be Informed Concerning His Account?

A statement of each depositor's account will be submitted to the depositor annually.

13. Can a Depositor Withdraw at Any Time?

Yes. A participant may withdraw from the plan and receive all the money de-

FUTURE GREATS FROM ROGERS PARK, CHICAGO

William H. Anders and LaVergne Anders, aged 4 and 2 years, respectively, are the children of William Anders, tank wagon chauffeur at Rogers Park. Howard Knorst, age 3, is the son of Walter Knorst, who also pilots a Rogers Park tank wagon.

ducted from his wages together with 6% interest per annum, or, at the option of the trustees, the equivalent in stock or stock and cash. He will thereby forfeit the amount deposited by the company in his account and any dividends on stock purchased, and can not re-enter the plan for one year.

14. *If a Depositor, Without the Consent of the Trustees, Notifies the Company to Stop Making Deductions From His Earnings, Can the Amount Then Standing to His Credit Remain in the Plan Until Distribution at the Termination of the Plan?*

No. Under the rule adopted by the trustees, cancellation of a deduction order without the consent of the trustees constitutes withdrawal from the plan, and the trustees will close the account, returning to the employee his deposits in cash, with 6% interest per annum, or, at their option, delivering the equivalent in stock, or cash and stock.

15. *If an Employee Withdraws From the Plan for Any Reason, What Becomes of the Money the Company Has Put Into the Plan for His Account?*

It remains in the plan and will be paid to participants remaining at the termination of the plan, in proportion to their respective deposits. In no case will any of the money revert to the company.

16. *When Can an Employee Obtain the Stock That the Trustees Have Purchased With His Savings and With the Company's Contribution?*

At the termination of the plan, except in case he is retired under the company's annuity plan, or on account of total disability, or through discharge for no fault of his own; also in case of death, his beneficiary need not wait until the termination of the plan to obtain all stock and cash credited to the participant.

CHALK UP A TEN-STRIKE FOR CHALK

Decatur, Ill.—Will all the women of Alton, Ill., use Semdac for spring house cleaning? We'll say they will. This display, in the window of the Hartman Hardware Co. store of that city, was arranged through the efforts of Salesman Hart Chalk.

The shares, when distributed, become the absolute property of the subscriber or his representative.

17. An Employee Earning $2,000.00 a Year Thinks He Can Set Aside 10% of That, or $200.00. How Would His Contribution of That Amount Work Out Over the Full Life of the Plan?

In five years he will have deposited out of his earnings a total of $1,000.00. This will have been increased by the company's deposits to $1,500.00. To this sum will be added the depositor's proportion of such dividends, withdrawal accruals and interest as may have been received by the trustees.

18. What is to Be Done with Dividends Paid on Stock Purchased?

All dividends paid on stock purchased for an employee will be credited to him and used together with later deposits in further purchases of stock for his account.

* * *

An old darkey got up one night in meeting and said:

"Bredders an' sisters—you an' I know that I ain't been what I oughter been. I'se robbed henroosts an' stole hogs and tol' lies an' got drunk an' slashed folks wi' ma' razor, an' shot craps an' cuss'd an' swore; but I thank de Lord dere's one thing I ain't neber done—I ain't neber lost ma' religion."

* * *

Make Your Stocks Pay Dividends!

CITY SLICKERS TRIM THE RUBES

City salesmen of Detroit and the country general salesmen of that division got talking pretty loud at each other a few months ago and the "we'll tell the world stuff" finally culminated in a showdown with the formation of two teams to try out their respective selling powers with Semdac as the medium. It was agreed that at the end of three months the five low men on each team were to kick in one dollar apiece to buy new lids for the two high men. Before the battle was over it had attracted the attention of the whole division, with both participants and partisans bursting into verse, epic, lyric and plain sentimental. Here's a sample:

The dust had begun in the springtime
And busily summer and fall
Had covered each chair and each table
And made them unsightly to all.

A tired and discouraged young lady
Had mopped and scrubbed and cleaned,
But the dust only settled down thicker
In spite of her efforts, it seemed.

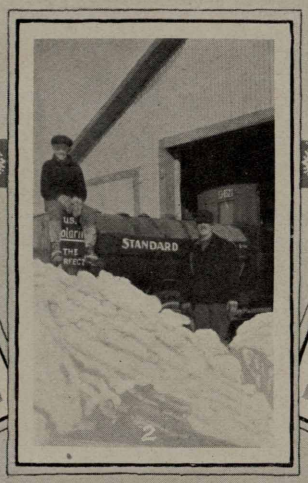
Now this tired and discouraged young lady
Had a caller one day at her door,
Who showed her the way to use Semdac
On her cupboard and hall-tree and floor.

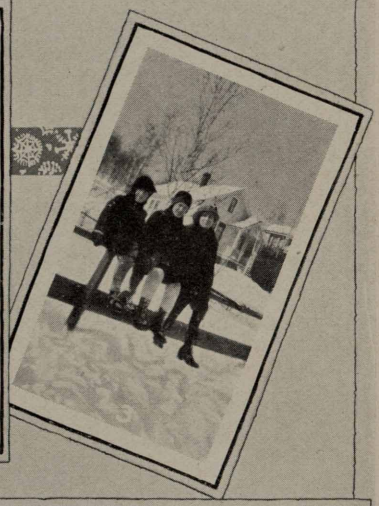
And now she takes Semdac and cheesecloth
Where once she took water and soap,
And when she gets through with her cleaning
Her back doesn't feel like it's broke.

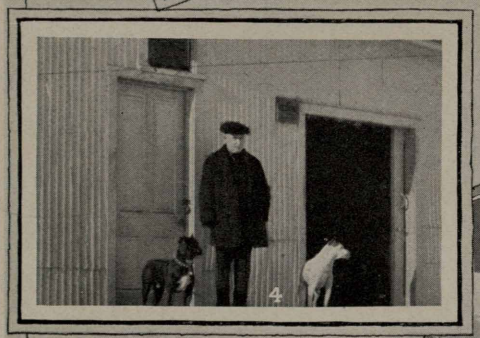
While of course she's a proper young lady
Who says she has never been kissed (!)
The salesman who sold her the Semdac
Could have one, she says, if he wished.

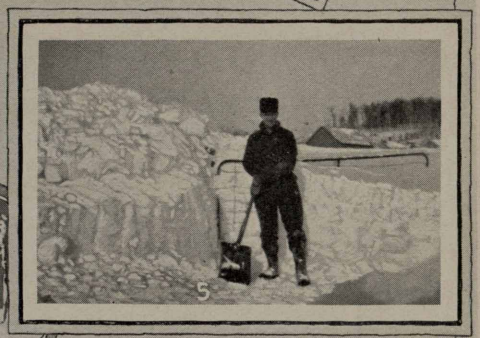
Inspired by this, the city Slickers went out and sold 861 gallons more of Semdac than the Rubes, though that wasn't so awful much more when you know the grand totals piled up. Although he's of the losing Rubes, T. W. Rickard, right in the above, was high man on both teams, copping a new Kelly. H. W. Wilson, left in the above, led the Slickers and also got a much needed new hat. Charity forbids our mentioning the names and records of the tail enders.

FAMOUS FOLKS FROM THREE STATES









They are all from the Duluth division, but that division covers a lot of territory No. 1.—S. W. Marshall, assistant chief clerk, Duluth; Billy Boy and the old pipe. No. 2—S. Smith, agent at Aitkin, Minn., and his son. No. 3—Gordon, John and Francis, of the House of Ellison (chief clerk, Duluth), ready for a flip-flop in the snow. No. 4—William Godfrey, agent at Iron Mountain, Mich., and his dogs. Completed twenty years of service in June, 1921; lost his right hand in accident the same year. No. 5—A. C. Miller, our new agent at Wabeno, Wis., was hardly established in his new job when it tried to snow him under He dug himself out and is now going strong.

THE FROZEN NORTH AND SUNNY SOUTH

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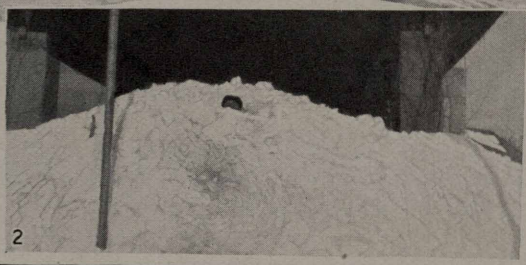

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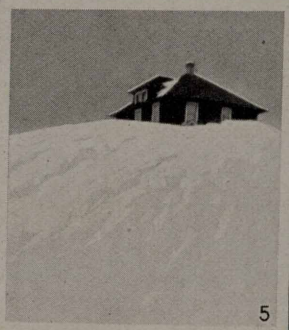

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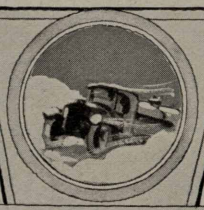
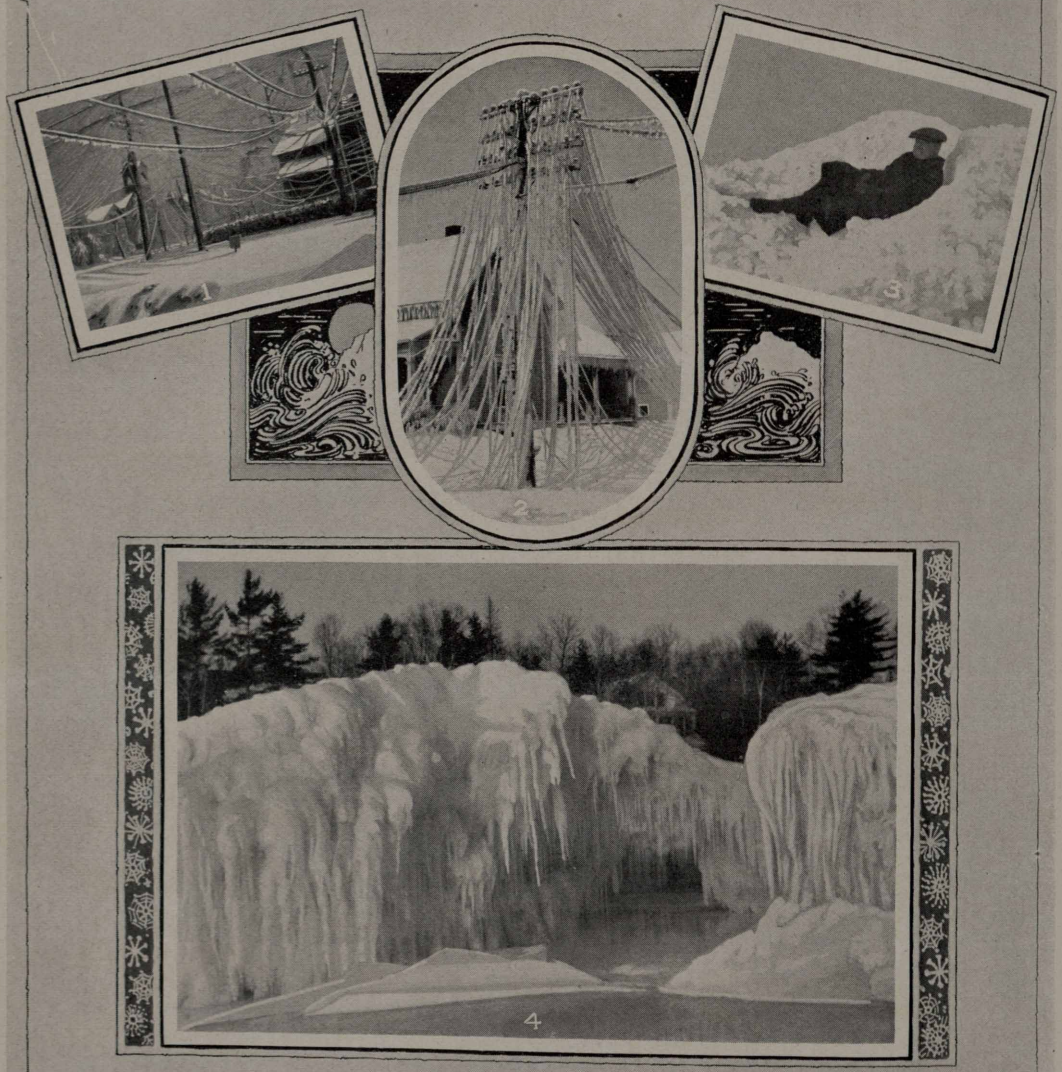
No. 1—Truck Drivers Nurmi and Kishel, Virginia, Minn., dug their way to their customers' doors. No. 2—William Streitz, service station attendant at Alexandria, Minn., Minneapolis division, is 6 feet and 2 inches in height but when he stepped in a drift in front of his station he sure had to keep his chin up. No. 3—AND IN THE MEANTINE, way down south in Dixie, in the raging surf off Palm Beach, we discover on the extreme left, Mr. F. W. Dingley, former salesman in Duluth division, and directly in front of him, Mr. C. S. Pollock, former manager of Minneapolis division. Oh gosh, and we wasted ten years working for other companies before we got started towards a Standard Oil annuity! No. 4—Frank and Charles, husky sons of Salesman Dick Carlson, copper country, Duluth division. No. 5—At Hancock, Mich., they used the second story entrance.

POWER TWINS, FOUR PAIR OF 'EM, HURON



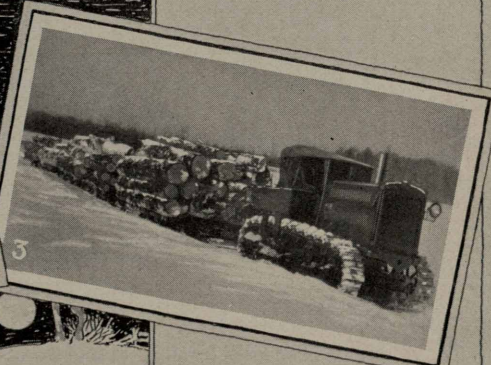
No. 1—This is what is called a "walking advertisement," being staged by Mr. and Mrs. Ward Lambert, Huron. No. 2—Driver Brown, Huron, and Agent Conklin, Hot Springs, having one on the house. No. 3—Agent V. H Croft, Watertown, and his better half; it took two of them to keep the station going this winter. No. 4—"Holy Pete," writes Correspondent Frank Heinen, "be careful what you say about this picture because I had to steal it, so go easy. On the left is Mrs. Heinen, wife of the assistant chief clerk. On the right, Mrs. Walsh, wife of our check clerk." We gather Frank knows who's boss in the Heinen home, even if she doesn't quite fill out these trousers. (How's that, Frank; were we careful enough?)

The $5,000,000 STORM in NORTHERN MICHIGAN



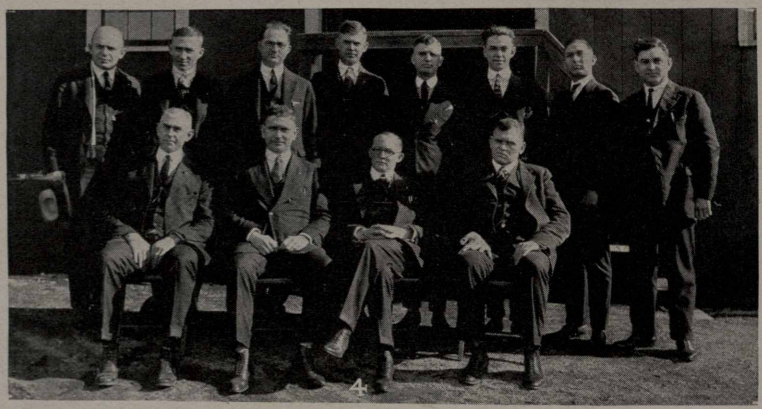
Grand Rapids sends these photographs showing what the storm did. No. 1—View from Service Station 149, Cadillac. No. 2—Ice laden wires at Cadillac. No. 3—Salesman William Martz, of Petoskey, taking a rest on a snowdrift that measured twenty feet in depth. No. 4—Glacier formed at Harbor Point.

BUT RED CROWN KEPT THE TRACTORS GOING!



No. 1—This drift at Boyne City measured eighteen feet in depth. No. 2—Prospect street, Cadillac, Mich. Grand Rapids.—No. 3—This 10-ton Holt tractor, using Red Crown gasoline and Polarine lubricant, defied the snow and took loads of 20,000 feet of lumber over a seven-mile haul.

STANDARD OILERS OF EVANSVILLE



No. 1—The girls' bowling team of the Evansville office. Win all their games because no one has the heart to beat them. Left to right: Frances Childress, Margaret Blondon, Lois Powers, Mabel Ruff and Helen Zackman. No. 2—Margaret Bailey, daughter of W. S. Bailey, assistant chief clerk, Evansville, is probably the youngest child entertainer, impersonator and musician appearing in any Chautauqua circuit in America. She has sung and given readings in public ever since she was 2½ years old, and at the age of 4 played both the violin and piano. At present she is under contract with the Coit-Alber Independent Chautauqua, with headquarters in Chicago, and has just passed her ninth birthday. In the above she is demonstrating a tummy ache. No. 3—The total weight of this outfit is 1,320 pounds, or an average of 202½ pounds. We couldn't find George Clark or we'd have boosted the average. They are drivers and warehousemen at Evansville, left to right: Lee Carlisle, Ed Boehne, Otto Volkman, Walter Schinneman—he lowered the average, weighing only 180—Conrad Roth, Walter Ervin, John Fisher and Theodore Spitzmiller. No. 4—Salesmen and officials met recently at Murphysboro, Ill. Left to right, seated: E. J. Stikeman, lubricating engineer; Ray Miller, district superintendent; Manager W. J. Lang, Assistant Manager Ewald Brauns; standing, J. A. Watts, Jr., Leo F. Busch, J. L. Benson, W. F. Carney, P. H. Wightman, Roy Hudgens, J. D. Kirby, L. E. Pyle.

PICTORIAL NEWS OF FARGO FIELD

No. 1—Some boy, is Elmer Howard Ericson, Jr., son of our station examiner. No. 2—Rose Meyerle, of our order department, was recently graduated from the Dakota Conservatory of Music, and we extend to her our congratulations. It was often necessary during the four-year course, for her to rise as early as 5 a. m. to practice her lesson before coming to work. We predict for her a successful future as a pianiste. No. 3—When the snow melted at Millarton station. "Who said North Dakota was dry?" queries Agent W H. Adamson. No. 4—Agent A. R. Bolke, of Hebron, is as successful getting customers as he is deer, and you'll have to admit he's there getting deer. No. 5—John Schlagel, station examiner, is very good at finding losses, but in this case he reports a gain—yes, it's the missis

ANYWHERE, ANYTIME

Standard Oil Service, Anywhere, Anytime—Mr. N. R. Grimshaw, assistant general manager, sales, Standard Oil Company (Indiana), is in receipt of the following letter from Mr. Ray B. Goss, instructor in the department of farm mechanics, agricultural experiment station, Purdue university, Lafayette, Indiana:

"The writer, who has had charge of the tractor short courses at this school for the past few years, invited one of your representatives to talk to the students during the courses, on the subject of fuels and lubrication. Through the South Bend office I was connected with Mr. Carrington of the Indianapolis office.

"I would like to report that I have nothing but praise to offer for the co-operation of your company and the very efficient manner in which your Mr. Carrington carried out his program in attempting to help us in our campaign to help the operators in the all-important subject of better care for their machinery.

"I might also add that your lubrication booklets were used as text books mostly and they are most efficiently propounded for this sort of work.

"Again thanking you and your company for the co-operation extended this department, I beg to remain, very truly yours, Ray B. Goss, instructor."

The lubrication booklets referred to were the tractor booklets issued by this company.

DON'T BLAME YOU

Editor Record: We notice in the February issue of the Stanolind Record that the picture of the Waterloo service station is referred to as being in the Sioux City division. We wish to call attention to the fact that it is in the new Davenport division, and also that *we are very proud* of its appearance.—L. W. Cameron, manager, Davenport.

* * *

"I know a man that has been married thirty years and he spends all his evenings at home."

"That's what I call love."

"Oh, no; it's paralysis."

EVERYONE HAS A BOSS

"Every man, no matter how big he may be, has a boss." Many employees don't like the idea of having to obey orders, and hope the day will come when they can do the bossing themselves. They imagine the boss has no boss; that he can do as he likes, go and come when he likes, following only his own sweet will. This false notion tends to engender dissatisfaction among workers. They contrast what they picture as the unrestricted freedom of the boss with their own subjection to orders.

The truth is that all of us are under authority, that all of us have some kind of a boss, that all of us must have regard to the will of others, that all of us must toe the line of duty—or sink.

If everyone could get it into his or her head that everyone else is subject to orders, there would be less discontent in the world. Many workers would not object so bitterly to being bossed if they realized their bosses were also, in turn, bossed.

We all have some others pressing the button for us, no matter how comfortable and luxurious our environment may seem. —B. C. Forbes, *Philadelphia Ledger*.

EDITOR'S WAIL

Getting up a monthly publication is no picnic. If we print jokes, folks say we are silly—if we don't they say we lack variety —if we publish things from other papers they say we are too lazy to write. If we don't go to church, we are heathens—if we go we are hypocrites. If we stay in the office, we ought to be out rustling for news —if we rustle for news, we are not attending to business in the office. If we wear old clothes we are slovens. If we wear new clothes, they are not paid for. What in thunder is a poor editor to do, anyhow? Like as not, someone will say we swiped this from an exchange. So we did.—*Kreolite News*.

* * *

She—I hope people will admire my new hat.
He—Then you'd better wear longer skirts.

APRONS AND HOUSE FROCKS

The sensible overall apron, that entirely covers the dress or takes its place, has been rechristened with various more picturesque but less appropriate names, as "bungalow" aprons, "kitchenette" dresses, and so on. But these new garments often contrive to be very pretty and they help to take away the little bitter taste that still lingers in wholesome housework—for women who are unreconciled to what is good for them. With all the new appliances for relieving the housewife, the next generation may see aprons graduated into the class of pastime clothes, with names that reveal the change.

These house dresses and aprons are so cleverly designed and made, by people who manufacture them, and are so inexpensive that it is seldom worth while to make them at home. The materials used are the heavier grades of gingham, chambray, percale and other cottons, with cretonne a favorite for decoration. Ample aprons of this material, with cape to match, are among the pretty new offerings that make working clothes a joy. The truth is that these useful dresses and aprons, as they are made now are becoming and charming. They are cheery, not to say gay.

A good model, in colored chambray with white collars and cuffs, is shown in the picture. There are many very useful fast colors to be had in chambray, always pretty with a touch of white or a contrasting color. This model has large crescent-shaped pockets and the regulation length in sleeves—short enough to be out of the way.

—Julia Bottomley.

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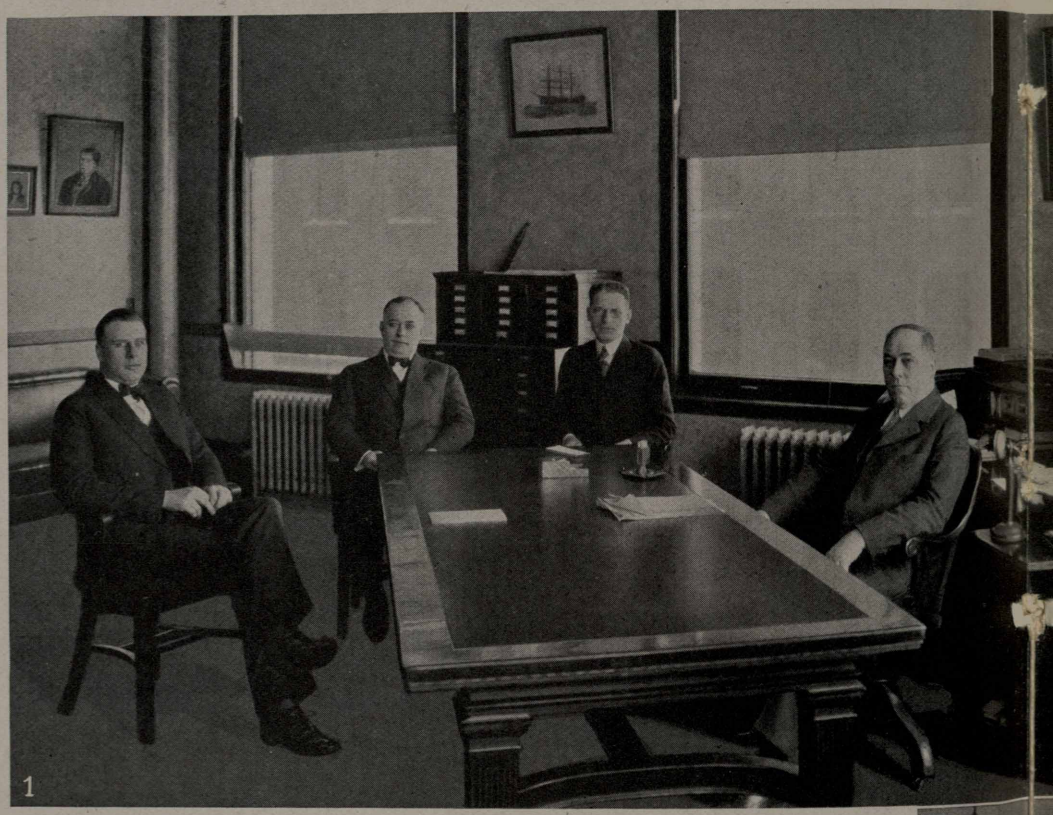
WHERE ALL THOSE O



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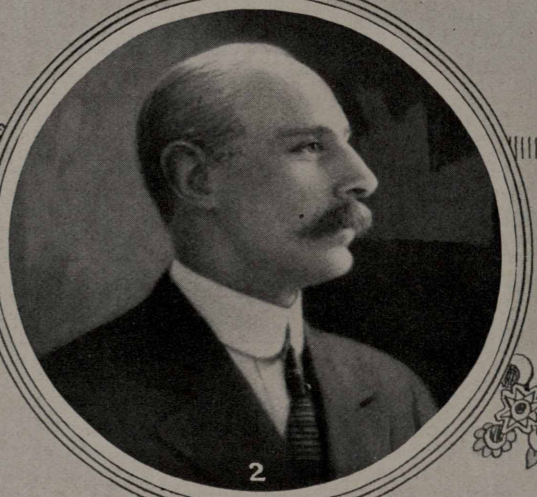

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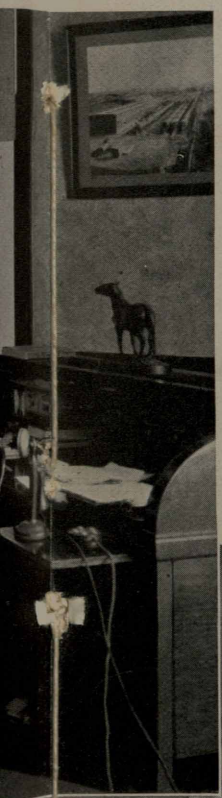
ORDERS COME FROM



Here is where all those orders received by the field, originate. No. 1—T. J. Thompson, general manager, sales, and three of his four assistant managers. Left to right: R. G. Stewart, Central division; N. R. Grimshaw, Eastern division; Amos Ball, Western division; Mr. T. J. Thompson. Mr. J. L. Carter, assistant manager, Northern division, was ill when this photograph was taken. No. 2—Mr. J. L. Carter. No. 3—The general manager's office. "Our amiable chief clerk," says the correspondent, "must have told his wife he has a private office, judging from the way he is hiding. Never mind, Joe, J. G. L. is out there, too. Also, Mr. Burritt, people with abbreviated hair shouldn't pose in front of a window—they fade out. Now, if you only had a pompadour like Safety Director Singleton!"

WHITING TRAGEDY

On Friday, April 14, an explosion occurred on stills Nos. 206 and 207, batteries Nos. 19 and 20, at the Whiting refinery, which resulted in the death of Alfred Plant, inside helper on batteries 19 and 20, and the injury of Joseph Rausch, fireman, John Ward, outside helper, Fred Kisel, fireman, and Thomas Roche, foreman of pitpullers.

At this writing the cause of the explosion has not been ascertained, and an investigation is in progress, which, it is hoped, will disclose the reason for the accident.

The Record, speaking for the 25,000 employes and the management of this company extends their sincerest sympathy to the families of the dead and of the injured.

TWO NEW ANNUITANTS

Two more veteran employees were placed on the annuity payroll March 1, according to an announcement by Mr. E. G. Seubert, fourth vice-president and secretary-treasurer of the company. They are:

R. John McClelland, 1132 Schrage avenue, Whiting, employed at Whiting works as still fireman and refinery laborer; with company 25 years and 11 months.

Charles Klima, 1036 Keystone avenue, Chicago, employed as manson's helper; with company 32 years.

WHAT AILS IT

In connection with the recent earthquake in Mexico and California, a darkey preacher in Houston, Texas, is said to have evolved an ingenious theory which, we must admit, fits very well into existing circumstances. He is reported to have addressed his flock as follows:

"We have received anudder warnin' not to go perticatin' into de ways ob Providence. De earf, my breddren, revolves on its axles, and it takes a right sma't ob grease to keep it lubricated. So de good Lord done put petroleum inside de earf to keep de axles greased.

"Den, bye and bye, long came all dese hyah ile companies, punchin' holes in de ground clear down into de bearin's and quensecontly all de ile come squirtin' out. Fust thing we know dere's a hot box, and de earf squeaks and rumbles and dat's de earfquake. If dey don't quit it purty soon dere won't be no moah grease left and de earf will stick tight on its axles and won't go round do moah!"—*Exchange.*

THINK

If you *think* you are beaten, you are!
  If you *think* you dare not, you don't.
If you like to win but *think* you can't
  It's almost a cinch you won't.

If you'd *think* you'll lose, you're lost!
  For out in the world, we find,
Success begins with a fellow's will;
  It's all in the state of mind.

If you *think* you're outclassed, you are!
  You've got to *think* high to rise,
You've got to be sure of *yourself* before
  You ever can win a prize.

Life's battles don't always go
  To the stronger or faster man;
But soon or late the man who wins
  Is the man who *thinks he can!*

FOREMEN'S MEETING

On petition of fifty members, who asked for a discussion of future activities, the Whiting Foremen's Fellowship Club met in the Industrial Relations building, Friday evening, March 30, and heard addresses by Chairman R. F. Storer, Mr. J. E. Candlin of the Pullman Fellowship Club, Dr. Bransky, Mr. T. S. Boyle, and Mr. W. N. Bercaw.

* * *

NEW YORK SPEECH

"That goil I innerdooced ye to is a Southerner."

"Yes, I wuz wise to dat de foist thing fr'm the fierce way she has o' p'nouncin' her woids."

WHITING, IND.

Our new Whiting filling station has had no mention in the Record as yet, but it and its attendants would certainly make a fine picture. However, the service being rendered there is putting it on the map in spite of lack of publicity. Mike Harr, the regular attendant is always smiling, courteous and in every way on the job.

The machine shop sadly regrets to hear of the death of another daughter of John Plau. It also grieves us to hear that Mr. Fernell of the machine shop office has passed away. He was loved by all who knew him.

It is reported that Joe Matis of the machine shop has lost his father through an accident. We wish to express our deep sympathy to his friends and relatives.

The following gentlemen attended the circus at the Medinah Temple, Chicago, given by the Medinah society: Messrs. C. H. Daugherty, D. Daegling, J. Jones, F. Ehlers, S. Malo, Hannusen, J. Matis, F. Klemm, C. Ruff, C. Gradwell, D. Slatnitch, W. Hamman, A. Wade, W. Bartells, R. White, C. Schlatter, J. Smith, J. Muldoon, L. Link, G. Moffet, Helbin, R. Miller, C. Phelps and J. Byers. Mr. Charlie Ruff intended to see the circus but after entering saw only "people" so he barely managed to escape while holding his hand on his hip pocket ($3.00).

Joe Matis: "Say, Fat, I've got a peach of a girl now; a regular Easter-egg girl."

Fat Hannusen: "What do you mean by Easter-egg girl, Joe?"

Joe: "Hard-boiled and painted."

Recently there was installed in No. 2 pump house, presided over by James Judson, a horn. Purpose: so that persons calling James on the phone will get at least moderate service in the form of an occasional response. If this system does not work it is suggested to hang a wireless set on this roving pumper.

The filtering oils office force was quite surprised one morning when suddenly a strange head appeared in the door. It was soon found that it was only Miss Elizabeth Schultz, their stenographer. The mistake in idenity was due to the fact that Miss Schultz had taken the first degree in the many requirements of the modern flapper in the form of having her flowing tresses abbreviated.

We extend our sincerest sympathy to Miss Lillian Plau of the white oil room over the loss of her sister, Clara, who died March 23, 1922, after a lingering illness.

Why is it that we always notice a certain attractive force around the FFF plant, particularly when Gene Grogan is on duty? Well, he's Irish, has very red hair, and thinks he is very popular with the ladies, so we'll let you judge for yourself.

The mystery of the blue man around the filter plant is solved at last due to the untiring efforts of Mr. Dave Clements. Recently several blue tracks were seen around No. 3 house and upon following them Mr. Clements discovered that they belonged to Jack Westfall, who had been grinding dye.

To further the efficiency of the laboratory, I would suggest the following—that George Parker be furnished with about 10,000 cards with the inscription, "I'm too busy now, see me later, etc.," so that George will not have to wear his vocal chords by telling me this about 95 times a day. Signed: James Judson.

Some people must be bright when they arise in the morning and prepare for their daily toil by putting on their neckware inside out. For particulars on this engrossing subject we gladly refer to Mr. Arthur Radloff of the filler plant office.

How soon again are we to hear those noonday band concerts?

The boys of the filtering oils department are wondering why they are not hearing from Mr. Charles Ewing lately.

Sure signs of spring, forecasted by yard office employees: Art Vernon removing his red flannels. C. C. Kaiser shedding his vest. Doc Grogan cutting off his sideburns. Albert Chase discarding his ear muffs. Harry Huggins taking his daily afternoon walk around the yard. H. E. Beaubien shining his golf clubs. Wm. Morrison coming to work on his velocipede. Edward Lynch singing "Gee, I Wish I Had a Girl." John McLean taking off three sweaters and two vests. Fred Alexander without his sheepskin. Wm. Miller leaving his own shoes at home. N. A. Emerson and C. H. Brown remodeling their Rolls-Royce.

Employees of the yard office welcome the daily visits of Mr. Muffitt with great delight. He has such a pleasant odor about him. What kind is it, Mr. Muffitt, Mary Garden or Djer Kiss?

One evening John Sayne and Steve Stefanik visited Steve Wargo. During the course of the evening John and Steve sang a number of songs, and after singing "Leave Me With a Smile," one of Steve Wargo's gold fish left (died) but was minus the smile. Oh Boy! Page the Humane Society.

Gus Peterson of the yard office would make an ideal salesman for Standard Oil Company products. He has such a pleasing disposition, and the unlimited number of stories and jokes he has to tell makes us wonder where he gets them all.

The young men of the switching department were again entertained by Miss Fuss at her home in Front street. It is rather difficult to tell which of the boys was guest of honor this time. However, they all came to work the next day wearing a broad smile, rejoicing over the wonderful time they had.

The yard office is about to be converted into a hot house if Arthur Vernon succeeds in bringing out flowers from the bulb he has on his desk.

Gus Peterson is still leading in the men's beauty contest at the yard office. Don't rush him, girls.

The boys at the crane car department are trying to figure out who has the most knowledge in regard to national affairs and in using and defining big words, Charles Stross or J. C. Dorgan.

Paul Wilson, our "Chain Fall Expert," laid off and attended court proceedings the other day in regard to a large estate left to him and other relatives.

Mr. Roy Moore of the crane car department is the proud father of another baby girl. Congratulations, Roy.

Geo. Driesslman, the Beau Brummel of the crane department, according to rumors, is to be married this coming summer. Perhaps George believes in the old saying, "A man never gets any place unless he takes a chance." Here is wishing you luck and happiness, George.

Mr. Tom Burke of the salvage yard has purchased a new Maxwell car. It will be ready for salvage in a short time as we all understand, Tom, you are a one hand driver.

Ralph White of the pipe shop office has the agency for Rickenbacher cars. Anyone considering a car, call on Ralph.

Little Peter Gorman, the refinery labor foreman, was so patriotic that he paid his income tax twice for the year 1921. Better save some of that money for a rainy day, Peter.

Tom Brown of the main office recently purchased a suit of clothes in order to get a premium. He took a set of dishes; looks suspicious, Tom.

A picture simple for an artist to paint: Fat McLeod running for a switch.

A picture that would be hard for an artist to paint: Frank Schlatter chewing wax.

Bill Bartel and Ralph White, the pipe shop twins, are on a diet. They eat an apple every day at noon but when they have their evening meal, they make up for lost time.

Fellow bowlers sit up and take notice. Among the pictures in the Record there has appeared a picture of Chas. Westling in baseball uniform as star second baseman in a league in Michigan. Be it herewith known that he is also an expert "alley fan" as well. On Wednesday, February 1, he bowled 666 in three games at the Oddfellows' league, an average of 222 per game.

The daily morning race from the gate to the machine shop has changed champions since last being mentioned. On February 9, 1922, A. W. Bumhour sped by our old title holder, Chester Kahl, and left him behind. Chester is contemplating taking the matter up with Referee Minsberg in order to restore his title, claiming that he was taken unawares. He was informed that he is no longer in the walking race until he can show better speed. Chester practices every morning now.

Joe Schaeffer is continually shocking the machine shop fellows with his actions. The most recent of these happened when visiting his "lady-love" on the east side on a cold winter night. He left his "Packard" outside while he dropped in to say hello, and when he came out again (just a short while later, he claims), he found his radiator frozen. Joe believes some one played a trick on him, but you know, fellows, he didn't realize how many long hours it took him to say "goodnight." This happened more than once.

John Muldoon resigned from employment in the machine shop of the Standard Oil Company on February 18 to go into a partnership garage business with Ralph White from the pipe shop. Their new garage is located at New York and Fischrupp avenues, Whiting.

Four years ago, Fred Ehler bought a Dodge car. Just recently he was reported as having traced up the former owner in order to find out the engine number, as the number could not be found on the engine on account of having been painted over. Can you imagine! What do you imagine?

The boys of the welding department wish to thank Eddie Clabby and Harry Keefe for the successful efforts they administered in showing the boys of the Standard Oil Company a good time at the Slovinski Dom, February 27, 1922.

Employees of the can department would like to know what Jack Humpreys does nights. We know he doesn't sleep.

Why does "Girlie" Lamberth, tin cutter, part his hair in the middle?

Where does Andy Semancik get all the millionaire's daughters? Oh, Baby!

WOOD RIVER, ILL.

Edwin Stillwell has returned to work, after a number of months' absence. His many friends are glad to see him back.

Dr. J. Malinovsky and daughter, Miss Olga, of Belleville, visited at the plant a few Sundays ago. Dr. Malinovsky is a chemist and while here was the guest of Dr. C. W. Wagner.

Mrs. Harold Powell has returned to Wood River after an extended visit with her parents at Oakwood Heights, Staten Island, N. Y.

Mrs. J. Flanagan, wife of Dr. Flanagan of the First Aid, entertained her sister, Mrs. Laura Lemkmeier of Belleville, recently.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Noe of Ontario, Cal., are visiting their daughter, Mrs. L. L. Tuley of 7th street.

Roy Fredrickson has been transferred to the main pump house and Gus Wuestenfeld, Jr., has his position, that of weighmaster.

Mrs. Hannah Johnson of the telephone exchange spent a few days with her mother at Staunton this week.

Francis Manning, son of M. F. Manning, our congenial mason's foreman, has passed the state board examination and has been admitted to the bar. The many friends of Mr. Manning, as well as his parents, are greatly pleased. Francis was graduated from the Alton high school a number of years ago and was later a student of the St. Louis university, where he received his L.L.B. degree about a year ago. This year he has been attending Chicago university. We understand it is his intention to enter the law field in Wood River. His many friends wish Francis every success in his chosen profession.

Mrs. J. F. McCredie, wife of J. F. McCredie, night superintendent, was hostess to a number of friends St. Patrick's day. Mrs. H. E. Paton of Alton was an out of town guest. Cards were the diversion of the afternoon. Favors were presented to Mrs. H. C. Tittle, S. A. Beach, T. G. Tonkinson and Mrs. Anna Carstens.

Simon Halloran, our pipeologist, planned and successfully carried out his third St. Patrick's ball, Friday, March 17. Simon has made this an annual affair. It was the largest attended dance given since last St. Patrick's day. The music was excellent, the order and discipline was splendid, and altogether the affair was a success.

James Kane of Chicago is the guest of his mother, Mrs. Catherine Kane.

Miss Edna Dietz has accepted a position at the telephone exchange.

Miss Myrtle Exton was the guest of Alton friends last week.

Miss Elizabeth Gainer of the laboratory was a St. Louis visitor March 31.

O. G. Dickson is erecting a five-room bungalow in Dulaney's addition, and we understand will have one of the nicest homes in Wood River.

We owe Bill Penrose an apology. We understand that Bill is considerable peeved that his name has not appeared in recent issues of the "Stanolind." Bill is no longer acting as the office custodian, but has joined the ranks of shift workers, as pumper. We want to assure you, Bill, that you have not been forgotten, but we see so little of you lately that we cannot get a line on you.

Mr. Wm. Shawmeker of the employment department was away for two weeks recently on company business. Mr. Shawmeker has also removed to a nice little home on Madison avenue.

The bowling match arranged between Whiting and Wood River resulted in a victory for the Whiting team by some 400 pins. We must give Whiting credit for putting up good games in every instance. Our boys were not up to their form, hence they came out on the short end. However they are anxious to try it over again next year, and are confident that they will make the Whiting outfit step lively.

A meeting of the Standard Bowling League was recently held to determine disposition of money in

the treasury, and by a vote of about 16 to 9 (a number of the members being absent) it was decided to use this money toward a club house. While the amount of money in the treasury is not large, we think this is a good start in the right direction, and we feel that this matter can be worked out in good shape. A club or community house is something that is badly needed at Wood River, and it is to be hoped that the start made by the Bowling League donation will prove an incentive for all to get busy.

A vote was recently taken throughout the plant with reference to working hours. By an overwhelming majority the employees voted to start work at 7 o'clock and quit work at 3:30, beginning April 1, for a period of six months; this in preference to the hours of 8 o'clock until 4:30, as at present. The matter was approved by the Joint General Committee and referred to the management, which has also affixed their approval.

The Gun Club recently organized under auspices of the Athletic Association is moving along in great shape. Very nearly all the boys have got to the point where they can pot one out of ten, and they say that even Russell Durham and Gus Haller have improved.

Harry Steward joined the Ford family by the recent purchase of a new coupe.

Among the births reported the past month are to Mr. and Mrs. Star Olson, a daughter; to Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Hunt, a daughter; to Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Burris, a son.

Harvey Pickles has returned from a very delightful trip to the sunny southwest.

Donald Mareing, son of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Mareing, is ill at their home on Whitelaw avenue with diphtheria.

A meeting of foremen was called March 21, at which Mr. Curry of Chicago and Mr. Smith of Whiting, were present. The meeting was a very enthusiastic one and many matters of vital interest were discussed. The importance of foremen cooperating with the Industrial Relations division was dwelt upon. The value of Industrial Relations and Safety to employes was also pointed out. Short talks were made by several of the foremen.

J. N. White, lead burner at acid works, is again a candidate for alderman of Alton. No doubt the third time will work the charm.

J. H. Gartenbach, lead burner at acid works, sold his home and is now started on a new house. The new home will be of brick instead of frame as was the first one.

The night school fostered by this company has certainly been a wonderful success. Mr. T. Pavelek, acid works stillman, spoke on Lincoln and Washington at their closing session, while Mr. J. Seni, acid works stillman, spoke on applying for a position as tailor, and Mr. J. Fuderich, also acid works stillman, stated why he came to America.

Tim Van Camp and Herman Falkenhain have quit smoking, and all the firemen on their shift have quit chewing, so Herman has to quit chewing unless arrangements are made for his transfer to fire house as John Phipps still chews the brand Herman likes.

John Phipps, of No. 5 House, is still whistling "Cherokee Blues." The latest happening to date is another rear end break up. This is about the sixth time John has had to replace the rear end of the old Chevrolet and the car has won the title of the "Rear End Drag."

Henry Tittle thought he had some prize-winning Barred Rocks but the judges told him the stripes ran the wrong way.

Edward Saxton bought a suit of overalls at a bargain sale the other day. At the first washing they shrank a great deal. Ed has to take them off now when he plates up a still.

George Thompson is studying law under Judge Gilham at Edwardsville. George says he is going to be a criminal lawyer some day.

The Refinery Band is working diligently in preparation for open air concerts which will be started—when a bandstand is erected.

The three community concerts which have been held in Wood River during the winter months have been a great success, being well attended and seemingly highly appreciated in every instance. The fourth community concert will be held at the Community High School auditorium, Thursday evening, April 20. The program will consist of several numbers by the Refinery Band; cello solo by Mr. Arthur Horn; tenor solo by Mr. James Green, and entertainers from McHenry college. This program is a good one and a large attendance is looked for. Much praise is due the Refinery Band and the other entertainers who have participated in these concerts, whose efforts are sincerely appreciated by the people of Wood River.

SUGAR CREEK, MO.

POME

Frisby had a little horse,
Its fleece was white as snow;
And everywhere that Frisby went,
The horse was sure to go.

The greatest wrestling match of the season will take place in the near future, according to Promoter John Wolfe. The main event will be a three fall affair between J. W. Vangundy, the Missouri Dragon, and Sam Knapp, the Machine Shop Cyclone.

For pure bred Rhode Island Red and White Rock eggs, see Mr. F. W. Bruckmiller.

If you have any old clothes to give to needy persons, call Riverside 704 and ask for Mr. Vieten.

Clarence Spitzer, truck driver, was seen a short time ago around the plant with a paper stabber. We understand that he strained his back while lifting something heavy. Surely something's wrong.

Pat Leyden issued a challenge last month for a game of horseshoes—no one barred. There must be a lot of white feathers. Try him once, but be careful, for he is a boilermaker and you can expect what's coming.

Burton Hink, one of our old pals, who is now connected with the Tulsa office, was back on a short visit recently. Burton is just as handsome, and looks just as much like a million dollars as ever.

The Joint General Committee extends its heartfelt sympathy to H. B. McCoy, over the disastrous defeat he suffered at the recent election in Independence. Jess Flowers put one over on him.

We do not like to bring such a delicate matter to the notice of the readers of the Record, but—we simply are unable to decide whether Kenneth F. Jacques (one of the subjects of King Hauptley's domain) is wearing his pajamas or B. V. D.'s for overalls.

It seems that George Rodman is trying to get a transfer from watertender's helper at the boiler house to ash wheeler at the experimental stills.

L. D. Moore, of the boiler house, just can't see how the coal conveyors travel without mules.

There is a well known pool hall man trying to stage a championship tournament between John Hornyock and Vernon Hancock.

Marcel Brockenfelt, of the boiler shop, better

known as "old hoss", brought a bunch of his Kansas City, Kansas, "cookies" out for a ball game the other Sunday. The way Ray Snider and his boys went through them was a shame. Ray is making a darn good manager, and he is going to put the boilermakers up in the race this year.

Have you a Ford for sale? Watertender Starkey is buying them high. The last one he bought was seven summers or rather seven winters old, and a darn good Ford for the shape it was in. But one evening last week while coming home from Sheffield, he met his waterloo, which was a Cadillac driven by a woman and which he tried to pass on the wrong side of the road. She simply stepped on the accelerator and set Starkey upside down at the side of the road where he belonged.

Charles Lawless has traded a Kansas mule for a Ford truck. He says that he was unable to drive the mule, but believes that with some training he will be able to drive the truck.

Mr. Irving H. Sutton and Mr. Henry J. Lee were elected aldermen in the first and second wards respectively, at the city election held recently in Sugar Creek. The campaign was so strenuous that Mr. Sutton was obliged to take a vacation as soon as the election was over. He is recuperating in Iola, Kansas. Mr. Lee seemed to have stood the strain much better and is at the present time studying all the law books he can find.

Monroe Lee is now the proud owner of a Chalmers. He has been dickering for his brother's "roller-skate." He wants to carry it in his tool box in case he gets stuck in the mud.

Ralph Ligget is operating the intake while O. W. Terry is off on his vacation.

Jim Kolar, our esteemed machine shop foreman, has recently purchased a "new" automobile which he believes will undoubtedly rank as the most luxurious vehicle in this vicinity. Jim says he believes it is a Pierce-Arrow; anyway the name Pierce is plainly written across the back. It has one completely equipped cylinder and was manufactured some time during the latter part of the 19th century.

Herbert VanSmith has been promoted from steam still helper to construction inspector. His vacancy being filled by Jack Pate, Coy Fox succeeding Pate.

"Hard Boiled" Ashton B., the boss politician of Sugar Creek, has at last found the Democratic car—Democratic even to its name, Cleveland—and has purchased one for the purpose of hauling those three or four Democrats in Sugar Creek to the polls next year.

John J. Shipley, drafting office, is suffering with a severe case of "Toe-Pain." Had to have his toe lanced and can only get around by the use of a gold headed cane.

Jim O'Hara, garage man, is suffering with a broken wrist, caused by a kick from his "Lincolnette."

Herbert "Rip VanSmith," the easy going kid, has been whisked from the P. and L. Plant shift work (the job he liked so well) and is now in the field, working out of the mechanical office.

Once again Jim Israel made his annual pilgrimage to the House of Worship but he says, "never again." Jim went all togged up on Easter day and reached the door just as the choir was singing "Hallelujah." It sounded so much like "Hardly Knew-Ya" that he thought they were either referring to his "make-up" or his prolonged absence, anyway he went in and sat down. Not being used to the lights in the edifice Jim dozed off and then the choir sang "Israel Awake." That was too much for this particular Israel and, like the raven, he cried "Never More."

Pet Roth, the behemoth of the main office force strenuously denies that he is "hen pecked," and that he has to wash the dishes and do his own cooking; and wants the world to know it. We won't tell an unsympathetic world, but hope the editor gives this item sufficient prominence so that all Sugar Creekers will see it.

Leonard Nielson, pipe fitter, and Herbert Hogue, labor foreman, made a bet on the April election in Kansas City, Mo. Result: Hogue had to ride Nielson in a wheelbarrow from the new boiler house to the north gate.

It seems that Bill Beatty pulled an awful boner at the city election in Independence. He was hired by a democratic candidate to carry voters to the polls in his car, and he was seen all day hauling republican voters back and forth. Bill is still famous because of a notorious case of hypnotism in which he participated a short time ago.

Evidently the boys at this refinery don't care to lose an hour of sleep every morning. The proposed daylight saving plan was voted down 256 to 156.

Perry McAvoy is looking for the bird that wrote him up in the last Stanolind. He says that he believes that he knows who it was. Good boy, Perry, go get him.

The thrill that comes once in a lifetime to about one man out of every million, came to Morris Butler the other day when he won a new Nash touring car in a raffle. Lucky stiff.

Frank Lee and Joe Carpenter seem to be missing their dessert quite often here lately.

CASPER, WYO.

W. O. White, of the machine shop, has the sympathy of all old-time workers on the plant in the death of his beloved wife, who was buried March 27 after an illness of several years.

John McClellan, Jr., our representative on the Joint General Committee, has received his allotment of homestead—ten miles west of Casper on the Yellowstone Highway. Next thing we expect to see is the 640 acres cut up into town lots, with advertisements something like this: "Opened a new addition to Casper; twenty minutes from the postoffice; lots from $500.00 up, $1.00 down, $1.00 per month forever. Why pay rent?"

We notice that the powerhouse on Plant No. 1 has taken on a new coat of paint on the inside. We say it looks bright.

Our boss, A. E. Thompson, attended the Shrine ceremonial at Cheyenne.

A. H. Michener, private secretary to T. S. Cook, was married recently to Miss Isabel Horne, of Denver.

The home of Arthur Peak, carpenter at No. 1 plant, was saddened by the death of his daughter, Geraldine, six years of age. She succumbed after a brave eight-week fight against pneumonia. The sympathy of all of Mr. Peak's fellow-workers is extended to him and his wife.

Moses and David, of the main office at No. 1 plant, wish to announce that, owing to misunderstandings by others in the past, they eat pork at any and all times, including Fridays.

M. S. Smith has just joined us from Denver, having left his position with the Rio Grande Ry. to come to God's country.

Mrs. M. G. Beck departed this life on February 25, at the age of 52 years. So ends the useful career of a kind and loving mother. Two sons mourn her loss, both employed at the Casper refinery—D. C. Beck, of the pipe department, and

E. A. Beck, machinist. The heartfelt sympathy of their fellow-workmen goes out to them in their bereavement.

Wilmer Wright, pump repairman at No. 1 plant, is the proud possessor of a Ford runabout.

John Schnur, foundry foreman, challenges anyone to a race with his Ford bug, "Bill" Dobbins included. He says it sure is a bear cat.

Jacob Schwartzkopf, treater helper at plants 1 and 2, entertained a number of his friends at his home on the evening of March 1. Everyone present insists that Jake let it happen again soon.

Here is something interesting: J. W. Champlin, with the Vacuum Oil Co., Budapest, Hungary, formerly with the shipping department at Whiting, was reading the Record at the former far away place. He noticed a personal item regarding Herman Trowe, of the acid plant, Casper. The result was that he got in correspondence with Herman, thus bringing together again two former pals. Here's wishing Jim much success and a good time in foreign fields.

After enduring, without injury, eighteen months' service with Uncle Sam's anti-aircraft artillery in France, D. F. (Jiggs) Mahoney finally proved to be the victim of the foundry's first serious accident when, on February 10, a flying piece of steel broke through his safety goggles and struck him in the eye. A hasty operation was performed at the Casper private hospital and, when it was seen that there was a good chance of saving the eye, he was rushed to Denver and placed in the care of one of the West's leading eye specialists. Since then, two more operations have been performed and it has been announced that the eye will probably be saved. Mahoney is very popular among his fellow-employes, and it is sincerely hoped that he will come through with unimpaired vision.

Howard Twitchell, who achieved fame last Thanksgiving Day as the carver of a full crawed turkey, once again breaks into print, this time in the role of the proud parent. Miss Twitchell, weighing six pounds or thereabouts, made her bow to a thrilled world on February 12. If Howard's pleasure can be measured by the quality of the cigars that he passed around, she was surely a welcome addition to the Twitchell household.

Roosevelt's teachings have evidently fallen upon fertile ground here. Now comes Eddie Rowan, the biggest little man in the place, with an eight-pound boy, born on February 20. As he was circumspect enough to arrive on pay day, it is anticipated that he will have a highly developed penchant for "getting the money." In fact, it would not be surprising if, along about midsummer, when he has put on enough weight to put him on a par with his pa, he should give evidence of this propensity by knocking his old man down and taking his paycheck away from him. Better go into training, Eddie. Preparedness is the thing, you know.

Clyde Gibson and Frank Miller are all set for a grand rush to the fishing streams as soon as the season opens.

Jack Glover is keeping the roads hot these days with a new Essex.

Mel Melvin has been appointed chief assistant to Mr. Comfort, and is now known as "Storehouse Foreman."

Charlie Black returned from Denver, where he was called on account of the illness and death of his mother. We are all sorry to hear of this loss, and extend our sympathies to Charlie in his hour of sorrow.

H. F. Comfort has been placed in charge of all materials about the plant, including the junk yard and salvage yards.

Jack Groner has a brand new flivver. All he lacks now is some fair damsel to help him enjoy his beautiful moonlight rides; but have a heart, Jack; pretty soon you will be having to fight them away with a club.

Miss Smith says, "What's the use of working when there is lots of money in selling second hand furniture?"

HOME OFFICE, CHICAGO

General Manager's Office. Dear Ed—Emerging from a cursory treatise on the Eighteenth amendment, suffering perpetual irascibility and having given up the smoking habit, I believe the time appropriate to convey to you the customary "razz" of our fellow Knights and Ladies of the Red Crown.

Primarily, we are requested to enlist the combined brain power of Professors Einstein and Freud, respective propounders of realtivity and psychoanalysis, together with John Stack and other great guys, in deciphering why Mrs. J. A. Carroll refuses to let a youth of tender years squander a dime on an Eskimo Pie for her, then purchases one for herself and one for him and makes him eat both!!

In response to a recent appeal, Mr. Burritt informs us he has no nose for news: Now, I'm dense and all that, but I insist Mr. B. is confused in his rhetoric—does not news constitute an earful? Methinks "a noseful" is part of a dead language like the masterful phrase "Wot'll you have"—ain't I right?

On a recent occasion Nick Kundrat and others of us (Nick, by the way, won't stay put and has transplanted himself and smile again to the manufacturing department at Whiting) found T. J. Stapleton in the wilds of the Dreamland ballroom. Ever been to Dreamland, Ed? It's a great joint. With the aid of the American consul and a staff of interpreters we spent a very pleasant evening.

I'm wondering whether Ray Compton would care for a running mate in his lectures on "The Road to Mandalay" Mr. Beisell, of J. W. Stack's office, is the applicant, having spent several years in the Orient with the Standard Oil Company of New York.

Getting "gas" out of the general manager's office has much of the semblance of dental work on a mule —even our co-partner, Miss E. A. Blodgett, conspires with our H. H. Akers (of the 6th Marines) and sends us off with a jumble about the "valve handle wheeze," "Robins in Osgood Street," and so on. Wish this team would be more explicit in their denouements, but say, Ed, getting "gas" has its advantages also; for instance, I almost bawled out wee Thomas McCahill for not being a contributor to The Record; from this altercation yours truly emerged with a Robert Burns cigar—don't know why it bears the name Robert, but it burns like an army shirt and smells similar.

Spring, gentle spring, is here and many and varied are the after-office-hours activities of the fifth floor bunch. Your reporter has secured information covering the doings of a few of the bunch: 82% of the girls are looking for an Easter hat. Bill Thon is Simonizing the baby buggy. George Smith is trying out a new massage cream. Myrtle Carlson is hoping the ice man will have a good summer. Ed Longhenry is manicuring his Lizzie. Several of our younger (?) girls are watchfully waiting. Bill Long is studying seed catalogues. Lorenza Hagen is perfecting a Mason jar coffee

percolator. Jimmy Callahan is planning a trip NOT to Colorado. Ingrid Rummelhoff is looking for her appetite—she lost it and is afraid someone will find it and go broke trying to keep up with it. Maybe Ann Rommel knows where it is, Ingrid. The Sawdust twins are making things for their hope chests.

Ed Schoenbach's wife has returned from the country and Ed is once more wearing the smile that won't come off. Some lonely boy, he was.

Willis Blackman of the construction department is leaving the services of the company to engage in the brokerage business with his cousin. His many friends wish him all success in his new venture.

The sawdust twins are no more. Rose Mancuso, the brunette of the combination, busted up the works by getting married. Good luck to you, Rose.

Henry Tierno has blossomed out as a full-fledged professional cornetist. Good work, Hank, good work.

Our esteemed egg merchant, Mr. Briggs, is considering adding cheese as a side line. He will specialize on ripe limburger and if his regular stock grades up to sample the fresh air periods will be very popular.

Elmer Felzenhauer spent almost the entire week of March 13 at the State & Lake Theater. This is his idea of a vacation.

Ask Ernie Stranger what's become of his "little playmate."

Jeanette Shea is recovering from a severe cold contracted as a result of neglecting to wear her beads one cold day.

Ask Art Sandstrom if he can change five bones for you, and when he opens his wallet take a squint at the picture of the beautiful damsel inserted in it.

If the audience will remain quiet for just a few hours, Blanche Bolla will lecture on "How to Raise Children."

Hank Bonniwell thinks we've laid off of him because nothing has appeared about him in the Record recently. Oh, but wait.

T. J. Johnson, the Red Crown speed demon of the purchasing department, tried to put the Forthune sisters in seventh heaven by asking them to ride home in his newly acquired Universal Speedster (Ford). The start was fine, but after riding not more than two blocks in perfect bliss, the Ford decided to stop at the Blackstone. It happened that not a few fellow employes were wending their way homeward along Michigan Boulevard, and upon noticing the predicament of our friend, offered suggestions, but to no avail. After looking in the gas tank and at the tires, he cranked until the crank shaft was warm and his hand was blistered. Finally the girls felt hungry, and decided to ride home on the old fashioned street car. Within ten minutes after the saddened sisters' departure, our mechanic choked the so-called car for disobedience in the presence of ladies, and away she went, as lively and full of pep as ever.

The purchasing department suffered the loss of a very valuable employee in the death of Eddie Gausden, head of the tracing division. Mr. Gausden joined the ranks of the Standard Oil Company in 1920, as head of the above division, and his untiring efforts were a big asset in bringing that particular desk up to its present efficinecy. Eddie leaves a wife, mother and sister, and the purchasing department all united in showing their profound sympathy in the hour of bereavement. Eddie will surely be missed from the daily roll call by everyone.

The golf bugs are beginning to buzz. Lewis Yocum of the fifth floor lives just across the street from Marquette Park and can be seen every morning standing on his back porch with a driver in his hand, going through the regular golf bug exercises.

Some of the employees of the sales department have been unduly neglected in the Stanolind Record. Maybe it is because they are so modest in regard to their affairs. Now there is Miss Laing, for instance: Come on, Jessie, loosen up a bit and give us some news. We are surely glad to see you back and in better health.

Our little Mary was quite the sensation of the hour when she appeared in her Russian boots the other day. Every one acclaimed loudly: "Didn't she look cute?" (Picture? Also, please remove hat when posing.—*Ed.*)

Has anyone noticed our busy, peppy, new mail distributor? We all envy you your rosy cheeks, Thor. Do you think we would have such good color if we hustled around like you do?

And George Smith, too. Did you ever see such speed as George is showing lately? What did you do to him, Mr. Hansen? He surely will be arrested for speeding one of these days.

Girls don't you wish we could lay claim to some of the attentions showered on a certain new comptometer operator by our young men? Did any one notice the many offers to wrap a jar of jam she received the other day? Why do some of us have to struggle and struggle with our packages without a single offer of help?

The construction department, third floor, is very busy getting ready for the spring building program, as well as getting out charts, diagrams and pictures for the sales department.

Our old side kick, J. Archie Parks, is back from the wilds of Aberdeen, S. D., where he superintended the construction of a new tank house and the remodeling of the warehouse that blew down during one of the western zephyrs last fall.

Louis E. Radcliffe, merry man from Maywood, is itching for the building season to start so he can get outside in the sunshine, though he slings a mean pen on the draughting board.

Art Harmon, in charge of service station layout and superintendence, is as busy as the famous cranberry merchant getting out plans and layouts for this summer's construction.

R. A. M. Anderson, demon designer of concrete buildings, and erstwhile chief draughtsman, when there was something to be chief of, is now designer, draughtsman, tracer and general office boy, "all by himself."

R. N. Allen, the main squeeze of this department, is busy flitting from hither to yon getting things arranged for the summer's construction. Now you see him, now you don't.

Mr. John Peter Amos, our youthful 71-year-old receiving clerk, is a master at wood carving. Cane heads are his specialty. He will offer same for sale, prices ranging from $1 to $500. Anyone wishing to purchase a cane head will find Mr. Amos in Room 18, basement, 910 S. Michigan Avenue.

Mr. Charles Nugent says his son eats potatoes and everything now. Don't be surprised at that, Charles, yours is no exception. He's a bright little chap though, and we wish we could recall the funny little story the little fellow told some visitors one evening. Maybe we can get Charley to write it up for the next edition.

Col. Albert Weiss is still in the egg business. He has one of the finest hennery's in Downers

Grove. He has a patent on his coop, has it arranged so it is no trouble to collect the eggs, just shoos the hens in the main entrance, then he runs around to the exit and catches the eggs.

Our congenial friend, E. G. Vaile, is reading up on distillation. Invite us out, Ed and we'll tell you if it's any good.

Miss Helen Tracey, the tracing typist, has had her tonsils removed recently, preparatory to signing a contract to sing with our famous barrel expert and opera star, Jim McLain. Their first offering will be "The Bubble Song" from Lux, which we hope will be the last.

Who is the lucky (?) girl? Mr. Beamer is going to buy a home in Glen Ellyn. Afraid all the city fellows will take her away from him.

The girls of the purchasing department hereby wish to extend our thanks to Mr. Harry Calland for his thoughtfulness in remembering us all with valentines.

Mr. John Smith of the traffic department modestly admits that he has yet to lose his first argument, he admitting that he is always right. REASON: His opponent becomes exhausted and quits, while John argues on forever.

Since the inauguration of the "up-setting" exercises in the traffic department every day at 10:30 a. m. and 3:00 p. M., Messrs. Craver and Croke, by reason of a month's stay in the hospital, due to the removal of several and various inner organs, have been excused from participation in said exercises. They spend the time in criticizing the attitudes and shapes of their fellow employes, and in lengthy explanations as to the why and the wherefore of the different motions. However, we healthy ones are to have our revenge. The boss has promised that when the hot weather comes Frederick and Dick shall do the exercises amid much perspiration and the kindly advice of the rest of the help.

Recent visitors to the traffic department were Mr. George F. Lehman, Jr., of St. Louis office, and Mr. H. C. Robbins of Grand Rapids office. Mr. Lehman succeeds Mr O. H. Gerard, traffic clerk, at St. Louis, who has been assigned to other duties and Mr. Robbins will bat for Mr. O. J. Nelson, traffic clerk at Grand Rapids, who has been promoted to a larger chair. The rate division received these gentlemen with open arms and proceeded to hand them the third degree. They came through the ordeal very creditably, and after two days' stay were sent on their way rejoicing (that they were still alive). We are always glad to meet our fellow workers from the field and hope to see Messrs. Lehman and Robbins again.

On the night of March 15 there was great excitement in the club rooms of The Traffic Club of Chicago, on the eighteenth floor of the La Salle hotel. The Traffic Club checker team had discovered that the SOCO traffic department also boasted a checker team, so the former challenged the latter to mortal combat. After a delightful repast in the club dining room the eight members of the traffic department checker team, with four rooters, were excorted to the club parlors, where the checkerboards were all set for the fray. It was decided that the tally would be made on points, each game won or lost to count ten, and each game tied to count five. Our team, consisting of Messrs. Radcliffe, R. C. King, Smeed, Tyrrell, Persons, G. E. Nelson, Croke and Savageau, sailed in and carried away the bacon to the tune of 805 points as against the Traffic Club's total of 475 points. The evening was thoroughly enjoyed by all, and we can say that the Traffic Club of Chicago checker team has a bunch of good losers. We expect to play with these gentlemen again in the near future, and hope to mark up a real score then. Mr. Smeed, as you all know, juggles kalochrome candles in the lubricating department, but we permitted him to consider himself a part of the traffic department for that evening.

Grandpa Zaremba has not only taken to carrying home three dozen of Dave Radcliffe's Indiana eggs every Tuesday night, but he has also joined the noontime Milk Bottle Brigade.

The next time J. E. Shroyer investigates a patent egg carrier he is going to have someone stand by to catch what falls when he turns it over.

Mr. Hollands made a fine score keeper at the checker tournament on the night of the fifteenth. He is well acquainted with all the players, so no one could accuse him of playing favorites.

Have you noticed how kutely Marie McCann wears those new kunning kurls? She says they're not the kind you do up the night before, either!

Danny Leopold has invested 50 cents in a new knitted tie, adorned with which he expects to cause a great fluttering of flappers' hearts.

Bertha Wagner chose the early part of March for her vacation and spent a portion of it changing her name to Johnson. The affair was kept secret—not more than three-quarters of the traffic department force knew about it.

J. Carp Tyrrell says he enjoyed the banquet at the traffic club, but he nearly choked to death on the oyster shells.

Profiteering is the word, when they charge George Nelson full price for a hair cut.

John Smith, the demon checker player, says he is after everybody's scalp. Watch out, Davy!

R. C. King has made up his mind to be a bowler. Better look out, George Savageau!

Will Mr. R. F. Croke please tell the boys of the traffic department, where he gets his Greek haircuts?

Hang onto your laurels, John Drew! Aloysius Lugubrious Rich made his stage debut on the night of March 7 in "King of the Underworld," taking the role of "Ned Keene' the Great Detective, Known to the Underworld as Lucifer." Even his erstwhile namesake couldn't be more stuck up than Al about his success. But what the girls of the traffic department want to know is—why didn't he show them some of the stuff he put across in the love scenes *prior* to his recent marriage?

CHICAGO SALES DIVISION

Albert Arnhorst—he needs no introduction—certainly surprised everyone when he took the fair Miss Alma Dunker as his wife, Saturday, March 18. Albert has had several weeks to think it over at the time of going to press, but still claims it is the only life. At present Mr. and Mrs. Arnhorst are staying with Albert's mother. Here's wishing them the best of luck and a happy wedded life.

We are all glad to see Mr. John H. Gates back on the job again. Mr. Gates has just returned from a month in Avon Park, Florida, where he has been recuperating from his recent illness.

The many friends of Mrs. Phil Smith, Jr. (nee Gavena Fisher), were quite pleased to receive a visit from her recently.

The many fellow employees and close friends of Julius G. Appelt, salesman in Chicago Sales Division, were exceedingly surprised and grieved to hear

of his sudden death, March 18. Mr. Appelt is survived by his wife, Mary H. Appelt and a two-year-old baby girl, to whom we wish to extend our sincerest sympathies. Mr. Appelt was almost forty years of age, and would have completed his 12th year in the Standard family next June.

The many friends of Edward J. Brown of the billing department extend their heartfelt sympathies over his loss. Mr. Brown's father passed away on March 16, 1922.

Talking about the first robin, how does this sound for a harbinger of summer: George Groth and Neil Kenny, of sales sheet fame, returned from a vacation in the wilds of Milwaukee. They were seen leaving the office on April 8 wearing ear muffs and carrying snow shoes. Their report on hiking is that "it's great stuff."

The Chicago Safety Council wound up its series of meetings with a "Home-Talent" show for the benefit of the many boys who have been faithfully attending previous meetings. To say a good time was had is putting it mildly, as can be seen by the following program:

Following brief addresses by Mr. R. G. Stewart and Mr. H. A. Lewis, Mr. C. F. Hatmaker, as master of ceremonies, appointed a police force to protect the actors and would-be actors from the wrath of the audience. Mr. W. H. Scott was appointed chief of police with the following force: Albert Arnhorst, J. F. Conner and A. Rogge. The Cameron Bros. and J. A. Looby favored with their usual high class singing. These boys are known as the Stanolind Trio. Mr. Ray Compton of the information desk undertook a two-man's job in giving a Punch and Judy show. He certainly succeeded, as his show went off without a hitch, and was appreciated by every one. Mr. Harry Whedon, formerly at our Kedzie avenue station, but now with the city police department, was present, and kindly sang several of his fine Irish songs. This was followed by A. Gerlich, of Kedzie avenue, and his concertina. He was so good that some of the boys wanted to clear the floor for dancing. Mr. E. B. Haacker of Rogers Park then favored with a short story. There was another singer on the program, but failing to have his music with him, he declined to perform. Officer Arnhorst was detailed to arrest and eject this party from the building. Upon his failure to obey orders (it is our opinion he lacked the nerve) Arnhorst was relieved of his star, and Wm. (Bill) Roberts appointed in his stead. The evening wound up with a very interesting and instructive five-reel film.

From the stenographer's den comes words of approbation for "Hank" Eckhardt's 'Aint we got fun' parties—Wonder how come we get left out of these affairs?

On the 17th of March, Brother Lannin sallies from his cloister puffing dextrously on a clay pipe; Frank Carr disports a rubber shamrock in his lapel; the well known Rohan wears a carnation signifying the dignity of his post as Past Exalted Ruler of the Ancient Order of Siberans. The only Irishman on record not displaying the emerald hue was Robert Emmet Ryan, whose label and map are sufficient proof without any appurtenances.

Ralph Kleunder is recovering slowly from the recent attack of a wild woman who bade fair to separate the long suffering Ralph's ideas from his habits account his seeking oxygen through the medium of an open window which created a draught not to the lady's liking.

The estimable Grogan has in his keeping one pound of pork sausage and a similar amount of butter rescued from the 4th floor window ledge by a window worker. These he will be glad to turn over to the first claimant.

The recent meeting of sales managers (March 8 and 9) found Bert Colvard detailed at fatigue duty, same necessitating that he check coats and hats of the forty or thereabout present. Seemingly Bert checked coats for the gentlemen previously, for when a caller dropped in to secure a derby hat and overcoat befitting the occasion of his entry to the Brown Derby Division of Messrs. Lannin, Cahil and Blodgett, only three coats were in view.

Not content with displaying his uncanny nerve through the adoption of a moustache, Ray Breckman adds another merit to his claim to the Gallery of Modern Heroes by taking unto him a wife.

One other noteworthy change is that of Clarence C. Slater's transfer to the real estate department of the Chicago division. Mr. Slater's efficiency has always been evident to those with whom he has come in contact and his erstwhile fellow employees are unanimous in their wishes for his continuous success.

I've made a concentrated effort to secure some scandal reflecting on Aleck Johnston, but fell flat; the only thing I've been able to find out that troubles the gent is the "Peanut Situation in China" of which I know not an iota, however, will keep on his trail, better luck maybe next month.

Aside from the fact that the masses are in favor of more educational matter being contained in the Record there is little more to report at this writing—this educational matter to be along the style of the "Mob Scene From Mandel's Basement" and "Stable Song" from "The Four Horsemen." When this report reaches your hands yours truly will feel much the same as an actor taking the stage before a row of dyspeptic dramatic critics afflicted with stomach trouble; this because we overheard a discourse wherein our comedy is rated as being funny as a crutch—this from Ed Engel. Also we have been told when I achieve three times as much brains I'll nearly be half-witted. Hoping you are the same, Sam.

Mr. T. E. McCahill, won't you please leave a card as to your whereabouts, on your desk? Employees are continually asking: "Where is Tom?" "Do you know where Tom is?"

Believe we have the original Bud Fisher cartoon subjects right here in our office. Step forth Mr. E. F. Tegtmeyer and put out your arm and let Comm. Jones stand under it. Aren't they the real Mutt and Jeff? And they are both in the same department, and that's the long and short of it.

Mr. W. A. King thinks it is such a waste of time when he has to stand and wait outside of Mr. T. J. Thompson's room because some one got in ahead of him. But then he is a patient waiter.

Heard all over the office—Mr. L. J. Schallerer dictating letters into the dictaphone.

Mr. Markey to Mr. Finnegan, the morning after: "Say, that was a fine show, just listen to this joke," and the two have a jolly laugh all by themselves. Shure, an' mebbe it wuz a foine show.

Mr. N. J. Becker makes good use of samples of gasoline sent in. Well, there's nothing like being immaculate in one's attire.

Some folks try to keep hungry wolves from the door, but not the Hon. Assistant Tin Can Man. On March 20, little Maurette Marie, 9 pounds, came to give Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Wolfe something to worry about. That's why the candy and cigars (?) were passed around.

Mrs. L. H. Knight suffered from a severe case of tonsilitis and decided it was more blessed to give than receive, so she gave it to Miss Nelle McKeon.

The entire manufacturing department sympathize with Miss Weeghman in the loss of her father, and with Mr. Olsen, bookkeeper, whose mother passed away about the same time.

For the benefit of those who have automobiles, we wish to announce that Mr. Hermes will be glad to furnish accessories at a very reasonable figure.

Mr. Ewald (Mr. Clark's secretary) started a very nice red hirsute appendage just underneath his nasal organ. It tickled the girls quite a bit, but they kidded him out of it, at any rate it's gone and the notes from the organ peal forth with their accustomed clearness.

Mr. Fred Koehler brought down some pictures of his daughter and was asking our opinion as to the best one of the lot. There were slight blurs in most of them and Fred said his daughter moved. Funny how we blame everything on the children. Fred took the pictures.

Sorry that our old friend, Bert Hawkins, is home ill. We hope he will soon be back.

Miss Phyllis Jones has contributed some good poetry for a lot of us to follow. We don't know whether it is original or not, but it's good. They say when a person starts to read and write poetry that they are in love—we have suspected as much for quite some time, but, here's the poetry:

We cannot of course all be handsome
And it's hard for us all to be good.
We are sure, now and then, to be lonely
And we don't always do as we should.
To be patient is not always easy,
To be cheerful is much harder still.
But at least we can always be pleasant,
If we make up our minds that we will.

And it pays every time to be kindly,
Although you feel worried and blue;
If you smile at the world and look cheerful,
The world will soon smile back at you.
So try to brace up and look pleasant
No matter how long you are down.
Good humor is always contagious;
You banish your friends when you frown.

Mr. Charles E. Heyback has just applied for his 1922 automobile license. Give us a ride, Charley.

DAVENPORT, IOWA

To let you know how one man in our organization feels and how he is willing to back up his thoughts, we are giving you a letter received from Mr. Frank Hammer, Sr., our agent-salesman at Clinton. Mr. Hammer has been in the service of this company for thirty-nine years and has made a very good record in the Clinton circuit, securing a large percentage of the business available, notwithstanding strong competition. The letter reads as follows: "In some quarters, the impression prevails that the Standard Oil Company of Indiana is a young man's organization, and I fully agree with these birds in a great many respects. Of course, it all depends upon from what angle you want to size up a man; to me it looks as though it should be from the shoulder up. In other words, is his 'think tank' young or old? Now, I am just egotistical enough to believe that I am about the youngest man in the Davenport organization, and believing and feeling as I do, and although the competitors have seven bulk stations here, more service stations and more in course of construction, also more trucks, I want to stack Clinton and its organization up against anything which you have in the Davenport division; that is, figuring on the amount of business which the Standard Oil Company gets per capita. The Clinton organization will buy the cigars at the next meeting if you have any other organization in the Davenport division, young or old, society buds, rough necks, or go-getters, that have the sand or ability to knock this idea out of our dome. Now, come on, you speed demons, and remember that 1923 is going to reward fighters. We still feel that Clinton will not have to buy the cigars."

Mr. J. W. Moore, superintendent of the Keokuk plant, just bought a new pair of shoes from Mr. Trott, No. 13s, and cost $10.00 apiece or $20.00. They say that shoes can conceal a multitude of deformities such as bunions, corns, hook nails, calluses, broken arches, but John's shoes cover feet and mother earth.

Walter P. Steinman, our stake truck driver, says that if the weather continues to be good he will take his aeroplane down from the hangers and give us all a ride. We sure do appreciate this, Walt, but our safety bulletin always says "Safety First."

Johnny Grogan and Howard E. Young, tank wagon drivers, have formed a partnership and will soon hang out their shingle. It will read "Grogan and Young, detectives; autos a specialty, give us a call."

Mr. Frank M. Ball, agent at Winthrop, Iowa, is a proud father of an 8½-pound baby boy born March 20. He writes for an application, saying this boy is sure going to be a Standard Oil Company agent.

We all wish to extend our condolence to Mr. J. M. Hyde in his recent bereavement in the loss of his wife.

Mr. J. H. House, reporter for the warehouse, and incidentally warehouse superintendent, after having had a good laugh writing up the boys who attended the Davenport burlesque, was overheard reserving two seats for the front row, center section, for the same show.

Mr. Andrew Stickman, our new warehouseman, says the spurs came off easy, but it is sure hard to get away from the puttees.

Mr. E. C. Robins, our new warehouse office clerk, says "hurrah for Standard Oil Company," for they have more pretty girls than any place he ever worked.

The following changes were made in the Davenport office: Mr. J. Jost takes Mr. A. E. Sindt's place as head of the order department. Mr. Amos Damp replaces Mr. Jost as head of the record department. Mr. Mangles of the construction department will leave us April 1 to go to California where he plans to go in business for himself. Mr. Johnson succeeds Mr. Mangles. Mr. Tom Rodgerson of the order department was transferred to the stock department, being succeeded by Mr. H. W. Fennell.

Hurrah for our bowling team! They won three games last night, rolling 2,678 for the three games. This is a challenge for any other team in the Standard Oil division.

Mr. Wm. P. Lorenzen, tank truck driver, is studying the tea and coffee business. All we want to know is do they use Polarine and Red Crown?

It seems as if we have at last found a real office

ukelele girls, Miss Hamilton and Miss Klinger, and the piano solo by John Williamson, were greatly enjoyed and we are very thankful to them for giving so generously of their talent. The songs suggested by Mr. Janisch and sung by the different groups caused great merriment. After the program the evening was spent in dancing.

A cafeteria lunch, consisting of sandwiches, cake and coffee was served. Mr. Dunker says everyone brought a good appetite as he was kept busy making sandwiches. Miss Wirth and Mr. Yates presided over the punch bowl and were kept busy dispensing the delightful beverage prepared by Mr. Ross. The party broke up at 11:30 and all went home voicing thanks to those who helped make the evening enjoyable.

One of our assistant cashiers, Mr. Skipton, on March 25, changed from one of our most confirmed woman haters to our newest benedict by grabbing for himself one wife.

Ben Johnson reports he recently called his wife on the phone, and asked her to look at the thermometer in the incubator. Bethel Louise, aged five, spoke up as her mother was going downstairs, and said: "If it's over 103, Mamma, give it a fever powder."

Paul Larson has been transferred from the check department to order department

R. E. Brinkman, of the order department and right-hand man of Sheriff Robb, announces the arrival of a new son.

General Salesman C. H. Larson at Harlan had to keep bachelor quarters at a local hotel recently, while his family was quarantined.

Mattern, assistant cashier, reports the arrival of a second son and heir at his home.

CRESTON STATION

Agent Jarvis, Cumberland, had to explain gasoline losses last month. This is a new one—he became the proud father of twins. Where are the pictures, Frank?

Look out, Atlantic, for Fontanelle. Shepherd is after one of your fair damsels. It's slated for next month. We smoke Robert Burns, Shep.

Mr. C. B. Irelan, Centerville, is wearing his broad smile. Mr. Irelan says Centerville territory will clean up everything in sight before snow flies. Go to it, Charley, we are for you.

The meanest man on earth, Tom Else, T. W. driver, Creston, invites his friends for an evening's entertainment and talks Semdac until they all buy. Tom calls it, "capitalizing my friendships." We think, "cementing his friendships with gratitude."

Warning, Fort Dodge: Pierson at Creston has his tomahawk ready for a real war dance.

Mark Hewitt, agent at Massena, weight 135 pounds, is stylish, single and happy. He takes on all comers, as witnessed by the fact that after working hours he picks up small change known as ten-dollar bills by carrying one hundred pound bags of sugar all over Massena.

Cigars are due at the next meeting.

PEP was the keynote of a banquet attended by the sales force and department heads at Harris Emery's tearoom in Des Moines, March 11. After a two days' business session business was forgotten in this jollification and get-to-gether which was given by the management in appreciation of the efforts of the sales force of the Des Moines division so far this year. Many arguments followed the banquet as to the chief feature, many claiming that Dist. Supt. J. M. Pfiffner's "toastmastering" led, while the admirers of Jack Welsh's songs, of the Stanolax twins advertisement of this famous remedy, and the boosters for the "heavyweight duet," pressed their claims vociferously. The "Stanolax Twins," Dist. Supt. P. H. Headley and Salesman J. L. Cruise, whose pates are almost innocent of hair, were hits in their rendition of what Stanolax will do for persons afflicted as themselves. W. R. Clark, superintendent of service stations, and John Merryman, general salesman, accompanied by a bottle of milk and pacifier apiece, sang that touching ballad "How Dry I Am." Dist. Supt. A. R. Maulsby, a tenor of repute, pleased with "The End of a Perfect Day," and encored by calling for Salesman "Pete" Pederson, and A. M. Marsh, N. E. Simonsen, who showed the assembly what a Standard Oil quartet can do.

Dist. Supt. J. J. Leu, Jr., who came to Des Moines from Keokuk, pledged the cooperation of himself and his salesmen to the Des Moines division, and was welcomed to our fellowship by the toastmaster. Jack Welch, of the Des Moines office, kept things musical moving, assisted in the choruses, and sang several solos. Credit is due to Act. Dist. Supt. E. H. Hansen and Jack Welch for planning the program for the banquet.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

If any of you are in need of a new hat, you might try the plan followed by Joe Abbott, construction superintendent, recently when in Jackson. When he came to leave the hotel he found that his hat, which was an old one, had been taken, and when he told the clerk, he was instructed to take any hat hanging there which would fit. Of course he picked out the best looking hat in the bunch.

We are all united in sympathy for Mr. Emil Grandt, Detroit office, in the recent death of his mother, eighty years old.

Our sales contest at Clay avenue plant during the month of February, resulted in E. J. Thibadeau, city tankwagon salesman, winning the prize, which was two tickets to the Temple theater.

A lot of farmers make more money in the spring than they do in the fall. It cost "Doc" Gehrken $2.00 to get hauled out of the mud Friday, March 17, just west of Erie. We also understand that the driver who brought in a tankwagon from Brooklyn a short time ago had to pay $3.00 to find out that a certain road was impassable.

West Detroit's yard is very muddy when the frost comes out of the ground, but Sir Walter Raleigh has nothing on the gallant Jim Lindsey. We saw him carry in the Fair Queen of the Order Department the other day, over all the mud holes. (Picture?—*Ed.*) We are wondering if it would make any difference if she weighed 160 instead of 100 pounds. We have been wondering why so many of the young fellows who drive cars leave them in the muddy yard instead of out at the curb on the cement, but we believe we understand now.

A little bird has told us that Miss Marion Hoffend, the only lady working at Clay avenue plant, is going to buy a new hat for Easter. We certainly pity her when she wears it to work, having 65 men to please, or else hear their caustic remarks.

Louis Goniea, warehouseman, West Detroit plant, has his eagle eye on the ice going down the Detroit river. We are wondering whether he is looking for "Little Eva" or thinking about the fishing season.

The American Legion of Fenton put on a big vaudeville show at Linden a few weeks ago and among the "stars" was Guy Burns, attendant at S. S. 330, who, under the nom de plume of "Prof. Burriske," the magician, mystified the audience by his smooth way of picking articles out of the air.

Walter Wallington, clerk at West Detroit warehouse, has been transferred to the lubricating department at the main office. Good luck, "Wallie."

Mr. Wm. Pagel, of the Ann Arbor station, left for Toledo, Ohio, March 29, to bowl in the American Bowlers' Congress tournament. We must admit that "Bill" is good and for the past month he has had visions of returning to Ann Arbor in a Willys-Knight. All eyes on Pagel when he returns.

West Detroit plant is to have a baseball team. At a meeting at that plant held a short time ago. John Bruner was elected chairman and treasurer; Robert Perry, manager; and Walter Taylor, captain. Much enthusiasm was shown and it is hoped the boys will continue with as much pep. Scully, our mechanic, has promised the team his support, so we feel that they will not have to "Say it with flowers."

Chas. Weed, our agent at Richmond, is looking for a nice little bungalow. He has the girl and she has the ring.

Earl Fry, warehouseman at West Detroit, says "It never rains but it pours," because his wife, his small son and he were all sick at the same time. They are O. K. now, however.

R. L. Cook, cashier at Ann Arbor, recently purchased a Buick car. Bob was very proud of his car and boasted of its being the best four-cylinder car in Ann Arbor until last Saturday. At that time he and D. C. Goldege, the stake truck driver, decided to take their wives for a spin in the country. Their intention was to return early that evening, but somehow they entered Ann Arbor at 4.00 a. m. Sunday behind a team of horses and no one has been able to find Cook's car or learn its whereabouts since then.

The police department must like to see the smiling face of Lee Allyn, salesman, Detroit, because he says he counted forty other cars without lights and sees no reason why they should pick him out for violating the law. No arguments, Lee; just go down and pay your little $5.00.

Martin Schmitz, cellar man at West Detroit, announces the arrival of a baby girl, Anna, at his home.

Miss Winona Hummer, assistant bill clerk, Detroit office, just succeeded in landing order for ten $10.00 coupon books with prospect for sale of five books per month to the same customer, who was not even buying "Red Crown" before. Miss Hummer learned how to put it across in our coupon drives and never misses an opportunity to sell a coupon book; in fact, it is her pet hobby now. (Pix of Miss Hummer in action?—*Ed.*)

We came near losing our genial district superintendent, E. F. Patterson, on the night of March 31, when he was making the trip from Jackson to Detroit by automobile. He was nearing Ann Arbor when fourteen telegraph poles began crashing down. He says a truck in front of him was completely demolished and a passenger vehicle near him was partially wrecked, but no one was hurt. He said he was such a sight when he entered Detroit that he was afraid to go to a hotel for fear they would take him for a hobo and throw him out. Some of you office folks who think it is a "snap" to be riding around the country in a car just take notice of this.

John Bruner, West Detroit, is a bachelor pro tem, his wife being under the doctor's care at Toledo, Ohio. Jack now sleeps with two alarm clocks in order to get to work on time.

A. T. Remington, general salesman, working out of Detroit, sends in six peppy items, with the note: "After years of diligent work I have at last caught up with my correspondence and to celebrate this event I am mailing you a few items for the Stanolind Record." At the close of his items, he tacks on the following: "The foolhardy individual who used to blow out the gas now steps on it." We hope he keeps his correspondence up to date so that he will send in some more good items.

Mr. Johnnie Clark, agent Birmingham, who recently joined a local church, has purchased a Ford truck, but from certain phrases emanating from his garage on cold mornings, he has led the neighbors to believe that his religious enthusiasm is on the wane.

Messrs. Huff and Lee of Pontiac station are in the throes of a thrilling Empty Resale Barrel Campaign. But why sell them empty?

After an absence of fourteen weeks, due to illness and quarantine of Mrs. Giff and children, Dick Giff, our agent at Utica, is once more home with his family, partaking of the fatted calf.

After several years of constant practice (and agony to the neighbors) Joe Schiller, agent at Orion, has become so proficient with the fiddle that his services are being eagerly sought.

Oscar Paige, agent Romeo, has just had his truck overhauled and is now offering several miscellaneous parts at greatly reduced prices.

Percy Gallie, who has been traveling auditor for a long time, has now resigned to go in the auto accessory business on East Jefferson avenue. We all wish him the best of prosperity.

Mr. Orla G. Miller has recently been added to our staff of lubricating salesmen.

DULUTH, MINNESOTA

Rustling silk and soft satin dresses, and elegantly coiffed heads, betrayed a social event in the office the occasion being Miss Hattie Dwyer's birthday, on March 28, when she entertained some of the girls at a nicely appointed dinner. The men of the office seem to have been barred, but we dimly suspect "Lars" of being present some time during the evening, if those flowers tell any kind of a tale.

Howard Stockstad, purchasing department clerk, is leaving the office, and will be employed as service station attendant. Ted Nelson, of Superior, will fill his place.

The employees of the Duluth office, as well as in the field, wish to express to Mr. E. J. Stehlin, of the order department, their deepest sympathy in the loss of his wife. Mrs. Stehlin died of pneumonia on March 22, leaving a seven days' old baby and three older children, who will miss her keenly.

Mike Dee, service station attendant, has been laid up with the grip for a week. We look for a speedy recovery, as Mike will have plenty to do shining up station No. 47 for the spring rush.

An 8½-pound boy blew in to the home of Wm. B. Godfrey, Duluth warehouse, on the stormy night of February 24, to help him shovel out. That's right, train 'em early!

A note from Hancock, Mich., says: "We noticed in the last Stanolind Record that Dick

Carlson's stories ran heavy to the village blacksmith and his favorite canary. I wonder just what they will be after May 1. Dick surely gets some big ones!"

George Erickson, attendant at our Aitkin service station, recently spent a day in the Duluth office getting posted on Standard Oil products.

Budd Mullaly, of the purchasing department, has recently been nursing a case of the grip, and one of his cohorts tells the following:

"Yes," said the specialist, as he stood at the bedside of the sick purchasing agent, "I can cure you."

"What will it cost?" asked the sick man, faintly.

"Five hundred dollars."

"You'll have to shade your price a little," replied the P. A., "I had a better bid from the undertaker."

Thos. Dearden is hitting the ball these days with his newly painted Ford runabout—green body, red wheels, 'n everything.

Joe Olson, war vet, has been appointed tank wagon superintendent at Superior, Wis.

Duluth and Superior service station attendants recently held a sales meeting at the Duluth office.

Mr. Wm. Godfrey, of Iron Mountain, was a recent visitor at Duluth.

Birthdays are becoming pet anniversaries in the back room. Miss Christine Larson was surprised by the "Sun Shine Corner," at the home of Madeline McLennan, but we haven't heard how many candles there were.

Fred LeRoux, district superintendent at Virginia, Minn., is now a member of the Purity Squad, and as the summer months approach, he fairly shudders at the bathing beauties and knickered girls he is apt to encounter in the Stanolind Record. We're asking Mr. Horgan to censor Mr. LeRoux's copy before it is mailed to him. Thank you, Mr. Horgan.

Howard Blondo drives a 3½-ton Wilcox tank truck and Albert Auger drives a 2½-ton Peerless dray truck, both at Hancock, Mich. They were eager to make a record trip to Chassell, a distance of eight miles, after a recent heavy snow, and started out bright and early. About ten o'clock an S. O. S. came from Mr. Blondo, who was two miles out of town, asking for a team and plenty of chain. Mr. Frank Anderson responded, but it was necessary also to send James Lowney to the rescue with block and tackle. Mr. Auger copped the team and delivered his barrels via dray sled, leaving Lowney and Anderson to bring back the truck, while Mr. Blondo returned to the station with his load. If anybody thinks these boys have an easy job, just take a visit around this snowbound country.

EVANSVILLE, IND.

Diplomacy is often a salesman's best asset. Recently, John Foster, in delivering five gallons of Polarine to a good customer was told by the customer to leave the milk can container. Refusing to hear John's explanation of why he couldn't, the customer, a grocer, got angry and told John to keep both can and contents and to bother him nevermore. John agreed but said he had to buy some coffee for the "missis." The coffee was ground and John asked to have it placed in a large mason jar standing on the counter. "Why," said the grocer, "that jar is worth almost as much as the coffee." Said John: "All right, keep your jar and coffee, too." The grocer grinned, got a container and told John to pour his Polarine into it. He's still a good customer.

The Standard Oil Company (Indiana) lost a loyal and competent employe in the death, on March 4, of Mr. Peter Dorf, agent at Petersburg, Indiana. He was commissioned agent January 1, 1888, and was known and respected throughout Pike county and most of southern Indiana. The company extends its sympathy to the bereaved family.

Dan Halliday, of Murphysboro, hasn't been responsible since the twelfth of March when Dad Wills found him early in the morning out in the stable hugging and kissing the horses. Dad got a rope to tie Halliday, fearing he was going insane, but after much incoherent speech from Halliday he learned that the stork had just stopped at the Halliday home, leaving an eight-pound girl.

Roy. H. Beatty is making a lot of friends since beginning his duties at Service Station 125, Evansville, March 21.

Chauncey D. Piper is our new tank wagon driver at Mt. Vernon, Illinois. These new drivers have a nice job before them. We wish them good luck in getting the trade lined up for Red Crown, Perfection and all the specialties.

William L. Harrison, former warehouseman at Cairo, Illinois, has been promoted to agent at Marion, Illinois.

John F. Plater has recently moved to Herrin, Illinois, where he is acting as warehouseman.

Is the Evansville office going to have a Standard Oil Co. band or did the preliminary practicing of Ernie Weyerbacher and Marion Stevens scare away all the aspiring bandsmen?

On Friday evening, March 10, a large proportion of the Standard Oil force attended a dance given by Anna Leahy at the Vendome Hotel. Not only the office and warehouse folks of Evansville, but a large percentage of the entire sales organization was present, including Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Lang, Mr. and Mrs. Ewald Brauns, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Guthrie, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bailey and a number of out of town salesmen who happened to be in the city. Among these were W. H. Sherrill, P. H. Wightman, Roy Hudgens, J. D. Kirby, Charles Hevron, W. S. Wolfe and W. E. Bringhurst. Without doubt Walter Bailey was the sensation of the evening. Mr. Bailey has always been considered a non-dancer and rather diffident in most social affairs, but "Say, girl, did you get to have a dance with Mr. Bailey?" was the only question which could be heard at the office the next morning.

George E. Jackson, that good looking salesman whom all the girls ask about on his occassional visits to the Evansville office, has been advanced to the Vincennes, Indiana, field, where he will have a chance to show how good a salesman he is. We'll have to admit if he can get to talk to the women folks he will sure sell the full line. We expect to see every house in Vincennes stocked to the attic with Semdac Liquid Gloss and Finol and all the other household necessities after he has been on the job for a while.

D. H. Sheperd, who formerly had the Vincennes field, has been transferred to Saginaw, Michigan, where he will become a district superintendent. Everyone was sorry to see genial Sheperd go.

On March 14, W. B. Carlton, rotund, jolly service station attendant at Linton, Indiana, took unto himself a bride, who was formerly Miss Edna Frankfield. The newlyweds are starting things out in great fashion by polishing all the furniture with Semdac and if their home looks as sunny as they used to look together just a short time before the marriage, it sure will be a happy looking place. Good luck, Billy, to the both of you.

Mrs. Kaufman, mother of our district superintendent at Vincennes, has been seriously ill for several days but at the last report, was considerably improved. During the worst of her illness, Mr. Kaufman was at her side.

W. C. Perkins, famous for the spotless appearance of any service station where he was stationed, has been promoted to salesman in the Bicknell, Indiana, circuit. If Mr. Perkins carries his same system of thoroughness into his new job he is apt to go still further one of these days.

Mrs. Charles Hudgens, wife of our Eldorado, Illinois, agent, died March 10. Mr. Hudgens has our heartfelt sympathy in his bereavement.

Visitors to the Jasonville service station will find a new face there to greet them. Edgar Barnhill has had charge of this station since March 8. He will give you a real greeting too; just try him.

Jerry Ryan is setting a good pace in his new territory at DuQuoin, where he was promoted to salesman recently.

Do you know Joe Hammerstein? If not, you are the exception. When Joe went to S. S. 138, Evansville, Walter Wund was going to introduce him to everyone but after Joe had been on the job for a day Walter decided that Joe knew more of the people than he did.

The Ashley, Illinois, agent, Mr. C. J. Dahncke, says he has been having a lot of visitors recently. Everybody who goes through Ashley has been stopping off to see him. What's the secret, Mr. Dahncke?

Earl Cole is our new agent at Norris City, Illinois. Earl says if anyone can get over the rain soaked Illinois fields he is going to be that one. Use an aeroplane, Earl, and avoid the bumps.

Another new agent in the field is Arthur Davis at Washington, Indiana.

Fred Peyton is making good since his promotion to agent at Mt. Vernon, Illinois. Fred is a good, conscientious man and is well liked by everyone in town.

A brand new baby boy, weighing ten pounds, arrived Tuesday, February 28, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Vern Webb. Mr. Webb is the Standard Oil Company's agent at Johnston City, Illinois. The enlarged family is doing nicely with the exception of Papa Webb, who is said to still be in a rather serious condition. When he saw what a big boy had arrived at his house he rushed down to the nearby store to borrow some platform scales, saying he knew the counter scales would not weigh the new arrival. After considerable argument he consented to take the smaller scales. Webb says the youngster already laughs and coos at a large picture of a Red Crown and predicts he will be a real Standard booster within a few months.

We have just acquired two new Clydes in the Evansville division. Clyde N. Garriott began his duties as agent at Salem, Indiana, March 27, just in time for the grand rush at the end of the month. Don't worry, Mr. Garriott, the worst is over. All you have to do now is sell the goods. Clyde Worley joined us March 21 at Marion, Illinois, where he is driving a motor tank wagon. We hope he will be successful in putting out the gallonage which we understand he is driving at.

If Harold E. Guthrie could, every time, bring back as much pep and enthusiasm as he succeeded in instilling into the office after his recent trip to Chicago, he ought to go up there every month. Since Mr. Guthrie's description of his fine reception and cordial treatment in the Chicago office a number of the office folks have expressed a wish to include Chicago in their vacation schedule.

Harry E. Keithley joined the family March 16 as service station attendant at Bedford, Indiana.

John Sherwood, service station attendant at Evansville, has been promoted to the position of service station superintendent.

John C. Males has taken Mr. Sherwood's place as first attendant at S. S. 125, Evansville.

Jonathan A. Tice says he likes his new job as tank wagon driver at Mt. Vernon, Illinois, where he began working March 18.

Joe Hamilton, service station attendant at Murphysboro, has been confined to his bed with the flu for the past week but says he expects to be talking Finol again within a few days.

Of course all the older married fellows sympathized with Ewald Weber the morning of March 29 when he came in two minutes late after a honeymoon trip to Chicago with his bride, formerly Miss Clara May Knowles.

Automobile salesmen have been having a fertile field for operations in the Evansville plant. The latest persons to buy new cars are Conrad Roth, Horace Alexander and Z. L. Rogers.

FARGO, N. D.

Mr. Dave Ferguson, better known as "Scotty," of Grand Forks "A" station, has always been noted for his faithfulness and determination to get his work done regardless of obstacles. Auditor Mr. Reed noticed this while taking inventory at the Grand Forks station. The day the measurements were taken of the storage tank, the old mercury was hovering around 25 below. Mr. Reed cautioned Dave about handling the "stick" too long without gloves. Dave insisted upon finishing the job without stopping. The result was two very painfully frozen hands. While Dave should be more careful, and will probably be cautioned by Safety First Thomas, we admire his pluck, and surely hope that his hands will soon be as good as ever.

L. E. Yaple, specialty salesman, is sure piling up a big lead of Polarine orders. Boys, if you are going to catch him you will have to PLAN YOUR WORK—AND WORK!

It is reported that Mr. Carl M. Hanson, construction man working in the vicinity of Jamestown, North Dakota, is having some little success along lines other than construction work. We have been unable to learn the lady's name to date, but will endeavor to give you her name and if possible, picture in an early issue.

The following parties have been taken into the Standard Oil Company family: Rudolph Fischer, agent at Northcote, Minnesota; C. F. Fowler, agent at Buffalo, South Dakota; Oscar Perry, agent at Ellendale, North Dakota; Verne Berryman agent at Wolford, North Dakota; Chris L. Figenskau, agent at Killdeer, North Dakota; Martin F. Schall, agent at Hague, North Dakota; Theo. O. Tiegs, agent at Hankinson, North Dakota; W. H. Warnke, agent at Flaxton, North Dakota. Gentlemen, we welcome you.

At the recent salesmen's banquet, Duane Clapp, district superintendent, of Minot, made a neat little speech. In this speech he made some glowing references to Minot, stating that they expected at least one hundred thousand people to visit Minot during the year. District Superintendent Harris,

the next called upon, stated that he was sure glad to hear that so many people were planning on visiting Minot, for he was certain that Jamestown would get at least half of them. (State asylum located at the latter point.)

Mr. Reed, Chicago auditor, was heard to comment on the improved manner in which stock is kept at the Fargo warehouse since Mr. Bock, warehouse superintendent, has taken charge.

Eureka Harness going big! More than fifty-five agents have sold more than their quota for the month of March. The month only half over—watch them go! Matt Haugen, agent at Cando, North Dakota, has doubled his quota.

Mr. Carnine, you better be keeping your eyes peeled for a new comptometer operator. Examine Miss Clara Lunow's left third finger.

Salesman O. W. Roberts, we would like to hear from you as to how the little girl is coming along.

Hank Green is bound to have his joke even though he be flat on his back in a hospital. While in such a position he received a bunch of flowers in which there was a card marked "M. W. A.," standing for Modern Woodmen of America. The nurse inquiring as to whom the flowers were from, was advised that M. W. A. stood for Married Women of America! Hank is again back on the job with more pep than ever.

Mr. Lawrence Quam, agent at Georgetown, Minnesota, has requested that his station be placed on a cartage basis. His request has been granted. Such a request shows that Mr. Quam has confidence in himself and the goods he is selling.

Wallace Preston, who has been with the company for a number of years, has resigned to enter the grocery business.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

Mr. and Mrs. Loren Newberry of Traverse City entertained the employes of the Standard Oil Company and their families at a delightfully appointed seven o'clock dinner on St. Patrick's Day. Decorations for the occasion were green shamrocks and green crepe steamers. For the evening's enjoyment cards were played, the ladies' first prize being won by Mrs. Frank Atkinson, and low by Mrs. Ernest Kelley. The prizes for the men's high score were awarded Mr. Frank Atkinson, driver at Traverse City, and Mr. Harvey Slarrow, agent at Traverse City. Round and square dances afforded great merriment and concluded the evening's entertainment.

Marion Lucille Green made her appearance at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Green of Muskegon Heights on March 20. Mr. Green is stake truck driver at Muskegon. Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Green.

Things happen thick and fast to Peter Rose. One wonderful night he took a fair flower of humanity to see "The Bird of Paradise." After the performance he parked his little Ford somewhere in the East End (presumably without lights) and was ordered to see the judge in the morning. When he arrived home he was minus all his tools and an extra tire. Pete says the next time he is going to take his car right in with him. And what is more—Harriet Van Dommelen, billing clerk, didn't show up until 10:30 the next morning, called up and said she was stalled. Draw you own conclusions.

When it comes to winning prizes, Hugo Rebentisch, salesman, is right there. The town of Plainwell offered a ten-dollar gold piece for the best slogan for their live town. Upon receipt of Hugo's suggestion, "Plainwell Plans to Please," they promptly shot the gold piece his way. And if we had a ten-dollar gold piece, Hugo, you'd get it for sending in news. Keep it up, perhaps it will be an incentive for the other salesmen.

Really the office force hasn't really gotten acquainted with the precocious men in the garage, as this is what might be heard out there:

Bill Doxsee—"What is that rattling there in the stock room?"

Bushy—"Oh, that's nothing Bill, just Bob Abbott trying to think."

Roy Travis of the garage thinks Harry Johnson is the most absent-minded chap he ever saw. He said the other morning he had left his watch at home, and then proceeded to take it out of his vest pocket to see if he had time to go home and get it.

Mr. Fred Peterson, rural tank wagon driver out of Ludington, is the proud daddy of an 8-pound daughter born March 13. They have named her Loraine.

We extend our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family of Blanche Warren, ediphone operator, whose father passed away on March 16 after a lingering illness.

Mr. Leroy Osborn, agent at Hartford, sent in an apology for being a trifle late with his report. Leroy writes: "Hope you will overlook this time. We have a nice baby girl brought on report night. Some report." We agree with you, Mr. Osborn. Congratulations.

Mr. Henry Duyser, former Niles agent, is again in the office at the refined oil and gasoline desk. It seems like old times again; if you can't see Henry, you can hear him.

Charlie Hazebrook, Grand Rapids driver, is good at understanding Dutch anyway, so he didn't have any trouble in deciphering the following tag that was attached to a W. J. can of Polarine that he had delivered to one of his customers (said note to him on account of his powerful arm giving too hard blows): "Please by so kind and hammer the korks not so fast in."

A new Standard Oil agent arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hahnenberg of Provemont on March 14, and expects to make his headquarters there. He weighed 8 pounds on arrival. Does he look like daddy, Frank?

Paul Smits and Hugo Pierson attended the A. B. C. bowling tournament at Toledo, Ohio, on the 8th and 9th of March. From a few remarks dropped now and then we are positive they had one wonderful time. We don't doubt it, because they didn't have "one wonderful score." Guess they are now hoping that the next tournament will be held in Milwaukee.

Claude Wadel is now on the road and is so enthusiastic that on the first day he was up at 4:30 a. m. and 6:30 a. m. saw him at Roy Fonger's home. Our good wishes are with you, Claude.

Salesman Bill O'Donnell has a brand new shiny Ford roadster in place of the old "Rattler" that he had. Bill sticks out his chest proudly and says: "Now we'll see how nice Semdac will keep it."

What will excite a bunch of girls more than a beautiful diamond worn on the fourth finger of the left hand of one of said girls? Well, Mildred Quimby, comptometer operator in the Grand Rapids office, created just such excitement one morning (we can't remember the date, but Mildred does). Of course "Dutch" bought it for her, but now we want to know when the plain band one is to go with it.

H. L. Jackson, salesman, has left the hospital and the nurses and is now at home and improving rapidly. Haven't seen you for a long time, Jack; hurry, get well and come around.

Muskegon may not be an exceptionally large town, but we have come to the conclusion that the service station attendants there have some big ideas. They have their service station windows all dressed up in their Easter garb, Eastertide candles aiding in making them attractive.

Mr. Wm. Hunt, service station attendant at Fremont, is suffering a relapse from the flu. Here's wishing you a speedy recovery, Mr. Hunt.

Frank Babcock, salesman, is again at his old camping ground, Muskegon. Frank says, "It's like going to heaven." Now we are wonderingl where he gets his conception of how it is to go to heaven.

HURON, S. D.

We take our pen in hand to bare our soul and a deep and dark secret, which we were going to conceal from the World, but it has preyed upon our mind and we couldn't eat or sleep and grew hollow eyed and miserable, when from some unknown source the comforting words, "Confession is good for the soul," descended upon us like a balm and we decided to keep silent no longer, but to speak out and get it off our chest. Some months ago we reported through a grave and unpardonable error that Pat Ryan, fire eating Irishman of Aberdeen, S. D. (not Scotland), was the proud father of a "bouncing baby boy," and it is only a girl. We didn't think Pat would do such a thing; that's probably why the error occurred.

A group of about twenty of the office girls have been having some jolly parties this winter. The first one was held during January, at the Dodsley home, where Mrs. Anna Peterson and Miss Edna Phillips entertained, and a social club was organized. The next party was a delightful valentine party at the home of Miss Peggy Schultz. Assisting hostesses were the Misses Faye Cooley, Vera Este and Crystal Smith. The last one, held March 9 at the home of Mrs. R. B. Larkin, was a backwards party. From all reports the only backward thing about it was the way the girls were dressed. (Pictures?—*Ed.*) Games, contests and music (?) were enjoyed during the evening and a two-course luncheon was served. St. Patrick's day decorations were used throughout the rooms and the colors were cleverly carried out in the favors and refreshments. The Misses Dorothy Lawrence, Ella Irish and Katherine Stehly were assisting hostesses. They all say it was some party, but Mrs. Pete strained her back (laughing) during the peanut race, poor Crystal almost ruined her nose, and have you noticed Faye's? The boys say they'd like awfully well to get in on these parties, at least for the eats, but nothing doing, boys!

Bruer Brown, city tank salesman at Rapid City, is leaving for Prescott, Ariz., April 1. Mr. Brown has been in the employ of the company four years, but is compelled to leave on account of his health, having contracted tuberculosis while in service at Camp Funston. He will receive treatment under care of the government. We are sorry to lose Mr. Brown, but hope that he may be restored to health and to the service.

L. B. Conklin, agent at Hot Springs, had the misfortune to have his son, who is two-and-a-half years old, fall into a tub of hot water, prepared for the family washing. The little fellow was badly scalded, but will recover.

Lloyd Virtue will take Mr. Brown's place as tank salesman at Rapid City.

C. J. Lang is doing some fine sales work in the Deadwood and Lead territory. Mr. Lang is practically a new man with us, but he is showing what can be done by honest, consistent work.

It takes George Arney, of the Deadwood station, to give service. In making a long trip the other day a drive shaft broke on the truck, but George was soon on the ground with a new shaft, installed it himself and made the delivery a little bit late, but satisfied his customer with the service given. This is the kind of work that wins the "worms."

WATERTOWN

Is the Standard Oil Company to become feminized? Listen: About a year ago Mrs. Smith, wife of Leo B., one of our hustling tank wagon drivers, presented him with a fine baby girl. Six months or so later on, Mrs. Johnson, who is the better two-thirds of our stake truck driver, Fred B., "went also and did likewise," and then in January, Mrs. W. T. Price, whose husband had only severed his connection with the company a couple of weeks earlier, in imitation of the others—oh, yes, it was a girl, too. "Three times three are out" they say, so liberal odds were offered with no takers, that the next arrival in the S. O. ranks would be a boy. Therefore, when A. O. Borns, S. S. 16, came down town last Tuesday, March 7, with his pockets full of council cigars, a smile four inches wide and that conscious strut, our hopes rose to a point way above the fire test of Cap. Cylinder, only to be dashed the next moment several degrees below that at which Polar Machine ceases to flow—when he announced proudly "it's a girl!"

MITCHELL

It has been said that all good things come to him that waits—if he hustles while he waits. Fred Riden, our genial agent at Howard, can vouch for the truth of this statement, for while he has waited long and hustled hard, he finally landed his prize last Saturday when they were married at DeSmet. They will be at home at Howard to their many friends after March 15.

H. R. Dodsley, of the Huron district, was assisting the boys in the west end last week, and while at Fairburn had the misfortune (?) of losing his sample case and grip. We don't think it is hardly fair to give away all the joke on a fellow when he comes out to help us, but maybe Homer will tell it himself if you ask him about it.

Assistant Manager C. L. Bailey spent a week in the Hills country helping Mr. Radcliffe and Mr. Lang land some nice business for the company. Come again, Mr. Bailey, we wish you would come oftener.

Selling schools are put on in the Mitchell district at every meeting of the salesmen and at the last school, Mark McGill put up an argument for selling Stanolax that was a hummer. His sales are showing his ability to sell this specialty.

We have been assured of a service station at Salem and a new bulk station at Carthage early this spring. Who says our division manager does not know how to put over things with the Chicago boys? This is good news and we hope to have more like it.

H. B. Palm and family were present at the fiftieth wedding anniversary of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Palm, of Akron, Iowa, on February 18. Mr. Palm's parents were pioneers in Dakota terri-

tory, settling on a homestead in Union county in 1872.

C. J. Lang and George Arney conducted a successful sales campaign at the Deadwood auto show last month. The Standard Oil Company display was reprted to have been the most attractive one at the show. It's a good bet to leave it to these boys when it comes to putting something over.

Mr. Bender, of Rapid City, has taken over the agency at Edgemont, to fill the place left vacant through the resignation some time ago, by our former agent, Mr. Thompson

The Standard Oil basketball team of Huron city league is tied with Huron college for first place at the bottom. The S. O. boys shoot a wicked ball but the darn basket was never under it. All joking aside the team deserves more praise than their standing shows. They put up a good fight and played several of the best games of the season.

We have it on good authority that Kenny Meigs isn't singing "I Ain't Nobody's Darling," any more. just what the little ditty is he sings as he dishes out Red Crown at S. S. 38 we can't discover, so we asked Madora and she tried to look innocent, but we could see she was just trying.

A little while ago
As we all know
Our office was dictaphone, equipped
And every day since
We've seen girls wince
When a ten-cent hair net ripped.

Has no one yet?
Invented a net
Guaranteed for transophone use?
We ran an ad
T'see if anyone had
But no one answered us.

Wonder why "Pat" goes over to the revenue office every night after 5 p. m. She's a nice girl, Pat, and we would all like to see you settle down.

A remark overheard from Edna Phillips in talking about our baseball players: "Oh, girls, have you seen the dimples in Ross Matson's knees?

ABERDEEN, S. D.

Mr. C. L. Bailey, assistant manager, spent a couple of days at our station this week. His visit was enjoyed by all and we hope to see him come again soon. Ask Ollie Olson and G. H. Ryan how Bailey got the name of Bill down at Mitchell in the spring of 1920.

In loading some barrels on his truck recently in the high water barrel yard, Max, the Packard truck driver's feet slipped and when he came up he looked like a black cat that had been thrown in the river. He was black with grease and mud from head to foot. The first thing he said was (censored).

Art Logan, city tank wagon driver, says that he is going to get a pair of brown glasses. Asking for the reason, he replied: "Safety first. It isn't so bad to look at a pair of brown imitation stockings as it is at none at all."

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

We have an "06-04 juggler" whose hair is "go, going, gone"—probably the following travesty on the king's English is one of the reasons: "Der Sur. I saint you norter oill Barhel abot 3 weaks go and hant reced no ancer And hant got eny ancer frum you. please Rite too tel me wethur you hav Reced Barhel ur not."

Circus day is rainy day, so believes Ray Downing, of the stock department, having acquired a new raincoat for the express purpose of attending all tent shows from the dog and pony variety on up.

A recent marriage which almost got by this column was the uniting of W. S. Stevens, former driver at Rushville and now of the pipe fitters crew, to Miss Anna Neal of Rushville.

Well, they held a meeting of SS men at Muncie the other afternoon and evening. The conclave was swinging along in nice shape under the stellar guidance of the silvery tongued orators on the speaking slate until the clock registered "half past eight," then the Richmond delegation started a near riot by informing the startled moderators it was past bedtime and it certainly took a lot of persuasion to convince the Quaker City boys that things are done different in Muncie, where curfew seldom rings. According to E. F. Gehring, who chaperoned the "simple livers," the party recovered nicely from their first introduction to Muncie high-life and late hours.

Mark Phipps forgot two of Safety First's primary rules while touring in Ripley County, i. e.: to carry plenty of smoking tobacco and get out and walk the full length of a country road before attempting to migrate through three feet of mud. Anyway he was stuck in the "adhesive" the better part of two days, smoked corn silk from a nearby fodder shock, slept in a "room without bath," etc.

W. F. Simon, station examiner, headed for Clay City, pulled the moss covered stunt of piling out at Saline City, due to the quite universal bad articulation of all leading trunk line brakemen. Being equipped with a "good pair of understandings" the mere matter of six miles of cross ties gave W. F. a few uninterrupted minutes to soliloquize.

When the phone-bell rang, C. L. Mouncey grabbed the dictating "hose" and put on a big bunch of "Hello's." Next!

Freddy Matkin and Roy Howell had a gentlemen's agreement to visit the dentist en masse on a tooth pulling stunt. Howell drew the pole position and Freddy the anxious seat. After a one-hour wait during which myriad groans and screams issued from the "death chamber," Matkin's nerves snapped and he beat it quite royally for home and mother—and the tooth hasn't hurt since.

After turning down golf and tennis, Nelle Sage has decided on horseback riding. Here's hoping you keep your equilibrium, Nelle.

Eddie Phone, a new employee around these parts and his wily tongue has found such good listeners in the office stenogs that a room has been set apart for his rantings. Gone is the noise from the main floor with the exception of the ra-ta-tat of the comptometers and an occasional auctioneering stunt by the two leading potentates of the sales scribes.

H. C. Hill, Colfax agent, was "pinched" for being on bad roads. Hadn't heard of any primrose paths up in Clinton County, but keep on the straight and narrow, H. C.

And just this, a lot of us hope these self appointed Ediphone demonstrators carry their teachings home to the business end of a lawn hose so we can slip up to the other end and turn on the water.

George Neidigh, popular New Richmond agent put in a strong bid for a Carnegie medal the other day by showing a valor akin to the highest. While ambling along the streets of Wingate, George found himself playing peacemaker between two women who not being able to settle a dispute over the heated word course had changed the bout into a hair-pulling and right fierce fist fight. George rightly earned the

title of hero by his display of valor, but surely he had not taken into account what might have happened if one or both of these combatants had turned on him, and too, when nary a man in all Wingate dared interfere in the fistic encounter.

Eddie Pyle, coupon dispenser, is back up in the front part of the office where he can get a better show for his white alley—ahead of the 12 o'clock noon and 5 p. m. fire drill.

B. F. (Slats) Kinnick, salesman, picked out a sloppy, snowy day to make the 10 mile trip to Ogilville to sell the miller at that place "the full line." That the mill had burned down three weeks before is only a minor detail. True, Slats might read the daily paper once in a while, but as long as he is so busy boosting the "full line,"—who wouldn't be for him?

Columbus, Indiana, reporter advises that H. L. Allison is able to be up and around after being run over by a little Ford. It certainly would have been quite different if it had been a BIG Ford.

After becoming quite proficient at rendering piccolo solos on a nail puller, the warehouse bunch of genii have taken up the jews-harp. So far Harvey (Bee Zook) Selke, Tony (Heinrich Gutlieb Volstadt) Kirsch have made the loudest noise and Freddy (Noisey) Miller the most "moosick."

With warmer weather approaching William Cleaver, our talkative cooper, is grooming himself for his regular Saturday night diversion of sentinel duty at our leading down town cross roads and drug store corner.

Introducing for your approval our three leading suspicious characters: D. E. (Red) Williams, S. O. Davis and A. A. (Duke) Floyd, the latter weighing one pound over a ton.

Earthquakes may come and earthquakes may go, but territory within a hundred miles of Indianapolis had a real cause for alarm last Saturday morning when Miss Henrietta Goldberger fell over a chair. While windows were shattered as far away as Shelbyville, the damage to the office building was confined to a big heap of broken plaster from the basement ceiling and a narrow escape from injuries by mail shooter Joe Simko and stationary "engineer" Speedy Shotwell, as could ordinarily be expected when an irresistible force meets an immovable body.

JOLIET, ILL.

The following agents in the Joliet division are putting on new equipment for the spring rush: Agent Roy Seloover, at Amboy, two new Ford trucks; Agent Chas. Sengphiel, Minonk, a new Ford truck; H. M. Tellkamp, LaMoille agent, a Ford truck; W. J. Bagwill at Sheridan, a new Ford truck; James E. Johnson, our new agent at Marseilles, a new Reo speed wagon; L. Atwell, new agent at Atkinson, a new Ford truck. Agent Walter Hahn, Dwight, Illinois, also advises he is putting on a new truck.

We've heard of love in a cottage, but Lil Olander thinks that love in a box car is much more romantic.

Our Creston agent, Mr. O. P. Hall, has been laid up on account of sickness. His son is taking care of the business. That's right, Mr. Hall, keep it in the family.

Have you noticed the smile on Herman Kuntz, lately? Well, we are informed little Elaine Louise, born on March 6, is responsible.

Fred Wolf, former agent at Momence, has been appointed agent at Papineau.

A. D. Pyfer, formerly assistant agent at Polo, has been appointed agent at that point.

We would certainly like to know the reason why Ed. Ferris, attendant at S. S. 116, Sandwich, has such a time opening the service station door on Monday mornings. He has no trouble opening it every other day in the week, but on Monday mornings, it simply will not open for him.

J. H. Connors, salesman, advises a new use for Thread Cutting Oil—"In tailor shops to cut threads."

We notice J. D. Quinn, popular agent at Kankakee, slips into Joliet after dark Saturday nights. Are we going to hear wedding bells soon, John?

Hugh Boyle, formerly of the Joliet office, has been transferred to the Joliet warehouse.

W. C. Schauland, has been appointed traveling auditor.

Bill Widenhoefer, of the Joliet garage, came into the office the other day in disguise. He had shaved that villianous mustache off.

H. R. Smith, newly appointed agent instructor, came into the office the other day all smiles. He announces spring is coming soon, as he saw a FLOCK of Robins down his way and claims he saw some geese going south.

Joliet's new assistant chief clerk is A. S. Hanna, formerly of the Grand Rapids office.

A. Lindberg, formerly of the Joliet garage, has been appointed traveling mechanic. Mrs. Lindberg has just recently recovered from an operation.

George Minot, driver at Mendota, suffered a broken leg, while lifting a truck with a "Red Devil" Dolly Jack. Some name; we do not wonder George's foot slipped.

Our Shabbona agent, Mr. S. A. Egland, has been on the sick list, but is back on the job.

Clarence E. Waldron has been appointed tank wagon driver at Dixon. J. M. Hartzell is another new man at this point.

Wm. Starmann has been appointed service station attendant at No. 78, Joliet.

J. H. Dance, Joliet tankwagon driver, has been transferred to his home town, Plainfield. Here's hoping our business increases in that little wide awake city.

Matt Harmon, formerly salesman at Joliet, but recently transferred to Elgin territory, has been acting agent at Elburn during the illness of our agent, Mr. A. V. Wickwire.

We hear Eddie Cordon, salesman, is having quite a time keeping from boil-(ing) over these days.

G. E. Allemand has been transferred from Service Station 111, Rock Falls, to No. 43, Dixon, Ill.

Mr. E. F. Cavanaugh has been appointed salesman at Joliet.

Agent E. E. Rees at Scarboro complains of not getting enough to eat unless they have company. They must have been having company the greater part of the time this winter, as the poor little fellow weighs only 215 pounds, and no wonder: We note in the Scarboro news that he ate 28 large pancakes for breakfast the other morning and has been acknowledged the Pancake Champion. He never gets an invitation to the church suppers any more, as they are wise to his appetite.

Mr. P. D. Nease, former salesman at Rockford has been appointed agent at this point. He will take the place of Mr. L. W. Pietsch, former agent, who has been appointed district superintendent.

L. W. PIETSCH PROMOTED

Mr. L. W. (Larry) Pietsch, who has been winning customers day after day for the Joliet division, with his smile and knowledge of internal combustion motors, has received his reward by being promoted to district superintendent in charge of the northern division. Mr. Pietsch came to the Joliet division about one year ago, and for some time acted as traveling expert, adjusting complaints, running road tests and assisting all he came in contact with in securing new Red Crown customers. After covering most of the field in this capacity, he was appointed agent at Rockford. It was here that Mr. Pietsch showed his ability as a motor expert. Within the last six months, everybody in Rockford came to know him—from the "newsies" to the mayor. If a gasoline bicycle, motor boat, automobile, motorcycle or truck failed to "percolate" as it should, the owner would go to the nearest Red Crown service station and ask for "that big fellow with the smile." Mr. Pietsch, we all congratulate you on your promotion. You earned it and you are capable of staying on top wherever your new duties may take you.

Every day around the office, Ann Swenson says to Elsie Fritz, "if you will, I will, Elsie." This, meaning bobbed hair. Mary McMillan advises Ann to get a bowl and put it on her head and cut around the edge of the bowl. Good idea, Ann. Irene Castle will have nothing on you.

Wm. Kane has been appointed service station attendant at Rockford.

H. Hobart, formerly of the order department, has been transferred to the sales department.

L. O. Brehm, who has been sick with the grip, has returned to work, after an absence of two weeks.

Roy White, formerly at the Joliet warehouse, has been appointed order clerk in the office.

Mr. Baxter, of our sales department, wishes to know where a case of 1-5 Pale Tarcus Oil can be obtained. This must be a new brand, according to our agent at Belvidere. Better watch your transmission (oils), Andy.

Joliet's Prize Dog Catcher—Bob Lewis, of the garage. Bob was sent out the other day to look for a certain dog, and not being sure what it looked like, picked up every dog of the species he could find. We can't find out how many he brought back, but he claims there was a truck load of 'em. Anybody lose a dog? Probably Bobby can tell you its whereabouts.

A meeting of all prospective baseball players was held Monday, March 27. We sure expect to go over in great style this year. Wait and see!

Harold Houck's pet phrase is now "That's what Ma says." Have you seen him star in his latest play, "An Old Fashioned Mother?"

Have you noticed? What? Why those small, dark misplaced eyebrows bristling on Art Meader's and Orrin Smith's upper lips. Now, who do you suppose they are trying to fool this time?

Sure signs of Spring! The scent of "sweet essence of violets" strong enough to knock the moth ball for a goal. Have you got yours on yet, Charlie Voight?

D. W. Lovett, construction man, injured his left shoulder while installing an unloading rig at Earlville on February 11. He is still on the job, though, doing light work and we hope he will soon be able to resume his heavier duties.

The other day we noticed a piece of paper pinned to the bulletin board which read, "Lost—two American Beauty Color Portiere Ropes. Finder please return to Miss Elsie Fritz. REWARD!" We are informed that she used these ropes to entwine the hearts of the younger set around the office.

Did you know that Carl Kallman always sits in the front row at the Orpheum? They say he has a reserved seat there every Sunday night.

Mr. A. H. Innis, salesman, was in the office the other day and reported that the only news he had was that there were bad roads in his territory.

We don't start to work until 8 o'clock, Bill.

Anyone seeing John Sontag, Joliet agent, driving down the main thoroughfare in Dan Otis' Alice Blue car would think that nothing less than King Solomon in all his glory had put in his appearance. Mr. Shaw, warehouseman, also is greatly enthused about the car. They both wish Dan would hurry up and come back from Rockford so they could use his car.

Mr. L. W. Buchman, formerly our genial agent at Morris, Illinois, has been transferred to Mendota, Illinois, as agent.

Mr. E. S. Waters, former driver at Morris, will take Mr. Buchman's place as agent.

We are sorry to report our agent at Tiskilwa, Mr. Ream Comp, on the sick list with a serious case of pneumonia. Mr. O. J. Karschnick, tankwagon salesman, is running the station during Mr. Comp's absence.

Geneseo has one honest man, and we are glad to know it is none other than our agent, Mr. R. E. Curtis. Someone lost a $20.00 bill Saturday and on Sunday Mr. Curtis found it and returned it to its owner.

John Storm, service station attendant at Joliet, has a new girl in Chicago.

James Valentine, our service station attendant at No. 91, Sycamore, has been pushing Red Crown gasoline so hard that some of his customers called after he had closed for the night, on March 5, and, finding the station locked, helped themselves to 120 gallons of Red Crown. Mr. Valentine would be much obliged if the person or persons helping themselves would give him a report as to how Red Crown compares with the competitor's High Test, and also advises that no more free samples are being given away or taken.

Wm. J. DeZee, Jr., service station attendant at Joliet No. 107, is the proud daddy of a baby girl born February 18 at Silver Cross hospital. She will be called Beverly Mae.

J. P. Lay, agent at LaSalle, recently completed his 20th year with the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), but thought no one was aware of the fact but himself. Therefore he was somewhat taken aback when Manager E. E. Morton asked him to step forward, at the same time asking Assistant General Manager N. R. Grimshaw to present Mr. Lay with his 20-year service button. Mr. Grimshaw made the presentation speech in a few well chosen words and Mr. Lay very promptly replied with a short talk as to what the button meant to him. Don't you care, Jim, just tell 'em you started with the S. O. Co. young and are just a kid yet!

Mr. C. H. Mitten, tankwagon driver at Aurora, has been on the sick list, but has returned to work.

Discovered at last, the reason why J. D. Barnes looks so blue lately. Those daily letters from Freeport, his home town, have not been putting in their appearance for the last couple of weeks. Why don't you try to get along, Barnes?

Mr. J. E. Johnson, a new man, has been appointed agent at Marseilles, Illinois.

Mr. J. G. Munden has been appointed agent at Momence, Illinois.

Mr. R. O. Esh has been appointed agent at Barrington, Illinois.

Mr. Don Campbell advises that the boys at the warehouse do not know who Dan Otis is. Better get acquainted, boys.

Mr. Arnold P. Unmacht has been appointed clerk and stenographer at the Freeport office to succeed Mr. E. B. Thomas, who has been appointed agent st Sterling.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

The death of L. H. "Buzz" Thompson was keenly felt by all who were associated with him in either a business or social way. Mr. Thompson was connected with this company for 28 years, serving in various capacities, the most recent being that of station examiner. He retired in 1920 due to poor health and went to California in search of a more healthful climate, where he passed away. He leaves three brothers, Harry Thompson, K. C. salesman, B. T. Thompson, home office, and George Thompson, Sugar Creek refinery.

H. A. Lewis of Chicago office, was in K. C. to attend the funeral services of Mr. Thompson. He was accompanied by Mrs. Lewis and son.

Assistant Manager Warren and former Manager Powers, of St. Joe, were also here to attend the services. E. Gradinger, retired agent of Pittsburg, Kansas, was in to pay his respects to the deceased.

Miss Gaffney is back on the job on the switchboard after a leave of absence, recuperating from sickness. We are highly pleased, Miss Gaffney.

Miss Girten, of the billing department, spent her vacation in San Antonio, Texas, and when she returned to work she was wearing the most stunning Navajo blanket. She says steers ain't the only wild uns down thar', meaning which?

Miss Bulson, supervisor of stenographic and billing departments, was elected to the office of treasurer of the State Federation of the Business and Professional Women's Clubs. We expect to see her likeness in the "Who's Who" column some of these days.

Miss Thompson, coupon desk, spent the greater part of her vacation at the bedside of her mother who is ill. We hope it's nothing serious.

J. H. Hefty, district superintendent in No. 2 territory, raised one of them decorations on his molar awning and just when it was getting noticeable shaved it off. Where d'ya keep the cat?

Joe Parsons has been transferred from the credit department to the sales writing.

Miss Billie Church, of the dictaphone department, has left us to return to her home in South Bend, Indiana.

H. G. Erzinger, of No. 6 district, got tied up March 18. Further comment is unncessary, except that he will need considerable taming.

Jack Harley, service station collector, was absent for a couple of days after having had his four teeth extracted. If it had happened on election day we'd be suspicious. How ya voting, Jack, Frank Cromwell or K. C. Star?

The employees of the office are organizing an orchestra and already such promising talent as Burt Hudnut, Jack Harris, Grace Ingram, Arthur Johnson, J. C. Haas, W. O. Sala, Harry Branditz, Helen Kruse, C. Chatten, Eddie Frohem, R. W. Martin and R. Ware grace the list. When Harry Branditz was approached with a view of securing his services and questioned as to what he played, he replied, "Well, I don't know but seems that I play h—— most of the time." The best title we can think of for the orchestra is "Sugar Creek Band's Big Brother." 'Snuff Sed.

LA CROSSE, WIS.

A meeting of agents and salesmen of the southern district was held in the local Y. M. C. A. building on March 23. A similar meeting of agents and salesmen of the northern district, District Superintendent C. B. Bullis' field, was held in Eau Claire on March 30. A meeting of salesmen of the La Crosse division was held in La Crosse, March 8 and 9.

Messrs. J. H. Lambert and J. E. Monegan spent March 6 and 7 at the home office in Chicago.

Mr. A. B. Nichols, chief clerk, and O. C. Evenson, assistant chief clerk, have returned from a business visit to Chicago.

Another little Towne sprung up—Mr. F. W. Towne, salesman, reports the arrival of another Stanolind booster—a girl! Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Towne.

Gene Swanbeck has been assuming airs these last few days, caused by the arrival of a son, and the grandfather, Mr. Knothe, cashier, is wearing a smile that seems to be permanent.

Our Galesville agent, Mr. Archie Swinson, reports a new arrival at their home—the standard Oil Company will not be wanting for agents at that point for some time. Congratulations, Mr. Swinson.

R. W. Zank, agent at Fairchild, Wis., called at the office March 18. Our new agent at Westby, Wis., Mr. D. M. Skundberg, paid us a visit on March 30. Mr. E. O. Gilfillen, Balir, Wis., was also one of our March callers.

At a recent meeting of the Standard Oil Social Club, the following officers were elected: Walter Selbo, president; Chas. Bruchert, vice-president; H. F. Liso, secretary; Mabel Baker, treasurer. On February 28 a card party was given at Oddfellows' hall under the auspices of the club. Progressive Five Hundred was the game, and we are glad to say that there was a turnout of over forty couples. The honors for men were awarded to Mr. Nichols, chief clerk, and Mr. W. O. Haworth, Chicago auditor. The honors for the ladies went to Mrs. Moore and Mrs. Roth. Mrs. Nichols and Mr. Henry Liso walked away with the booby prizes. After the card party a light lunch was served, after which we all shuffled our feet to the syncopated strains of Kowalke's Ragomaniacs. Everybody had a wonderful time, and to those few who were not there, we have this to say, "Don't miss the next one." It would not be fair to close without mentioning that Fred Kowalke was general manager of the party and we don't know how it could have been staged with greater success. Mrs. Fred Kowalke and Mr. Joel Stokke, who, together with Freddie, made up the orchestra, are also worthy of special mention, for they sure put on the music in peppy style. Financially, this party was a success; socially, it was a record-breaker.

Mr. B. J. Green has accepted the position of agent at Lewiston, Minn., succeeding Mr. W. E. Carrier.

G. H. Eayers, country truck driver at Rochester, Minn., is back on the job after several days' illness.

Mr. Earl C. Turck has been checked in as our agent at Spring Valley, Minn., succeeding Mr. G. A. Sively. Mr. Turck is not a new man with the company, having been our agent at Preston,

Minn., for several years. Mr. Turck said after looking around considerably, the Standard Oil Company looked good to him, and that he felt more at home on a Standard Oil Company truck selling Polarine and Red Crown than he did anywhere else. Welcome back, Mr. Turck.

Mr. E. W. Lewis has been checked in at Grand Meadow as agent, succeeding Mr. C. Skifter. Mr. Lewis has had considerable experience in the tractor and automobile game and also in the selling game. His success will be noticed by the whole Stanolind family.

Messrs. Lambert and Remp met with the salesmen of the Northern District, Saturday, March 4.

Jack Gallagher, the new service station attendant at No. 356, Eau Claire, aims to qualify as a Polarine salesman; in two days' business he turned in orders for 150 gallons.

We have rumors to the effect that our Chippewa Falls clerk, Jalmar Kolstad, is taking a short course in beauty culture, at least it is understood that he has been seen emerging from a local beauty parlor. Possibly he is just being initiated to a Stanolax shampoo.

Our high pressure salesman of the northern district, Mr. John Haanstad, was recently in a genuine quandary—it seems he split a case of Eastertide candles between two ministers, and he couldn't decide who was to get the extra candle.

The station at Nelson, Wis., was opened March 6, with Charles L. Benjamin as agent. He will supply the quality trade tributary to Nelson with high grade petroleum products, using a new Ford truck.

Mr. Bert Loiselle, agent at Boyd, prevented a serious loss by compliance with the Company's instructions. During the night frost heaved the pipe leading from his Perfection oil storage tank, breaking the outlet pipe off flush with the tank, but the duplex tank valve was closed and the loss of stock was negligible.

MANKATO, MINN.

Sales meetings were held in the Mankato Division March 10 and 11, presided over by Manager Chesbrough and Assistant Manager Beaton.

W. P. Scherer, Stanolind Record correspondent, announces the appointment of four reporters: J. E. Roemer, district No. 1 and warehouse; E. L. Osten, District No. 2 and office; C. J. Humm, District No. 3 and shop; G. H. Kelly, service station. Now when there is no news from the Mankato division we will be in fine position to pass the buck—especially as the above reporters constitute the prize "crabbers" about "no news in the Record again from the Mankato division."

Members of the Red Crown club so regretted to see Mrs. Sophia Anderson leave the employ of the company that they tendered her an honorary life membership in the organization. Mrs. Anderson, whose chief delight is to tempt the appetite with delicious morsels, relieved everyone's anxiety when she promptly and joyfully accepted. (The correspondent has a notion that Mrs. Anderson accepted this membership because she thought the feeds wouldn't be up to the usual standard if she didn't. Well, the correspondent sure *was* worrying about that.)

Francis Crowley is a new member of the Red Crown club, having accepted a position in the order department. Mr. Crowley is a cornetist of ability and is likewise conductor of the First Prize Elks Band of Mankato Lodge No. 225. We are glad to welcome Mr. Crowley to the organization.

A real estate transfer was consummated last week whereby J. W. Armstrong became the possessor of a house and lot in North Mankato. She is wearing the diamond, so the next step is to buy the cigars and candy for the bunch. You know us, Jake!

The Safety Committee has been notified that the upstairs stenographers persist in closing the windows in spite of an overwhelming majority in favor of fresh air. Question—What will the Safety Committee do about it?

Anthony Weimer was promoted to the stock department, effective the first of March. That's a rough gang over in that corner, Tony. Don't let them spoil you.

W. E. Schultz, former agent at Mapleton, Minn., was transferred to the agency at Owatonna on March 15. Mr. Schultz was a careful, conscientious hustling agent at Mapleton and there is no doubt of his success in his new sphere of operations.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Recently the employees of the auto repair department, captained by Mat Amann, clashed with the employees of the office, led by Henry Bogardus. The match took place at the Arcade bowling alleys. The repair men started out very strong in the first game, but seemed to lose their pep in the second and third games and came out on the short end. Our superintendent, Mr. Louie Joost, was on hand and rooted loyally for the garage men, but to no avail. A return match is to be bowled some time in the near future.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

John Lorentz, our agent at Wadena, has a new baby boy at his home. John told us he was the seventh child and 100% Standard Oil. He has been called John D. Lorentz.

H. S. Johnson, our new agent at Grantsburg, Wis., is a radio expert. Johnson learned it at Harvard (Wisconsin).

Mr. R. G. Stewart spent a day with us recently and then proceeded to Fargo. We are going to cash the ideas he left us and hope he will come to Minneapolis often.

After breaking five or six pair of nose glasses the boss bought a pair that winds around the ears. Now if he can just keep his ears from wiggling, the problem is solved.

Mr. McCabe still thinks Tommy Gibbons won. (Well, nobody has made Tommy say "uncle," anyhow.—Ed.)

Regardless of the ailment, Doc Davidson, he of the pompadour, prescribes a barrel of Stanolax, and the boy is getting away with it too.

Salesman Bell bought a bicycle and rides evenings for exercise. He does it to strengthen his legs so that he can cover more miles on his territory during the day.

The next time Hunt goes out into Rask's territory, it's going to be in a duck boat. It will take more than a duck boat to hold Hunt. We suggest a discarded battleship.

Harry Gillette has been put in full charge of all demonstrators, male and female.

Ben Geist, agent at Morris, says he is going to work his head off this summer. Don't do that, Ben, we need you.

H. E. Hoglund is the Finol King. Can't you add a couple of more kings to your name, Hoglund?

A handful of Semdac on baby's dress keeps the floors in a highly polished condition. Ask Mrs. Noyes for a demonstration. (Pix of demonstration for 2 column cut?—Ed?)

Pat Pearson, agent, Willmar, is out for the Semdac championship of the Indiana company.

Florence Green has a diamond on her left hand. Inasmuch as we have exhausted our clever remarks on engagements, marriages, etc., we'll stop right here.

Chas. Wolfgang promises to give us some news about the boys in the shop. Thanks, Charlie.

"Eureka" Snyder, our agent at Benson, says there are two things in the world that do not stop him—snow and competition.

Al Holmquist overhauls a White truck every month. Keep it up, Al.

Phil Chappel is painting wooden butlers for the employes. A smile on one side of the face and a frown on the other.

Bill McGaughey has a young Bill at his house, or in other words, another Mac to keep him up nights. However, here's wishing the boy lots of success.

Have you seen the new hat Meiers is wearing? Tops him off beautifully.

Jules Anderson, agent, Henning, hired a livery man to haul a load of Red Crown through the snow to Deer Creek and Jules rode the Pullman, and he didn't freeze "them" feet.

Nick Kramer, agent, Parkers Prairie, dumped into the ditch recently and was pulled out by a competitor. When Nick reads this he'll have a fit.

Henry Rosenberger, agent, Evansville, talks four languages and Eureka Harness Oil.

N. R. Hareid got a room with bath while out with Supt. Damkroger. We admit you needed the room—but why the bath?

J. W. Wheeler, salesman, has a lady's diamond in a man's setting. Rumor has it that she caught Wheeler out buggy riding with a Little Falls waitress. However, nobody believes a rumor. What was the real reason, Wheeler? Come clean or get out.

Harold Damkroger steps in a long shoe. Take a look at those new tans—eighteen inches long at the bottom.

Frank Caswell, agent, Pine River, just recovered from a stroke of paralysis. A farmer bought five gallons of Semdac from him and Frank's anxiety to know what he was going to do with it caused the stroke. Otherwise his health is the usual run of health.

H. E. Fredeen, salesman, almost lost his life several weeks ago in a fight with a Wisconsin wild cat. The battle took place ten miles east of Ladysmith on a narrow piece of road which was flooded by moonlight. Fredeen was driving along in the car with nothing on his mind but a dollar and a half Stetson when suddenly there appeared at the roadside a full grown Wisconsin wild cat. The cat jumped into the car and grabbed Fredeen by the throat. Fredeen bit the cat on the hind leg and the cat let loose of Fredeen's throat. After a struggle of about twenty minutes, Fredeen managed to get the cat by the tail and started whirling him. The momentum was so great that the cat could not get his head up to bite Fredeen's hand. While Fredeen drove with one hand he kept whirling the cat with the other until he came to the Missouri River. The cat was thrown into the river and Fredeen continued to the next town, Alexandria, and had his wound dressed by a horse doctor. Fredeen is O. K. again.

Agents' meetings were held at the following points: Willmar, Morris, Glenwood, Montevideo, Redwood Falls, Forest Lake, River Falls and Minneapolis.

PEORIA, ILL.

On Saturday, Feb. 25, members of the Peoria SOCO club, with families and friends, gathered at Proctor recreation center for an evening of entertainment and good cheer which unquestionably set a standard to tax the ingenuity of future "committees." An offering of amateur theatricals is generally approached—by the audience—with a mixture of fear and resignation, but in this instance their misgivings proved groundless. The program, from end to end, went over with a bang. Roaring choruses of laughter, interspersed with almost continuous outbursts of applause, proved that the crowd which jammed the spacious auditorium was being entertained mightily, and was not afraid to admit it. Lack of space prevents more extended comment upon the following program: Piano solo, Miss Sutton; Harmony, The Singing Morans; Munea and Wertz, the Hick Kids; More Harmony, The Sassiety Four, McCready, O'Hara, Peterson and F. Lindenfelser; A Few Remarks, H. Lessig; "Barrels," J. Lindenfelser; The Educated Mule, O'Hara and Jahnke; and Tom Johnson, Himself. Refreshments and dancing lent an added finish to the evening, clinching the conviction that the SOCO Club, once languishing, is a healthy infant, with lots of kick and an inclination to grow.

Attendant Chas. Scott, of Service Station No. 8, Peoria, while not inclined to mixing religion and business, waxed so enthusiastic during the clergyman's exhortations one Sunday evening recently that he tackled him, right during service, on Red Crown—and sold him. Thus proving that Peoria exponents of the Full Line recognize opportunity and grasp it.

On March 18 Golmer Livasy, Peoria office, received the distressing news of the death of his brother in an accident at Fort Dodge, Iowa. Details are at present lacking. The sympathy of the division is extended to the bereaved family.

After Agent Johnson and Salesman Wright finished unloading that wrecked car at Lincoln they felt fully qualified to tackle any job at Whiting. Johnson says the railroad transferred the load with a steam shovel and a grain scoop.

Irene Buechele, otherwise known as "Our Little Vamp," was almost kidnapped from our midst t'other evening, while visiting on the south side. Irene, nothing daunted, chased her assailant till he passed under an arc light, and then let him go, as he proved to be no matinee idol. Keep the home fires burning hereafter, Irene.

Salesman Winslow, in submitting his remittance for the baseball association, in accordance with Mr. Phillips' letter, dubbed said letter a wonderful demonstration of "painless extraction." And, buddy we'll say he named it.

Tank Wagon Driver McNeff of Peoria is expanding the meshes of that red sweater in dangerous fashion since he won the cigars in the race for new customers. Proud of you, John, old topper!

Agent Uebler, of Washburn, furnishes daily entertainment for the tank car and traffic departments with the "line" he slings on his 142's. Good stuff, J. H. Let's have more of it.

Agent Webb, of Springfield, reports that since Lloyd Snyder, auto mechanic, was transferred to Peoria, the Springfield office has received so many inquiries as to the portly one's whereabouts that he has been obliged to run an ad in the papers, disclosing the bereavement, to disperse the throng of grieving damsels.

Mrs. John Wilson, wife of Clerk Wilson, Springfield office, has returned from the hospital after an operation for appendicitis. She is recovering nicely. John says he's glad she's back—and we'll tell you why. One night during her absence a spring lock and a puff of wind combined to leave John outside the house, attired in nothing but a beautiful flowered bath robe. If you don't believe it, ask the neighbors who watched him crawling through the transom. But John, you neglected to tell us what took you without, garbed so airily, at that hour?

All right girls! Cub Kelly is at your service with the closed car. Just get the "flu," and he'll be after you Sunday afternoons for a little fresh air in Glen Oak Park, Grand View Dirve, or anywhere you say. Line up to the right, and don't shove.

Our genial friend, Agent Ray, of Cuba, threatens to get the editorial nanny if those pictures he sent in some time ago don't appear in the Record shortly. Don't take it out on us. We've done our durndest.

On March 8 a boat whistled. Taylor cocked his ear, remarked "Sure is Spring," rose, and calmly removed coat and vest. That's what we call optimism.

Ben Hamil, engineer, Peoria warehouse, has embarked in the duck raising business. He promises some rare eats for the boys 'round the holidays. Don't see how he can look after the fowl and tend to that oil well at Logan Field.

"Jimmy" Heskie, attendant at Service Station 89, Peoria, in recounting the incidents relative to the recent holdup, opines as how when the disarmament conference set out to do away with heavy siege guns, he knows at least one piece that was overlooked.

The record department boasts an atmosphere of peace and tranquility—except when Miss Powers and Mr. Boughton engage in one of their periodical discussions. Put on the gloves, folks, and settle it.

Powell's failure to appear in our show as one "end" of the Educated Mule is accounted for by the Missus. She says he does too much kicking at home, let alone giving a public exhibition.

Agent Shelby Small, of Lacon, was late for the meeting on March 21. We saw Shelby that afternoon. He was standing on Main Street looking 'em over. 'Twas a nice spring day, and—well, you know. Couldn't blame him.

Barrel Painter Sellers, of Peoria, has Strangler Lewis backed off the map. Ask Bill Phillips. Bill nearly lost a leg in their recent match.

Hillview station opened for business March 13, with Mr. Claude Heskett as agent. Luck to you, Mr. Heskett, and welcome to the ranks.

So a certain Peoria young lady has made her selection of the division's Adonis. Tom Murray, you long-legged young rascal, stay down in Springfield. Keep an eye on the leddy, Mr. Phillips.

Hank Bader, ex-bookkeeper and now lightning stock clerk at Peoria, has moved to the city, and will dispose of his interest in the mailbox at the outskirts of our village where he and one Powell regularly parked their goloshes when they left No Man's Land to spend the day in town.

Salesmen Knight and Britt are working Springfield together these spring days. Mutt and Jeff to perfection.

Why do they call Station Examiner Lindenfelser "Temptation?" (We'll bite. Why do they?—Ed.)

Agent F. E. Small, of Chenoa, while attending the meeting at Peoria on March 13, was surprised in the act of endeavoring to date up one of our fairest young ladies. He lost his nerve when apprehended, and took to flight.

Salesman H. T. Geise is absent from our midst, suffering from a severe nervous breakdown. We extend our sympathy to Tom in his affliction, and trust the day is not far distant when his cheery self will once more be with us.

Agent J. F. Best, of Milford, is all chesty over his recent purchase of a new International Speed Wagon for immediate delivery. Glad to hear it, J. F. The bus should be a big help in facilitating deliveries.

Roscoe Cullip, genial and hustling agent at Gibson City for lo! these many years, recently purchased a new home at that point. Congratulations, Brother Cullip. There's nothing like one of your own.

We take pleasure in introducing Chas. "Plank" Kleinschmidt, Peoria office, featherweight bicyclist, and his Blue Streak, the terror of traffic officers. The velocipede was originally the property of F. W. Jahnke, who won it getting subscriptions for a local newspaper. Charles' last attempt was a motorcycle. And thus we progress.

Sympathy is extended to Asa Bryant, tank wagon driver at Springfield, in the recent death of his father. Closely following the bereavement Asa himself was stricken with the flu, and is still in process of recovery. Here's to his speedy return to duty.

Art Glenn, Peoria collector, must have been born under a lucky star. When his Henry turned over on March 3, all he received was a healthy scare. Art says "Lucky Star? A whole constellation. I saw 'em."

That chesty Springfield bunch had the neck to submit a clipping from a Capitol City newspaper, containing an account of their tenpin knights' supremacy. No comment attached. Just a sort of silent challenge, as 'twere. Humph! Let's see your money, gents. And we don't ask any "handicap."

Speaking of bowling, funny we haven't heard anything from either Bloomington or Galesburg regarding that strenuous pastime. How about it, Purcell and Klarr? You've enough huskies in your ranks to make formidable crews. Ritchey, for example. And seems to us we heard, once, that friend Lewis slings a wicked mineralite. Can't we get together on a little private A. B. C. by mail?

The Standard Oil Baseball Fans Association, Peoria division, under the loving ministerings of its energetic sponsor, Assistant Manager Phillips, is crowing lustily, and pawing the sides of the cradle, all ready to get out and dance as a regular che-ild. We await with great eagerness the tryouts in April.

The dance and card party given by the SOCO club of Peoria on Saturday evening, March 18, marked a signal success in the annals of that organization. Folks came from all over the division, and brought their kiddies. Don't underestimate the prime importance of kids at such gatherings, for they lend an added color, a certain touch of life and laughter that no grown-up could possibly give. Old Man Weather's attempt to dampen the ardor of the party was a pitiful failure—the harder it rained the faster they came. By nine o'clock Shorty Johnson had seen to it that everybody present had shaken hands with everybody else, and then followed a riot of clatter and chatter that vied with the musicians,

with honors about even. Boys and girls, youth and beauty personified, and, incidentally, a plentiful scattering of the more settled strata of society, once known as "old folks," whirled and swirled to the entrancing strains of Hogan's orchestra, than which last no band of terpsichorean troubadors can offer more in harmony and rhythm. The spacious, beautifully decorated K. of C. assembly room became for the nonce, a gaily flickering kaleidoscope of life, merriment and color, sparkling eyes and smiling lips, flying feet, and wisps of vagrant laughter, the whole adrift upon a flooding tide of haunting melody. (Stand back, folks, and give him air!—Ed.) In the ante-rooms cards held sway, those so inclined pursuing the fickle pasteboards in ardent quest of prizes that really turned out to be prizes. The punch bowl and the refreshment tables proved veritable oases, particularly the former (why, oh why?), and their possibilities were taxed at all times. Thus sped the hours all too rapidly, and when at length the throng of merrymakers scattered, they left behind universal sentiments of appreciation for the efforts of Chairman W. H. Flanagan and his hard working committee.

(We are *indebted* to District Superintendent J. Clay Lee for the above writeup, and also for his engineering of the flashlight picture taken of the gathering. Unfortunately, it turned out to be a "dud." We mean the picture. Furthermore, while he naturally made no mention of it, we feel constrained to touch upon his speech, which was quite a feature of the evening.)

QUINCY, ILL.

O, hum, the weighty and distinctive part of our sales force now is being addressed as Specialty Salesman J. G. Briggs. He's a regular "Cat's Ankle," say we.

Station Examiner O. O. Hedrick experienced his most embarrassing moment in life the other day while aboard a train. Among the passengers was a woman of unsound mind who tried persistently to make love to him. Hedrick was evidently "at sea" most of the time, judging by the way he tried to throw her overboard.

The paymaster was unusually late. Upon his arrival at S. S. No. 181, Quincy,his attention was directed to a flag flying at half mast over the station. William Snider, the attendant, was called and asked to explain the meaning of it, whereupon he said to the paymaster, "I heard you had passed away."

Rain, mud and gummed roads are no obstacles for Agent E. R. Gilstrap, Bevier, Mo., whenever a customer is in urgent need of oil or gasoline. He hitched as many as five teams of mules to a tank wagon and drove them over bad roads in order to satisfy a customer. (Did he get a picture of it? —*Ed.*)

Not wishing to disappoint a customer after having promised faithfully to make a delivery of Eureka Harness Oil, Agent Frank Wood, Augusta, drove over almost impassable roads until his motor truck stuck in the mud and then completed the delivery by walking or rather wading through water and mud ankle deep for more than a mile.

G. L. Rainier, agent at Hurdland, Mo., attends, if possible, all live stock sales held in Hurdland and vicinity and makes it a point to sell one 25-pound pail of Mica to every buyer of horses. Fine idea, Rainier.

The G. M. C. stake truck in service at the Quincy warehouse took on a spirited attitude and kicked, mule-like, while Jack Williams, driver was, in the act of cranking the motor. Jack sustained a fractured wrist.

Cliff Minard, Moberly office clerk, has "bluebeard" lashed to a tree, according to latest reports from that town. He has seven sweethearts whom he calls upon regularly every week, besides others. Wonder what he'd do if there were 30 days in a week.

Agent D. A. Childers, La Grange, wanted to get his team shod over at Eb Hammer's last week, but the boys were using all the new horseshoes playin' quoits, so Childers had to put off havin' his horses shod until the more urgent business of quoit tournament was over.

Lawrence Bastert has joined the sales force and has been assigned the territory formerly covered by O. D. McKasson. We hope you'll like our fellowship, Lawrence.

Agent G. M. Price, Winfield, Mo., was compelled to use seven horses to haul 100 gallons of gasoline one and one-half miles outside the city limits recently on account of road conditions. We contend that his initials stand for "Good Morning," for even this incident did not wear off the beaming smile ever on his face. (Did he get a picture of it? —*Ed.*)

Members of the Red Crown Club enjoyed a sumptuous dinner Thursday evening, March 30, in the Standard Oil Company office, the hostesses being the wives of the married men of the club. The dinner was served in cafeteria style and about 60 persons partook of the feast. After the dinner various games and contests furnished fun. Mrs. Geo. Beil and Otto Freiburg won prizes in a contest called "Henry's and Mabel's Honeymoon." A spelling match also was a feature, Dean Thomas pronouncing the words. Those in charge of the affair were Mrs. Chas. Lewers, chairman; Mrs. M. F. Worley, Mrs. B. E. Radtke, Mrs. A. L. Martin, Mrs. T. P. Jones, Mrs. Dean Thomas, Mrs. Geo. Beil, Mrs. Byron Gaines, Mrs. W. C. Bradley, Mrs. Otto Freiburg, Mrs. Lee Bell, Mrs. R. C. Boger, Mrs. M. L. Thayer, Mrs. Geo. Sohm and Mrs. W. M. Neuer. Everybody enjoyed themselves to the limit and voted the ladies to be royal entertainers. (Anybody take a picture?—*Ed*)

We are in receipt of a letter from Mr. Chester Smith, garage owner at Monticello, Mo., commenting on Mr. J. L. Hofmaster, Standard Oil agent at Lewistown, Mo., with the following words: "A word for Mr. Hofmaster—I find him very accommodating and attentive to his customers. He keeps posted on my supply and makes it his business to furnish me with a sufficient amount of everything in his line."

Agent Scott Dowell, New Cambria, Mo., arrived in Quincy the day before the agents' meeting and after registering at a local hotel, mysteriously disappeared. However, he showed up at the meeting the next morning. Questioned, Dowell said he went to a picture show.—? ? ?

Salesman W. A. Lynn states that he has broken trail for sled dogs within the Arctic circle when the thermometer registered 72 degrees below zero, day after day, but adds that it was a pleasure compared to an experience which befell him recently. On account of bad roads he was forced to abandon his car at a farm house and wade through mud up to his knees for more than five miles to the nearest town, carrying two heavy grips.

Friends of A. F. Wisehart, motor tank driver at Quincy, have nicknamed him the OWL DRIVER. It is not an unusual sight to see A. F. W. driving his truck into the garage at 8:00 p. m. while the mechanics, if on duty at this hour, imitate the cries of an owl.

W. P. Stevenson, agent at Kahoka, Mo., was voted by our general stenos. as the most handsome man in the group. He took one of the young ladies to a theatre, etc., but we're not printing her name for fear she'd sever our hair and cranium.

Agent John Snyder, Kirksville, Mo., once said: "Every time I attempt to write a news item for the Record I imagine I'm writing for a country weekly and make the story too long." We're giving this space to him because he's proporietor of a restaurant.

Agents of District Supt. D. S. Griffeth's territory held a meeting at the C. of C. building in Quincy on Thursday, March 23, and on the following day a meeting of Dist. Supt. W. C. McAdams' agents was called. All of the boys expressed the opinion that they enjoyed the meetings greatly.

Among the agents upon whom honor was bestowed during the trying days of rainy weather and muddy roads is Ester White, Green City, Mo. In spite of the mud, Ester supplied one of his customers with the products of which he was badly in need. His expense for the venture amounted to more than $20.00.

Quite a number of the agents were unable to attend the March meetings on account of illness. We're glad to know they are getting on their feet again and ready to give a good reckoning of themselves.

Brent Staubus, service station attendant, Brookfield, Mo., keeps his "optics" keen for business at all times. If he discovers a car going elsewhere for supplies a note is made and at first opportunity Brent camps on its trail, remaining there until he succeeds in getting the owner's patronage. Largely as a result of these tactics he has increased business at his station approximately 50% the first two months of the year, despite the fact that there is a competitive drive-in station directly across the street, which was not in existence a year ago.

During the course of an agents' meeting Milo Pierce, agent at Queen City, entertained the boys for a half hour by explaining in minute detail the process of skinning mules!

Our agents caused an epidemic of stiff necks among the office girls. Being clean-cut and snappy in appearance they completely turned the feminine heads.

Jack Howerton, Novelty, Mo., agent, says his home town is well named for every time the sun shines there the people consider it a NOVELTY.

Salesman Ross Wilson has found a market for Semdac Liquid Gloss with persons interested in raising pure bred hogs. A cloth dampened with Semdac and applied to the bristles makes Mr. Hog shine like a new beaver hat.

It is a pleasure to report that Salesman C. F. McWilliams, who has been ill, is again on the "mend."

O. D. McKasson tendered his resignation as salesman, effective April 1, and has accepted a position as secretary of the Elks lodge, Kirksville, Mo. Good luck, Mac.

According to reports from Geo. Allen, Pleasant Hill agent, indications for a bumper apple crop this year are very favorable. We're going to watch the matter closely, George, as our stock of cider and apple butter is fast becoming depleted.

J. G. Briggs has been succeeded on his territory by Salesman E. W. Meyers, who for a number of years was service station attendant at Quincy.

Agent Lee Fickel, Edina, Mo., has made arrangements to secure a second truck. Tractor owners in the vicinity of Edina have informed Lee that as soon as "Old Sol" gets busy on the job again they will keep him working day and night supplying their needs in oil and gasoline.

"Remember 'way back when ——" began Ed Boltz, Gorin agent, and Uncle Riley Culpen, agent at LaBelle, as they related stories of the old days in the oil business for the amusement of the boys who attended the March agents' meetings. Several of the younger fellows complained saying they had very little rest the night before, as Ed spun his yarns so interestingly and effectively they didn't want to go to bed.

SAGINAW, MICH.

The bowling team of the Saginaw office has been leading the Commercial league of Saginaw, for the past two months. Just this week we were passed by the Frankenmuth team, but the real reason for Frankenmuth doing this is that Rube Kerns, who is a "star," has been loaned by us to the Frankenmuth team. We have entered the Valley Bowling tournament which begins April 3, and expect to end up near the top.

Our station examiner, C. S. Kolb, tried to emulate the much famous "Weary Willie" a few weeks ago, while on a trip to Hale. Having finished his work at that station, he discovered that it had been raining and freezing and that there would be no more trains out of Hale for a week or more. Now Mr. Kolb is a "model" husband and wouldn't think of leaving "wifey" alone over Sunday, so in company with three other traveling men, he threw his portfolio and grip over his shoulder and walked from Hale to Emery Junction, a distance of thirteen miles, through the snow. Oh, by the way, it wasn't the wife that brought him home, it was an examiner's meeting on Saturday night.

Herbert Sample, attendant at Service Station No. 49, Flint, gave a demonstration just recently of the old adage "Honesty is the Best Policy," when E. L. Smith, of Symons Bros., Saginaw, lost his pocketbook containing $61.00 at the service station. Herb found the pocketbook and returned it to Mr. Smith the next day. Smith swears that no one but Herb is going to wait on him from now on.

On Friday evening, March 17, a meeting of the service station attendants of Bay City was held, presided over by Mr. Wm. Liddle, service station superintendent. Of course the meeting would not have been a complete success had not Mr. W. H. Coleman, district superintendent, been present to give one of his excellent talks on gasoline.

We overlooked in our last issue, the announcement of the marriage of our diminutive Gratiot county salesman, Stanley J. Lawler, to Miss Agnes Spero, of Saginaw, in January. Yes, Stan, the smokes and candy were fine.

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

Glen Stevens says if he ever gets all the half days that are coming to him he certainly will not let them pile up again.

Mr. S. M. Brown, credit man and newlywed, is still in hopes of finding a house.

Frank Smith and R. A. O'Connor, formerly of the stock department, have been promoted to station examiners. Luck to Connie and Frank.

John says the scales at the warehouse will soon have to be reinforced if the plump young ladies from the office continue to use them.

Watty, your candle case is beautiful, but oh, why didn't you perfume it?

The following named "Old Ladies" celebrated their birthdays this month: Helen Bunkowski, Katheryn Chaffin, Fern Cheshire, Catherine Jones, Leila Nims, Rose Noble, Roy Helenthal, Walter Reel.

Mr. P. H. Sawyers, assistant chief clerk, is going into his second childhood—fast too. He gets down on the floor and plays leapfrog, marbles, spins tops, and everythin' with his four-year-old son, who is 100 per cent boy. No dolls and the like for them.

Frances Grimes, our new telephone operator, was all "peeved" because she had to work on Saturday afternoon until the salesmen's meeting ended. She had such a good time that afternoon we have not heard her complain since.

S. S. 72 has nothing to say in this issue as they are too busy with the painter dressing up with a new coat of paint inside and out.

The painter has finished redecorating S. S. No 80. Mr. W. O. Swails, the attendant, says when he gets through putting on the finishing touches it will shine like a diamond.

For Sale—Spring chickens, watermelons and string beans—delivery made August 15, 1922. Please enclose check with order. Address Harry Bear, superintendent warehouse. Harry believes in taking future orders.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

All of the salesmen and "A" station agents in the St. Louis division attended a sales meeting in St. Louis on March tenth and eleventh. A banquet was held in the evening during which various salesmen made very instructive talks.

Mr. Robinson, Mr. Bemis, Mr. Shallenberger and Mr. May made a trip to the Wood River refinery on the 17th and were very cordially received by Mr. Manbeck, and take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Manbeck and his organization for the hospitalities extended them.

Mr. Robinson, Mr. Bemis and Mr. May have been busy holding agents' meetings in this division. While at Sikeston, Mo., holding a meeting on March 29, the party, including District Superintendent C. B. Hoeller, were given a real treat at the home of Salesman W. A. Welch. Mrs. Welch produced a real sure enough meal, which was very much enjoyed and appreciated.

A fellowship club known as the "Stanolind Fellowship Club" has been organized in the St. Louis office. The object of this club is to promote fellowship and mutual feeling, and to build up a fund with which to defray expenses which may be incurred from time to time through marriages, deaths, illness, or other causes. The officers of the club are as follows: M. McGrath, president; J. J. Long, vice-president; A. M. Allen, secretary; H. C. Pasquier, treasurer. Directors—Katherine Armstrong, Dallas Felts, Margaret McCarthy, Louis Schmitt, Wm. Zipp and Edward Wittmond.

Mr. L. R. Smith, our former agent at Carthage, Mo., has been appointed salesman in the Southwest Missouri district. We know that Mr. Smith will keep on producing big results as salesman, in the same way he did as agent.

Mr. A. T. McKinney has been added to the sales force in Southwest Missouri and will work in the city of Springfield. This chap looks to us like a live wire.

Our assistant manager, who is quite a judge of things to eat, has given the first prize for candy making to Miss Dailey, stenographer in the Springfield office.

We have a red headed agent at Sikeston, Mo., by the name of M. E. Welch, who knows more ways to get a truck through mud than Noah had animals on the ark.

District Superintendent B. W. Fitzgerald had a party at his home after the agents' meeting at Springfield had been held. Mrs. Fitzgerald had a splendid meal prepared, after which the party passed a pleasant evening at bridge.

Mr. H. W. Maserang recently joined the St. Louis division as salesman in the city of St. Louis.

Mr. W. H. Canada recently joined the St. Louis division as salesman in Southeast Missouri district.

SOUTH BEND, IND.

Mr. J. V. Gidley, former agent at Hebron, has been promoted to the position of general salesman, succeeding Mr. P. A. Moulder, who in the future will look after the tractor complaints in the South Bend field.

The following was submitted to us by the daughter of District Superintendent J. J. Miller:

It ain't the salesmen or the agents,
Nor the price the public pays,
But the close cooperation
That helps us win the day;
It ain't the service of the drivers
Nor the Company as a whole,
But the everlasting teamwork
Of every blooming soul.

Lawrence Dickey, wide awake attendant at S. S. No. 660, South Bend, reports: "On the morning of the twenty-third, seven new Studebakers drove into the station where several trucks were awaiting their turn to be filled. It required over 100 gallons of Red Crown gasoline to fill up. This occurrence is expected to continue during 1922."

Our agent instructor, Lyman Harris, while at Walkerton acted as volunteer fireman and helped remove the competitor's truck from the Rudd Motor Company's garage which was burning.

Earl Fite, service station attendant at Michigan City, sold a can of Semdac in the country the other day. He lacked one dollar of having enough change. "Wait a minute," he said to the lady who had bought the case of 807. Taking another can he went down the road to the next farmhouse, sold it and returned with $1.40 and made the correct change. Mr. Fite is also out after the record on Eureka Harness Oil. (Hope he gets it.)

Our La Crosse agent, Chas. Simpson, found it necessary to go back to the station the other day. He sold eight cases of 626 and had to go back and get some more.

Louis Niksch, our new service station attendant at Hobart, writes on his application for bond—"Single." Yes! but the fatal word "Engaged" below. No hope, girls.

Frank Burkhart, agent at Hartford City, Ind., is showing signs of developing into a lubricating engineer. Recently he advised the wife of one of his friends not to discard her old cream separator,

but to buy a gallon can of Finol. She followed his advice, bought a can and tried it; the result was wonderful. Now she and her husband swear by all that is good and right that Frank is some lubricating expert and they're telling all the farmers around that if anything is wrong with any of their machinery to consult Frank and he will prescribe the remedy.

Miss Lucy Marshall, stenographer in the accounting department, entertained at a dinner party Monday evening, February 27, at which time her engagement to Mr. Albert Hallen of this city was announced. We understand it was "some party"—but for full details we would refer you to those present from the office, who were: Louise DeGroote, Mabel Miller, Dorothy Jones and Helen Kerr. Anyway, Lucy, here's wishing you all the luck in the world.

Mr. Staples—"I hear you have got engaged to Mr. Casey, Miss Kerr. I think you might have seen me first."

His Stenographer—"I did, but I preferred Jim."

Mr. M. A. Driver, our former agent at LaGrange, resigned March 31 to enter business for himself. He will operate a motor transfer between LaGrange, Ind., and South Bend. We extend to him our best wishes for success in his new business.

Walter Masten, our former hustling agent at Howe, Ind., has been appointed agent at LaGrange, taking up the agency under date of April 1. He thinks he will like LaGrange very much after he gets accustomed to the larger cities.

Some time ago it was rumored that one Ralph George, tank wagon driver, was about to jump into matrimony. We are inclined to believe that there was something in this rumor, as he had been appointed agent at Howe, Ind., leaving the great automobile center where they make that Auburn Beauty. That's right, George, start saving your money; you'll need it.

Mr. E. P. Cox and Mr. M. C. Lewis traded territory, Mr. Cox taking the field formerly made by Mr. Lewis and the city of Goshen, while Mr. Lewis takes the city of Elkhart and Wakarusa from Mr. Cox. Mr. Lewis' former home was in Elkhart; therefore he is an old acquaintance to the trade in this city.

Mr. C. E. Waymire has taken over North Manchester station on commission. This was formerly an "A" station but was changed to a "B" station under date of April 1. Mr. Waymire intends to operate two trucks.

Mr. H. H. Van Kirk is the newest addition to our sales force, he formerly being employed by South Bend Supply Co. He spent some time in the office and we understand he spent the greater portion of this time looking for the man in the office who chewed mail-pouch. Come on back, Van, we have found the guy now and he has promised to divide with you next time you are in the office and out of your old favorite.

You all will remember that fisherman from Angola who goes by the name of J. M. Fisher. He has been appointed to general salesman in R. E. McLellan's district. This is no fish story either.

Mr. L. V. Johnson, former salesman in the northeastern district, has been appointed station examiner, so sooner or later he will be around to see all of you fellows.

Mr. Rex Drake, one of our rural tank wagon drivers at Elkhart, is a firm believer in good roads, and we understand he is going to vote for the man who will pave all roads and keep them free from snow in the winter time, owing to a little experience he had during a recent snow storm. This happened only six miles northwest of Elkhart. Drake drove out all right, but didn't get back for twelve hours, and during this time he had a lot of fun shoveling snow and going without his dinner.

We started operation of our new service station at North Manchester a few days ago. Mr. A. L. Keister, former salesman for the Ward & Hudson Co. of North Manchester, has been employed as one of the attendants, and Mr. Clarence Miller, who is also a resident of this vicinity, as the other.

Mr. H. C. Bennett is another new service station attendant, he being hired to assist at our service station at Warsaw, Ind.

Mr. W. E. McGriff, district superintendent of the southwestern division, is now a full-fledged resident of LaFayette, moving there from Wabash, the home of the Service Truck Co.

Late reports from Hartford City indicate that Salesman Frank Blake is on the high road to recovery, and there are many happy hearts at this good news.

Bert Force leads the world on cumulative contracts. Some of the salesmen would like to know your system, Bert; if you have anything up your sleeve let's have it.

Mr. L. Simms, tank wagon driver at LaFayette, stepped out one afternoon and showed us what a good salesman can do when he sold a bunch of specialty stuff. Frank Schubert will tell you what he did.

Mrs. John Shank, wife of our agent at Roanoke, Ind., passed away suddenly March 19. We extend our deepest sympathy to Mr. Shank.

We'll say Lucy Marshall's man has SOME vocabulary when it comes to "Say it with flowers". Lucy's desk reminds us of Beyer's floral shop. And Ellen Forslund, our petite file clerk, also appears to have an admirer who is addicted to "flowery" language. Now we ask you, ain't love g-r-rand?

Miss Mary Gibbons, head of the dictaphone department, recently underwent an operation for appendicitis. We are glad to report that she is getting along nicely.

Our deepest sympathy is tendered Del Baer of the order department, whose wife passed away April 9, following an attack of pneumonia.

Gertrude Nyber appeared one Monday morning with a beautiful diamond on her RIGHT hand. If right-handed people wear engagement rings on their left hands, do left-handed people wear 'em on their right hands? But Gertie isn't left-handed; therefore, we can't get the connection.

Save your chewing gum wrappers for Lester Hug—he has to save only 618,972,321 more to get a Ford.

Allan Boggs, our esteemed civil engineer, known as "Calculas," admits that there is one problem that he can't solve—the domestic problem. We married men all agree with you, Allan.

We have it on good authority that finding customers is not near as hard as it is for our salesman, B. V. Force, in his new Dodge, locating a place to call home. We might suggest that he and District Superintendent W. E. McGriff pitch tent on "The Banks of the Wabash" some night about 10.30.

It is rumored that S. A. Whitacre and J. A. Stockey, tank wagon drivers at Portland, are going to purchase hydroplanes to assist them in making deliveries during the flood season. Any way to get there, boys. Edwin Harter has been using a rowboat.

Ed Niksch and J. F. O'Brien, former service station attendants, have been promoted to service station salesmen. Watch out for their dust!

George Schilling, salesman, found a good life preserver in Elza Warren, when the latter and John Seibert rescued Schilling from his Ford car, which was marooned in a miniature lake near Fowler, Ind. George is getting quotations on Evenrudes!

The girls in the office all want to know what kind of perfume District Superintendent J. J. Miller uses. We believe he could sell a couple of gallons of it around here.

Our hustling agent at Middlebury believes in service. Having only an old truck he saw that he could not uphold this standard and therefore got himself a brand new Ford truck, which enables him to smile at all of his customers at all times. The reason for this is that he has no more repair bills.

Mr. C. A. Baylert has been advanced to warehouse man. He thinks he will like this position much better because a night watchman is not able to see very much of his wife and children. The wife says she'll like it better.

We have a hustling attendant at S. S. No. 685 in Mr. W. C. Biddle, who seems to be a very good reader of human nature, being able to pick out the deadbeats who call at his station from time to time. Our agent arrived on the scene the other day and found Mr. Biddle directing one of these customers to the competitor's service station. On asking Mr. Biddle his reason for doing this, he advised that the competitor was making a collection of these bad accounts.

Mr. R. P. Bixler, agent at Elkhart, Ind., is receiving mail from a number of different points and the last letter received was from Cleveland, Ohio. We didn't know that you had gone into business for yourself, Bix. Just what kind of business is it? Mrs. Mary Celubulska of Cleveland, Ohio, wants a perambulator. If you can furnish this customer we might be able to work up some more business for you. Come on, Bix, let us in on this.

WICHITA, KANS.

R. G. Roach, construction department, reports a 39 pound baby girl, Betty Maxine. We wondered at the size, but a little investigation proved that Raymond had weighed her on an old spring scales that had been in use about forty years. The good old doctor informed us that Maxine weighed 7½ pounds. When Raymond sees this his hat will shrink considerably.

Max Agee, repairman, has recovered from the flu.

That new good looking young guy in the record department is O. P. Branson.

H. A. Painter is monkeying around in the equipment department. He is new but has already found (an) ell in a lot of tees.

T. F. Dickson has been transferred from the credit department to the equipment department.

Recently Bob Morris, tank car clerk, came back from luncheon smelling like a camel. The boys wondered what the circus smell was. It developed that Bob had had the barber put 35 cents worth of camel's grease on his hair so that he could attend the Shrine circus at Hutchinson.

C. D. Hughey's baby girl is ill.

Eddie Brant (cashier's cage) is really an expert fireman. Recently he called to John Black, bookkeeper, to help him extinguish a small blaze. Mr. Black responded swiftly and efficiently but suffered slight burns on his hands. Eddie, upon being quizzed as to why he didn't put out the blaze himself, replied that he didn't want to burn his hands as it interfered with his writing. We thank you, Mr. Black.

Frank Ward, stock department, is building a new modern cottage on 520 North Green street. Says he will surely appreciate it when done as he has been existing in a garage until the new house could be completed.

C. E. Adams, agent at Kiowa, is home at Medicine Lodge sick with the flu. Salesman J. B. Sharon is driving his truck for him temporarily.

F. L. Massey, shipping clerk, and Less Siegrist, both of Hutchinson, have resigned to go into business for themselves. Ernest Dillmon, new shipping clerk, Hutchinson, has been down on his back with pneumonia.

Art Cornwall, city tank wagon driver, Hutchinson, has knocked the stuffin' out of the flu and is again on the job.

C. B. Rodarmel, Hutchinson, S. S. driver, has a large beautiful red sign on his house that he can't get by. (Smallpox.)

Fred Bull, agent at Hutchinson, says: "Oh, boy, these five inches of rain and snow will put Reno county over on Polarine this year." (Instead of an alibi, he finds in rain and snow an augury of better business! That's the kind of spirit that makes Standard Oil (Indiana) the great company it is. Think it over, folks.—Ed.)

Ed Hepler, agent at Winfield, reports that his little girl is undergoing a serious operation.

The Eldorotarian, official publication of the Rotary Club, Eldorado, has our Mr. Sandifer, agent at Eldorado, on its list as a director.

Claude M. Foster, stationery clerk, announces the arrival of a ten-pound boy, Charles Edward, March 14.

John Sherrit, gauger, was stricken with neuralgia of the heart on March 18, but has recovered enough to be able to work.

L. J. Black, station examiner, was called to Marshall, Missouri, recently because of the death of his brother.

G. W. Olson, stock department, entered his cellar one morning recently and found about two inches of water that had seeped in during a heavy rain. He proceeded to dip it out and went to work rejoicing. When he returned home that evening he peeped into his cellar and the blooming thing had about two feet of water in it. Investigating a little he found a beautiful mole hole that was furnishing a free supply of perfectly wet water from a large pond near by. In mercy to the lady readers we close the scene.

* * *

His Wife (pettishly)—"I don't see what you find in poker that is so fascinating."

The Salesman (diplomatically)—"It's the queens in the deck, my dear. They remind me so much of you."

* * *

"Have a cigar, old man?"

"No thanks, my boy! I've sworn off smoking for good."

"Well, put one in your pocket for tomorrow!"

* * *

"I would like to take out some insurance."

"Fire or life?"

"Both. I have a wooden leg."—*Indicator.*

CROUP

Croup is a common disease of infancy, occurring most frequently between the ages of six months to three years. It is always alarming to the parent, and may well be so, for though the more common variety of croup is practically never fatal, another variety, membranous, croup often ends in death.

In all cases of croup, therefore, a physician should be summoned, for an accurate diagnosis and proper treatment are most important.

Cases of simple croup are often due to a slight cold, and the attack itself may be preceded for several hours by a slight hoarseness, or by a nasal discharge. During the day the child may have appeared perfectly well, a hollow barking cough in the evening being the first sign of something wrong. About midnight the cough having increased in severity, there begin the symptoms termed an "attack of croup." There is difficulty in breathing, especially on inspiration, and the air is drawn through the larynx (Adam's apple) with a harsh, rasping sound. The child is terrified and appears to be in great distress. The voice is hoarse; the cough hard and metallic. The child sits up and struggles for breath, its forehead covered with perspiration. Not all the cases may be as severe as the one here described, but as a rule the symptoms are very alarming to parents who witness such an attack for the first time.

In cases of simple croup, hot applications over the larynx and a full dose of some emetic like syrup of ipecac usually give relief.

Membranous croup is a much graver disease, and is in reality diphtheria, which has produced a severe inflammation of the larynx. It demands not only treatment with diphtheria antitoxin, but may require the procedure known as "intubation." This consists in keeping the breathing passage open by the insertion of a silver tube in the larynx, in order to prevent death of the patient from asphyxia.—*United States Public Health Service*

It was at a college dance. The young man had just been introduced to her and after a brief and awkward silence he ventured:

"You are from the West, I understand?"

"Yes, from Indiana," she replied, "Hoosier girl."

He started and flushed deeply. "Why, er—really, he stammered, I—I don't know— that is, haven't quite decided yet."—*Boston Transcript.*

A DANGEROUS PRACTICE

"I doctor myself by the aid of medical books."
"Yes, and some day you'll die of a misprint."
—*Boston Transcript.*

This is a good illustration of the old saying, "Many a true word is spoken in jest, and conveys a good moral. It is said that a lawyer who pleads his own case has a fool for a client, and it is likewise true he who treats himself has a fool for a patient.

No one can properly diagnose his case and treat himself when he is ill. Often what seems to him to be the most characteristic or serious symptom is the one of least importance, while something altogether unsuspected turns out to be the most important factor.

It is most dangerous to try to be your own doctor. Even in a simple case you will probably go wrong, and how can you know what to do in a serious, perplexing case which may baffle all but the most experienced physicians?

Aside from rendering first aid to those who are injured or taken suddenly ill, you should only administer to the sick (including yourself) under the direction of a physician.

Books are written with the idea of describing an average case, but average cases are few indeed. Most cases of illness have some peculiarity, as do the patients themselves. Some medicines which do good for one cannot be taken and are ofttimes dangerous to others.

Therefore, do not try treating yourself or advising others along this line, as by doing so you may unintentionally be the cause of delaying proper treatment until it is too late, thereby causing much unnecessary suffering and expense, and possibly shortening the life of some individual. —*United States Public Health Service.*

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Indiana)

General Sales Department

H. S. MORTON, *Vice-President*

ALLAN JACKSON, *Vice-President*

General Manager

T. J. THOMPSON

Assistant General Managers

JOHN L. CARTER, Northern Division
R. G. STEWART, Central Division

N. R. GRIMSHAW, Eastern Division
AMOS BALL, Western Division

Lubricating Department

B. T. THOMPSON, *General Manager*

C. O. WILSON, *Assistant General Manager*

Asphalt Department

F. P. ALLEN, *Manager*

Branch Offices

CHICAGO, ILL.
H. A. LEWIS, *Manager*
C. F. HATMAKER, *Assistant Manager*

DAVENPORT, IOWA
L. W. CAMERON, *Manager*
C. W. FLANAGAN, *Assistant Manager*

DECATUR, ILL.
T. B. CLIFFORD, *Manager*
JOHN H. BUDDE, *Assistant Manager*

DES MOINES, IOWA
H. A. MONSON, *Manager*
J. N. ELKERT, *Assistant Manager*

DETROIT, MICH.
H. R. COCHRAN, *Manager*
H. H. KEATING, *Assistant Manager*

DULUTH, MINN.
I. J. SHIELDS, *Manager*
G. E. WEBB, *Assistant Manager*

EVANSVILLE, IND.
W. J. LANG, *Manager*
EWALD BRAUNS, *Assistant Manager*

FARGO, N. D.
F. I. PACKARD, *Manager*
P. A. RAUPAGH, *Assistant Manager*

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.
J. C. MARSHALL, *Manager*
R. F. MCCONNELL, *Assistant Manager*

HURON, S. D.
A. H. DODSLEY, *Manager*
C. L. BAILEY, *Assistant Manager*

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
E. P. GALBREATH, *Manager*
H. E. BRUCE, *Assistant Manager*

JOLIET, ILL.
E. E. MORTON, *Manager*
CARL MONSON, *Assistant Manager*

KANSAS CITY, MO.
H. C. GRIFFIN, *Manager*
J. W. WILSON, *Assistant Manager*

LA CROSSE, WIS.
J. H. LAMBERT, *Manager*
J. E. MONEGAN, *Assistant Manager*

MANKATO, MINN.
M. H. CHESBROUGH, *Manager*
JOHN BEATON, *Assistant Manager*

MILWAUKEE, WIS.
T. H. LANG, *Manager*
IVAN PRATHER, *Assistant Manager*

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
F. L. COCHRAN, *Manager*
W. H. BROWN, *Assistant Manager*

PEORIA, ILL.
J. R. COLEMAN, *Manager*
G. F. PHILLIPS, *Assistant Manager*

QUINCY, ILL.
A. L. MARTIN, *Manager*
T. P. JONES, *Assistant Manager*

SAGINAW, MICH.
L. J. THOMPSON, *Manager*
E. R. SOOP, *Assistant Manager*

ST. JOSEPH, MO.
GEO. M. WHELAN, *Manager*
T. D. WARREN, *Assistant Manager*

ST. LOUIS, MO.
A. P. ROBINSON, *Manager*
H. J. BEMIS, *Assistant Manager*

SIOUX CITY, IOWA
D. B. THAYER, *Manager*
B. F. LEONARD, *Assistant Manager*

SOUTH BEND, IND.
D. L. GUILFOYLE, *Manager*
E. P. WARREN, *Assistant Manager*

WICHITA, KAS.
P. J. QUINLAN, *Manager*
W. C. VAN HORNE, *Assistant Manager*

Gasoline for an Empire

THE eleven states served by the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) are an empire in area, wealth, population, and industrial activities. They constitute the largest and most important market for petroleum products on the American continent.

To win such a market, to gain the confidence, and enjoy the respect of this buying public is a task worth while.

To achieve this objective, to merit the confidence of its patrons, and to be prepared at all times to serve them, has been for many years the dominating idea of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana). To make its service more comprehensive it manufactures special grades of its products to meet special requirements.

For example, take gasoline. Under this general head come fifteen different products, each made with scientific precision to meet a specific, well-defined need.

For the motorist the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) makes Red Crown Gasoline. This product is made for the sole purpose of generating power in the modern internal combustion engine. It has a chain of boiling point fractions carefully adjusted and graduated with scientific exactness to enable you to get from your engine all the power it can develop.

In attacking the problem of supplying motor gasoline for 30 million people, three main points were considered—

First—Quality: The gasoline must function perfectly: to do this nothing short of scientific precision is sufficient.

Second—Quantity: To meet the ever-growing demands for motor fuel, the yield of gasoline must be great if the cost is to be kept down.

Third—Distribution: To make it easy for the consumer, wherever he may live, to secure 1 gallon or 1000 gallons of gasoline, whenever he may need it.

In Red Crown Gasoline is symbolized the ideals animating the Board of Directors of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana). Red Crown is highly efficient—it is produced in large quantities, and sold at a price that is fair to all.

Red Crown has achieved leadership by rendering a maximum of service just as the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) has become a leader in the industry by rendering a definite, positive, essential service.

It is by such standards that the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) measures its usefulness, and by maintaining such standards it intends to continue this leadership by meriting the confidence and respect of the public it serves.

Standard Oil Company
(*Indiana*)

910 So. Michigan Ave. **Chicago, Ill.**

NEWMAN MONROE CO., CHICAGO

STANOLIND RECORD

Vol. 3 JUNE 1922 No. 8

THE FLOOD AT S. S. 146,
BEARDSTOWN, ILL.
PEORIA, DIVISION

Published for the Employees by the
STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(INDIANA)

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Allan Jackson, *5th Vice-President*
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E. J. Bullock, *Director of Purchases*
T. J. Thompson, *General Manager, Sales*

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W. N. Bercaw, *Assistant Director*, Whiting, Ind.
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STANOLIND
RECORD
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(INDIANA)
Publication Office: 910 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago

Vol. 3 JUNE No. 8

MR. MORTON RETIRES; THREE NEW DIRECTORS

Authorization to Increase Directorate to Nine Members and Acceptance of Resignation of First Vice President After years of Efficient and Faithful Service Is Followed by Election to Board of Directors of R. H. McElroy, E. J. Bullock, T. J. Thompson

Acceptance of the resignation of Mr. Henry S. Morton, first vice-president of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), an increase in the number of directors from seven to nine members, and the election to the directorate of Mr. Robert H. McElroy, Mr. Edward J. Bullock and Mr. Thomas J. Thompson, was officially announced on May 23, in an executive statement issued over the signature of Col. Robert W. Stewart, chairman of the Board of Directors and executive head of the company. The statement follows:

"It is with profound regret, and a keen sense of loss, that the Board of Directors of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) accepts the decision of Mr. Henry S. Morton to retire from active participation in the affairs of the Company, and to resign his place as First Vice-President and member of the Board of Directors.

"His colleagues who, for so many years have enjoyed intimate association with Mr. Morton, feel a deep personal loss at the thought that his genial companionship, his wise counsel and his ripe experience in administering the Company's affairs, no longer will be theirs to command; but the memory of his accomplishment, his courage and his high intelligence will ever be an inspiration.

"While regretting their loss, the Board of Directors, individually and collectively, share with Mr. Morton the joy and pride that must be his in throwing off the mantle of authority and responsibility and retiring from active service in honor and health, with full consciousness that his work has been well done.

"The Chairman of the Board of Directors, acting as spokesman for twenty-five thousand employes, whose activities have been so profoundly affected by his leadership, extends to Mr. Morton their affectionate well wishes and hope that the years to come may find him enjoying to the full the fruits of his labor.

"By reason of the resignation of Mr. Morton as Director of this Company, and the number of Directors having been increased from seven to nine by resolution of the stockholders at their regular meeting held March 2, 1922, three vacancies exist in the Board of Directors, which have been filled as follows:

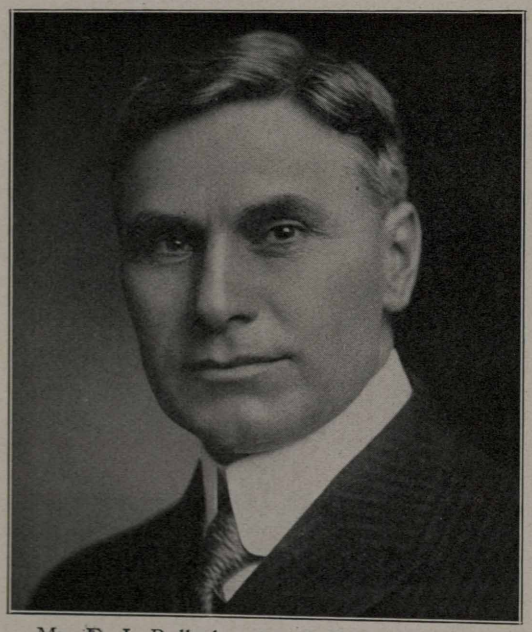
"Mr. Robert H. McElroy has been elected a Director, and will continue as Traffic Manager of the Company.

"Mr. Edward J. Bullock has been elected a Director, and will continue as Director of Purchases of the Company.

"Mr. Thomas J. Thompson has been elected a Director, and will continue as General Manager of the Sales Department of the Company."

TWO STARTED AS OFFICE BOYS; THE THIRD AS LABORER AND TANK WAGON DRIVER

Mr. T. J. Thompson entered the employ of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) as laborer and drayman at Grand Rapids, Mich., in 1883. The next year he was promoted to the position of driver of a tank wagon. Step by step he came up the ladder in the sales department until he became manager of the Chicago division, and then, on December 10, 1920, general sales manager of the company. He now becomes a member of the Board of Directors.



Mr. E. J. Bullock entered the employ of this company in 1889 as an office boy at Milwaukee. He advanced through various positions and in 1904 was transferred to Chicago as manager of the lubricating oil sales division. In 1915 he was made manager of the Chicago sales division; in 1919, head of the oil products purchasing department; in 1921, director of purchases, and in 1922 a member of the Board of Directors.

Mr. R. H. McElroy began his career as an office boy in the employ of the C. M. & St. P. R. R. Co. He worked his way through numerous promotions there and in 1906 was offered, and accepted, the position of assistant traffic manager of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana). He became traffic manager in 1917 and now takes a place on the Board of Directors.

MR. MORTON'S CAREER EXEMPLIFICATION OF OPPORTUNITY OPEN TO ALL YOUNG MEN IN STANDARD OIL SERVICE

The decision of Mr. H. S. Morton to retire as first vice-president and member of the Board of Directors of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), came as a shock and a surprise to his associates and to the great body of employees.

Mr. Morton's retirement from active participation in the affairs of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) brings into striking relief the opportunities which are given to men entering its service in lowly positions, to rise to places of eminence, authority, and responsibility, without influence other than the influence of brains and industry.

From the day he entered the employ of the Consolidated Tank Line Company, Cincinnati, and became affiliated with the oil industry, Mr. Morton has shown an eager, unflagging interest in the lubricating end of the oil business.

Before the end of the year 1886, at which time he was secretary to Alexander McDonald, president of the Consolidated Tank Line Company, he began his pioneering work with steam cylinder and turbine lubrication. As soon as Mr. McDonald would leave his office at three or four o'clock in the afternoon, the youthful and ambitious Morton promptly transferred his activities for the balance of the day to the lubricating department, and insisted on taking dictation from, and otherwise assisting, R. W. Richey, manager of the lubricating department, and one of the leading authorities on lubrication of the times.

Nor did he confine his study of this tremendous problem of lubrication, which was to be his life work, to the prescribed office hours, but evening after evening found him at the various theatres, not viewing the plays as a student of the drama, but taking a minor role in what was to him a more intense drama, the scene of which was in the engine room in the basement of the theatre. He chose the theatre engines because they were practically the only steam plants operating at night, other than the electric light plant. Making friends with the engineer, he tested various mixes of cylinder oils under varying speed and temperature conditions. It was during these days that he worked out data which was later used in devising formulas for various cylinder oils.

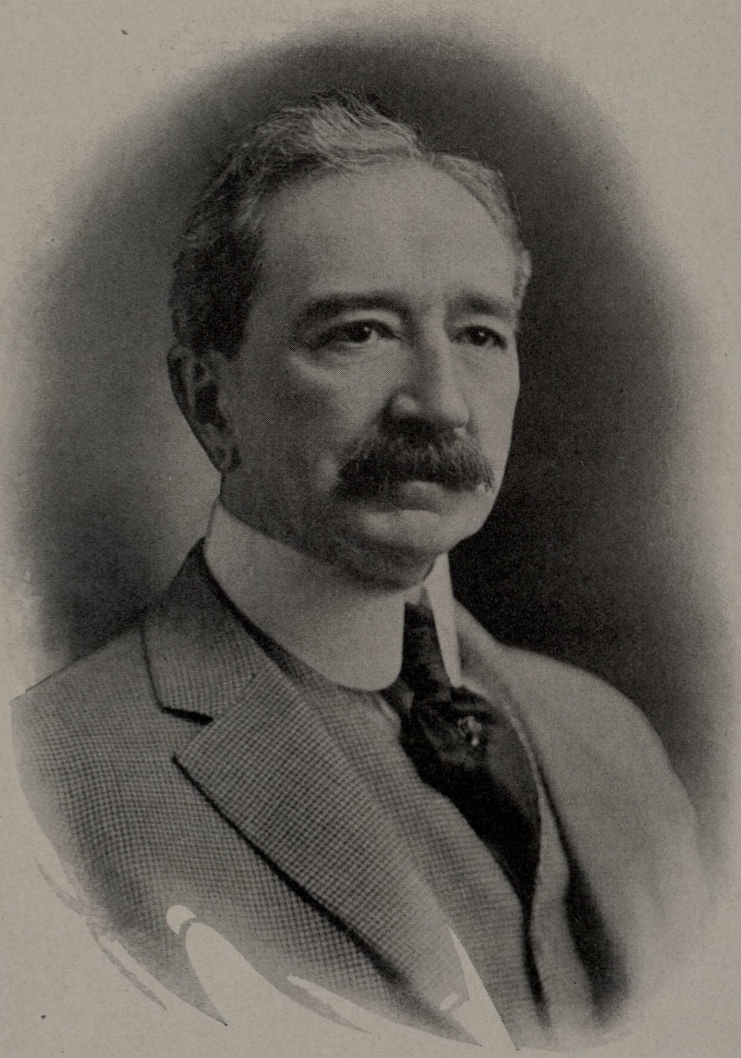
This experimental work soon attracted the attention of Mr. Richey, who, admiring the ambition of the young man, urged Mr. McDonald to release him from his duties in the executive office to assist him in the lubricating department. But he had already become valuable to Mr. McDonald, and the latter, not wishing to lose his services, thought to discourage young Morton by offering to release him to Richey at a substantial decrease in salary. This did not cool Mr. Morton's ardor, however, and he at once affiliated himself with Mr. Richey in the lubricating department.

Only a few more months passed, when, so invaluable had he become to Mr. Richey, that the latter went to Mr. McDonald with the request that Morton be appointed assistant manager of the lubricating department. Before the end of the year 1887, Mr. Richey was appointed general manager of the eastern branch of the Consolidated Tank Line Company, at which time Mr. Morton, who had absorbed Mr. Richey's knowledge of lubrication, and had gathered additional data from his experimental work, naturally stepped into his superior's place. Because of his youth he was immediately dubbed "the kid manager" by his associates.

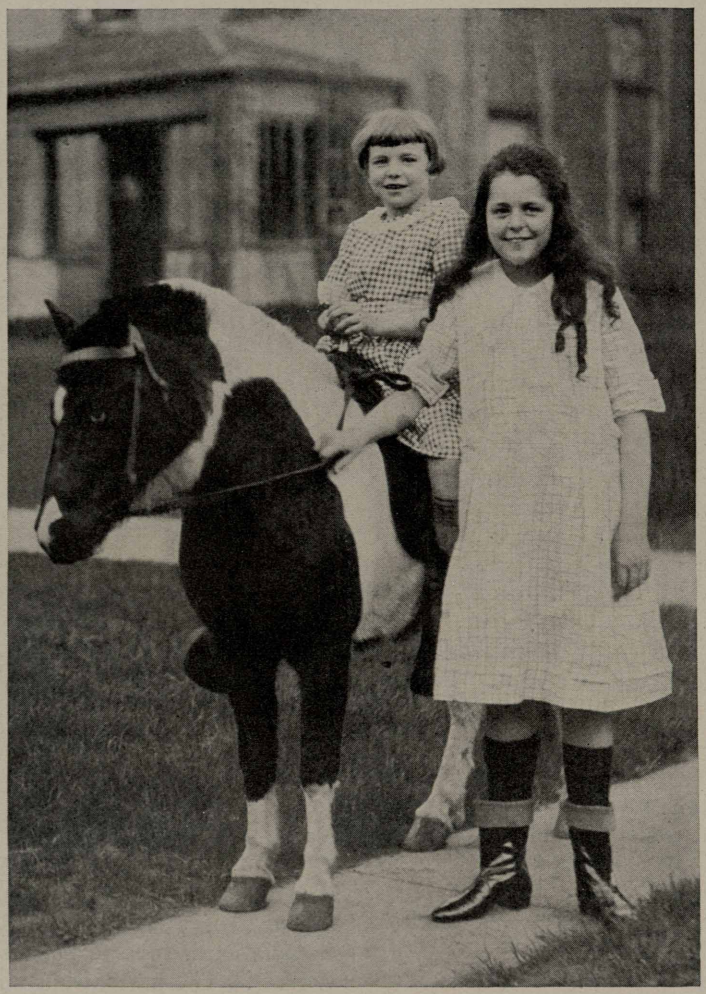
From this point Mr. Morton's career was filled with achievement and advancement. Since those days his particular province has been the manufacture and distribution of lubricants.

The acceptance of the position of manager of the lubricating and by-products department of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) caused him to leave the Consolidated in 1890. From then on his entire energies were devoted to Standard Oil interests. In 1902 he was appointed associate director of the domestic and foreign

(Continued on Page 6)



MR. H. S. MORTON
Retiring First Vice-President
May 23, 1922



Two good reasons for Mr. Morton wishing to retire—Dorothy, age 12, and Frances, age 8, daughters of Dr. Frank Morton, who expect to keep their grandfather busy entertaining them. They're much more interesting than any lubricating oil, even Polarine.

AND IT'S A DARN GOOD BRAND TO CARRY!

Sioux City, Iowa.—Agent Roy Nelson at Hawarden, Iowa, carries his brand right around on his back so everybody in his territory can see it. He's not only proud of the brand, but is also proud of the fact that this idea is all his own. (We think it is quite an idea, too.—*Ed.*)

(*Continued from Page 3*)

lubricating department, and, to better fit himself for this work, Mr. Morton made an extended tour of Europe during 1903, making a comprehensive study of lubrication in various European countries, returning at Thanksgiving of that year. Throughout a protracted period he held positions as the New York representative of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) as well as of other companies of the original Standard Oil group.

Mr. Morton's removal to Chicago in 1912 was really but the continuation of a service with the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) that was begun in 1890. He re-assumed in Chicago the position of resident general manager of the lubricating department, which position, however, grew in size and importance with the expansion of the company's business. In 1917 he was elected to the Board of Directors and shortly thereafter succeeded to the position of first vice-president.

Mr. Morton has earned a rest, but he will be missed.

DIRTY FACES RICH

A balance on April 1 of $16,582.00 in the treasury of the Whiting Mutual Benefit Association is reported by Secretary W. O. Walker. The assocaition has 1,356 members in good standing. Receipts during the month were $736.99; disbursements, $1,100. Funds are invested as follows: Liberty bonds, $4,000; Whiting Savings & Loan Association stock, $5,304.50; Hammond City improvement bonds, $5,025; Savings account, Bank of Whiting, $1,577.24; War Savings Stamps, $361.86; Checking account, $313.40.

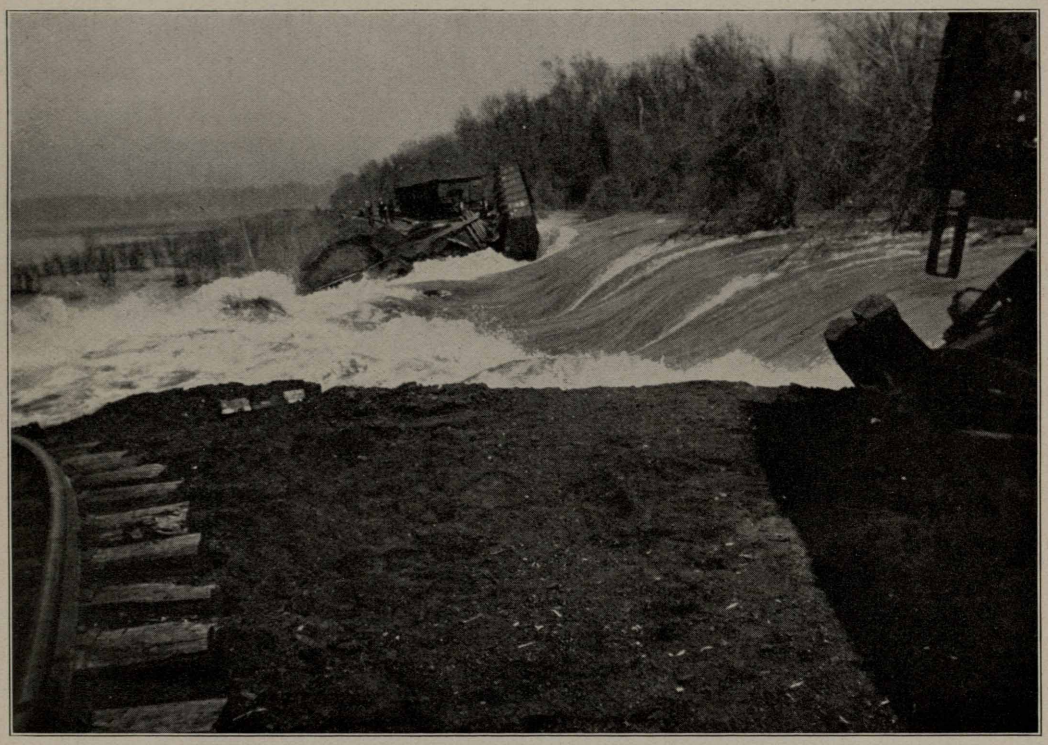
* * *

Whatever trouble Adam had no man could make him sore by saying when he told a joke, "I've heard that one before."

American Legion Weekly.

STANDARD OIL HELPS FLOOD SUFFERERS

Service Maintained By This Company Under Distressing Conditions at Beardstown, Ill., Peoria Division, after Other Companies Had Shut Up Shop and Hauled Their Equipment to the Dry Highlands



When the levee went out at Beardstown.

Standard Oil Service, Anywhere, Anytime, Under Any Conditions!

Time and again the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) has made good that boast, and to the record of its achievements in rendering service under difficult conditions, it can add the Beardstown flood.

The breaking of the levees there found Standard Oilers right on the job:

Charles E. Winslow, salesman in that territory.

Ed. French, agent at Beardstown, and his men.

Excerpts from a letter of Mr. Winslow's to the Peoria office tell what happened:

"On Tuesday, April 11, while the writer was in Lewiston, word was received of the breaking of the first levee in Beardstown. This break was closely followed by a break in the levee protecting 'Combs Addition.' Learning of the seriousness of the situation I proceeded to Beardstown Wednesday night instead of stopping at Astoria as routed. On arrival I found it necessary to make a wide detour to reach the Park hotel, on account of many streets being already impassable. Got in touch with Ed. French, Beardstown agent, and, having borrowed a pair of boots we *waded* to the service station. There we found the water to be over the driveway and about four inches from tops of the fill pipes of the gasoline tanks.

"Leaving there the writer started trying to secure a pair of boots, hip boots, but none was to be had in Beardstown. Telephoned to several adjacent towns only to learn that their stocks had also been depleted, so finally had to wait until morning to call our Galesburg office, which shipped a pair promptly on the next train. This was fotunate, as hip-length boots were at a premium, many people remaining

(*Continued on Page 10*)

(Continued from Page 7)
up all night to secure a pair from shipments arriving on late trains. This condition prevailed for three or four days until everybody was supplied, but the owner of a pair of boots was an envied person.

"When we reached the service station the morning of the 13th we found the fill pipes two inches *under* water. On instructions from the Peoria office we secured barrels from the bulk plant, and emptied the service station tanks to avoid the possibility of gasoline floating out and creating additional danger of fire. The report of the weather bureau was 'river rising half inch per hour.' The water showed a depth of eleven inches at highest point of the service station drive. During the day the B. & O. Railroad had to discontinue service over their tracks, and started running trains via a detour over tracks of the C. B. & Q. to Jacksonville. A number of downtown stores were working large gangs of men in a last attempt to build sandbag levees against their buildings to keep water out of merchandise. Hundreds of homes were under water on first floor and families were compelled to leave or in some cases were able to move upstairs.

"April 14. Measurements kept on service station drive showed water had raised six inches since 5 p. m. of the 13th. The levee protecting Kelly Lake drainage above Browning gave way and this held the water at a stand for several hours in Beardstown.

"French and his men were out with a team all day making deliveries of kerosene, although the water was nearly over the first floor at his home, and he had to hire men to move his furniture, rugs, piano, etc., upstairs. Besides this, Mrs. French's invalid mother, who lives with them, was taken with an attack, from which she died on April 20, which made it necessary for Mrs. French to add nursing cares to her already heavy load. In spite of this, next day, as the water kept rising, he ordered a boat to be built and when finished used it in conjunction with the team and wagon to supply the portions of town which were in water too deep to be reached any other way. Agents of the two other oil companies doing business here stopped making deliveries and put their trucks on high ground as soon as the water became above normal. Our own agent, with enough trouble in his home to have discouraged most people, nevertheless continued to distribute goods to those who needed and wanted kerosene. The Standard Oil Company was the only available source of supply.

"It was a very critical time for several days, and following the lead of the telephone company, which had a complete gas engine and generator equipment, and two men to set up and operate it, shipped from Chicago to supply current to them, I decided it would be wise to have our own company be prepared to handle any emergency and requested a shipment of plumbers' candles. The next day on the first train to get through came forty-two cases shipped from Springfield by express. The Standard Oil Company was ready and willing to stand their share of responsibility along with the light and telephone company. Not so spectacular, perhaps, but none the less doing what could be done to relieve the distress and suffering.

"Sunday, April 16. Easter. The levee on which the C. B. & Q. tracks run to the north, and which protects Coal Creek Drainage, broke through at six o'clock in the morning, a two hundred foot gap, through which the water poured under such a terrific pressure that gondolas and box cars loaded with rock were carried away like chips of wood and washed off down in the fields no one knows, or will know, where until the water goes down. While this five-thousand acre tract was being filled up the city was relieved for a time, but Sunday night came a pouring rain, and Monday the water started to rise again. Easter Sunday in Beardstown was a parade of boats and waders in hip boots.

"On Tuesday, the 18th, a veritable gale swept over all day and fears were entertained again for the safety of the power plant, as the waves swept against it and dashed over it in spray, but everything held. The water continued to rise until

(Continued on Page 12)

STANDARD OIL FLOOD SERVICE WINS PRAISE

Service rendered by the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), Agent Ed. French and his men and Salesman C. E. Winslow during the Beardstown flood, won recognition from the press, citizens and various organizations in Beardstown and Central Illinois. Some of the letters and editorials of commendation follow:

FROM THE MASONS

"Standard Oil Co., Peoria, Ill. Gentlemen:—We, the Masonic Relief Committee of Cass Lodge No. 23, A. F. & A. M., of Beardstown, wish to commend you for the faithfulness of your men in the field in this city during the flood which has been forced upon us. We have found your men on the job doing all in their power to do, and we feel safe in saying that if it had not been for their good work that in many cases our citizens would have been left stranded. We feel that we cannot say too much for those fellows who have worked so hard and were always willing to go and do their part. Very sincerely, G. M. Humphrey, *Chairman*."

AN EDITORIAL

The following editorial appeared in the Beardstown Illinoisian Star of April 19:

"In expressing appreciation, credit should be given to Ed. French and his men and Mr. Winslow of the Standard Oil Company for their efforts in relieving the distress caused by lack of heat and lights in some quarters of the city. With teams and boat they have been on the job constantly delivering kerosene to those who have to depend on that fuel for light and cooking stoves. A tank car has been waiting at one of the nearby refineries in readiness to be rushed on here with additional oil if necessary. In anticipation of the possible failure to keep the water out of the power and gas plant, candles were shipped in and stored in convenient points for quick distribution, so darkness would not be added to the burden so many are carrying. While not in any way spectacular the efforts of these men and the company they represent show the hearty spirit of help which Beardstown has had from the large corporations operating here, and which have served to make our conditions more easy."

FROM SALVATION ARMY

"Standard Oil Company, Peoria, Ill. Gentlemen: I just learned that your Mr. C. E. Winslow was leaving here tomorrow and I thought I would like to express my appreciation of the efforts of the Standard Oil Company, through your representatives, all through the critical period of the last two or three weeks. Mr. Winslow has been on the job from morning till night and has left no stone unturned in order to render every assistance, and while there has been no direct loss of life, the calamity which has befallen this town has been a tremendous strain on all who have been engaged in rendering aid to the community, and very much credit is due your company and its representatives. Thanking you on behalf of those of us who have been doing what we could in this emergency. Yours very respectfully, Capt. Fred R. Brewer, in charge of relief work, Salvation Army, City Hall, Beardstown."

Capt. Brewer was sent by the Salvation Army to Beardstown from the Army headquarters at St. Louis as soon as news of the disaster was flashed over the news wires.

ANNUITANT DIES

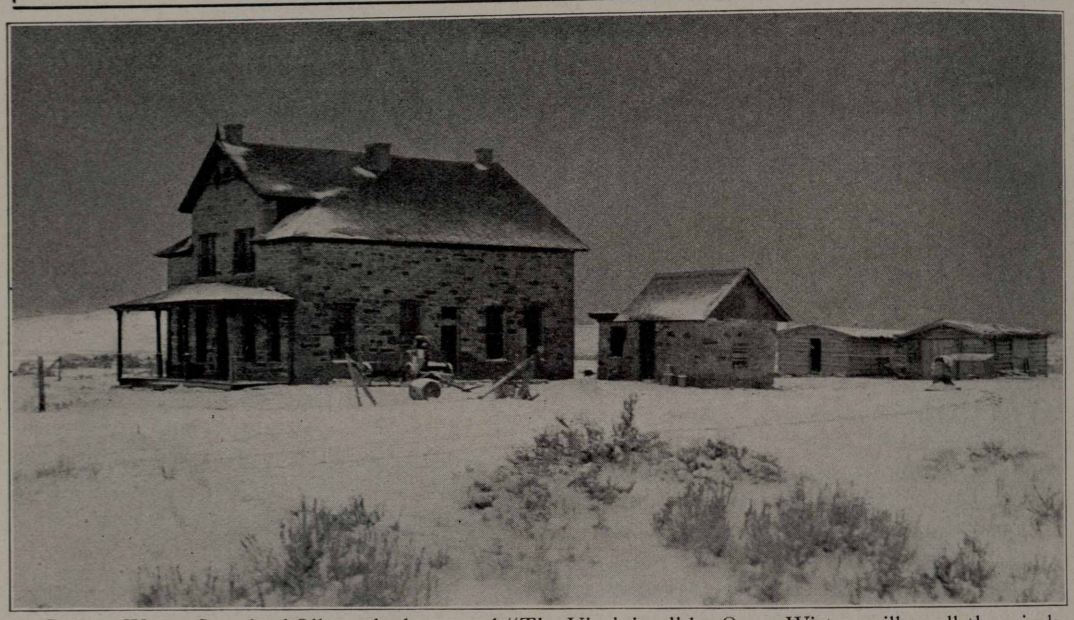
The Record regrets to report the death of Mr. J. F. McFadden, of Algona, Iowa, on the annuity payroll since December 1, 1919. Mr. McFadden was formerly a salesman, and was in the service of the company 22 years and four months.

* * *

Nurse—"Why, Bobby, you selfish little boy! Why didn't you give your sister a piece of your apple?"

Bobby—"I gave her the seeds. She can plant 'em and have a whole orchard."—*Kingston Standard.*

WHERE THE COWBOYS CHANGED THE BABIES



Casper, Wyo.—Standard Oilers who have read "The Virginian," by Owen Wister, will recall the episode at the dance when the cowboys switched the babies so their mothers couldn't tell which was which, but few of them will know that this episode actually occurred, the facts being taken by the author from real life. It actually happened at the famous Goose Egg ranch on Bessemer Flats, near Casper, shown in the above photograph. In the early days this ranch house was the scene of many social activities of the cattle kings, and the arch conspirators of the baby episode, "Missou" Hines, now a wealthy oil man living in Denver, and "Colorado" Patton, still a resident of Casper, and now United States marshal for the State of Wyoming, have lived to see the babies grow to man and womanhood in Wyoming. It is reported that Doug and Mary Fairbanks are soon to film "The Virginian," using the original Wyoming scenery as the setting.

(*Continued from Page 10*)

10:30 p. m. Wednesday, April 19, at which time it came to a standstill at the predicted crest of 25.1 feet, 29½ inches deep at highest point of our service station drive, 12 inches deep over the lobby floor at the Park hotel. It was now necessary to travel even short distances by boat, as wading, even with hip-length boots, was impossible in most parts of city. Many were operating 'taxi' boats and these were of necessity well patronized. The breaking of Crane Creek levee caused a slight drop, but next day it rose again and remained steady for several days.

"What will be the aftermath? We can't tell yet what damage has been done—whose houses swept away or wrecked—whose personal fortunes swept away. We don't know, the water still hides the worst, but the losses and damage done will show a staggering total.

"This much we know, the Standard Oil Company has cause to thank Mr. Ed French and his men for their devotion to the company's interests, for by their steadfast performance of a stern duty they have earned and received the gratitude and appreciation of the city for themselves and for the company they represent—they have lived up to Standard Oil Company standards and traditions.

"While nearly everyone did his or her 'bit' in helping for the good of all, especial mention is due the Central Illinois Public Service Company, the Salvation Army, and the Bell Telephone Company for their gameness and splendid persistence in carrying out their duties. To Messrs. Clayton and Luecke of the C. I. P. S., Captain Brewer of the Salvation Army, Messrs. Seymour and Dikeman of the Bell Telephone Company and to Mayor Wesley Perry, City Clerk 'Bob' Maslin."

100 YARDS FROM S. O. PLANT AT PEORIA

While Beardstown suffered most, many other cities and towns of Central Illinois were affected by the floods. This photograph shows the river bank at Peoria at a point 100 yards from the Standard Oil Company plant in that city. The photograph was taken April 21.

HERE ALSO

Decatur, Ill.—The following letter was received from our agent, C. H. Clanney, Grafton, Ill., who deals in particular with conditions that existed during the recent rampage the old Mississippi started on:

"Standard Oil Co., Decatur, Ill. Gentlemen:—On April 17 myself and driver borrowed a push car from the Illinois Powder Company and took three barrels of Perfection oil and one barrel of Red Crown gasoline to Chautauqua, Ill., on the railroad. We are going to endeavor also to get to Elsah, a circuit town, the same way tomorrow, but have little hopes of it on account of the high water on the railroad track. The passenger train just arrived and there is no telling when they will leave, as part of the track is washed away.

"My driver lives in the west end of town and comes to work in a boat right down the middle of the main street, or rather the only street in town. Two feet more of water will put it in our plant. The C. P. & St. L. depot is completely surrounded and the water is still rising.

"As an indication of how conditions are, I would state that in Calhoun county you can go in a motor boat to Deer Plain and land at the steps of the store at that point. There are thousands of acres under water in Calhoun and Jersey counties. Yours truly, Chas. Clanney."

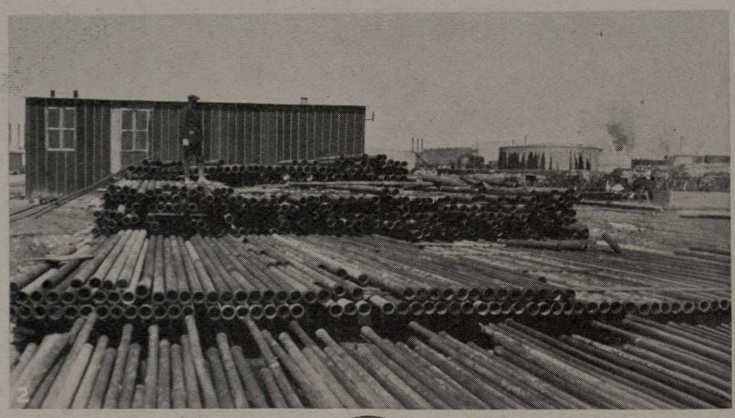
We feel sure that Mr. Clanney deserves a word of praise in recognition of the fact that under conditions which made the delivery of Standard Oil products seemingly impossible, he devised a way to show the public and his customers that Standard Oil Company's service could be given under any conditions.

* * *

"Here is something queer. You say this tooth has never been worked on before but I find small flakes of gold on my instrument," rumbled the dentist.

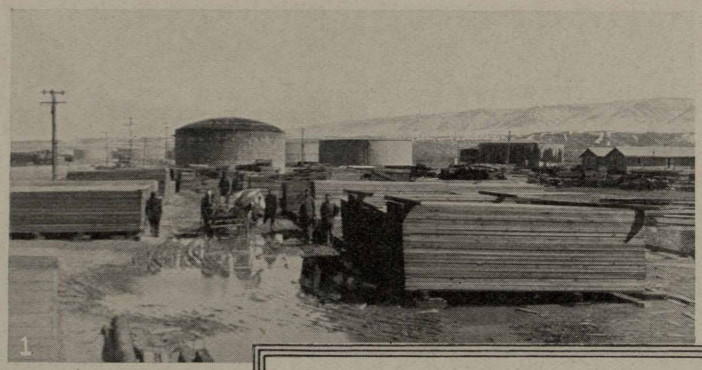
"I think you have struck my back collar button," murmured the victim as he passed out.—*N. S. C. Magazine.*

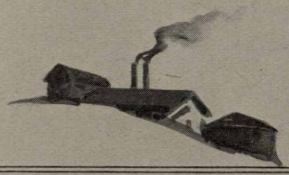
Salvage Yard Company, Inc., Casper Works

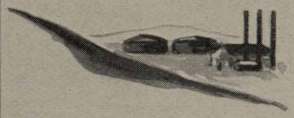


Laws governing said company are: To get all material possible from various places about the refinery, and to charge as much as consumers will pay without kicking, and BY ALL MEANS, SERVE THE PUBLIC. Officials of the company are: Harry Comfort, general manager; Peter Holden, treasurer; Al Flower, traffic manager; Lem Martz, master mechanic; Ned James, Mr. Robinson, house detectives; J. Catterall, attorney on rules; R. F. Moses, destruction engineer; Jim McDowell, locater and overseer; Mr. Scotty, decorator In No. 1 in the above we have the salvage material as it comes to the salvage shop. In No. 2, the same material after going through the shop, just as good as new and ready to be used again. Jim McDowell is shown on top of the pile checking the material on hand.

These Men Save The Company Many Dollars

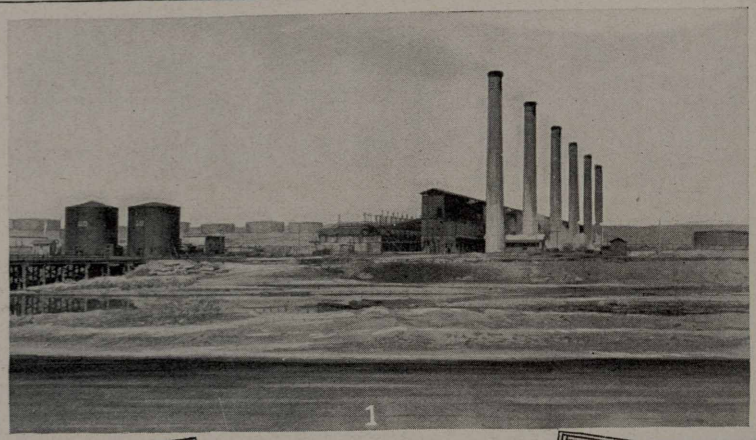


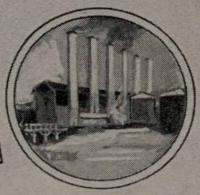




Casper, Wyo.—No. 1—Al Flower's garden spot, the salvage lumber yard, where old lumber is made new and neatly piled for future use. No. 2—The salvage yard shop crew, left to right: H. W. Rowland, John Lorer, John Latta, Lem Martz, master mechanic, M. T. Chambers, William Brown and J. McDowell. No. 3—Hauling material from various dismantling jobs to the shop; left to right: Gerber, Hartman, Shultz and Lawson.

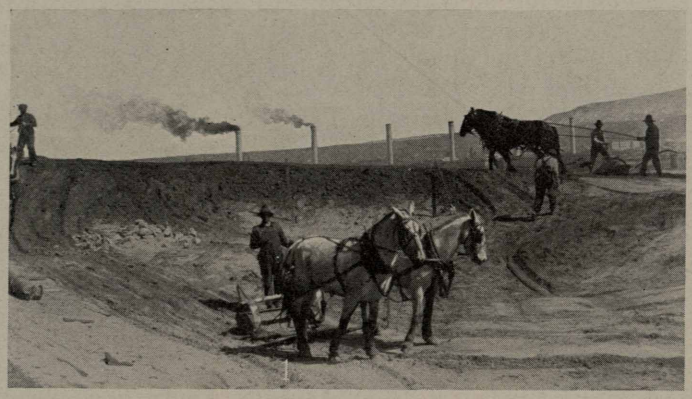
Pictorial News of Casper Works

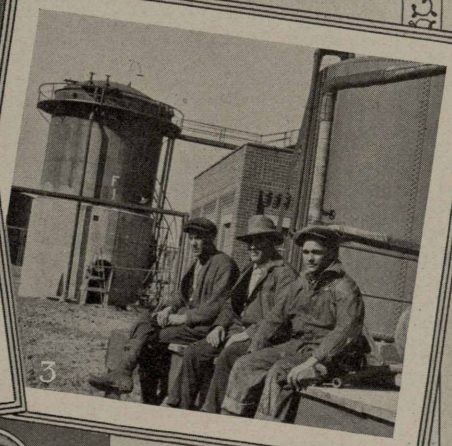




No. 1—Part of the new addition to Plant No. 1, looking north from the main office. No. 2—Myron E. Udick, of Plant No. 3, on April 15 took unto himself a wife. No. 3—Donald, Ronald and Kenneth Hurst, with "Pete," who seems to be a pet coyote. No. 4—Margaret Smith was missing from the picture of the girls of the Casper works printed in a recent issue of the Record, but we wouldn't overlook her, so here she is.

In And About The Casper Works





No. 1—Grading on the fire walls on the upper tank farm, with Ben Simpson in charge of work. No. 2—Fire Chief Ross and his two helpers. No. 3—Just because Thompson, Schuler and Ellis of the continuous treating plant are sitting down is no sign they never do anything. It took five minutes of arguing to persuade them to stop long enough to get their pictures taken.

GREASE WORKS' TEAM COPS BOWLING PRIZE

The Grease Works' team of the Standard Oil Company Bowling league of Whiting won high honors for the season, when they defeated the Tower Stills' team in the roll-off which followed a tie in percentage for the season's play. Each team finished with 46 games won and 26 lost. By winning the roll-off, the Grease Works secured the bowling trophy and each of the six members received a sweater. Members of the team were: G. Pataky, M. Pataky, J. Jansky, S. Radloff, J. Zubay, P. Guyer.

Final standing of the league was:

Team	Won	Lost
Grease Works	46	26
Tower Stills	46	26
Switching Department	43	29
Main Office	41	31
Paraffine Works	29	43
Drafting Room	28	44

Prizes were: Grease Works, first high team, six sweaters; Tower Stills, second high team, six pairs bowling shoes; Switching Department, third high team, six bowling shirts; Switching Department, high team game, five two-pound boxes candy; Main Office, high team average for three games, five two-pound boxes candy; J. Ovitz, high individual average for three games, one box cigars; George Wilt, high individual game, one box cigars.

Wilt's high score was 239, while Ovitz rolled three games for an average of 204. Russ Wilkinson led all bowlers in the season's play with an average of 182.

Averages of individuals for the season follows:

Player	*Average*
Wilkinson	182
Samonson	179
Whitie	173
Zubay	173
C. Miller	168
P. Lieese	167
Wilt	166
Long	166
Ted James	165
P. McShane	164
McCarthy	163
Banks	162
Matis	162
G. Pataky	161
Ollrich	161
Sabol	161
Winslow	160
C. Henrikson	160
Cole	160
Whitmer	159
Ovitz	158
Groat	158
O. Canner	158
Gray	142
Ranstead	142
M. Henrikson	141
Kaschak	141
Purinton	140
Radloff	139
Craswell	137
Hmurovich	136
Watts	136
Gazda	135
Dolbeer	133

Player	*Average*
Bell	158
Krauel	157
Koval	156
M. Pataky	156
Hanusin	155
Cahill	155
Buckowich	154
Jarnecki	153
Kerchoff	153
Gadish	152
Guyer	152
Reeve	152
Buchanan	151
Stross	151
Carrow	150
W. Canner	150
Palikan	150
Petaky	146
Hansen	145
Jansky	145
Schnell	145
Joe Cole	144
Swikhart	143
Bercaw	130
Jurek	130
Harris	128
Amboid	125
Etter	123
Gradina	121
Thorensen	116
Lauer	113
Petersen	109
Cherry	106

S. O. A. A. GETS $1,942

Almost $2,000 was contributed by employees of the Whiting works towards the support of the Whiting Standard Oil Athletic Association during the recent drive for funds made by that organization. The exact total was $1,942.97, with 2,401 employees contributing.

For the purpose of demonstrating the growing popularity of the S. O. A. A., Secretary D. M. Brenner has reported the results of the three drives made by the association:

Year	Contributors	Amount
1920	1,842	$1,410.60
1921	.....	$1,620.22
1922	2,401	$1,942.97

"Permit me to point out," writes Mr. Brenner, "that at the time of the two earlier drives there were perhaps 1,000 more men working on this plant than at the present time, yet we had almost 600 more contributors this year than we had two years ago."

* * *

A young woman with three fair companions was on a motoring trip, when the smell of smoke became perceptible. The man at a roadside garage told them it was a hot box smoking. "It'll take me about twenty minutes to fix it," he said.

The owner stood watching him a minute as he got to work; then she said: "By the way, while you're about it, I wish you'd grind the valves, take up the foot brake and fill all the grease cups. You'll have to work lively. I'll give you just half an hour."

The man crawled from under the car and stood up. "As long as you're in such a hurry, miss," he said grimly, "I reckon you'd better git your horn jacked up and run a new car under it."

* * *

Make Your Stock Pay Dividends!

Some of The Folks From Whiting

No. 1—Oscar Barnakoff, of Chief Bruens' force of handsome and efficient policemen. No. 2—Ray Lamberth, of the can house, champion tin cutter and all around athlete; winner of three cups, 32 gold medals, 22 silver medals and four high school letters in various kinds of athletic competition. No. 3—Charles Manzell, night captain of the Whiting Standard Oil police force. No. 4—The Emerson twins, William Norman and Floyd LeRoy, children of Floyd Emerson, assistant yard master of switching department. Norman Emerson, assistant general yardmaster, is their grand uncle. They are the start of the fifth generation in the Emerson family. No. 5—Mike Semro and John Henrikson, engineer and foreman of the can house.

MATERIAL FOR COMING S. O. A. A. FIELD DAY

Here we have the well known Copenhagen Athletic Club of Whiting, composed of Standard Oil employees. Fourteen of the young men in the above are, or have been, employed at the can house, while the others are employed in various departments on the plant. Romeo Roman, at extreme right, bottom row, has asked us to say that if any of the girls are irresistibly attracted they may write to 500 Fred street, Whiting. Left to right, top row: Joseph Golden, John Jacko, Henry Sacher, John Jansky, Paul Porky Maty, Brownie Derwinski, Henry Funchik, John Jinks Evans, Anthony Dizzy Sesch; second row: John Walsko, Andrew Klapak, Julius Galisca, John Bakus, Joseph Kasper, Joseph Pohle, George Pavnica; third row: John Smatona, Michael Halgas, Michael O'Lier, Mike Halajcik, John Guman, Louis Kussy, Edward Sacher, the taxi driver, Steve Kuss; lower row: Joseph Blubbers Veloch, John Bully Balogh, John Romeo Roman.

LIFE IS TOO SHORT

What's the use to worry,
You've not got long to stay,
Why not take things easy
As you pass along life's way?
'Twill do no good to worry
If things are going wrong;
You may as well be pleasant,
Meet reverse with smile and song.

There's none of us that's perfect,
There's few of us that stay
And never stray or wander
From the straight and narrow way.
So when you start to hammer
Some poor fool who's gone astray,
'Twill do no harm to pause and think,
You may lose your grip some day.

What's the use to kick one
Who's just about to fall?
If you do not care to help him,
Don't mention him at all.
You'll find, if you take notice,
That what I say is true;
While there may be faults in others,
There's a flaw or two in you.

—*L. G. Valentine, Sugar Creek.*

* * *

Mrs. Probe—"What is your husband's average income?"

Mrs. Neighbor—"About midnight."—*Book of Smiles.*

BROADCAST WHITING BAND MUSIC BY RADIO

As we go to press we learn that arrangements have been made for the Standard Oil Company Whiting Refinery Concert Band to give a radiophone concert on the evening of Friday, June 2, from 7 to 8 p. m., which is to be broadcasted from the KYW station of Chicago.

Mr. Morgan L. Eastman of Chicago has been selected to conduct the Standard Oil Company Concert Band which is composed entirely of Whiting works' employees.

Mr. Eastman is American born, but received the greater part of his musical education in Europe, particularly in Budapest, where he was a member of the Royal Opera House Orchestra. He also traveled extensively through Europe and other foreign countries with high class concert organizations. In addition to conducting the Standard Oil Company band, Mr. Eastman is conductor of the well known and popular Edison Symphony Orchestra, Sears Roebuck, and Peoples Gas, Light and Coke choral societies, and is musical director for the Westinghouse Radiophone Studio.

The band has played two concerts under the direction of Mr. Eastman and has shown marked improvement. In addition to being a thorough musician, Mr. Eastman has a pleasing personality, which is appreciated by the members of the band and his audiences. The present personnel of the band follows:

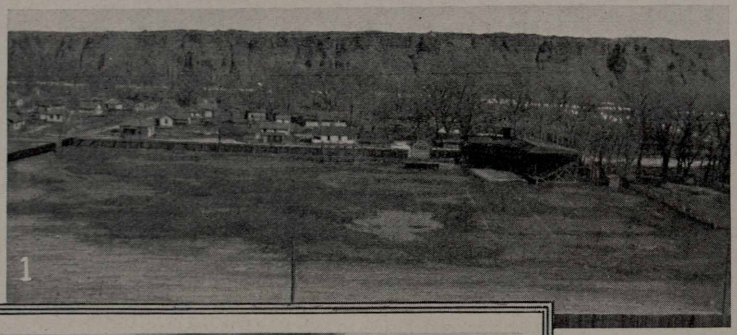
D. F. Purdy, Raymond Koch, John Holte, Jas. Spanier, solo clarinets; D. W. Stormer, C. H. Daugherty, piccolos and flutes; M. W. Welch, Geo. Girman, H. Dennison, R. Carlson, first clarinets; Fred Kuehnke, Joe Siska, second clarinets; Andy Gyure, H. Breckman, third clarinets; H. N. Nichols, E-flat clarinet; Fred D. Weigel, alto saxophone; Frank B. McNeill, tenor saxophone; Nicholas Kundrat, baritone saxophone; Wm. O. Wilson, oboe; A. L. Meldahl, Geo. C. Hay, bassoons; Wm. C. Smith, Chas. Groat, snare drums; W. J. Reder, bass drum; Joe E. Wickersham, tympani and bells; Fred Leverenz, A. D. Campbell, solo cornets; A. Jacques, M. D. Henrikson, first trumpets; Theo. Kammer, Ed. Julier, second trumpets; Earl C. Buck, Wm. D. Obermiller, third trumpets; E. I. Humphrey, F. N. Hadley, S. L. Malo, Wm. F. Zweig, mellophones; B. E. Johnston, F. V. Alexander, Jos. G. Burke, G. N. Ward, Jess Abraham, trombones; Peter Schamer, N. H. Ranstead, Ray F. Whitmer, baritones; L. P. Molter, J. L. Allen, J. L. Swaim, basses.

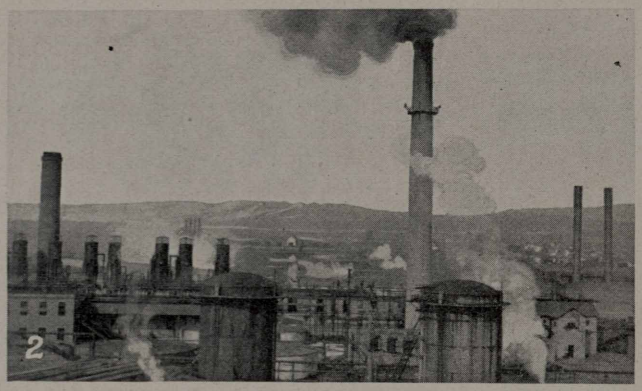
Officers of the Band: G. Cash, president; D. F Purdy, vice-president; W. N. Bercaw, manager; Raymond Koch, secretary; A. L. Meldahl, librarian.

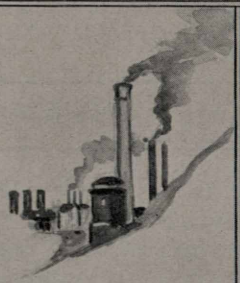
ANYTIME, ANYWHERE

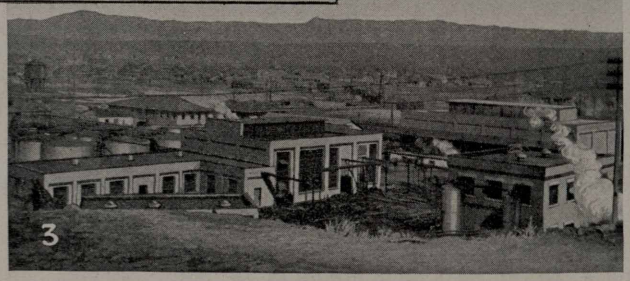
South Bend, Ind.—Standard Oil Service, Anywhere, Anytime: At Hill Street and Jefferson boulevard, this city, opposite our Service Station 774, a crowded street car recently caught fire. The motorman was burned and the conductor had his arm injured when the crowd rushed for the exits. The presence of mind of District Superintendent W. E. Condon and S. S. Attendant J. A. Keizer prevented further mishaps and saved the street car company considerable loss from fire. Rushing from the station with their fire guns they soon had the fire under control and extinguished it without the aid of the fire department. Always on the job—Standard Oil and Standard Oilers!

Greybull Boasts Fine Athletic Field



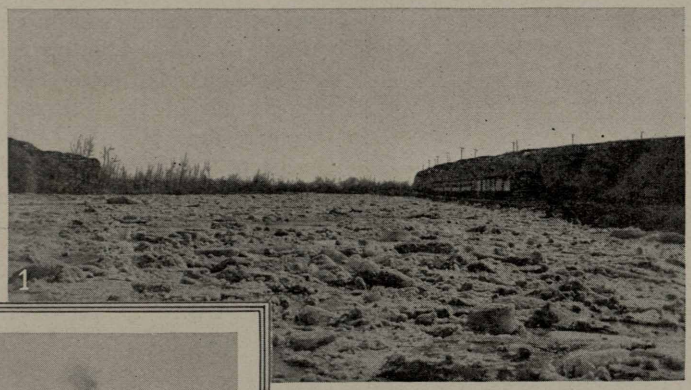


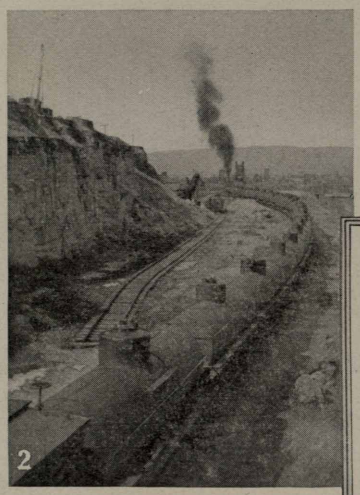


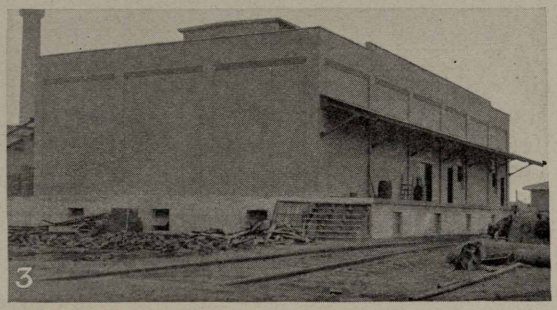


No. 1—Greybull, though it only recently became a unit in the Industrial Relations Plan of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), boasts one of the finest athletic fields of any of the refineries. No. 2—The original batteries at Plant No. 2. No. 3—In the left foreground is the machine shop of plant No. 2; to the right is the new warehouse; in the background, the laboratory and main office, and in the distance, the town of Greybull and the Big Horn mountains.

In And About The Greybull Works







No. 1—Greybull, where is located one of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) refineries of the Rocky Mountain Division, is situated on the banks of the Big Horn river, which is shown here during the annual ice flow. On the day this photo was taken the Big Horn had a rise of nine feet in forty minutes. No. 2—A day's business in our Greybull refinery ready to leave the town. No. 3—The new warehouse at Plant No. 2.

CITIZENSHIP CLASS

A citizenship class with seventy-five members has been organized at Wood River for the benefit of people of foreign birth who are desirous of becoming American citizens. Classes are held twice a week in the Standard Oil lunch room at the Wood River works. The course will extend over a period of six weeks. A small tuition fee is charged students.

The class is under the direction of Mr. James A. Nelson, of Granite City, instructor in chemistry at the Granite City high school. He has had long experience in Americanization work, having been affiliated with the Ford Motor Company as instructor in citizenship and with the Cleveland public schools as instructor in English and Americanization. He served abroad as physical training instructor in the French army before the United States entered the war. He later joined the A. E. F. and was on the firing line from the early part of our participation in the war until the finish. He was several times decorated.

* * *

Every S. O. Employee a Salesman!

GREYBULL GETS BUSY

Greybull, Wyo.—Cooperating with the employees, who had made known their desire to form a mutual benefit association, the Joint General Committee in a special session on April 4, approved a set of by-laws, patterned after the Shiftmen's Benefit Association of the Casper works. After the meeting, H. M. Lockard and Roy Ludington acting as a special committee, started the pledges for membership. In two days time fifty per cent of the men employed had vowed their intentions of being members. On April 20, the charter was closed with 232 members, which equals seventy per cent of men employed. An election of officers was held on April 25, Roy Ludington being elected president and Geo. W. Snyder secretary. Geo. Rimer, stillman, Plant No. 2, Joe Cole, machinist, Plant No. 2, and Bruce Atwell, stillman, Plant No. 1, have been appointed to act on the board of trustees with these officers.

The new organization will be incorporated under the Wyoming state laws and will be known as the Greybull Refineries Benefit Association. Business with the association will start May 1. The membership costs the employees $4 initiation fees and $1 per month dues, and pays $75 per month sick and accident benefits, and $100 death benefit. This low cost to members is only made possible on account of the low overhead expense, as there are no salaries paid any of the officials. The members are extremely proud of the fact that they were able to put the organization across with such a punch, as it is believed that these refineries hold the record membership for the percentage of men employed.

* * *

The other day a negro went into a drug store and said:

"Ah wants one ob dem dere plasters you dun stick on yoah back."

"I understand," said the clerk. "You mean one of our porous plasters."

"No, sah, I don't want one of your porest plasters. I want de bes' one you got."

* * *

The girl walked briskly into the store and dropped her bag on the counter. "Give me a chicken," she said.

"Do you want a pullet?" the storekeeper asked.

"No," the girl replied. "I want to carry it."

THRIFT BUILDS FINE NEW HOME FOR JOHN

Sugar Creek, March 1.—This is the fine new residence of John Beal, one of our pipe coverers. Yes, all the children belong to John, and he's proud of them, every one. His eldest son, George, was killed in the World War during 1918. John has been in the employ of the company nineteen years, two of which were spent at Whiting and seventeen at Sugar Creek.

'RAY FOR THE BAND!

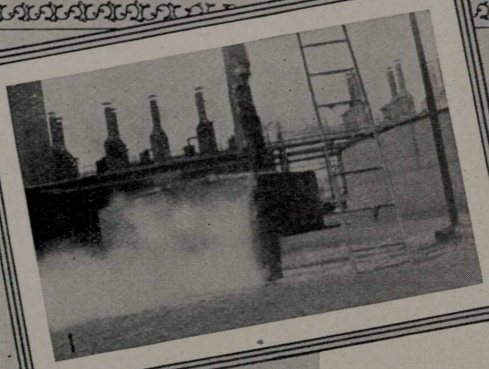
The following resolution, addressed to the "Management of the Wood River Refinery, members of the Refinery Band, and others," has been adopted by the Joint General Committee of the Wood River works:

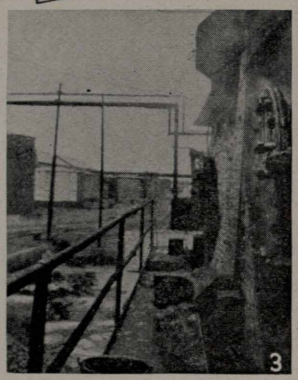
"Whereas, it is the unanimous opinion of the members of the Joint General Committee of the Wood River refinery that the management of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), the members of the Refinery Band, and other organizations and individuals not connected with the Standard Oil Company at Wood River, should be highly commended for the entertainment furnished by the Refinery Band, speakers, singers and others, in connection with Community concerts, and on other occasions, to the citizens of Wood River;

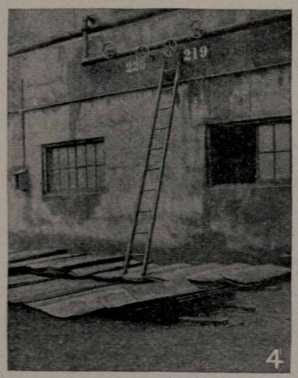
"And therefore, be it resolved, that we, the members of the Joint General Committee of the Wood River Refinery, extend our deep appreciation to the management and outside organizations and individuals for their cooperation, and to the members of the Refinery Band, singers, speakers and others, for their talent, in connection with the Community concerts and other activities for the entertainment of the plant employees and the people of Wood River in general.

"And be it further resolved, that a copy of this resolution be spread upon the minutes of the next meeting of the Joint General Committee of the Wood River Refinery and a copy also be furnished the Editor of the Stanolind Record."

Brought to Light—Safety First!







No. 1—A cloud of steam hides the danger point. The ground has been undermined and a cave-in is the result. In the center of the steam cloud is a large hole which is an open trap for anyone passing by. When places of this kind are discovered they should be immediately reported to some one in authority.

No. 2—This man was caught in the act. As we have said before acrobatic stunts have no place in our refineries. This man is passing mortar to the walk above. Please note he is standing on the handles of his wheelbarrow. A bad "spill" may result any moment. These men are now passing mortar up by the use of rope and buckets.

No. 3—The best title for this picture is "The Mess." The least that could be said is that it is a case of bad housekeeping. A man can not work safely with a mess like this under his feet. Let us repeat our old rule. "Keep walks and passageways clear from refuse, tools and materials."

No. 4—All set for a bad fall. But perhaps it is not entirely the fault of the man who set the ladder. The valves had to be reached. The man who allowed the plates to be placed here is partly to blame, don't you think? It might be a good thing to have that switch better protected also.

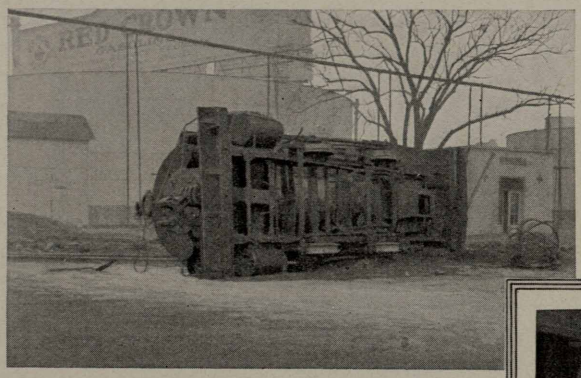
Submitted by

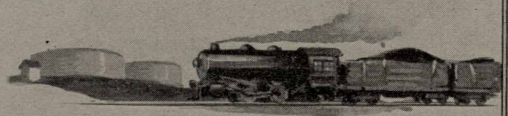
C. W. Smith, *Safety Director, Standard Oil Company (Indiana)*

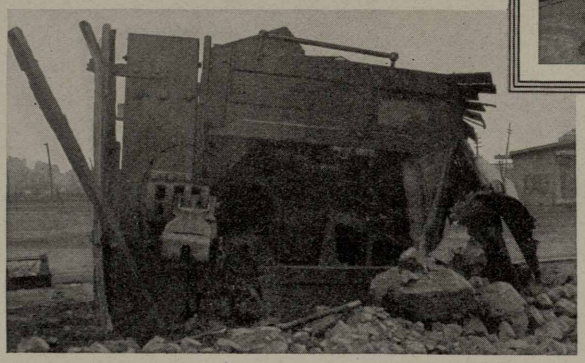
and

Fred Lau, *Assistant Safety Director, Whiting Works*

Wood River Dinky Engine Runs Amuck







Wood River nearly had its Safety record badly marred when Tommy Bond's dinky engine, hauling coke cars to the dump yard, left the track at the curve leading to the incline, set out full tilt for Mr. Flanagan's First Aid station and overturned almost at its doors. The cars remained on the track, went partly up the incline and then slid back, one car door flying open and striking and wrecking the engine cab only a few seconds after Mr. Bond had disentangled himself and escaped. He was uninjured.

Annual banquet of Minneapolis and St. Paul service station attendants.

WE SHOULD NEVER HAVE A FIRE

It is a conceded fact that our plants are about as safe as any in the United States, and while we do not carry any fire insurance, yet we must not forget that there is a possibility of having a fire due to some unknown cause. We have tried and are at present trying to make it impossible for a fire to occur at any of our main or bulk stations.

Every station, also our equipment, is supplied with some sort of fire fighting apparatus, but if this fire equipment is not kept in perfect working order, or is in some out-of-way place, we could hardly expect to extinguish a fire in event one should occur.

It is a fact that any fire can be completely extinguished if gotten to in time, provided, of course, you have the proper fire fighting equipment; but as Napoleon once said, "The way to eliminate trouble is to rid the cause." Now this being the case, let's look around our plants, around the trucks and other places where there is a liability of having a fire and see what can be done to remove the cause.

SAND BARRELS are located on all warehouse platforms and are two-thirds filled with clean sand; also on gauge tank platforms and other places throughout the plant yard. A shovel is placed just above the barrel which must be kept there at all times.

SAND BUCKETS are located inside the warehouse and are so situated as to have one on about every other post, and just high enough so that a man of average height can walk underneath without injuring himself.

Other fire fighting equipment, such as:

1. Pyrene Extinguishers
2. Fire-Gun Extinguishers
3. Fire-Foam Equipment

are located in every plant owned by this company.

It should be the duty of every individual employed by this company to see to it that his equipment is kept in perfect working order at all times.

Foremen and heads of departments should make it a practice to watch for the location of all fire fighting equipment, its condition, and to instruct each and every employee in its use.

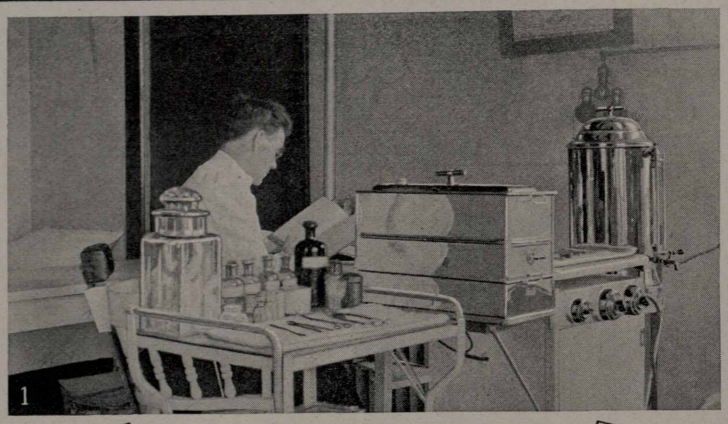
It should be the duty of every driver of S. O. Co. equipment to see to it that his truck, tank-truck or passenger car is equipped with a Pyrene or Fire-Gun and in the event of a fire because of back-firing, short circuiting or overflowing of the supply tank, he will be able to extinguish it without the aid of the local fire department.

With all this equipment, backed by eternal vigilance, it should not be possible for a fire to occur in any of our stations or on any of our equipment.

Your cooperation is earnestly solicited.

—F. C. SINGLETON, *Safety Director, Sales Department.*

Famous Folks of Wood River Works



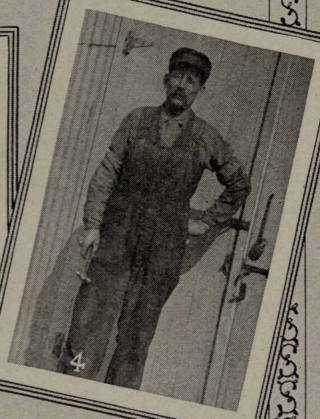
No. 1—Only color photography could do justice to Doc Flanagan, but this will have to do. Here he is in his First Aid domicile reading up on methods of treating injured Safety directors, so he will be able to give C. F. Hall the whole works next time Hall runs a nail in his foot. Flanagan is not only a wizard at First Aid work, but is a live member of the J. G. C and an ardent Safety booster. No. 2—Pat Donelly was with the company at Whiting before Wood River was on the map. His old friends at Whiting will be interested to know that he still packs a wicked left. No. 3—Tim Hawk, Safety representative of electrical department. No. 4—Dick Stafford, of the boilershop tool room, is known on the plant as quite an inventive genius.

Live Wires of Wood River Refinery

1

2

3

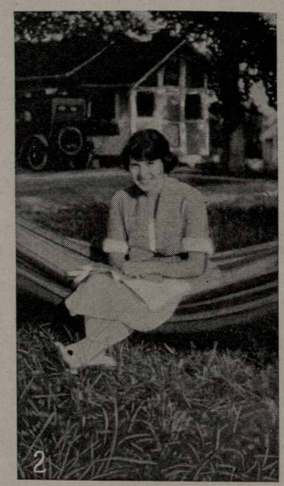


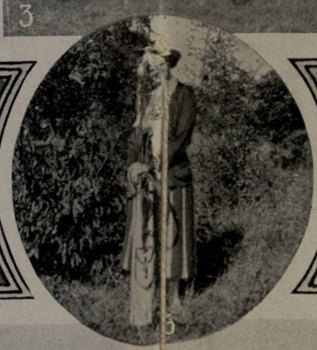
4

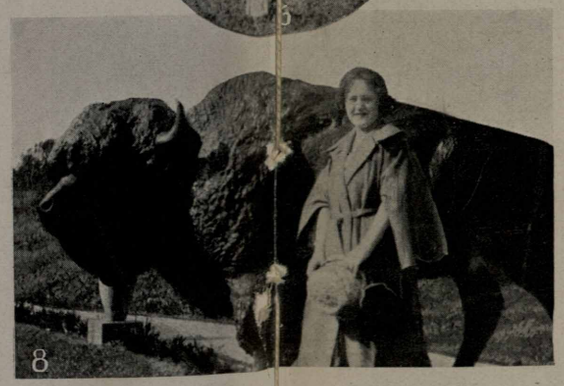
No. 1—Folks, gaze upon Claude Burris, big chief of the Athletic association, who probably has just been using "Mattie" and his truck to store away pennants won in former years. Claude is also a mighty hunter but when it comes to breaking blue rocks he is nil. He also acts as private secretary to Max Hartwig, foreman of the carpenter department. No. 2—Uncle Tim Van Camp and his latest style of hat. Uncle Tim was once a steamboat man on the Monongahela but has been with Standard Oil for thirty years, reaching Wood River via Whiting. He is one of the best practical men on the crude stills and a story teller par excellence. There's a story about this hat but when one asks about it he starts talking about a half-bale of hay. No. 3—Jules Kocher, foreman of the common labor department, president of the Wood River bowling league and constant companion and nurse for Lizzie Ford, here shown. No. 4—Sid Gent looks after matters in the boilershop tool room.

WHY FIELD MEN LIKE TO VISIT HOME OFFICE

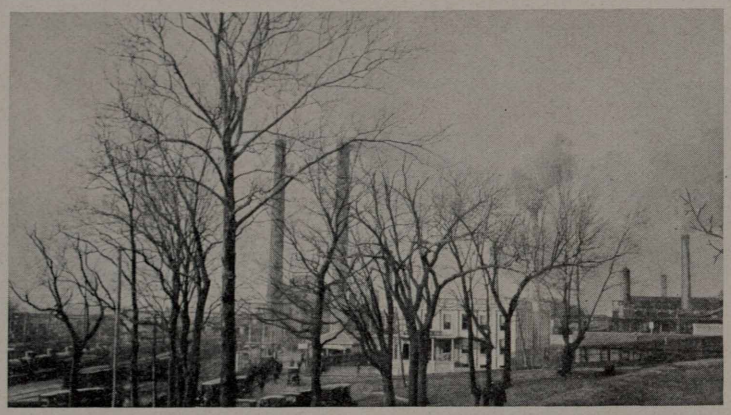
All of these fair damsels work in the home office. Do you know them?

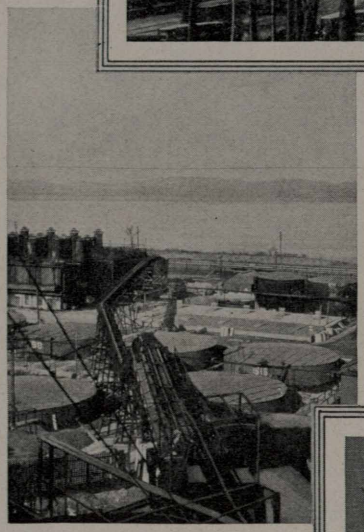


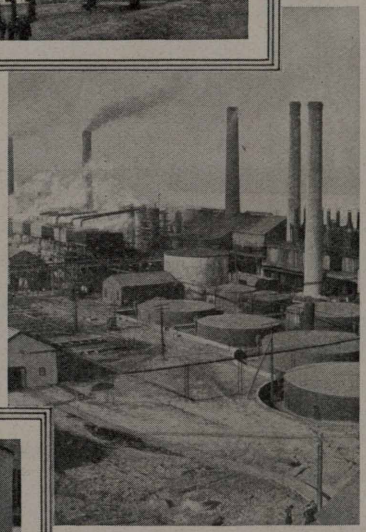




In And About Sugar Creek Works







No. 1—Company park, where the famous band plays, in the foreground, with main gate, main office, and refinery in the distance. No. 2—View of refinery showing the new acid coke conveyor; Missouri river in background. No. 3—Looking north from agitators. No. 4—John Burns, pipefitter, and his gang doing some dirty work.

Standard Oilers of Sugar Creek, Mo.

No. 1—Here is what Fred Puckett, continuous stillman, weight 133 pounds, and at extreme right in the above, has to contend with. Left to right: Andy Gilson, helper, weight 237; Ed Courier, fireman, weight 237; William Hodges, fireman, weight 219; Homer Mintun, helper, weight 223. No. 2—Chief Watchman Henry Hink and one of his valuable assistants, L. H. Pense. No. 3—Ruth Irene Cox, age one year, and daughter of Bandmaster Earl Cox. No. 4—M. E. Ryan, wife and daughter. Since this was taken another daughter has arrived.

IN MANY SPORTS SUITS FLANNEL REPLACES SILK

As the leaves of fashion's book unfold, many versions of the sports suit are presented. There is an ever-increasing variety in clothes classed as "sports wear," and regulation sports suits are supplemented by many others, designed to serve, with equal propriety, for sports or for the street. Then there are those handsome affairs that dignify the mode by appropriating rich materials—as the velvet sports coat to be worn with serge, linen or flannel skirts. It is a straw in a veering wind which lately has blown quite steadily toward flannels for summer wear.

Flannels are used in the "sweater colors" to make chic coats, to be substituted for sweater coats or sweaters. They have a downy texture that makes these joyous coats of many colors as flattering as candle light, and they fit in with summer backgrounds in a way to make glad the hearts of all outdooring women. Along with this colorful coat comes the skirt of white flannel—a natural affinity for it as well as for dainty sweaters.

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Fashion had only to look at these new arrivals, to greet them with a smile, having already approved the union of the dark blue or black coat with a white skirt. Just a glance at this combination as pictured here, is enough to prove that it cannot be improved upon for style or economy, for it is as well adapted to the street as to sports wear. The dark blue coat proclaims its loyalty to the skirt by wearing white on pockets and collar, and in a white belt. It fastens with white pearl buttons.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

STREET CLOTHES BORROW STYLES FROM SPORTSWEAR

The arbiters of fashion are not those who design the clothes that pass in review each season, but those who approve them. The way of the producer would be a straight and easy path to success if he could make the right guess at least half of the time. His brain children have had their spring tryouts and he knows now which have survived.

Among the dependable things for summer wear, very simple sports suits are already a success. The word "sport" must be given a broad interpretation in connection with clothes this season for it embraces everyday street dress. As a rival of the tailored suit, sport suits like that shown here, or similar to it, enliven the streets and lend to their wearers at least the flavor of youth. At first glance it seems there is nothing to these suits—just a plain skirt and a jacket or smock or slip-over blouse—but there is in reality much to them. It lies in the choice of material, color, neck and sleeve styles and charactor of decoration. The suit pictured is made of gray homespun and embroidered at the neck and and white chenille. It has on the sleeves with blue three small pockets, one at each side of the blouse and one, still smaller, at the left of the bust. The narrow belt is made of the material.

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The skirt, as pictured, is shorter than the mode dictates—eight inches from the floor is the limit set for brevity. But in some localities the younger women insist upon shorter skirts and go their independent way with the approval of a considerable number of people.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

LARAMIE NEWEST INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS UNIT

With every employee voting in the two plants which comprise the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) refineries at Laramie, Wyo., a Joint General Committee was elected there on April 26 under the rules of the Industrial Relations Plan, and with the announcement of the appointment of managements's representatives, followed by an organization meeting on May 3, Laramie became a recognized member of the great Standard Oil industrial democracy.

Laramie now boasts of being unique in two things among all Standard Oil refineries. It claimst o be the "highest" of all of them, being located 7,140 feet above sea level, and it is the only refinery in which a hundred per cent vote has ever been cast either in the primaries or general elections. Laramie cast a hundred per cent vote in both the primaries and the elections.

Representatives elected by vote of the employees are:

A. W. McAllister, pressure still cleaner.

Ed. L. Wood, fireman.

Representatives appointed by the management are:

J. L. Robay.

F. O. Blair.

Mr. D. M. Lobdell, director of Industrial Relations at Casper works, presided at the organization meeting held May 3 in the warehouse office of Plant No. 2. Speakers were the newly elected and appointed representatives, Mr. T. S. Cooke, manager of the Rocky Mountain Division, Standard Oil Company (Indiana), Mr. W. A. Morris and Mr. J. F. Cullen, superintendents of Plants Nos. 1 and 2, respectively, Mr. E. H. Fisher, assistant director of Industrial Relations, from the Chicago office, and Mr. Ovens, stillman. The meeting was an enthusiastic one and Laramie is reported as already making progress under the Industrial Relations Plan.

FIVE NEW ANNUITANTS

Five more veteran employees have been placed on the annuity payroll according to an announcement by E. G. Seubert, secretary-treasurer and fourth vice-president of the company. They are:

Frank Novak, 10729 Buffalo Avenue, Chicago; mason's helper at Whiting works; with company 28 years and 9 months.

Peter Yager, 10151 Indianapolis avenue, South Chicago, Ill.; machinist at Whiting works; with company 32 years and 10 months.

Andrew Kaminsky, 1244 Atchinson avenue, Whiting, Ind.; pipefitter helper and laborer; with company 24 years and three months.

John Walton, 551 Eighteenth avenue, Clinton, Iowa; tank wagon driver at Clinton; with company 19 years and 10 months.

Joseph Konczal, 728 Indianapolis Blvd., Whiting, Ind., can tester at Whiting works; with company 40 years and 9 months.

STARTLING SAFETY SCORE AT SUGAR CREEK

During the month of April the Sugar Creek works of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) reported the best accident score that has ever been made by any of the refineries since records have been kept. Only one lost time accident was reported and the time lost as a consequence of that accident was only sixteen hours. Wood River, during the last half-year, has reported two months with only one lost time accident per month, but in each case there was more lost time than in the case of Sugar Creek. Mr. H. B. McCoy is Safety director at Sugar Creek; Mr. C. F. Hall at Wood River.

WHITINGITES WHO BOWLED OVER WOOD RIVER

These are the Whiting bowling stars who defeated Wood River in a match conducted by telegraph. Left to right: C. Henrikson, Fred Lau, R. Wilkenson, C. Miller and Pete Lieese. Whiting won two out of three, copping the first and second with scores of 2751 to 2619, and 2841 to 2532, respectively, and losing the third, 2692 to 2719. Total pins for the nine games was Whiting 8284, Wood River 7870. The Whiting team averaged 920 and Wood River 874. Russ Wilkenson, of Whiting, was the star of the series with an average of 201, while Fred Lau scored high individual game with a mark of 243. In spite of this record, the Joliet team of the sales division, through one C. L. Rniek, has had the nerve to challenge the Whitingites, who have replied to Joliet that they are willing, but would like to roll for a little purse of $25, just to make it interesting. **Extra!** Joliet won the first match: Joliet, 4401; Whiting, 4190.

* * *

There was an accident at the mines and McCarthy went on the long journey into space. Pat was sent ahead to break the sad news gently to McCarthy's wife. Pat knocked. The lady came to the door. Pat says: "Are you the widow McCarthy?" "Sure, I'm Mrs. McCarthy," says she, "but I'm no widow." "The divil y'u ain't," says Pat. "Wait 'til y'u see what they're bringing upstairs."

* * *

"I can't keep the visitors from coming up," said the office boy dejectedly, to the president. "When I say you're out, they simply say they must see you."

"Well," said the president, "just tell them that's what they all say."

That afternoon there called at the office a young lady. The boy assured her it was impossible to see the president.

"But I'm his wife," said the lady.

"Oh, that's what they all say," said the boy.

—*Exchange.*

* * *

Make Your Stock Pay Dividends!

* * *

"Now," said the teacher, "in order to subtract, things must be of the same kind. For instance, we couldn't take three pears from four apples, nor eight horses from ten cats. Is that right?"

General assent from the class, except Bobby, who raised his hand.

"Well, Bobby, what is it?"

"Please, teacher, couldn't you take three quarts of milk from two cows?"—*Employee's Safety Magazine.*

* * *

Bank Teller—"This check is all right, but you must be introduced. Can you bring in your husband?"

Newly Wed—"Who, Jack? Why, if Jack thought you wanted an introduction to me, he'd knock your block off"

* * *

Mary had been spanked by her mother. She was crying in the hallway when the minister entered.

"Well, well, what's the matter with my little girl today?" he inquired.

"It hurts," she sobbed.

"What hurts, my dear?"

"The back of my lap."

THREE TEAMS TIE FOR FIRST PLACE

The Stanolind Bowling League wound up the hottest season of its career with a three-cornered tie for first place. The Polarines of Whiting, the Perfections of Chicago salesmen, and the Superlas of the main office, each won 58 and lost 26 games during the season, but by virtue of their higher average the Polarines were awarded first honors, the Perfection second, and Superlas third.

Grebe, of the Superlas, led in individual average, having a safe margin over Lau of the Perfections, who finished second, passing Thorstensen, also of the Superlas, in the home stretch.

We look forward to a bigger and better season next year.

Final standing:

Teams	Won	Lost
Polarine	58	26
Perfection	58	26
Superla	58	26
Red Crown	44	40
Capitol	39	45
Semdac	30	54
Renown	26	58
Eureka	23	61

INDIVIDUAL PRIZE WINNERS

Name	High	Average
Grebe	267	183
Lau	237	178
Thorstenson	233	178
Henrikson	235	177
Bumhour	235	175
Scott	231	175
Savageau	220	174
Juergensen	229	174
Sable	232	173
Knorst	232	170

SPECIAL PRIZES

High Game	Polarine	990
2nd High Game	Semdac	972
High Average, 1 night—3 games	Perfection	925
2nd High Average, 1 night—3 games	Polarine	919

High Game	Grebe	267
2nd High Game	Brandt	256
High Average	Lau	222
2nd High Average	Grebe	213

PARTICIPANTS IN 57 GAMES OR OVER

Player	High	Average
Weppner	233	170–14
Blix	223	169–31
Burns	212	169–16
Benight	220	168–53
Sroka, J	212	167–42
Wendt	213	166–75
Roberts	218	166–70
Gadish	223	166–61
Brandt	256	165–50
Yale	236	164–12
Sroka, S.	221	162–9
Freedman	211	159–36
Cameron, E. B	223	155–48
Cameron, A. J	211	155–2
Heimerdinger	219	153–18
Vodak	205	152–6
Novak, G	196	150–58
Klein	200	150–38
Fischer	201	150–41
Barrett	203	149–49
Novak, A	192	145-8
Anders	222	144–23
Rohner	195	139–65

M. L. MOORE KILLED

Home Office, Chicago.—It comes to us again to have to chronicle the sudden passing on of one of our comrades.

On Wednesday evening, April 12, upon leaving the building, shortly after five o'clock, to make an I. C. train, Mr. Moore started to cross the boulevard, apparently became confused with the traffic and was hit by an auto, receiving injuries to which he succumbed one hour later.

To those who knew him, M. L. was a "good fellow," to say the least—ever ready to extend the little courtesies that help make life enjoyable. In his earlier years he served as first mate on a lake freighter, afterwards accepting a position in the city comptroller's office. In January, 1900, he entered the employ of the Standard Oil Company, at the age of 37, and had completed twenty-two years with this concern. In his demise the Company loses one of the faithful, and we—a friend.

* * *

"Better keep your head inside the window," warned the conductor.

"I kin look out the winder if I want to," the fresh youth responded, with a wink at his companions.

"Sure you can," answered the conductor, "But if you damage any of the ironwork of the bridges, you'll have to pay for it."

* * *

Irate Customer—"See here, waiter, I found a button in the salad."

Waiter—"Oh, sir, that's part of the dressing."

ANYWHERE, ANYTIME

Standard Oilers will share in that "grand and glorious" feeling mentioned in the following unsolicited editorial which appeared in the Lake Wilson (Minn.) Pilot, published by Mr. Robert B. Forrest, in which recognition is given the Standard Oil policy of "Service, Anywhere, Anytime."

"It is a strange paradox that an institution which for years was looked upon as the leader of the trusts for the purpose of crushing the people should be the leader today in exemplifying the word "Service." We refer to the Standard Oil Co. No traveler today who goes by auto comes back from a long tour without a better understanding of that concern and what they are really doing to advocate and exemplify service. Drive up to one of their service stations, what happens? A clean, courteous man, generally in uniform, waits on you. After supplying you with gas and oil, he looks after the water in your radiator, the air in your tires and the many other little things which mean much to the fellow behind the wheel and he drives away with a better feeling toward mankind and more appreciation for the company. The company's rest rooms in many towns are about the only decent rest rooms to be found in the average town of 3,000 or less. Another feature which this company is inaugurating is one that means much to the motorists and that is the Good Samaritan act for the crippled automobilist. No auto or truck bearing an ad of the company is allowed to pass an auto without offering aid. This little act of kindness means much to the man in a strange community when auto after auto whizzes by looking at you as if you were an insect. (Yes, we've all been there.) When up comes a truck or car and the man asks: 'Is there anything I can do, etc?' Oh boy, 'ain't it a grand and glorious feeling.'"

* * *

Passenger—"Say, does this car always make this noise?"

Driver—"No, only when it's running."—*Tennessee Mugwump.*

* * *

She—Enthusiasm is contagious.

He—Not always. I've courted girls who didn't seem to share my enthusiasm in the least.—*Boston Transcript.*

SHOES

Shoes are designed to protect the foot, not to support it. Most people wear shoes too tight; nearly all women do. Too loose a shoe is better than too tight a one, but is nevertheless undesirable. The shoe should provide room enough for the toes to work, and should be so shaped as to permit the foot to work without distortion. The best shoe is one which is straight or practically straight on the inside line, thus avoiding the twisting out of the great toe so common in usual shoes. It should be long enough to clear the toes, and fit about the heel, over the instep, and under the shank closely enough so that it will not slip in walking. Actual support by the shank underneath is not needed by the normal foot, but many people are happier with it, and a shank curved up to give a little lift does no harm. High-heeled shoes are clumsy and undesirable things to walk in, give a bad posture, and make corns, but in themselves they do not cause flat foot. If one is used to high heels, it is unwise to change abruptly. Soles should be solid. The very light soles of many women's shoes are responsible for the concave sole that gives anterior arch trouble, and are at best an insufficient protection to the foot. The best type of shoe is one constructed somewhat along the lines of the army last. Men can get such shoes easily; for women it is less easy. The orthopedic shoe, while theoretically good, is not the practical choice, for few women will wear such a shoe. Some houses carry "modified orthopedic" or "plastic" or "common-sense" lasts which are excellent, but the important thing is not what it is called, but whether it meets the following specifications:

1. Straight inner line.
2. Sufficient length.
3. Sufficient room for toes.
4. A proper fit at heel and instep.
5. Not too high or too narrow a heel.

—*United States Public Health Service.*

* * *

"How did you lose your last job?"

"I was fired for making a mistake."

"That seems unfair. We are all liable to make mistakes."

"Yes, but I told the boss that he couldn't get along without me."

WHITING, INDIANA

The many friends of Mr. Chas. O'Drobinyak will be deeply grieved to learn of his recent loss.

Mr. Chas. Fogli has himself timed so close with the whistle that should he stumble on his way to work it would make him late.

Mrs. Holiday is thinking of having her hair bobbed so as to keep in style with the rest of the White Oil room flappers.

Oh! Beg your pardon. We forgot to mention Mr. O'Drobinyak's loss, but now will let you in on the secret. On April 20, he parted forever with a perfect 10-inch mustache. Isn't that sad?

Many hearts were fluttering and others were skipping beats when suddenly on April 8, 200 students of the University of Illinois visited the White Oil department.

Mr. Ed Julier, pumper at No. 4 house, heads the list as being the first man of this department to purchase an automobile this spring. It's a Dodge.

Miss Mary Gerba is back with us again after being off several weeks. This time she spent nursing her motorcycle cop back to life and curing herself of foot trouble.

Steve Slocum, the he-flapper of our Labor department, thinks he is quite in style when he wears his rubber galoshes cleaning tanks.

Will someone please tell Mr. Grothouse what April 1 is for, so he can prepare himself for next year?

"THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE"

(Apologies to Mr. A. Tennyson)

Note:—This poem is respectfully dedicated to the heretofore unknown heroes of the Filtering Oils Department of Whiting Plant, namely: David Clements, Edward Grothouse, Edward Julier, James La Pert, Arthur Radloff, Chas. Allen—whose total weight equals six hundred pounds avoirdupois. These gentlemen are known to their many friends as the light brigade. Hence the following:

Every day, every day, every day,
  Even Sundays,
Into the Filtering Plant
  Came the six hundred.
"We'll do this until we're dead,
    Shift work is Hell," they said.
Into the Filtering Plant,
  Came the six hundred.

Foremen to the right of them
  Foremen to the left of them
Foremen in front of them
  Shouted and thundered.
Theirs was not to make reply
  Theirs not to reason why
Theirs but to do and sigh
  Into the Filtering Plant
Came the six hundred.

Weight does not make the man
  Each does the best he can.
Last payday how they ran
  All the world wondered.
Oh! the showing they made
  Honor the Light Brigade
Noble Six Hundred.

* * *

Louis Molter was kept puzzled for a few days by the muffled sounds of his bass horn. It seemed to require an unusual volume of air to get any sounds from it, both at band rehearsals and at home. Louie thought at first that he was probably out of practice with his lips, or perhaps the weather conditions caused his instrument to perform in this manner. Finally it dawned on Louie to take his instrument apart, and while so doing, he pulled out his little girl's missing doll. (It takes a machinist to discover things). Besides this, we must add that the doll was lodging in the horn during the rendering of the March concert, and no one knew the difference.

It was while the machine shop windows were being washed that Bill Smith remarked to Sam Malo: "Say, Sam, those window washers are no good; all they do is slop some wet water on the the glass." Sam retorted, "What else can they use besides wet water?" Somebody has been nicknamed Wet Water since.

Ernest Hein, machinist, was awakened on the morning of April 14 by his wife, who asked him why the whistles were blowing. Ernie rolled over in bed and replied, "Oh, six o'clock I guess," but the next instant was up and on his way to fight the fire which followed an explosion in the plant. Ernie thinks fire fighting beats calisthentics to wake one up for breakfast.

One evening Frank Minsberg was reading his newspaper when his boy approached him and began to get inquisitive, asking all sorts of questions. Finally came this one: "Papa, what do you do all day at the machine shop?" "Oh, nothing," replied Frank. This aroused the boy's curiosity, who further questioned, "Well then, papa, how do you know when you're thru?"

C. J. Schroeder, who has been operating the precision and tool grinder in the machine shop, is back at work in the office doing drafting work. He is vitally interested in both ends of the "mechanical" world.

John Plau and Nelson Dewey of the machine shop, "drove" home side by side in their machines. While riding, John Plau turned around to look at something that caught his attention, and while so doing ran into a large sand pile and nearly buried himself. Then Nels Dewey came to the rescue with his powerful machine and pulled John Plau out of the sand. Next morning both of them were seen brushing the sand from their—bicycles.

All 20-year service men who wish to play ball once a month, send your names to Geo. Moffett at the blacksmith shop.

Bob Gradwell and Mike Gadish were disputing as to who deserved the honors of best quoit throwers at the machine shop. This was finally settled in a close match, with Joe Jones and Billy Kinane refereeing the game. A regular "world series" crowd witnessed the defeat of Gadish by Gradwell, by a score of 21 to 20.

One Sunday in March, Fred Kuehnke, of the pressure stills, took a trip to Batavia, Ill., returning that same evening. While in Batavia he mailed a few cards back to Chicago informing the consignees of the cards of his safe arrival, etc., etc., and put 2-cent stamps on the postals. It was never known before that "she" affected him to that extent—perhaps it was the distance between. The pressure still boys wish you good luck, Fred.

HOW TO ENJOY THE SPRINGTIME

Once a year nature refreshes the earth. She adorns our land with pretty new frocks, apple blossoms, daisies, a wonderful new green on the hillside and a softer blue in the sky. Then along come the warm South winds. Nature sends her caresses to all of us. It is time for laughter, throw off the drab spell of winter, laugh and love, laugh and be well and happy. You will make the people

around you happy, and that will be the most God-like thing you've ever done. You can do it so naturally and with perfect sincerity, if you will just lend a little of your assistance to the baseball committee and boost your department to win the championship of the league.

Then you will enjoy the spring time; you will go out of doors and take from Nature the tonic that she freely offers. You can do a great deal by getting out and boosting. The best we can do is to make our fellowmen happy, and that will make us happy as well.—*A. W. Bumhour.*

A. E. Dimmock, can wareroom foreman, came to work in a HARD BOILED white shirt Easter Monday. How come, Al?

L. E. Anderson of the can factory passed out oranges to all the girls one Monday afternoon. Why the oranges, Lossie? How about the cigars?—THE BOYS.

Andrew Semancik of the can factory has given up toe dancing, and is now a banjo player.

J. W. Humphrey of the can factory has just received his new "EARL." Don't crowd, girls. Jack hopes to give you all a ride before the summer is over.

Can house is lining up the following players for a basketball team next season: Henry C. Wilkins, George Mehalso, Mike Walsko, Alex Pusted, Joseph Kovacik, Alfred Peterson, manager.

John Konya of the can factory is getting a brand new radio receiving set.

Bobbed hair is very becoming at the can factory. Agnes Walczak and Irene Dangler are now wearing theirs bobbed.

Aleks Pustek has taken up dancing, and is taking lessons at the Rainbow gardens.

WOOD RIVER, ILL.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Wainwright entertained a number of friends at their home on Madison avenue, Wednesday, April 26.

There is a rumor going round that Harvey Pickles is about to get murdered. There seems to be a woman mixed up in the case, and he is waiting with patience to see what he gets out of the big furniture raffle at Alton.

We have noticed some sure signs of spring of late; one of the most positive, Charles Smith, Star Olson and Don Waggoner all headed for the river with a complete outfit of fishing tackle.

Troy Kessinger, our genial pipe repair man, has taken unto himself a better half. The bride elect is Miss Amy Paddock, daughter of John Paddock of the pressure stills.

Steve Mikolia has started work on a fine new home to be built of matt brick backed up with hollow tile and modern in every respect. When completed it will be one of the nicest homes in Wood River.

Mr. and Mrs. Gartenbach have sold their home on Seventh street to Victor Paff of Alton and will build a new home on 8th street.

Samuel Hubbard, treater at the paraffine works, was saying that as soon as the weather permits he would go out dandelion picking.

Steve Klader, pipefitter, has an increase in his family. His gang is extending their sympathy as this makes three girls for Steve.

T. Poeling of the press house has been suffering with the rheumatism.

John Davis of the bleacher pump house has been baching for about a week on account of his cook leaving him flat. Being unable to get another, John has sold his furniture and gone to boarding.

Joseph Kochen went to Edwardsville recently to make application for his second papers.

John Giford, boilermaker, has been visiting relatives with his family at Whiting, Ind.

John Manchak is a proud citizen. It's the first time in American history that John has voted—at the election recently held.

Gus Schuller has been inquiring how two can live on $50.00 per month. Something is going to happen.

The Fourth Community Concert was held at the Community High School auditorium, Thursday evening, April 20. An exceptionally good program was offered and was thoroughly enjoyed by an overflowing house. In addition to numbers by the Famous Wood River Refinery Band, and solos, an outstanding feature of the occasion was the McKendree college entertainers. The credit for securing this rare talent must be given to Mr. Behymer of the Wood River Journal, as the arrangements for their taking part in the program were made entirely by Mr. Behymer. The whole program was a good one, and the only drawback in connection with the concert was the lack of room to take care of the crowd, as many persons were unable to obtain admission, and standing room was at a premium. The next concert will be held on May 18, and it is expected that this will be on a par with past performances. Another large crowd is looked for.

William Cook, another tin can owner, after several months' ownership has finally reached the stage of perfection where he can back her out of the garage without serious consequences to telephone posts in the vicinity, and he has also absorbed the knowledge that "Lizzie" must drink something stronger than water to make her go. Taking everything into consideration, William and Lizzie are "making the hill" nicely.

Andrew Lee, a former employee of the refinery, and who has been affiliated with a traveling theatrical troupe, called on old friends at the refinery recently. Andrew was on his way to Tennessee, where he has a season engagement. Lee was looking well and prosperous. He has requested us to forward him the Stanolind at his new address that he may keep in touch with his old associates through its columns.

Our Safety and Industrial Relations Director, Mr. C. F. Hall, has been driving a Dodge coupe. Having some engine trouble recently he drove into a Wood River garage to have the machine looked over. The machinist, after some difficulty in finding the trouble, discovered that there was no engine number on his motor. The laws of this state require all garage owners to report machines where they are unable to find any motor number. As a result Mr. Hall was called before the Chief of Police to explain. Hall was very busy for a few days trying to square matters. Hall swears that he obtained the machine legitimately, and we presume that the purr of the engine defaced the motor number. We hope that Hall will come out of this in good shape as we would dislke to hear of him or his machine being taken from our midst.

Harry Harrod has placed an order for all his vegetables from Merle Manley. Merle said his line would be most complete except two. Name them, Merle.

Someone remarked the other day after looking at the photograph of our Joint General Committee members, that only one possessed a "coffee strainer"

and only one had a head where a "handkerchief would answer the purpose of a comb." Mr. Stephenson of Division No. 3 is the proud owner of the "coffee strainer," and be it said it is as fine a strainer as possibly could be grown on an upper lip. Mr. Bacheldor, our genial blacksmith, has the "shiny pate" where a silk handkerchief will do the business instead of a comb.

Mrs. Hannah Johnson, of the exchange, was the guest of Staunton friends recently.

Among those attending the police benefit for widows and orphans at St. Louis last week we noticed Mr. and Mrs. Jolley, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gainer, and Mr. and Mrs. Jack Maloney, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Wustenfeld, Mr. C. F. Hall and——(?).

A surprise party was tendered Mr. Ray Buck on the 25th, the occasion being his birthday. The surprisers brought a fine lot of refreshments and a nice remembrance of the day was presented Ray.

Mr. C. A. Halsey visited friends in Belleville recently.

Hugh Christy is enjoying life after work hours riding around on a new motorcycle.

Carol chooses to linger longer in Mr. Buck's office lately. Interested in typewriting, we suppose (?).

Miss Edna Dietz of the telephone exchange was the guest of Belleville relatives recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Lane and children were guests of St. Louis relatives Easter.

Miss Kathleen Halloran attended a theatre party in St. Louis last week.

Napoleon Bonaparte, as everyone knows, set out to defeat the world. The eyes of everyone were upon him, all anxious to ascertain what next would happen. So it was with Dick Edsall of Wood River. He had defeated several opponents at barnyard golf and in that way held the championship belt of Madison county. But Dick received a challenge. It was from no other than Fred Schultz of the brass foundry. The day was set, also the time. Everyone turned out, including the management. Most of the audience was in favor of Dick, others favored Schultz, but alas! the majority was disappointed. Fred defeated Dick two straight games. Dick was a hard loser, stating that defeat was due to not lack of ability, but to the fact that there was no prize money at stake. He said there was no incentive for him doing better, so why should he pitch good shoes when there was no money in it for him? Now, that is the way Dick looks at it; if he will kindly let it be known when he wants to play there will be plenty of money in evidence.

Ed Carmody, treater at the refinery agitators, is building a garage. He states he is not going to buy a car—that he wants it for his chickens. Well, we have heard of "chickens" setting in automobiles but not in garages.

Mrs. McGaw, wife of George McGaw, acid works foreman, is visiting relatives in Chicago.

Andy Kaburek, pump repair man, has purchased a Ford. He figures its upkeep less than carfare.

Jess Cord was off several days on account of sickness in his family, but we are glad to report is back on the job.

William Traband has demonstrated that he who succeeds must presevere. Bill has his Ford in working order now and every Sunday takes in East St. Louis, Collinsville and Lebanon.

Roy Frederickson has been transferred from the yard office to the main pump house. This is Roy's first attempt at shift work and he bought a half dozen alarm clocks to start off with.

There seems to be no pity in some of our reporters. One of them tells us he saw a junk man looking over Asa Lipsic's Gardner.

Earl Custer of the main pump house has bought a Buick six. Earl says it needs a new king pin already.

Matt Freeman wants all the setting hens he can get.

Cary Daniels saw Charlie Cason walking home from the Gun Club's quarters the other day and yelled, "Gimme the rabbit!"

Ben Purcell, fireman at No. 1 crude house, was off sick three days at the first of the month, but nothing serious developed, for which we are thankful.

Harold Vernor has lost his famous pocket knife and offers a liberal reward for its return.

Joe Jackson is asking about cheap Fords now. No wonder accidents increase and automobile insurance goes up.

"Swampy" Meyers is tired of Fords and wants to try out a Chevrolet.

"Shorty" Meecham advises Bill Traband to use Polarine. Well, it is bad engineering judgment to run a Ford without oil.

After overhauling the old Imperial, John Eaton ventures to take a trip to Alton on his days off.

Morris McMillen is planning on a big trip to the country in the near future.

Joe Fallicia is still trying to catch all the big fish in the river.

Henry Schewe has perfected a rheumatism cure that gets results.

Herb Wolweaver, Joe Perry's caller, has found out where all the bumps and high places are by falling over them on his rounds at night.

Amiel Brummer and wife were part of a theatre party to St. Louis near the middle of the month

Fred Parker surprises us by saying there is one hill in Tennessee higher than any one in Alton.

Bill Obermiller is moving to Milton Heights where he will have more room to turn around.

Gus Moline made a flying trip through the country in the old flivver the other day.

John Baker is carrying a new pail these days.

Henry Bick has acquired the reputation of politician and legal adviser.

Uncle Tim Van Camp holds the prize for running the best incubator oil in Illinois.

Herman Falkenhein wants the dates of all the fish fries in Wood River.

Roy Thompson has accepted a position with the Wood River Taxpayers Association.

Cliff Sweet is looking over the auto market lately.

Ty Cobb is successor to Lawrence Regus as a promotor of old time dances. Ty says that if the "gosh durned" fiddlers won't play for nothing, he will pay them to play.

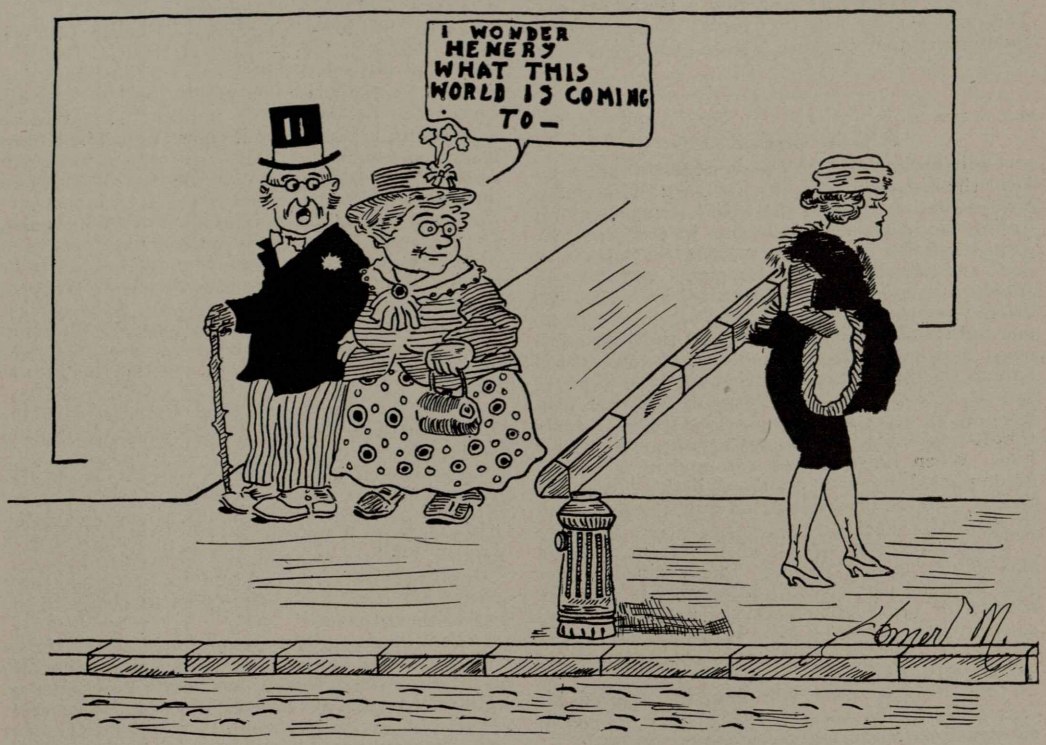
George Oetken is figuring on taking over the coal mines at Bethalto and operating them like he used to in the good old days gone by.

Albert Hall stayed an hour overtime to listen to Matt Freeman's dissertation on the "Sins of Tim Van Camp."

Happy Robertson promised us a picture of some of the boys who will make his name famous, but at present the picture stands on a par with Happy's castle in Spain. We haven't seen either.

Ben Burke cindered his alley so that it would make walking easier but he did such a good job that all the traffic now comes down the alley instead of using the main street.

HENRY SCHNAUFER SUCCUMBS TO REFORM WAVE



Wood River Works.—This cartoon conveys the impressions of our cartoonist as to Henry Schnaufer, the robust labor foreman. The inference is drawn that Henry was once on the job in looking the "Flappers" over, but has succumbed to the reform wave and connected with a change of heart. From the expression on Henry's face he is considerably shocked at the audacity of said "Flapper." "Get thou behind me, Satan!"

Harold Vernor and Joe Jackson made some enormous hooks to catch the big fish that come out of the main channel of the "Father of Waters" to wheat fields with the overflow. After wading in water up to their waists for three hours, they came back leaving the big fish in undisputed possession of the wheat fields.

Ben Burke is busy painting screens for the coming summer.

William Covion of the pressure stills is building a new house, which is a monument to thrift and industry.

Charlie Wiggins has taught his chickens to use various musical instruments and is now offering musical roosters for sale.

Hubbard and Tittle are selling out—the chickens interfere with sleep.

A. G. Smith decided to raise geese—had a nice little bunch and bought a fine thoroughbred registered gander. It was a great disappointment for Smitty when the gander began to lay eggs.

Harvey McDowell had the old Chevrolet stuck in the creek at Mudville again.

Jule Vans of the carpenter gang is an authority on Bolshevists, I. W. W.'s and Anarchists.

Occasionally we hear of men who do not get the "Stanolind." If you don't get a copy, let us know—make a kick for it.

We have the pleasure to introduce to you Judge George William Thompson, Justice of the Peace for Wood River township.

Davy Moore wanted a setting hen. He bought a hen and Davy's wife wasn't much impressed with the hen's setting qualities. Davy expostulated that he was a man from the Tennessee farms and knew when a hen wanted to set. It was a temporary victory. The hen was dead when Davy came home from work.

Homer Hopkins says he brings the wife along on payday because he can't remember his check number himself.

Asa Lipsic has installed a new player piano in his home.

Queer things happen. O. D. Graham was seen leading a couple of pups home last month, yet when the assessor called O. D. is reported to have said "No dogs."

Fred Gerl is painting his house in between showers.

Bill Traband's grocer is keeping Red Crown, so Bill doesn't have to rob the toy bank to buy gasoline.

The Mississippi came up to the gate to see us

during the latter part of the month. The water was so high that it affected the sewer system and the refinery department had to lie idle for a few days.

R. Hefner, tube cleaner foreman at the pressure stills, is sporting a new Baby Grand Overland.

Charles Magurany's cow died a few weeks ago. This was a great loss to Charlie as he has seven children and they consume a large quantity of milk.

SUGAR CREEK, MO.

Didja notice how high George Hackett carries his head these days? Well, it's like this: George has always been a "dyed in the wool" Republican, but during the recent village election in Independence, Tom Chandler, ex-pumper, secured the support of our amiable boilershop foreman, and George whooped it up for him. His oratory convinced the colored population of the ward that there was no one but Tom running for election; that the negro never had been oppressed and that slavery existed only in the imagination, and that the local Republican party was a myth. The result was that Tom went in by a big majority, and he frankly admits that it was George's propaganda that put it over for him. When Hackett goes out now he is usually accompanied by two or more little "Chocolate Drops," who address him as "Marse George," much to Hackett's delight.

That banquet in the "S. O. Diner" to celebrate the victory of Doc McCoy, Safety director, over Jess Flowers, pressure still stillman, was certainly a feast for an epicure. Epicurus in his best days couldn't have ordered a more alluring or appetizing repast. At this date all who participated are back on the job again.

John Tapko, tower still fireman, received his citizenship papers April 17, 1922. John believes in educating his family and being a good citizen.

It is with regret that we announce the death of Grover Barnes' mother, who passed away April 2, 1922.

Steve Bublick's family has increased by one. Steve's treasury has been depleted to the extent of 100. Today Steve is a wiser and sadder man; somewhat happier too, Steve's celebration and "enforced" idleness being the cause of his wisdom and sorrow and the closer association with the wife and little one, the cause of his added joy. Here's hoping Steve sticks closer to the "Home Fireside" and denies himself the "Home Brew."

The residents of Park avenue are nearly all buying or trading motor cars. A. B. Jones purchased a Cleveland Six, April 24, after deliberating six years. J. W. Kelly, after using a Maxwell eleven years, traded it in on a Nash six. He was allowed $4.60 on the Maxwell. F. W. Bruckmiller traded his old Dodge for a new one of the same type. Frank Woodward is green with envy, but is still manipulating his two-handlled, one-wheel vehicle.

Chuck Masters seems to be having trouble keeping his oxygen bottles filled. Ask Bill Decker about it. Bill says it seems to leak out when the valve is open.

Henry Hink is buying and selling second hand automobiles. He says there is quite a profit in it.

It is generally known that the boiler house harbors some great hunters. Watertender Starkey invaded the state of Kansas sometime ago with a 12-gauge pump gun, and in six hours' hunting brought in an unheard number of jack rabbit ears. He would have sent the rabbits home, but there was a shortage of gondolas. Charley Hall, his helper, turned over the "BRONZE RECOIL-PAD," on rabbit shooting, to Starkey; but still claims it on getting the ducks. Charley returned from a big duck hunt telling a weird tale of how he was attacked by a million ducks.

FOR SALE — PLANTS, BULBS, SEEDS, SHRUBBERY, ETC.—JAS. HINDE, DEALER. This sign conveys to all lovers of the beauties of nature a ready source of supply for home decorations, etc., and we'll shout it from the house tops that Jim is no piker when it comes to handling these things in large quantities. He recently closed a deal with F. J. Bergin to handle the shrubbery on his ten acre plot, and almost completed a deal with Mr. John Grinter to supply him with 1000 of his best. John says he doesn't mind patronizing the boys in the plant who have any side line, but refuses to be hornswoggled when dealing with them. Why so unreasonable Old Timer? We all have implicit trust in him and would eagerly buy the same stuff offered you, at one-fifth the price. Something tells us that "gift" cigaret reacted contrary to expectations.

Dick Trowbridge has been transferred to the inspection department. Wonder what McLean and Butler will do?

Jess Reeder has all the symptoms, he is pale, listless and eats hardly anything. He went to one of the department heads the other day, and with a sheepish look on his face, said: "Were you ever in love?" Oh boy, we feel sorry for him.

James O'Hara, in addition to being appointed garage foreman, has been placed in charge of the gasket department.

"Bill" Beatty, "first-class" tinner, has owned an automobile for the last five or six years. Now Bill is rather a timid person, and while he has got up enough courage at various times to make short drives out on the quiet country roads, he had never attempted to drive downtown until a recent Saturday afternoon. The trip proved disastrous. The traffic was rather heavy, and Bill had proceeded but a short distance when he locked horns with a jitney (we believe the first car he met). After being bulldozed for about an hour by the jitney driver, he called his favorite garage and had the remains towed in. Bill is very enthusiastic about street cars now.

Warren Sally Starks created quite a stir at the garage recently by announcing that he was seriously contemplating the purchade of a package of cigarets. This was probably only one of his little jokes.

Harry Roth has finally moved! ! ! After living in the same house for the past twenty years, he has moved out with the "cake-eaters" on St. John.

The boys at the foremen's office are quite delighted in having Wallie Hodge with them. They split their sides laughing at Wallie's funny stories; especially Virg Caldwell, who simply throws a fit every time Wallie "pulls" one. (This occurs during the lunch period, only, of course.)

Pete Akers' pretty white and blue sweater was just about ruined in a little fire at the continuous stills recently. Pete was working so hard (as is his usual custom) that it was necessary for him to remove his sweater. A small amount of oil near the sweater became ignited and the sweater was rather badly burned. Well, Pete, you shouldn't have worn such a pretty sweater to work anyway.

Fred Bergin (stenographer for G. H. Moffett): "Say Freeman, does it take you and Cox both to write that order?"

C. H. Freeman (who is trying to write a mer-

chandise order on a typewriter assisted by E. J. Cox): "Yes, Fred, you see I'm not used to doing things where I don't have to use my head as well as my hands, like you are, so I have to get help."

Happy Young says the next time he invites Ralph Lamar over for dinner he is going to see that Ralph leaves enough for breakfast, at least.

Wanted: Two firemen that can hold 'em on the mark. Apply to John Dickey, swing stillman on the pressure stills.

The Sugar Creek Mutual Benefit Association, better known as the "Dirty Faces," is riding along merrily, with a big balance on hand. The total money on hand March 1, 1922, was $3,348.85, which was invested as follows: Time Deposit, $2,000.00; Liberty Bonds, $600.00; Checking Account, $748.85. Why not get in? You won't find as cheap health and accident insurance anywhere else.

George Melia, pipe fitter, has left the services of the company and opened up a plumbing shop in Kansas City. Here's luck to you, George.

Clay Hensley is the radio expert of the main office, and he is kept busy dispensing information to the rest of the boys as to what equipment to buy, the proper manner to set up the outfit, the height and length of the aerial for the best results, etc. Clay has the best set in the neighborhood, with the exception of the one owned by the boy across the street, and a keen competition exists between them. But Clay is going to put one over on his rival. He is going to climb up to his aerial some dark night and soap the wires so that the masseges will slip off.

Vacation time is coming. Clifford Howard and Jesse Reeder were caught planning another fishing trip.

It is with regret that we report the death of Samuel E. Hunter, pressure still cleaner, who passed away March 3. Mr. Hunter was well liked by his associates, who will miss him. He leaves a wife and five children to mourn his loss.

Reeder: "Say, Bressie, are you going to try out for a place on the Office baseball team this year?"

Bressie: "Naw. Why should I come 'way down here and play outfield or third base on the office team when I can pitch on our neighborhood team in Independence? I wouldn't play unless I could pitch, and anyway, I don't see the object in playing baseball." (Members of the neighborhood team he referred to range in age from 12 to 15 years.)

Whenever you find a man who has been nicknamed Doc by his associates, with no real right to the prefix, you will always find a darned nice, likeable fellow. Now "Doc" McCoy is all of that and more. But MY GOSH, Doc, let's have pie more often.

We have at last learned the initials of Wilford Bressie's girl They are L. D. That is all we have been able to find out so far.

A short time ago there appeared in this column, a short article, in which a rather distainful remark was made concerning Frank Lee's clothes. We are very sorry that this article was published and we promise not to write anything alse about Frank's old clothes.

A. R. Jenkins, pipe fitter, has left the service of the company and returned to his farm near Bates City, Mo.

John Kroll, of the boiler shop, is very desirous of making a trip to Birmingham, Mo. Ask John about the big white house up on the hill.

The name of Professor Earl Jackson Cox, our bandmaster, has not appeared in this column for such a long time that we were afraid some of our outside readers would think that he had left the service of the company. But no, girls—he is still here.

Say Kansas City, we want to see something in your column about John Bryant. Ever since John was transferred to your office, we have been watching for a favorable report concerning him. So how is he getting along? He was one of the nicest and tallest fellows we had out here.

The Horseshoe Pitching Championship of the Sugar Creek refinery has been wrested from the hands of Cox and Reeder, by the more expert pitchers, Koehler and Howard. In the tournament, Koehler and Howard showed control and judgment of distances that was simply marvelous. These sterling pitchers threw ringer after ringer, as an admiring crowd cheered them on to victory. (We'll bet some wise guy will say: "Aw, Howard wrote that himself." You win—he did.)

Did you see Fred Miller at the Red Cross dance? Oh Boy!!! Wasn't he keen. Every girl we danced with turned admiring eyes toward him, and exclaimed: "Oh, what a handsome man! Is he married?"

Dudley "Apples" McBride, one of the telephone operators, recently bought the remnants of a Ford speedster and spends most of his spare time at home remodeling it. Dud is famous for the number of apples he consumes. Arch Hammontree says Dud is a "bear-cat" with the girls. Maybe that's why the Ford and the new suit.

Mr. Arthur Henry has purchased a new Ford coupe, and seems to be enjoying it immensely. He is taking extra good care of it right now, but just wait a few months.

The other morning, coming to work, James O. Hinde was smoking a long black object and was raising such a fog that somebody suggested that the stockyards were on fire. Around this object, which Jim called a cigar, was a red band, reading "El Toro," and A. E. Hauptley of the storehouse, who is quite a Spanish student, ruminates. "What's in a name?"

Thomas R. Chandler, of the main pump house, leaves us to enter both politics and the grocery business. We wish him the best of luck in both ventures.

George Boone, telephone operator, says it is no trouble to stay awake on the "graveyard" shift, if the right operator is working on the Fairmount exchange.

CASPER, WYO.

B. V. Osborn (Oswald), who formerly played the Underwood piano in the crow's nest at the warehouse, now looks after Safety First business—first at the fire, first to dodge falling bricks, and first to—oh well, a similitude along the lines immortalizing the mighty George.

Jack Essex Glover spends his spare hours between the filling station and the repair shop. Anyway, she runs, doesn't she, Jack? And we all like to ride.

Thomas J. Given (Duke of Londonderry) makes frequent calls at the warehouse when he isn't buying candy for the babies.

Mr. Catterall claims to be the champion long-distance fisherman of the plant. He caught one so long that when he arrived with it in Casper the *tale* was still in Alcova. Some fish!!

Jack Groner has been pricing furniture and home furnishings for the homestead. Better keep her in town, Jack.

We understand that Mr. Pither is taking a correspondence course in plumbing. How about it, Pith?

C. J. McKinney has come to us from Sugar Creek, to be our new shipping clerk for the Salt Creek products. He tells us he goes from one Creek to another, and, while Sugar is sweet and pleasant, still, it is the Salt that leavens the earth. Good stuff, Mac.

C. F. Ellis has left us to do C. P. A. work in Denver, after a year of faithful work with the company. Best wishes, Chuck.

Nye Moses tried to get up a little office tennis court, and found a lot of enthusiasm. Good work, Nye.

Born, Sunday, April 9, to Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert O. Houseley, a baby girl. Mr. Houseley is in charge of trucks and teams at No. 3 plant.

Our acid works had to substitute Mr. McFarland in place of A. Gatewood, who resigned. Likewise, Mr. Carlson is substituting in place of Roy Barnes, who has been transferred to the boiler houses. This shakeup meant that Del Mitchell and James Connell went up to the firing line. Along with all these troubles, our department was somewhat "put out" because Mr. Mudge had the "flu," but, like the cat with nine lives, he survived. That makes it nice, because now the new daughter, who arrived at the home of S. J. Losher on March 22, can sit on grandpa's knee and listen to the funny man's stories about great goblins and fairies and everything. And now that all is running smoothly again, Paul Arrighi has allowed Mrs. Arrighi to leave for a visit with her parents in Montana.

One of our correspondents has sent in an explanation to Mrs. Warren regarding the spilled oil around Mr. Rouse's testing lamp. Mrs. Warren, please be informed that Erick sells Mail Pouch to J. E. R., which, ground up to suit Mr. Rouse, makes what you thought and called oil. Please do not get the impression that our oil is as bad as all that.

Tom Young, stillman at No. 10 pressure still house, has bought a new Dodge.

Rex Fanning, pressure still foreman, has also got him a new Dodge. We always said there was class to these stillman and foreman fellas.

Grant Hix, tower still helper, has returned from Kansas, where he attended the funeral of his mother. He has the sympathy of all of us.

Henry Burris, tower still helper, is seriously ill from rheumatism.

Joe Dilso, tower stillman, is the owner of a new Chalmers.

L. F. Whitney, tower still helper, is back at work after being off three weeks, suffering from rheumatism.

Alvah Todd, pressure stillman, has returned after a two weeks' vacation.

F. L. O'Connor, tower still helper, is again on the job after a severe burn.

T. A. Marshall has recovered after an operation for appendicitis, and is again at work.

J. W. Fisher, pressure stillman, announces the arrival at his home of a 15-pound baby boy. (Say, Fish, is this size related to the size of some of the fish in the stories?) Mother and child are doing very well.

We regret the death of the month-old baby of M. T. Cantrell, pressure stillman. He has the sincere sympathy of all his fellow-workers.

F. D. McKay, pumper at No. 3 house, is back at work after being off ten days tusseling with the "flu."

We surely are mighty glad to see Elof Engdahl out again after his severe illness.

Joe Wimsatt, pressure stillman, has bought a right smart Ford coupe. He isn't married, girls, and is quite debonair and clawsy; so please, don't say we haven't warned you in advance.

For sale: Some perfectly good Lyric Theater stock, or will trade for some good lubricator polisher. J. L. Carlson, continuous treating plant.

Schmitty, No. 1 pump house, promises to be a good cobbler if death doesn't interfere.

H. Murane, inside helper, No. 5 house, thinks the manufacture of Eskimo pies has helped business in the U. S. The importation of cocoa beans sends money to the tropical countries, who in turn buy U. S. products. Ask him about it.

Owing to the poor condition of the roads between Casper and Garden Creek, H. P. Fishburn, chemist, thought it best not to take Bossy out for a walk, as she might mire down in some Wyoming mudhole. This is probably the reason she has failed to produce enough milk for her owner to realize any profits. Let's wish for better weather.

Leon "Slim" Chamberlin, treater, continuous plant, is leaving for Glenrock, Wyoming, where he is to have charge of Standard Oil Company property.

No. 2 pumphouse resembles Noah's Ark these days, being almost surrounded by water.

Sam Works is known as the champion cribbage player at the main office. His latest victim is Roy Heap, who succumbed to Sam's ever-present prowess.

Ed Slater cleaned up on George Wood in a couple of rounds of golf last Sunday. That kind of playing is what the course needs, for there are still a lot of rocks on the green that should be dismantled.

Doc Doherty was out on Napoleon last Sunday. No wonder the restaurants are going broke.

Dorsey Stratiff has been transferred to the combustion department, under Bob Spencer, from the refinery manufacturing department.

Ray Williams, formerly stillman at No. 3 plant, has moved his place of business to a new location at No. 1 plant.

Manager Foster Jenkins, of the Old Mill, informs us that the mill is closed down on account of wheat shortage. Why not try Camels?

Mr. Brown is now "over" the stationery messenger boys, replacing Mr. Brashear, who has accepted a position with another company.

Hide your matches, men; here comes Nick.

Fred Harris, of boiler house No. 4, is known as being a great ballet dancer, but to many of his friends it will be a great surprise to hear that he has joined the ranks of the modern jazz dancers. Of late he has been giving dancing lessons to quite a number of the A B C girls at the Columbia. Note: Anybody wishing to learn the late dances, communicate with Mr. Harris.

Peter Neste and Basil Pither, with their families, toured the picturesque Platte valley last Sunday, enjoying a perfect return trip in Peter's new Ford.

Doc Doherty, it is rumored on authority that is well versed on the subject, will soon join the ranks that Myron Udick is now a member of. And yet poets say that all men are equal, but some get married.

King Oscar was decorated for meritorious work during the world war. O. B. E. What shall we call him now—Sir John?

Spring is here (perhaps). The robins are again in

our midst, and the boys are at the tennis court. Loud echoes come from there—"Love one and forty (others)."

Sherlocko (Ned James), known in the salvage world as a keen detective, paid a visit to Casper Sunday afternoon. During the past months many valves have been located by Sherlocko through his bloodhound instincts.

The rapid run made by Harry Comfort on April 19 to the boxcar fire at the old U. T. L. building, as per still alarm, which broke into earnest conversation with Mr. Tolhurst, is now famous. It is rumored (and the "dripping evidence" confirms it) that H. F. was handed the wet end of the fire hose. When the "colors" began to run, H. F. made a hasty exit. Anyhow, his efforts helped to keep down the overhead!

The fishing season was officially opened April 1 at Casper when Jack Catterall, Jim Carroll, Harry Comfort, Dan Beers, Clyde Gibson, Tracy Shaw, Joe Hueghli, representing the company, Mr. Bruce, of the Grocers, and Mr. Warren, representing the Western States Oil Co., journeyed to the canon above Alcova. It will be necessary to restock the stream at this particular point, for when the boys were ready to go away from there all the fish had been caught. They continue to tell of the large ones which escaped, which reminds us of the following: "Behold the fisherman; he riseth up early in the morn, full of hope; he disturbeth the entire household; mighty are his preparations; he hieth forth to some distant brook and returneth when the day is far spent, smelling of strong drink, and the truth is not in him."

When Mel Melvin wends his weary way homeward after a strenuous day witht he figure fiends, his time is about equally divided between dodging speed cops, taking the goldfish out for a walk, and keeping the wampus cat from annoying the baffle bird; however, he finds time to read the Stanolind during lunch hour, but has never received the March number. Will someone kindly mail a copy to him, in care of the warehouse?

We anticipated much inconvenience when Mrs. Leonard was transferred to another department, but our fears were unwarranted when Cinderella Pederson (he with the perfect No. 12's) took down the receiver and answered "Warehouse." Pete, you are there! About eleven years ago Pete bought a Ford, and since then he has spent so much time cranking it that his voice has developed wonderfully from talking to it. His only trouble now is trying to keep the spokes in the wheels. We hope that some day he and Sam Work will form a partnership and start a Society for the Protection of Neglected Flivvers.

Should anyone desire information regarding Kansas, it can be obtained from Frank Robinson, at the warehouse. Since the days of Carrie Nation and Jerry Simpson very little has been heard about Kansas, but we understand Walter Johnson once passed through that state, so Frank says.

Fred Mower, who spots the cars, tried to dispute the right of way of a White truck. The driver of the truck said Fred didn't blow the horn; well, the nameplate on the radiator says "Dodge Brothers," which should be sufficient, so Fred claims. Anyway, it didn't damage the truck.

Hippo Miller, he of the broad smile and polished glasses, has a new Marmon, but, somehow, they let Henry Ford put his name on the radiator.

Miss Margaret Smith, comptometer operator at the warehouse, certainly looked stunning in her new Easter attire. Look out, boys, she has decided to make Casper her home, and, we understand, has medals for cooking.

G. C. Gibson (Gibby) tells of the large fish, etc. Well, we have to listen; but, you know, we are from Texas, and have to taste them. Besides, we haven't heard of any game warden interfering as yet. By the way, who was elected mayor?

All of the bosses took a notion to leave us alone for a few days. Our guess is that it happened this way: Dr. R. E. Humphreys came to Casper April 18 to look over a real refinery. We'll give him credit for saying so, too. The next day Tom came back from Chicago with another appropriation. This provides the "mazuma" for opening up the subdivision out there by the fair grounds. That makes everybody happy, even the bosses themselves—they have to get that way once in a while. They all felt so good that a great "joy fest" was planned. It was just about time for Lockard and Cullen and the rest of the Rocky Mountain refinery heads to hold a meeting here at the world's greatest Red Crown center. The idea of this regular meeting was to perfect ways and means for getting more and still more "anti-friction" out of crude, thereby giving the rest of the human race a big help in its brave fight against friction. Greybull, as you know, is one of Casper's babies. The fishing is supposed to be good there. It is a fact, but those fellows up there are smart enough not to let the editor know it (evidence: lack of pictures of Greybull fishing parties in Stanolind Record). However, a good fisherman will talk. Our bosses are good talkers, too. So when these birds come down from Greybull, they tell about the big ones they left behind in the old hole. Take a real fisherman like Rouse—he knows they are telling the truth. He up and tells Paulus, then Max up and tells Tom. T. S. kind of cocks his head in the old familiar way—same as whenever a bright idea comes fluttering in, and says: "I guess we'll have to hold the regular Rocky Mountain division council at Greybull this month. Dr. R. E., you'll have to pack your 'duds' and go along!" Signs of joy spread from ear to ear on the countenance of our distinguished visitor. Maybe the rest of the gang wasn't pleased with the news! We'll venture this, though some of the wives got real sore. Anyway, Cooke, Paulus, Wood, Rouse, D. J. Smith, Thompson, Andrus and Humphrey took a lot of angleworms and things with them to the meeting. Then the lonesome crew began to cut loose as follows:

The weather cleared up fine and winter alkali vanished. Pither came to work on time as well as Hanson.

Cosio ran into a Ford and then got a boil on the back of his neck.

Brave Oscar received a British war decoration, and is to be congratulated, especially by the S. O. Company employees.

Hanson kind of took it easy.

The Elks had a dance where the light fantastic was tripped by Witter, Comfort, Dines, Thibert, Adeline, Huff, Slater, Flowers, Borgstrand, and—we quit because this is not supposed to be a plant roll-call.

Leschinsky let them take the pipe fitters off of App. 26 again.

Mrs. Al Warner presented her hubby with twins—a boy and a girl. All concerned are well pleased and doing nicely.

The team of Covert and Beers got beat three straight on the main barnyard golf course.

Wiederhold went to the Columbia and watched the distribution of garters.

Brashear quit to go to Texas; Coltraine quit to go to work somewhere else.

Tom's secretary was seen slipping home with a slip of foliage which was a slip that had been slipped from the beautiful plant in Tom's office.

Seaton (driver of the Perfume Special) forgot to step on the gas Friday morning—we suspect he was too much interested in "one" of his fair passengers.

E. L. Abbott whistles like a lark—happy in his lonesomeness.

The telephone operators announce that they have SUCCEEDED in training Heinze to answer his whistle call—and have accomplished this without annoying the members of the Rocky Mountain division council—they had no mercy on the rest of us.

Clara and Lucille have been looking downhearted—and on asking them why we learn they are "mourning the death of the buzzers."

Swanson has formed the habit of going home for lunch—walks both ways—distance from refinery THREE MILES!!! No one reports passing him on the road at one o'clock. Pretty soft, Swanson.

Betty is qualifying as chauffeur for our master mechanic.

Vi-o-let (Castleman) has stepped forth with an abundance of curls.

Eric has stocked a good assortment of nuts to take care of the fishermen upon their return.

Soph Hanson and Fassett "trot" to the water bottle all day long—trying to keep in touch with front-office affairs.

Comfort VERY BUSY!—inspecting main office building *hourly*.

Wiederhold continues to bemoan the fact that he missed the train to Greybull Thursday morning.

AND—to cap the climax, Etelka told us about the letter from Flint with all the little "i's."

If the bosses stay away long enough, it is rumored that the whole plant will knock off to go fishing, too.

C. M. Coltrane has left the service of the company to take a position with the Mills Construction Co., Casper. We wish you well, Clarence.

Several changes have recently been made in the personnel of the main storehouse—Frank Miller has been placed in charge of the stockroom, Fay Potter holding forth in the receiving department, and Russ Laughlin taking the place in the office vacated by Frank Miller.

J. B. Hughes, who has been employed at the storehouse the past two years, resigned, and intends to leave soon for Chicago, where he will visit with his parents before seeking other worlds to conquer.

Carl "Hambone" Pederson saved his own life by equipping his flivver with a set of new wheels. During the winter, Carl packed the spokes with snow to hold them in place, but with the coming of warm weather found it necessary to resort to something more substantial to keep the old Lizzie going.

Clyde Gibson, the boy who handles the main storehouse stock cards, has instituted a department of research. One day he searches for second-hand globe valves, and the next day for ten cylinders of hydrogen, then the next day researches for both items.

Jack Gover has been on the sick list the past few days, but at the present writing has been able to resume his duties, although not entirely recovered. We all hope with him for a speedy recovery.

The office force of the storehouse takes this opportunity to thank Miss Smith for her generous donation of chocolate Easter eggs.

We want to give our fellow-worker, Albert Curtis, of the salvage department, congratulations on the birth of twins, April 20—a boy and a girl.

Pete Holden is trying out for the American Legion Fall Stampede; at least so it is thought by many of his friends who recently noted Pete's endeavor to mount the bronco for the second time. We would advise a series of lessons under the tutorship of Dan Beers.

Roger Crawford, Basil Pither and Peter Neste, it is reported, will soon start a new steamship line, to be known as "Platte River Sidewheel Line." It will be a great help to those who miss the last street car at eight o'clock.

GREYBULL, WYO.

The divisional safety committees for the current period have been appointed and are holding regular meetings. The personnel of these organizations consist of twelve very live wires, as follows: Div. No. 1, Geo. Rimer, John Watson, and Dan W. McLeod; Div. No. 2, Sam Doctor, Wm. Hovis and W. B. McCune; Div. No. 3, W. A. McGuffey, Ed Swanson and M. J. Ryan; Div. No. 4, G. L. Shepardson, Bartie Bentley and Bruce Atwell. It is the vowed intention of these men to make it hard for those who follow them in office.

Ray Mohler, J. T. Hill, Theora Snethen, E. E. Horner, Leonard Stevens, W. L. Randall and Ben Paull have been promoted from the common labor department to the pipe department.

Among the changes in the refining department, on April 16 A. V. Patterson, C. A. Crandall and G. R. Wilson were promoted to stillmen. J. W. Loveland, C. F. Packard and F. E. Newlin were made helpers. Others given promotions were Q. M. Beck, F. B. Dorsey, A. E. Kean, H. J. Aebischer, Leon Hill and Earl Young.

At the meeting of the Joint General Committee on Monday, May 2, the Athletic Association for the Greybull works was organized. This association will cover all forms of athletic sports, and with the splendid material which is available there is no doubt but that we will have one of the best if not the best ball team in this section of the country. We might go on record as challenging the major team of the Whiting plant. Of course we realize that the mileage is prohibitive; however, we are certain that our Indians could scalp them if they were only given the opportunity.

Billy Hughes, our amiable office manager, has been sparring for an opening to go to the hills, where he will dally with the speckled beauties. Geo. W. Snyder, department of Industrial Relations, on April 16 went high up into the Big Horns in quest of the finny tribe, but he was cooled off and chased back to the valley by a blinding snow storm, but not without registering in the Forest Reserve register to show that his intentions had been O. K.

On April 20 our fair city was invaded by a group of Standard officials, who came here to hold the monthly conference of the Rocky Mountain Division, AND TO FISH. Among those present were T. S. Cooke, Mgr. Rocky Mountain Div.; R. E. Humphries, Mgr. Whiting Plant; R. M. Andrus, Mgr. Plants 1 and 2, Casper; A. E. Thompson, Supt. 1 and 2 Plants, Casper; Dr. M. G. Paulus, Supt. No. 3 Plant, Casper; also R. E. Wood and J. E. Rouse, Asst. Supts. at No. 3 Plant, Casper; D. J. Smith, Supt. of Mech. Dept., Casper Works; and last but not least, our friend J. F. Cullen, Supt. No. 2 Plant, Laramie. These gentlemen had a most enjoyable time and if given any excuse will make an early return for MORE FISH.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Haddenhorst are proud parents to a husky nine-pound boy, born April 21, 1922. George has almost acquired curvature of the spine from sticking his chest out so far. Congratulations, folks.

T. B. Evans is off duty with a sore eye. We are glad to report him recovering nicely.

W. I. Baker is back on duty after a lay-off caused by throat trouble.

Thos. Garden and Geo. Patterson have been making some nice catches of trout and grayling on Shell Creek this spring.

Mrs. P. L. Truax, wife of P. L. Truax at No. 1 house, is recovering nicely after an operation at St. Luke's hospital.

S. L. Taylor, cleaner on Nos. 1 and 2 batteries, is off duty suffering from an attack of influenza.

People around the neighboring country have been commenting on the strange streak of dust seen flying up and down the roads lately. Don't be alarmed, folks; it's just Fred Lockard in his newly purchased Buick Six.

Wm. Hergert is on the job again after suffering a lay-off, caused by an injured foot, the result of an automobile accident recently.

L. E. Caldwell, cleaner on Nos. 1 and 2 batteries, is on duty after being ill with a severe cold.

H. E. Williams, helper at No. 2 house, is another influenza victim who is able to be on the job again.

Bruce Atwell, stillman at No. 1 house, accompanied a party of Greybull people to Trapper creek canyon recently on a fishing trip. Bruce returned with twenty-six nice trout and reported that every one had splendid luck. The party had the good fortune to view a herd of eleven deer at close range.

HOME OFFICE, CHICAGO

It is an established fact that the girls always were crazy about our friend, Ernie Stranger, erstwhile athletic director, but now that he has acquired a big Packard touring car, we fear it will be necessary for him to carry a fly-swatter to keep the girls away.

The State of Michigan certainly must think a great deal of our friend Charlie Hansen. They sent him a check for $330 recently for winning the war.

Adelaide Kuhn has been frequently seen of late in the company of a certain unmarried man employed in the traffic department. She is now investing in Semdac mops and other household utensils. Now, children, tell teacher how much is two and two?

Perpetual motion discovered at last. Did you ever notice Bill Pickering chew gum?

The girls who write orders just love to hear Art Nelson sing at 4:58 the sweet refrain: "Night letter to Wood River. Ship tomorrow sure."

George Savageau will be glad when his nose resumes its normal hue. He recently developed a cherry red tip on his proboscis and everyone who could get near enough tried to feel his hip.

Job had nothing on our hirsute friend, R. C. King. He appeared on the scene one morning with a boil on his finger, a sty on his eye and an abscess in his ear.

Hank Bonniwell sang at a funeral a short time ago. The singing was enjoyed very much—by the corpse.

Stop, Look and Listen: Ruth Blader is trying to get fat. She feels very bad since they stopped the daily exercise, so she decided to drink eggnogs.

Dave Radcliffe is quite a chicken fancier. In event his wife should get hold of this issue, we hasten to add he is quite a fancier of two-legged chickens—er, you know the kind, wings and feathers and everything.

Poor, dear George Nelson has been eating sandwiches left over from the girls' lunches, happy in the delusion that they were tendered because the girls admired his wonderful figure and were trying to keep him in trim. His disillusionment will be pitiful to see when he finds out he is saving the girls many a trip to the garbage can.

A. L. Rich, whose recent histrionic hit made the matinee idols tremble, wishes to make it understood that he was not chosen for the role of Lucifer because he looks like the devil, but he can't deny that he acted like a regular one.

Whaddoyouthink—instead of Easter eggs, the bunny brought Mrs. Grethel Esler, recently of the traffic department, a cute little baby boy!

Before you don the red beads, girls, see Johnny Schaeffer (of Englewood). You never saw such a cute li'l blonde boy. He's got a stunning flivver and every little thing.

Out of the mothballs came a little gray vest and it was worn not so long ago by one Earl Devany. He wore it to a "church sociable" that same evening. He was surely dressed up like Astor's plush horse and, from all reports, had the time of his life. For full particulars regarding the aforementioned garment, apply to his great-grandfather.

They say "all wool" material will not burn. Proof: Try setting a match to Hubert Schmit's new blue suit and then call the fire department.

Lady Duff Gordon has nothing on Edith Swanson. The young lady can positively give you full particulars on all latest styles, even to the correct length of the skirt.

Heard in locker room, Fifth floor:

Young Lady: "I notice that Tillie Lindman has been transferred to Mr. Golding's department."

Handsome Gentleman: "You're all wrong. She hasn't been transferred; she's just visiting him." We wonder——

April 17 was voted for as the first day of spring training, and of course it rained, but the rain failed to stop the Fifth floor boys from playing ball. In fact it only increased their activity. Slab Roesler donned his raincoat and unlimbered that "million dollar" whip of his. He reminds us of Alexander of the Cubs—he's so different.

Sunday, April 23, was some nice day—one of those days that brings back the memory of new mown hay, down on the farm. Notwithstanding, forty of the "heavy artillery" accepted Mr. King's invitation to work and, believe me, the Fifth floor was a busy place from 8:30 a. m. to 5:00 p. m.

Have you heard the latest Victor record? When you do you will recognize the voice of Anna Rommel of the Fifth floor. The name of the selection is "Anna at the telephone" (German dialect). For particulars see her manager, Albertus Henrici Roesler.

We saw Ingie Rummelhoff swinging the willow in Grant Park, just across the way from our building, one day at noon. The way she crowned the pill, we'll say she's eligible for the ladies' baseball team right now. She slammed out four home runs in three times to bat. Now you dopesters, figure it out.

If any of the SOCO ladies desire help in picking out their new summer hats, see Will Kruger of the Fifth floor. He will be only too glad to assist you and we know that Miss Stockley can recommend him. Ask Jean, she knows!

Yip-I-Addy! Gee Whiz! Did you all see that 'ere stockyard cowpunchers' skypiece worn by Art. Gray last Sunday? (When we say last Sunday, we mean April 23.) The only rough ridin' he ever accomplished was on a street car, and they are sure rough in this town.

"Swede" Nolin and "Radio" Kollmann, of the Fifth floor, spent an enjoyable Sunday at 910 South Michigan Avenue, April 23, 1922. Funny part of it was that the "stars" above mentioned are each a member of a ball team and feel that their august presence on the battlefield insures a victory for their outfit. Sunday their teams won for the first time this season. How come? You fellows ought to have to work every Sunday and your teams would head the league.

Herb Marconi Gleim, of the Fifth floor, is setting up a radio outfit for a friend of his. Some of his relatives are evidently helping him, as we hear him mention "Aunt Enna" quite often.

Roger Girard, the Wallace Reid of the purchasing department, is jumping into matrimony. Some fellows don't know know when they are well off.

James McClain, the Julian Eltinge of the purchasing department, has been seriously considering buying a suit of clothes. They say if he doesn't buy a suit soon, Rhody Ringrose, the celebrated overall buyer, will present him with a suit of outeralls. Use your judgment, James.

Frank Stupeck is learning to play a saxophone. He claims he always liked South Chicago jazz music. Won't that little burg get a treat when Frank plays that latest jazz entitled "I'j forever blowing bubbles," taken from that Polish opera "Pevo."

Dwyer, of the purchasing department, is some wrestling fan. In viewing the match at the Coliseum the other night, he pointed to Kilonis, the famous Greek wrestler, and said, "Oh, how thin Johnny Meyers is getting lately." Ed follows the wrestling game all right. Another intelligent remark which he made was, "I bet Frank Gotch could throw that chesty Johnny Meyers."

Mr. MacMeekin also attended the match. Mac claimed the match was a corker. He slept through the entire twelve rounds of wrestlng between Meyers and Parcaut.

Mr. Bosworth enjoyed the match and had to do a lot of rooting to keep Mac awake for the preliminaries. When it was learned that Parcaut had greased himself to avoid being thrown by Meyers, Johnson was inquiring whether it was S. O. Co. product.

Marie Bostrom reports a new minister has taken charge of her Sunday school class. She says he is tall and dark and handsome like Ted Johnson. Marie has been a regular attendant since the appearance of the new minister.

Have you noticed since Mr. J. G. Hamming has been relieved of the responsibilities of chief clerk that the sweet smile which lights up his face is more in evidence now than before?

Mr. E. R. Engel, equipment superintendent of the western division, would like one of the former Milwaukeeans, when she makes her next trip to Milwaukee, to bring back a few bottles of Schlitz. What's the matter, Ed, can't you get it in Chicago or elsewhere without asking a lady to violate the Volstead act? But never mind, Milwaukee is noted for more than one thing.

Mr. A. A. Johnston while looking over one of the reports made this remark: "I believe I will stay home and be sick the day T. J. gets hold of this report showing all these red figures."

One evening after finishing a hard day's work, the evening being beautiful, the lake a beautiful blue, etc., etc., Mrs. E. D. Gillette said: "Oh! this beautiful evening! I wonder, can't we put in a Form 44 application for a nice, fine beau?"

Mr. H. H. Akers, with a file in his hand, emerges from his room studying the file. Evidently gets an idea, for with one long stride shoots down the aisle with great haste.

Nothing seems to ruffle Mr. E. A. Burritt, he with the smile that won't wear off. Everyone goes to him with troubles and he always has a way of adjusting all difficulties.

Our fine looking bachelor, Mr. H. D. Van Valin, is reported to be courting a lady with a wooden leg. Dan Cupid will have to be a good marksman. Let's hope he won't miss his aim.

Wonder if G. E. Woodyard saws wood at night. He surely works hard and steady at his desk during the day.

Mr. R. H. Kleunder says he was gassed while in service. Do you ever feel gassed, R. H. K., when writing about the big gasoline storage tanks?

Miss Clara Foote has quit making silk ties. She is now very much interested in crocheting a silk beaded bag for herself.

Mr. C. A. Jackson is losing his reputation as a checker player. Only a few weeks ago he was in a class by himself. He was what might be termed, theoretically speaking, "Jackson, the Incomparable," or, historically speaking, "Stonewall Jackson." At least he thought that he had his back to the wall, and that his position was secure. However, Mr. B. W. Stanke now delights in daily taking the honors away from C. A. J., and we might say, with all respect to Mr. R. H. Kleunder, that Jackson has fallen to such a depth that he allows Ralph to take away his kings. Competitors keep away.

Who said that Mr. E. R. Essery had that vacant stare during the afternoon sessions, so common to persons in his position?

Mr. E. C. Daly rushing madly to quotation desk and finding natives gone: " 'Carr' service pretty blamed poor."

Mr. W. O. Dixon, our equipment superintendent of the northern division, spent several days in the home office the latter part of April. He asked whether we wouldn't supply him with a nice, comfortable couch the next time he came to Chicago, if he had to remain more than one day.

Attention, Cake Eaters! In order to do away with the necessity of putting any individual's name first on the supper list, we will from and after this date leave the first line blank, after which we will list the following: HHA, CAJ, AF, Lar, etc. It is contemplated having printed forms made up listing names of regular members.

Sometimes when the spirit moves her, Mrs. C. C. Erickson will tell you a lot of things about yourself, your past and your future. She and Sir A. Conan Doyle have the same theories.

Rumors are afloat that J. F. Hewson is a full-fledged member of the South Shore Country Club. How about it, Jim?

If Mr. L. A. Rohan wishes to stay in the good graces of Safety Director Singleton, he had better not wreck or even maim any more of the S. O. Ford roadsters. You see it was like this: Leo was driving very carefully along 9th street on his way to 14th street, when the Ford in which he was driving suddenly and for no reason whatever

attacked an express wagon (the freight car variety). The wagon gave no indications that it was aware of the assault and the lettering was not even loosened. However, Mr. Rohan's car did not fare so well, as one tire was flattened, a hub cap was pulled off, and the two front mud-guards, forgetting for a moment what their duties were, draped themselves over the engine like a tent. In short, Leo camouflaged the car so that even Henry Ford himself would not recognize it as one of his finished products. Of course, actually it was not finished until Rohan rode in it. Time to retire, say we.

Ernie Vollriede believes in birthdays for girls—but oh, boy! wait till he buys the ring.

Mr. Butler, our chief clerk, is looking for tires for his "bus." Here's a tip, Bill: see Hermes.

Miss Roche, she of the auburn hair, has her vacation all figured out and is just itching to put her time down on the vacation list. Be sure you figure the expenses right, Betty; it's a long walk back from New York.

Joe Sohurek is sure shining up to someone these days. In spring a young man's thoughts turn to those of love, but we can't see how Joe can kid himself into the "young man's" class.

Manager and Pitcher Howard Heimerdinger displayed great ability as a manager in a recent ball game, when, after pitching until the opposing team drove in 16 runs in one inning, he removed the catcher.

Did everybody like the Employees Stock Purchase Plan statement? I'll say so; but why ask? How could they feel otherwise? Everyone was as tickled as a duck would be with its own private swimming pool. One young lady remarked, "Gee, this is great; I never saved so much money before in my life. Do you know how to figure how much I'll have at the end of five years? Don't know what I'll do with it all when I get it, but bet I have some things I've wanted for a long time. Wish the Company would double my pay so I could buy more. Why do you know, the dividends alone were lots more than I would have gotten by putting my money in the bank, and then on top of that the Company put in half as much as I did. I'm sort of proud of myself too, for I've had to give up several things to join the Plan, but I'm mighty glad I did." One of the boys said:"It's the first money I ever saved. I'm for it strong. I'm a stockholder now and I feel all swelled up like a poisoned pup."

CHICAGO SALES DIVISION

The fifth annual dance of the Stanolind Bowling League, which was held Saturday, April 22, at the Masonic Temple, was a decided success. In reporting such affairs, it is generally said that a good time was had by all. We *do* say it this time, and mean it. The Monday following the dance found those employees who had not attended, feeling blue because of having missed the affair and its good times. The crowd was very friendly and comfortably filled the hall. Financially, although a complete statement is not available, the league benefited more than in previous years. We notice a number of boys from the company attending the dance without a lady friend. This is to be regretted, as there were any number of eligible young ladies who were very anxious to go. We hope that the next dance will find more couples from the office, as we want these dances to be a real social affair for the employees. The dancing was interspersed with singing by the Stanolind Trio, Cameron Bros. & Looby, and various attempts by others to entertain with Frisco dances. Among the latter was Geo. Groth of the fourth floor. Some one remarked, "Doesn't he look a great deal like Rudolph Valentino?" Who is trying to kid you, now, George?" Just a word about the Stanolind Orchestra which furnished the music for this dance. It was the first time they had played together, but everyone voted them a decided success.

Among Mr. A. R. Grebe's latest possessions is listed a Dodge car. "Somebody's Stenog" has nothing on Grebe when it comes to dodging 'em down old Boul. Mich.

One fine chilly morning in April, Mr. S. K. Botsford, of the stock department, was among those missing. We are under the impression that those early morning dips in the lake don't agree with his delicate constitution.

Haven't you missed his smiling countenance around the office? Mr. R. T. Freeman has been made cashier at 14th street and Mr. F. C. Nigg of the stock department has taken his place as station examiner. We wish them both luck in their new capacities.

Boy, page three young ladies proficient in the art of dancing! Three young men of the stock department (all members of the Bowling League who didn't attend the dance) namely: Walter Roos, A. R. Grebe, and Bill Barrett, are anxious to learn the intricacies of the modern pastime, so that next year they will be able to "trip the light fantastic toe" with the rest of the jazz hounds.

The boys of the Bowling league, to show their appreciation of his long and faithful services as secretary, presented Mr. Walter Juergensen with a dandy electric percolator. Mrs. Juergensen was considered in the selection of this gift.

A post-season bowling match between Jimmy Brandt and Joe Sroka resulted in Jimmy winning the three game series by 20 pins. This was somewhat of a grudge match, inasmuch as it resulted from a heated argument. Both contestants have now cooled down.

If you want late information on wrestling, see Mr. Frank Kollach of the bookkeeping department. He is well posted.

We wish to congratulate Dean Steinmeyer on his ability to secure Finol orders. We hope you won't have so much worry and trouble the next time, Dean.

Albert E. Rieck, tank wagon salesman at Cortland street, is the man who makes his station famous on Semdac. He challenges all tank wagon salesmen and service station attendants to get a bigger percent gain on Semdac than he.

We regret very much to hear of the death of Nelson King's three weeks old baby girl. Mr. King, who is yardman at Cortland street, certainly has all of our sympathy.

Chris. Rummelhoff, warehouseman at Cortland street, reports having made $25.00 during the last week by singing—$10.00 for singing and $15.00 to stop.

The cooperation received from some of the employees in submitting news items for the Record is very much appreciated, but there are only a few in this class. Considering the number of employees in our division, and the large territory we cover, there should be an unlimited fund of news items and pictures of interest not only to our division, but to the whole field. Let us all cooperate and secure a bigger and better showing for Chicago. Send your material to H. N. Blix, correspondent for Stanolind Record, Chicago sales division, 910 South Michigan.

DAVENPORT, IOWA

News of our Cedar Rapids Office: Miss Elsie Thomas made a week-end visit with friends in Milwaukee, Wis., returning Monday morning, April 17. Mr. C. L. Van Sickle, district superintendent, attended a meeting of district superintendents, April 10, at Davenport. Mr. L. W. Cameron, manager, and Mr. W. N. Bragg, chief clerk, of the Davenport office, paid us a visit on April 18. We are certainly glad that Mr. Bragg came, because we feel that he returned with a better feeling towards Cedar Rapids than he had when he came (as far as orders are concerned). Mr. F. W. Robinson, former mechanic at this station, has entered a school of automotive electricity at Milwaukee, and has been replaced by Mr. T Hussey. Mr. G. E. Slater, sales promoter of the Davenport office, was at the Cedar Rapids office Saturday and gave a demonstration of the new Semdac polishing mop to the salesmen. All the salesmen were quite enthused and already 029s are coming in showing sales of these mops. Mr. William Stewart, former warehouse man at Cedar Rapids, is now agent instructor in his field, the change being made on April 17. Mr. W. S. McLeod, agent, spent Easter Sunday with relatives in Davenport.

DECATUR, ILL.

On Wednesday, April 26, shortly before 5 o'clock, Mr. F. S. Larimore, our chief clerk, received the greatest surprise of his life. During the entire day it was talked around the office that there was to be a meeting in regard to the coming coupon book campaign. Now the surprise—Mr. Larimore, having completed 20 years of service with the company, was presented by Mr. T. B. Clifford with his gold button, in recognition of his service with the company. Mr. Larimore responded in a very appropriate manner, and was ready to talk "coupon books" when Mr. W. A. Brown took the floor and presented, as a gift from the office force, a very handsome gabardine top-coat. The meeting broke up when Mr. Larimore proceeded to talk "coupon books."

William Orey, formerly employed at odd jobs around the local office, was recently promoted to service station attendant at No. 22, on East Wood street. We wish you the best of success, Bill, in your new position.

We are inclined to believe that Service Station Attendant Burgett, whooperates the station directly across from the local office, is going to be a strong competitor to some of the greenhouses this summer, from the way he is decorating his station with flowers. After he gets it in first class shape, we will submit a picture for your approval.

Mr. F. J. Able recently accepted a position as salesman at Granite City, Ill., taking the place of Mr. J. H. Shipley, who resigned. Anybody who ever says that man isn't "able" is mistaken.

DETROIT, MICH.

Mr. Waterman, service station attendant at Wayne, threw an empty Polarine case in a vacant lot beside his station and about three weeks later he happened to think it didn't look very good, so went out and picked it up, when, much to his surprise, he found that a hen had used it for a nest and that it contained more than a dozen eggs; also a dollar bill that the wind had blown in. Needless to remark, the attendant put the empty case out in the vacant lot again.

Rovert Reading, agent at Oxford, announces the arrival of Irene Sadie, April 12, weight 9 pounds. Al Schneider, agent at West Detroit, has already made a formal call on the young lady and he says she has "pink hair." Al usually does look at everything through rose-colored glasses anyhow.

J. B. Sharp, tank wagon driver at West Detroit, is quite ill at his home with pleural pneumonia. We all hope for a speedy recovery.

Our Rockwood and Trenton agents, Messrs. Brick and Sash, spend their evenings listening to radio concerts.

Chas. Weed, agent at Armada, has become a member of the Romeo brass band. With the help of Charlie and his trombone, Romeo will sure be heard the coming season.

O. G. Miller, lubricating salesman, was recently called to Athens, Ohio, on account of the death of his father.

When Mr. Gilman entered service station No. 2 the first trip after April 7, he found a very excited attendant—by name Jimmie Kraft—who said he had a beautiful five pound daughter born the preceding Friday and when Mr. Gilman asked him the baby's name Jimmie replied "Oh, I can't remember; it's some odd name; wait till Marshall, my pal, comes on duty and he can tell you." Later on when Jimmy had calmed down, we found out her name is Shirley.

C. Schroeder, mechanic at West Detroit, wears a smile that won't come off. Reason? Arrival of a new daughter, Dorothy, April 23.

Mr. Fred Roberts has been promoted from warehouseman at Monroe to service station No. 161. We hope his nick-name "Sunny" Roberts will stand him in good stead in dispensing Standard Oil products at this station.

O. B. Reed, Clay avenue, reports the arrival of a nine pound boy, April 15. The cigars were fine.

Mr. Fish, our new rural tankwagon man at Monroe, called on a farmer and tried to sell him a 25 pound pail of mica. The sale was made but the farmer did not have any money, whereupon said Fish said, "Well, what have you got to pay with?" Mr. Farmer said he had eggs. Needless to say, Fish left the pail of Mica.

Ed Collins, gauger at West Detroit, announces the arrival of Ed Junior at his home, April 22. Congratulations! By the way, Mr. Collins, who was long a hold-out in the matrimonial league, says he has decided to "can" the alarm clock as the new gauger now wakes him up each morning.

All the boys are hanging around Miss Hoffend at Clay avenue since she got her statement of stock. They must all know Marion has 20%. (From what we know of Clay avenue and the charming Marion Hoffend we would say that the stock hasn't anything to do with it; they don't need any excuse.)

T. C. LeBaron, services tation No. 327, Dearborn, announces the arrival of Warren Bruce, April 12, weight seven and one-half pounds.

We are glad to welcome to our corps of specialty salesmen Messrs. A. H. MacKinnon, R. E. Hill and C. A. Fuller. We know the first named gentleman will be a success because the first day he was on the job he entered where no salesman ever had before. (We suspect we ought to censor that but we'll take a chance and let it ride.—Editor.)

Our agent at Webberville, Mr. Andrew Jackson, after selling five gallons of Semdac to a rural school recently, asked one of the pupils how they liked it

on the floor and the small boy replied "Gee, that's great stuff; if us kids had our way we would have had it before." They must have put so much on the floor that it was slippery.

Alger St. Charles, rural tankwagon driver, Monroe, has been busy this past month in his spare moments landscaping the warehouse grounds. Needless to say, much improvement was made. No wonder the Monroe station is so anxious to have Messrs. Cochran and Keating call and see them.

Joe Palmerlee, our engineer, tried to have a radio message sent broadcast when their dog was lost but was informed that it was done only for a lost child.

Harry Alger, tankwagon driver, West Detroit, announces the arrival April 25 of Harry, Junior, weight eight and one-half pounds. Another truck driver for the Standard Oil Company!

Harry Bond, city tank driver, Monroe, has been making a record for the city tanks on Polarine sales. So far this year he has sold twenty out of twenty-five customers he has called upon.

DULUTH, MINNESOTA

Mr. I. J. Shields recently spent a month at Hot Springs, and 'tis said he went with a purpose. He came back "traveling light"—about twenty pounds lighter. The method is very effective and he now appears quite sylph-like.

On March 11, 1922, George H. Walker, tank truck driver at Escanaba, Mich., became daddy to a nine-pound baby girl. We offer our congratulations, George.

EVANSVILLE, INDIANA

Salesman J. L. Benson and Mounds agent, B. F. David, showed the people of their district recently a sample of real Standard Oil service. Washouts were so common that while David drove the truck Benson would sit on the front of the truck hood and with a long pole keep feeling for the road to prevent the truck from running off into a bottomless hole.

Harvey J. Hatch is a newcomer with the company at New Albany. Welcome, Harvey!

S. J. Douglas of Brookport says his fourteen months old boy would rather ride the truck with him and talk Red Crown and Polarine than eat or sleep. Evidently Mr. Douglas is bringing up his family to be real Standard Oil boosters. We'll say too, that the company couldn't have any prettier group of boasters than Mr. Douglas' three girls.

P. A. Thompson is our new service station man at Washington. We ought to be better acquainted with Thompson, as he formerly attended the Evansville college, but his modesty must gave kept him from coming around and introducing himself. Do better next time, Thompson. We'll all be glad to meet you.

A broken arm hasn't prevented James T. Johnston from carrying on business as usual at Sesser, Ill. Mr. Johnston's arm is practically healed by this time.

Agent E. C. Rice of Tamaroa, Ill., has lost his wife. Please accept our sincere sympathy in your bereavement, Mr. Rice.

Paul Pierson is working hard these days to build up a lively trade at his new service station in Sullivan, Ind. Pierson is a live wire and from all indications is going to succeed.

Floods can't stop Thomas Loudermilk from selling the full line. Working for the entire day in the flooded districts of Vincennes and vicinity, Loudermilk sold in addition to 200 gallons of Perfection, 610 gallons of Red Crown and 170 gallons of L. & S. gasoline, the following: 30 gallons Extra Heavy Polarine, 5 gallons Polarine Transmission, 30 gallons Stanolind Tractor, 5 gallons Medium Heavy Polarine, cases of 4100, 4098, 1462, 25 pounds Thresher's Gear Grease, a resale barrel and lock lever faucet.

Little Dorris Crews, daughter of W. D. Crews of Cairo, expects to walk as well as anyone before long, for she has just gone through an operation for infantile paralysis. The entire division will certainly wish her the best of luck.

FARGO, N. D.

The entire Fargo division was grieved to learn of the death of Mrs. L. E. Yaple, wife of Salesman Yaple, and wish to take this means of offering our sincere sympathy.

Paul T. Vaaler, new specialty salesman, is sure hitting the ball.

Mr. I. R. Olson, former field construction man, has been called into the office to take the place of Carl Green, who has been transferred to Thief River Falls to act as agent.

Mr. H. H. Barker, our agent at Hope, N. D., reports a serious accident to his son. The son is now at St. John's hospital and while in a critical condition is reported to be resting nicely. We all hope for an early recovery.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

Mr. Vincent Kindig, clerk at Battle Creek, recently entered into a ring engagement with a local beauty, the referee being a minister. Later he entered a squared ring engagement with a local fistic beauty. He claims to have won both engagements. That remains to be seen.

Old "Doc" Stork reports the following for the Stanolind Record:

April 18, 1922, to Mr. and Mrs. Otis Hansen, a baby girl. Mr. Hansen works in the garage at Grand Rapids.

April 12, 1922, to Mr. and Mrs. Russell Carlson, a son, Zane Warner. Mr. Carlson is service station attendant at Muskegon.

April 26, 1922, to Mr. and Mrs. Don Hartman, a girl, Peggy May, 7½ pounds. Mr. Hartman works in the Grand Rapids office.

We wish to extend our congratulations to all the proud parents.

Mr. Roy Terry, driver at Ionia, has recovered from a recent attack of the mumps. We sure were sorry for you Roy, but say—did you have your picture taken?

Our heartfelt sympathy goes out to George Zylan, who lost his best friend, his mother, on April 20.

On Saturday, April 15th, Mr. Alexander Murison skipped over to Chicago for a visit—a visit to be remembered, for he brought back "the Mrs.", formerly Miss Olive Willis of Chicago. Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Murison, and we hope you will like Grand Rapids. Mr. Murison just recently came to the Grand Rapids office from Home office.

Mr. Walter H. Johnson, agent at Ludington, slipped one over on his fellow employees and it now transpires that on February 15, he lead Miss Thelma Oughterson to the altar, and he was able to keep it secret until May 1, 1922.

Miss Harriett Van Dommelen is confined to her home with inflammatory rheumatism. Here's hoping you'll soon be back.

On the morning of April 19, Miss Erna Schmidt became Mrs. Joseph Pettit, wife of Jos. Pettit, salesman. Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Pettit; may you live "happily ever after."

Now the girls all want to become followers of Annette Kellerman. They have joined the classes in swimming at the new Y. W. C. A. We understand Florence Baker went right to the bottom, but was so "light" she came right up again, while Gertrude Krynsen says it's nice after you get used to the water. (Pictures?—*Editor.*)

HURON, S. D.

Wanted, small house close to school, Signed, E. L. Hanson.

Carl Junker from the Des Moines field has been transferred to Huron as our new credit man and we all extend a hearty welcome to him. Des Moines' loss is Huron's gain.

The "Garden of the Shah," which was recently put on by the people of Huron as a benefit performance for the Elks lodge would certainly not have been the success it was had it not been for the able assistance of Mr. and Mrs. Dodsley and the able way in which Miss Matejka and Mrs. Dodsley carried their parts.

Friday evening, April 7, was one of real pleasure for some of our office girls when Mrs. Busse entertained them at her home. All enjoyed 500 during the evening, Amanda Rusch carrying off first prize and Ell Irish, the consolation prize. After the game Mrs. Busse served a delicious luncheon of red hot waffles and coffee.

ABERDEEN

Charles likes to stay in the country. Ask him why?

Papa Jones just phoned in from the country and said he was up on a bluff and a large mud hole all around him. We wanted to send out an airplane but all were out. Never mind, Carl, he will get in.

A wild broncho came in the corral a few days ago with the brand "G. P." on it. Is this Geo. Perkins, district superintendent at Watertown, brand? (Private.)

If Gump hadn't had a long pole tied crossways of his truck a few days ago he would have been eating "chop suey" by this time. Get me?

Mr. W. Dixon, of the Chicago office, was in our beautiful city a few days ago. Come again.

Regarding the bad cold that Snyder the clerk has, we thought it took speed to catch a cold.

I wonder why our city tank driver's little daughter didn't know him when he went home a few days ago. Ask Art, Junior; he can tell you.

Ask "Al" if there is any juice in the relay switch on the pump in the boiler room. Ordinarily Al has a very ruddy complexion, but this time he would have passed for a corpse, as far as looks were concerned.

Vern Goodspeed was taken back on the regular payroll today. Glad to see you back again, Vern.

Syll Braunstein, the tank wagon driver on Route No. 12, is champion bowler, holding the score something like 450 in six frames. We don't know how he gets this but he gets it anyway.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Daylight saving time surely has one dyed-in-the-wool opponent in Edith Scally, check clerk, since her terrible mistake of arriving at 7 a. m. instead of the usual "eight bells" and never awakening to this very grevious error until she had her coat and hat off and her nose all powdered.

William Gederich, city stake-truck driver, is forcing on us his usual spring Lord Chesterfield mode de fashion, by wearing a stiff hat. The warehouse tribe is figuring on furnishing Bill with a red wig and a monocle—so everybody can have a laugh.

Charley Black, who presides over the destinies of S. S. 151, Connersville, mourns the burning of a laundry at that city, having had $15 worth of washing in the fire. On first thought Charley had figured the damage at $10, but a re-count showed the larger damage. No one ever lost anything but a silk shirt (brand new) at a laundry, did they, Charley?

Albert Schreiber is known as our champion hurry-up, fast working, service station collector—in fact, so fast he didn't recognize the block set against him the other morning and he actually ran by a station. He still flushes up slightly when the subject is mentioned.

There was a time when the thriving city of Shelbyville was content with its place in the sun or its share of fame as the home of Charles Major, author of "When Knighthood Was In Flower," but this is all changed now, since the moving in of Charles Ross, agent instructor, Jos. Brannon, likewise vocationized, and Bert Elliott, utility service station attendant. It's common talk that when this trio gets together over the week-end, deep thoughts and elaborate discourses fly fast and furious, not only mystifying the natives, but at times, the principals themselves.

Talk about selling the full line, Gail Mercer, S. S. 140, Brazil, filled a form 452 so full of tally marks there was barely room for his spicy comment "Stop, Look and Listen." And the firm of Hillerman & Parks, Bloomington 91, ran a close second on the same day.

Salesman L. S. Hope and Driver L. A. Evans, Muncie, were mopping up rural sales the other day and were going big with a prospect until they discovered he was the branch manager for a competitive oil concern—our duo was able to make a get-away before the cross dog could be unchained.

Of course, even a Ford will be affected by time, but this was a very rare ancient specimen and with all due respect to our motor mechanics, had been foisted on O. S. Chenoweth, Arcadia agent, as a fair substitute for the real goods. O. S., who quite rightly conceived the idea that the "boat" was about due to lose her hind axle cogs, he invested in a very fine $6 wrench, anticipating the inevitable. Well, the other day when homeward bound, an unusually louder clatter aroused his suspicions that the differential wasn't with him any longer, but as the hack still kept going, he kept her headed for the barn. When he arrived home, he discovered he had lost an article of real value—the new wrench.

Folks, you all know what a big bunch of noise will do to a batch of setting eggs, so not to get away from the facts, Forest Keelen and Bill Herbert, operating out of Muncie, put on such a line of clatter to close a 807 Semdac sale to a lady while she was looking after her incubator, that this duo has been requested to furnish the customer with a new setting to replace the ones they "spoiled."

Here is another strange thing that happened in Muncie, not that they don't happen right along. Roy Fullhart, city driver, started out the other day to sell a certain amount of Semdac if it took until midnight. With two cans still left at evening he

went over the top by selling his last drop to the hotel man straight across the street from S. S. 3, which surely calls for some explanation from F. Richardson and J. Shirley, regular patrons of this same hotel.

The Polarine Social Club held a tack-dance at the Washington Club rooms on the night of April 18, which was well attended by members and their families. Prizes were given for the tackiest dressed in four classes. Fred Peine pulled down the men's stipend in a walk. Mrs. Fred Peine was the winner of the woman's patch-work, while Mary Stoner, daughter of Salesman John Stoner, was voted the scream in the girls' division. Almont Taffe, Jr., outfitted as a second Jackie Coogan, made a decided hit in the boys' class. Refreshments were served throughout the evening and a good funny time was reported by all present. A mock trial was put on during one of the intermissions, featuring Manager E. P. Galbreath as judge, P. A. Serrin as prosecutor, R. S. Kean as bailiff, C. T. Christman as cop and a choice assortment of prisioners accused of all known and imagined crimes. It almost turned into a shock-party instead of a tack-party, when Garnet Aikins arrived at a late hour charading as the once popular song, "Heintz Is Pickled Again;" in fact, it was so realistic several of our fair sex refused to dance with deacon, so shocked they were. The Polarine Club has passed the experimental stage and increased attendance at each succeeding affair ought to make it a "dinger" before snow flies next fall.

We regret to announce the death of Taylor Abdon, motor tank driver, which occurred near the plant at Aurora, Ind., on Wednesday, April 12, when he was hit by the second section of the west-bound B. & O. flyer. The deceased is survived by a wife, two daughters and one son.

W. D. (Dennie) Johnston, our veretan salesman, has forsaken the sample case for a fling at collecting "past dues."

During the National Flower Show held here, the SOCO booth, known as the "house of a thousand candles," was the object of much attention from the immense crowds. The display was all that could be desired from an artistic standpoint, being the work of our creative genius, Salesman Frank Woods, although Miss Pauline Kline, who played the part of hostess, had no small hand in putting the display across so big. *The manufacturing department might be interested to learn that the most common comment from those who stopped at the booth was: "Why, I did not know that the Standard Oil Company made candles."*

NEW CASTLE

Floyd Collins succeeds Joe Lee at New Castle on the circuit tank. Judging from his first day's sales, Floyd has the "makin's" of some gallonage man aside from being an expert on specialty goods. For a better introduction it might be stated that Mr. Collins was reared on a farm and got his higher education chauffering a tractor.

This hamlet is fast bidding for a high place in the standings, if graded on excitement. Aside from a new member to each of the Paul Wilkerson (S. S. 82) and R. R. Rummel (agent) families, the safe at the plant was visited by a nitro-soap demonstrator, who used enough "soup" to wreck a battleship.

JOLIET, ILL.

J. P. Duffy has been appointed service station attendant at No. 118, Dixon, Ill.

We are informed that Mr. George Ball, district superintendent, was in Ottawa on April 14, for the first time in eight years. We don't know whether George was tryng to slip somethng over on the Ottawa-ites, but if so, he didn't succeed, as many of his former friends recognized the hat he wore. We knew it was three years old, but oh, boy! it is more ancient than the horse.drawn tank wagon! Donations should be mailed to L. J. D. (Ottawa circuit).

C. H. Jacobs has been appointed service station attendant at No. 81, Elgin.

R. E. Harrison, who has been in charge of service stations and doing clerical work in the Freeport office, has been made cashier at Freeport.

We hear Walter Hahn, our cute little agent from Dwight, motored to Chicago, Sunday night, the 26th, with a girl named Frances and another couple. They arrived back in Joliet at 2 bells and then they had to motor 55 miles more to get to Dwight. SCANDAL! How was the morning air, Walter? Watch your step; you can't put anything over on us.

Miss Pat Morrisey has returned to work after being ill for a couple of weeks. Pat says "thank you" for the flowers and gave that as a reason for getting well so soon. Bet she thought the next time we would send her a wreath, "May she rest in peace."

Paul Rouse has been appointed attendant at service station No. 85, Rochelle.

C. A. Ross is the new attendant at service station No. 91, Sycamore.

We learn from the wireless station that George Miller, our dashing, Ransom agent, is about to leave us. By *us* we mean us fellows living in single blessedness. George knows how to run a farm, so everything is setting pretty. If you don't want this in the Record, George, just drop us a line and we will take it out.

Mr. Fred Oliver of Symerton, Ill., has been appointed motor tank wagon driver in the Joliet territory.

E. B. Gray, superintendent of construction, has just returned from a business trip to Ottawa and reports the streets so full of water that he had to use a rowboat to get around in. Must be like Venice.

W. A. Ramsey has been appointed service station attendant at No. 47 and No. 52, Elgin, Ill.

We notice Leo Pesavento has been working time-and-a-half for the past day or two, tracing a car of lemons consigned to Miss "Mac." What's the idea, Mary, are you trying to acquire the much-desired transparent complexion?

On Saturday evening, April 25, Joliet defeated Whiting's bowling team with a score of 4,401 to Whiting's 4,190. The remaining five games are to be played at Whiting, Sunday, May 7.

"Hey, Izzy!" yelled Chuck Kniep, to Isadore Stuckel, up on the roof, "Don't come down on that ladder on the north corner. I just took it away."

Henry Kaiser has had his Packard all painted up and is just as proud of it now as if it were a new Ingersoll. Henry, by the way, is a tank wagon driver at Freeport.

J. H. Guthrie is our new service station attendant at Nos. 90 and 107, Joliet.

Claude Wenstrom has been appointed tank wagon driver at Dixon.

R. A. Galley is the new attendant at service station No. 83, Ottawa.

Agent Vogel, of Leonore, Ill., has stepped from the long, lonely, winding path to follow the straight road to happiness. He promised to love, honor and

obey forever and ever. We congratulate you, and also the lucky little girl you will obey—Miss Alberts. May health, happiness and lots of other little things follow you all the days of your life.

Mr. M. Liesberg has been appointed assistant warehouseman at the Elgin station.

A. F. Scheidt, formerly city salesman at Joliet, has been transferred to the Joliet office and is acting as sales promoter.

D. Daley, formerly service station instructor, has been transferred into the sales department of the Joliet office.

R. L. Prussing advises that he has been so busy lately that he hasn't had a minute to get any dope for the Record. That's all right Roy, but we are informed that you spend two hours every night dancing to the music of the Victrola in an effort to reduce.

Jim Connell, another of our district superintendents, has invested in a radiophone and spends his evenings listening to Mary Garden's latest songs.

We have a bird of a tankwagon driver at Belvidere. His initials are J. P.

G. B. Glenn has been appointed tankwagon driver at Rockford, Ill.

E. H. Somers is now service station attendant at No. 93, Rockford.

L. W. Golden is now night watchman at Rockford.

W. Lemond is a new motor tankwagon driver at Sterling.

Mary McMillan—"Suppose you start the Victrola, Sontag."

Sontag (surprised)—"What's the idea, Mary?"

Mary Mac—"Well, it's about time you started something."

Recently Mr. Waldecker, our Kewanee agent, went to the DeLuxe hotel and just as he was about to write his name on the register a bed bug appeared and took its way way across the page. Bob paused and then remarked to Mr. West, one of our tankwagon drivers acting as Walley's bodyguard, "I've been bled by cooties, bitten by graybacks and interviewed by fleas, but I'll be darned if I ever was in a place where the bed bugs looked over the hotel register to find out where your room was."

R. C. Ernst has been appointed warehouseman at the Joliet warehouse.

We would suggest that Sylvia Hubal and Helen Rimke keep strictly away from gray cars, particularly the ones with red upholstering. How do you like the country air in Lockport, girls? You might take us along next time, donchathink?

L. E. Guptail has been promoted to motor tankwagon driver, succeeding F. A. Gathman, who has been appointed agent at Barrington. Mr. Guptail was formerly attendant at Elgin No. 81.

M. R. McKinley, "Abe" at our Freeport station, is now able to get into the warehouse cellar, the spring flood having gone down. Around "Abe's" church he was always known to be a dry man, but for about a week he was some wet man around the Freeport station.

Mrs. C. E. Tuttler of Red Oaks, Iowa, bound for Chicago in her airplane on a shopping trip, ran out of gasoline several miles out of Geneseo, Ill. Our attendant, Mr. W. H. Bolte, at S. S. 53, was right on the job and took care of the lady with Red Crown gasoline, making two trips out to her machine, carrying eight gallons each time in his car. Mr. Bolte said: "Just another one of the services the Standard Oil Company renders."

We are very glad to hear that Baby Mastalio, whose father is our agent at Toluca, is recovering rapidly from an injury received when the baby fell on a piece of a broken glass which cut through its eye. The latest report is that the baby will not lose the sight of the injured eye.

We are glad to report the arrival of a 10-pound boy at Long Point, Ill. Its daddy is none other than our agent, Mr. E. R. Talbot.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

Another man gone wrong—Jerry McGowan has presented his future storm and strife with the fatal ring. He's reached that stage when advice falls upon deaf ears.

The first thrill of a lifetime was experienced by Ray Martin, mail toter, April 24. Accompanied by John Seward, cashier, he was jogging along near Independence avenue and Brighton when someone halted his progress with a "persuader." Ray was unable to say whether it was a Big Bertha or a French Howitzer. The loot amounted to $55. Of course Seward is well seasoned to hold-ups and didn't get the kick out of it that Ray did, having been in several last summer.

There was weeping and gnashing of teeth when George Coldsnow was transferred to the St. Joe division. Strong men wept and the women became hysterical as the hour for his departure drew near. Mr. Dayhoff made a wonderful farewell talk to which George ably responded. He was deeply touched by the sorrow created by his leaving and words failed to express his feelings when he was presented with a beautiful watch and chain, a token of love and friendship from his fellow employees. Come in and see us often, George.

LA CROSSE, WIS.

Mr. Oliver Esse, city tankwagon driver, Rochester, Minnesota, has been promoted to agent at Austin, Minn. The Standard Oil Co. employees at Rochester pleasantly surprised Mr. Esse at his home on Friday evening, April 14. The evening was spent in music and cards, after which light refreshments were served. The Standard Oil bunch presented Mr. Esse with a fountain pen and an Eversharp pencil as a token of their appreciation of his hearty cooperation with them at Rochester. We wish to congratulate Mr. Esse and wish him unlimited success in his new position.

Mr. Lee Beard is our new agent at Kasson, succeeding Mr. Eidem.

Mr. Herman Markey has accepted the position as agent at our Wabasha station, succeeding the R. E. Jones Company.

Construction of the new bulk station at Allen, Wisconsin, is about completed. Mr. Frank Kronenberg will act as agent.

The new station at Spencer, Wisconsin, opened for business April 24, Orville Nall of that city being installed as agent.

Mr. H. W. Mann is our new agent at St. Charles, Minn., succeeding B. C. Gregory.

Mr. R. A. Amundson, salesman, has moved his family from Melrose, Wisconsin, to Spring Valley, Minnesota.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Gallagher are the proud parents of a boy—please note its a *boy*—born April 25. Jack has been buying smokes by the box ever since. Mr. Gallagher is the attendant at S. S. No. 356, Eau Claire, Wisconsin. We wish to congratulate the happy parents.

The stork, however, was not discriminating last week in the city of Eau Claire, as he also left a nine-pound BOY at the home of District Superintendent C. B. Bullis. It was quite a surprise to Mr. Bullis to be greeted by a new son upon his arrival home on April 26. We also extend congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Bullis on their good fortune.

Jack Stewart, warehouseman at Eau Claire, Wis., is back on the job after a siege of mumps.

We are pleased to announce tha marriage of A. Stolen, service station attendant at Rochester, Minn., to Beatrice Starmer, on April 22. Congratulations and best of luck, Al.

Being pulled out of the mud five times in making one delivery is almost a record. This happened April 21 to our Stanley agent, Si Lynn, but the delivery was made and the customer made happy. They get their oil whether they get their mail or not.

A most successful card party and dance was given Friday evening, April 21, by the S. O. Co. Social Club at Oddfellow's Hall. About forty-five couples were in attendance. Progressive Five Hundred was played from 8 to 10 P. M., the honors being awarded to Mr. Fred Kowalke and Mrs. A. Riehm. Lunch was then served after which everybody took to the dance floor and stepped to the music of Kowalke's Musical Trio. A most pleasant time was reported by all present and we are eagerly waiting for the next party or picnic, perhaps.

Our Safety director, E. Evenson, believes that automobiles would be less dangerous if the horse power of the car were measured by the horse sense of the driver.

E. Swanbeck has now qualified as a floor walker for any first class department store. (The first 100 years are the worst, Gene.)

MANKATO, MINN.

B. E. Keeler, attendant at Pipestone S. S. 64, on the morning of March 30, was united in marriage to Miss Mary Somerville, of Pipestone. Mr. and Mrs. Keeler left for a week of honeymooning after which they will be at home to their friends in Pipestone. The entire Mankato organization joins in wishing Ben and Mrs. Keeler many, many happy years of domestic happiness.

C. G. Runkle, agent at Lakefield, was a Mankato office visitor April 24. Mr. Runkle is breaking sales records at Lakefield this year and spoke very optimistically of the prospects for 1922.

O. P. Nason, for thirty-six years agent for the company at Pipestone, Minn., resigned from the service effective April 15. Mr. Nason was in the Mankato office the early part of that week and spoke interestingly of his experiences in the "oil game." Mr. Nason intends to remain in Pipestone where he has varied interests which will take up his time. The best wishes of the Mankato division employees go with Mr. Nason and they wish him many years of health and prosperity. Charles C. Hirschy will succeed Mr. Nason as Pipestone agent. We bid Mr. Hirschy a hearty welcome into the Standard Oil Company ranks.

J. R. White, our Worthington agent, is too modest to send in his picture. We requested his picture some time ago for publication in the Record as we believe that he is the champion Eureka Harness Oil salesman. During a recent campaign on this product Mr. White sold, delivered and collected for fifty-two 5-gallon cans, which is nearly a can per day, as it was a sixty day battle. He claims that it's no secret and the method is open to every man. Here's the recipe which Mr. White gives: "Go out and sell 'em."

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Following is the lineup for the Red Crown Kittenball team: Catcher, M. Anderson; pitcher, Greb Martonick; 1st base, Flavin; 2nd base, Eckman; 3rd base, Erickson; right short, Olson; left short, R. Anderson; left field, Keller; center field, Steffes; right field, Kellberg; utility players, Moshier, Keenan, Fisher, Flock.

On paper the Red Crown team is the strongest team in the Twin Cities, and we certainly look forward to the Championship. Nothing else will do.

Geo. Day has bought a radio outfit and now gets the latest dope from the stock market.

Mankato has accepted our challenge for a Kittenball game at Mankato, May 6. A full report and pictures of the slaughter will appear in the next issue. Editor—We'll send you some real pictures this time.

The girls in the office want Barney Bentson agent, Alexandria, to give them the formula for a permanent wave.

Miss Napier thinks Harry Snyder has a most captivating smile.

C. Kizer, salesman, was married on May 6. We know her name now, but what was it before? Welcome, Mrs. Kizer, into the organization.

Mary Gleason is the best little Stanolind Record reporter in the world. Aren't you, Mary? And one of the best looking. Check.

Ed Johnson, agent, Montevideo, promised Mr. Cochran that the next time he came to Montevideo Mrs. Johnson would prepare a meal for him. Ed says he wants to show the boss that he married the best cook in the world.

Peter B. Nelson, our agent at Eagle Bend, is certainly a rustler—not cattle—Polarine.

Dolores, the fourteen-month old baby of Paul Dickey, our superintendent of equipment, passed away recently. We are sorry to hear of the little girl's death, and extend our sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. Dickey.

Mr. Vincent, chief clerk, has purchased a Ford sedan and his first Sunday out netted him two blow outs and a puncture, much to the delight of his children.

Paul W. Schulter, agent, Sedan, is an early riser. P. L. Sheaff, salesman, got into Sedan one morning at 4:30 and at 5 o'clock Paul was on his way to the farms. No we do not furnish our salesmen with Sedans; that's the name of the town.

E. Stevens, for many years a clerk in the tank-wagon department, passed away at St. Andrews hospital, April 14, after an illness of fourteen months, during which time he was on sick leave. His body was taken to Owatonna, Minn., for burial. He had many friends with the company who will be grieved to hear of his death.

James Bullard is now superintendent of the tank-wagon department.

Eddie Holt, service station attendant, is going to get his head shaved. His hairs have been falling out at the rate of 60 a day.

Russell Brinley is ill at the Fairview hospital with a bad attack of stomach trouble. When Russell reads this we hope he will ve back on the job and O. K. again.

Eddie Holt is a real fire fighter. Geo. Day will vouch for that.

Red Patterson had to pump 800 gallons Red Crown out of a dead tank with a hand pump. Poor Red.

Wrinkle Meat, Hensel, service station attendant, St. Paul, now weighs only 265 pounds. He's on a diet.

Harry Ashley and Clifford Bergstrom, service station attendants, announced new arrivals at their homes. Congratulations.

A. L. Thomas, agent, Osceola, showed up at a meeting with new rubbers on. Were you afraid of getting your feet wet?

Bill Hinrichs, agent, Hutchinson, says Sandman does not know a tame duck from a wild one.

H. Rosenberger, agent, Evansville, and Nick Kramer, Parkers Prairie, look like twins. We expect to hear from them.

Four of our agents at the Sauk Center dinner wanted to marry the cook. Frank Chalupsky, agent, Silver Lake, is also the town marshal, and Frank says our interests there are well protected.

Emil Bilben, agent, Walker, employs a little Indian boy to help him when he gets real busy. The boy's name is Wawaatsumahwa, which means Joe in English.

PEORIA, ILL.

Members of the Peoria SOCO Club have apparently been bitten by the theatrical bug. The most recent outburst was the "SOCO Club Revue" presented on Saturday evening, April 22, at the White school auditorium. Like its predecessors, the performance "went over big." Between the theatrical portion of the evening's activities, coupled with the informal dancing which followed, and the "cafeteria" refreshments as an added attraction, complaints as to lack of entertainment were conspicuously absent. "A Day in School" proved a winner. The spectacle of staid bookkeepers, stenographers, equipment men and others, frolicking about the stage garbed in knee trousers (and skirts) was of itself sufficiently mirth provoking. The "International Quartette" which won fame at the February entertainment, came through with another outburst of harmony. McCready and Linneman, in their "different" dialogue, had their hearers convulsed from start to finish. The big hit, however, was the Ziegfeld Beauty Chorus, and believe us, if Florenz had been in the crowd that evening he'd have enlisted some new recruits before he left. (We want pictures.—*Ed.*) Boy, howdy! That array of fenimnity just knocked 'em off their chairs! "Bald-headed row" was pop-eyed and gasping for breath.

It's a good thing some of our gallant agents in the field were not present. We have particularly in mind Cole of Williamsfield; Small of Chenoa, Dennis of Manito, Mackie of Bushnell. Sweet papa! We'd never have got 'em out of town afterward.

At the May SOCO event Miss Irene Buechele will deliver a lecture on psychology.

Verman Thompson called her mother on the phone the other morning and told her to give "Pee Wee" some castor oil. Now, who is "Pee Wee?"

What's become of that Springfield bowling team?

K-K-K-Katie Lyons startled the stenographers' room on April 7, with the complete renovating she gave her desk. Everything removed, dusted, Semdac used copiously, etc. Even cleaned her Remington, by hek. Mean rumors fly to the effect that the auburn-haired one never put on such a demonstration since joining us, some five years back. Whatcha doin' "Ella"—getting in practice?

Wanted—A guide to escort "Silly" Sabin thru the dump over Glen Oak Hill, twice a day. For particulars, see Slim Kleinschmidt.

The sympathy of the Peoria Branch is extended to Salesman J. V. Serkowich at the death of his brother Samuel, after a lingering illness, on April 2.

Miss Powers and Mr. Adams invaded a jewelry store on the third. The young lady desired a "wishing" ring. Lo! The clerk took one look at 'em and trotted out wedding rings. If you don't believe, ask Wanda.

Sales Superintendent Battin avows as how our rotund friend, E. W. Ritchey, at present of Bloomington, is the original circus fan. Claims Everett got so kid-like over the sawdust ring that he made a trip to Chicago to see Sells-Floto. Mr. Phillips says it wasn't the circus that interested the gentleman, but some of the fair performers. Y'see, they winter in Bloomington.

Springfield reports that Salesman Hanson has followed District Superintendent Eberle and is wearing a pair of these Harold Lloyd glasses. Says both look quite intellectual. Whattaya mean—look?

Salesman Geise, convalescing slowly from his recent illness, mails us a postal of the "Old Soliders' Home" at Marshalltown. Surely nothing significant, Tom?

These Illinois roads have nearly captured Agent Thurman's goat down at Rushville. He threatens to put paddles on his truck.

Driver Milan Veeder, Peoria, has moved from his river cottage. Says he couldn't sleep for the dog fish barking at the cat fish under his window, and his wife wore out two brooms chasing the carp off the back porch.

We welcome the return to our midst at Peoria of Miss Margaret Hanson, who left the ranks of the stenos about a year and a half ago. Glad t'see you, young lady.

Though a sedate and dignified young man, Paul Adams can't see the idea of waiting at the ladies' stage door. Not that lad. He started right in. Riot call!

Springfield office reports a recent telephone call from a party claiming to be "Papa" Search. George didn't come to work and the cigars did, confirming the statement. It's a seven and a half pound girl. George is still too nervous to divulge her name. Here's how, Search, old topper.

While attending that Indianapolis meeting Salesman Britt, accompanied by various others of the party visited the barber shop. Britt got in the chair last, ordered hair-cut, shave, shampoo, etc., and was duly served. The others finished and departed. After an hour, the barbers did likewise. Still no Britt. Another hour. Young man still missing. Search party organized. Found—Britt, all alone in the shop, EXCEPT for the manicure, that beauteous damsel still fondling his digits. And then they send a guy like that out to sell *church* candles!

On March 25, at a gathering of the Peoria office girls, Mrs. Edna Fuller announced her marriage to Mr. George Pettit, Jr., which happy event took place in Bloomington on January 28. Congratulations and good luck, Edna. A fine electric percolator represented the office "remembrancer."

"Speed" Byard, our lightning calculator, doesn't believe in the idea of eight hours each for work, play and sleep. Some wag claims he combines 'em all under the last heading.

The Baseball Fans' Association, fostered by Mr. Phillips, is in excellent health, with every prospect for a successful summer. This is evidenced by the interest and activity manifested by all concerned, and by the recent election (or should we say "selection"?) of the following officers: Manager, W. S. McCready; Captain, J. P. Barnes; Secretary-Treas-

urer, P. A. Johnston. New uniforms have been ordered, and all now needed is a hostile movement from some of these chesty nearby SOCO branches. No names mentioned, of course. How about it, Joliet, Decatur, Quincy, Davenport, St. Louis?

After watching O'Hara "functioning" in the dressing room, we figure he missed his calling. He's a born chiropractor. (Don't let 'em kid you, O'Hara; they're evidently envious.—Ed.)

Attendants Bockmeyer and Mertz at S. S. 146, Beardstown, whatever their sentiments before, are now ardent prohibitionists. The old town is sure "wet."

Introducing I. M. Wright, pocket billiard champion of Sheboygan Falls, Wis., Elkhorn, Wis., and Averyville. His latest triumph—defeating "Skillet" Peterson, and incidentally hanging up a high run of twelve.

Salesman Clarence Buck passed candy and cigars at Peoria on April 19. Congratulations, "Daddy"! Seven and three-quarter pound boy arrived okeh on that date. Name—Edwin Fred. Health, excellent—particularly lungs.

QUINCY, ILLINOIS

Agent M. F. Power at Canton, Mo., states that on account of the flood he is temporarily out of business as far as his station is concerned. this gentleman, however, solved the difficulty by arranging to go to another station for his refined oil and gasoline until such time as the water subsides.

Our new agent at Fayette, Mo., is Dave M. Smith, who gives promise of handling the company's affairs in that town and surrounding country without cause for complaint from the Quincy office. And he's going right after new business, too.

Jas. E. Bisby recently became a member of the SOCO family, taking charge of our agency at Bowen, Ill.

Agent C. A. Pine, Baylis, opines that he pines for good weather.

C. C. Pickett, agent at Barry, Ill., serves a circuit point named "Fair Weather." On account of the muddy roads he has been unable to reach there and tell whether or not the town merits its name.

Agent L. A. Looper, Nebo, has a grudge against the Chicago & Alton Railway Company, which has erected new stock pens in that village thereby cutting off his road. In order to get to town he almost has to swim. (Have patience, Louis, the C. & A. has promised to remedy this condition at once.)

Wray Fielder, our Troy, Mo., agent, informed us that Salesman Bramblet once told him the story of the "Fair Helen of Troy," but that now he is prepared to tell Bramblet a story of "Hell in Troy."

Charles K. Coss, agents' instructor, was comfortably seated in a Missouri theatre, enjoying a good movie, when an elderly lady entered and occupied the seat along side of him. A few moments later she looked at Coss and mistaking him perhaps for the good pastor of her church addressed him thusly, "Good evening, Brother Robinson." All Coss needs to make of him a saintly person is a pair of wings, for he sure has been a man of high ideals since the incident above related took place.

Bill Garrett, agent at Salisbury, recently purchased a "flock" of mules and is negotiating with a local blacksmith to equip said mules with small boats on their feet instead of shoes.

Joe Salter, Brunswick agent, who is Bill's neighbor to the west, writes that he has it all over Bill, as he is training a half dozen dog fish and a German carp to haul his wagon, not to mention a "buffalo" or two thrown in for good measure.

Agent Guy Peters at Browning, Mo., purchased a second International truck and states all signs indicate that he will have all he can do to take care of his trade, keeping both trucks in operation both day and night.

The other day while in the office Hurley Smith, our genial Pittsfield agent, told us of a recent purchase of a second truck. He is thoroughly canvassing every inch of his territory for new business. He knows it is there and if SERVICE and QUALITY will bring home the bacon he will be a regular "meat market."

Ray Ballard, formerly agent at Bowen, is now serving as agent at Plymouth, Ill., succeeding Roy Rodgers, who has resigned.

SAGINAW, MICHIGAN

The Standard Oil Bowling team of the Saginaw Commercial League has just closed a very successful season, winning a majority of the prizes of the league. The team is composed of the following members: R. V. Thompson, E. F. Symons, A. E. Pringle, B. Munroe, O. Felton, L. E. Younkman, E. R. Soop, F. E. Bryson, E. Godard. As a finale at the close of the season, five members of the team rolled a remarkable game, in which E. Godard rolled a perfect 300 score: R. V. Thompson, 173; L. E. Younkman, 179; E. Symons, 167; E. Godard, 300; B. Munroe, 172; total, 991.

Frank Johnson, office boy and ex-officio tonsorial artist of the Ediphone department, sprang a surprise on the observers in the nature of a pop-bottle diamond that he redeemed from the house of the Golden Apple for an unfortunate friend. Frank had to have shoes correct in every detail, therefore, the golf-and-tennis type you have probably noticed. No doubt he will break out in a Tuxedo and felt boots with the coming of summer.

Last month on a trip to the north, R. P. Fitzpatrick informed the Pullman agent at Saginaw that he wanted a Pullman berth. "Upper or lower?" asked the agent. "What's the difference?" ask Roy. "A difference of 50 cents in this case," replied the agent. "The lower is higher than the upper. The higher price is for the lower. If you want it lower, you'll have to go higher. We sell the upper lower than the lower. In other words, the higher the lower. Most people don't like the upper, although it is lower on account of its being higher. When you occupy an upper, you have to get up to go to bed, and you have to get down when you get up." "Thanks," said Roy, "I guess I'll sleep in the baggage car."

CHEBOYGAN

Mrs. W. F. Schmidt has been entertaining her sister, Miss Bilitski, of Detroit. This is no news to the equipment department.

Margaret, the daughter of Fred LaLonde, has gone to Bay City, where she underwent an operation for appendicitis, and at the present time is getting along fine.

E. G. Schmidt has finally re-assembled his Dodge, and is now taking the ladies out after Mayflowers.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA

J. F. Weber and F. J. Hagy attended a specialty salesman's meeting at Des Moines the past week and are both so enthusiastic over the courteous treatment accorded them that a few more of us would like to call on "neighbor" Des Moines. Always acquire beneficial ideas from our neighboring fields and would be glad to have them call on us some time.

Signs of Spring: Chief Clerk Dyer steppin' out in a brand new suit; Herman Nelson hiking to Minnesota for a couple of weeks; Al Fehrman to Milwaukee to spend Easter with his parents, he says, but we pos-i-tive-ly know———; Melvin Ness, our congenial ledgerman, and Miss Goulden Plantz, married. Congratulations Melvin, but where's the candy?

Al Mordaph at Service Station 25 has a new assistant in Oscar Kaiser. This team at No. 25 should show the bunch how to deliver the goods—and they will.

Agent H. Huffman of Smithland met with a great misfortune in the death of his wife, the mother of two small children. Mr. Huffman has been with us more than six years now and has proven his true worth. Our sincere sympathy is extended to him in his great sorrow.

Agent Hulsen of Sutherland likewise met with a great loss in the death of his wife and he also is left with several children. It is sad indeed when the mother is called and our deepest sympathy is extended.

Service Station 160 boasts a new attendant in H. E. Plumer. This station is sure to hum from now on, as he is one of those fellows who is "always right on the job."

Seems natural to have Mrs. Carter back at her desk again after a pleasant winter spent in sunny California. Welcome back, Grace. California is all right, but when it comes right down to the "folks at home," how about Sioux City and the good old S. O. Co.?

Bonnie McDermott's cheerful countenance is missed in the office, she having left us to marry Chas. Stanton. Charley, we understand is a mighty fine fellow, but if he wants to know just how lucky he is—ask any of us. A shower was given for her on the 21st, all the girls gathering at her home with plenty of eats and a wondrous gift as a symbol of their best wishes and lasting friendship.

J. T. Zurcher has been made tank wagon booster for Sioux City. This is promotion No. 1 for Johnnie. Watch him go. He's a hustler—a Mica rustler—sold eleven 1-25's in one day in a field he'd never seen before.

Regular salesmen's meeting was held recently and although a little late was not lacking in its usual enthusiasm. Considerable hullabaloo permeated the halls, all the salesmen and district superintendents being in attendance. Good looking too, every one of 'em, and b-r-a-v-e! Well, you should a seen 'em rush out when it was frantically announced that "Gus was being held up," and when those daring holdups hit Gus a hard one in the face, grabbed his money bag, jumped into a car and "shot" back, well, you should a seen our salesmen rush in again! Salesman Evans and Assistant Manager Leonard put up a good chase but the rough ones made their getaway, securing only $10.

Nels Bertleson, our trustworthy mechanic, has been off duty owing to a serious attack of inflammatory rheumatism. Latest reports are that he is recovering, and we hope he will soon be back on the job again.

Slim McLaughlin, truck driver, recently underwent an operation for appendicitis, but we are glad to say he is back to normal, dispensing a little sunshine on his daily rounds with the usual number of gallons.

Geo. Ehrlers, former agent at Struble, and wife, are taking an extended trip to Long Beach, Cal. George was a frequent caller at Sioux City and his many friends wish him the best kind of a time. Eugene Edwards has taken over the agency at Struble and we are glad to welcome him to our force.

A very ardent admirer of "Dutch" Abrahamson, once said: 'Oh, yes, he hollered at me when I went out the window." How about it, Helen?

We understand now why Casper is so up and doing, having extended the glad hand to one "Slick" Weintz, who spent a couple of weeks' vacation in our city. We remember having seen his picture in the Record a short time ago. Send some more out, Casper, just like him.

SOUTH BEND, IND.

A. E. Nussman, our service station boy at No. 703, Fort Wayne, says some call him "Kid," some "Old Man" and some "Slim," but the majority just say "Hello, Tony." However, Tony doesn't care what they call him so long as the call is for RED CROWN or POLARINE.

Keith K. Secrist, the genial young man at No. 745, Fort Wayne, is a married man, as one knows by the looks of his station. Windows shining, cans polished, and everything goes to show he is well trained at home. We also have an idea his wife is some cook by the looks of the basket that comes over about lunch time.

John Bernard Leffers, night watchman, Fort Wayne, takes great pride in having the trucks clean. The other morning John Mills, eqiupment superintendent, thought to have a little fun with Leffers and asked why he only washed three wheels on Gebhard's truck. The reply was: "Couldn't find it." By the way, Gebhard drives in the country and just now the road has been lost, and Harry must have lost one of his wheels in some farmer's lane.

E. H. Beech, lubricating salesman, says he was pleased to see Mica Axle Grease advertised in moving picture production, "Way Down East." It was used as a shoe dressing, as well as a hair grease and beautifier. With this information, Elliott says the picture should prove of double interest to Standard Oil folk.

Service Station Attendant C. D. Force, Logansport, says if weather conditions don't settle pretty soon so that he can give some real Standard Oil service, he will probably have to be taken to Longcliffe asylum.

P. L. Braner, service station attendant, at Hartford City, says the floods won't keep him from being on the job. We understand he contracted for some lumber the other day to build a pier from the "Service Station Island," so that boats could land and get filled up. That's right, B. L., if you can't fill the autos, fill the launches.

Our busy attendant at the LaPorte service station, Muriel Freese, says if necessary he will get a pair of roller skates in order to improve on service if the cars keep coming in in bunches. Some idea!

G. R. Andrews and V. J. Porter, service station

attendants at Delphi, were heard to remark that they liked to sell Semdac because it gives them a chance to talk to the women folks. That's all right boys, and the house wants More Ordres!

Ed Lorenz says he found six cars ready to be filled the other morning when he opened the service station at six o'clock. Ed says if necessary he will get down at five, because he doesn't like to have people waiting around.

Salesman E. P. Cox says that the way his mop sales are going Jack Hatch will probably have to cut his territory to the 8th Ward in Elkhart, and then he'll have all he can do.

Salesman Chet Jontz was fifteen minutes late getting started out of North Manchester the other morning on account of a heavy breakfast. Are you sure it was the breakfast, Chet?

Lubricating Salesman J. T. McLaughlin keeps talking all the time about "peaches." This isn't the fruit season, Mac; what do you mean "peaches?"

Dolphy Fry, salesman in McLellen's territory, fell from grace the other day when Mac found him drinking a bottle of pop. Dolphy is so extremely conscientious that we didn't think he would do a thing like that. But then one never can tell.

G. W. Closson, former tankwagon instructor, accepted the agency at Angola recently. G. W. says there is lots of competition around Angola and while the fight is on he always liked the smell of powder.

Lew Johnson, former salesman, was appointed to position of sub station examiner and says when the Standard Oil Company gets too big for him he knows he can get a job with Price, Waterhouse & Co., the English accountants. Some ambish, Lew!

B. C. Harris, service station salesman, sells coupon books like tickets to a movie house. He says his slogan is "Keep workin—you sell 'em."

We had to transfer Walter Snyder, salesman, to another territory last week because he flashed out in a suit that wasn't brown and his old trade didn't know him. He also had his ear tabs rolled up. My, how things do change!

District Superintendent R. E. McLellen is one of our greatest boosters for Safety First. He now refuses to ride in a Ford car and is covering his territory on foot with a carpet bag.

Agent Instructor Risley's specialties—Mica for hog oiling in the fall and Neolite for incubators in the spring.

E. C. Whitehill, who has been laid up for nearly a year owing to an accident sustained at our service station, has sufficiently recovered to re-enter the service as clerk at Wabash.

J. M. Rogers and W. O. Anderson, tankwagon drivers at Hartford City, were seen in private consultation the other day. Upon investigating the matter we found they were laying their plans for the spring drive among the rural trade at Hartford City. Everybody watch the indicator.

Mark Warlich, of the South Bend machine shop, as usual is getting in shape for the spring drive on the municipal golf links. To quote Mr. Warlich: "It has been some time since I shot one of them golfs, but believe me, boys, they better watch their step from now on." Note: Mr. Warlich is about 6 feet, 4 inches, and weighs 195 pounds and would make an ideal candidate for Cow Pasture Pool.

N. Simons and T. B. Conyers, tankwagon drivers at Huntington, are sharpening up their knives for spring business. We understand that their neighboring friends at Hartford City will have to go some.

Salesman Bob Harris is walking these days. It suits Bob fine because he says every store he comes to uses our stuff and it saves him time. Some philosopher Bob is.

J. M. Fisher, former agent at Angola, has been promoted to the position of general salesman. Watch his 029's!

Assistant General manager N. R. Grimshaw visited the office recently and spent a day and a half with us. His visit was followed by Mr. Singleton of the Safety department, and Mr. Slater dropped in Saturday.

Joe Poulin, of the bookkeeping department, is back on the job after a long siege of pneumonia. Glad to see you back, Joe.

George Heintzelman, one of our new salesmen, is on the jump early and late. The more orders he gets the more he wants.

Sam Lehman, tankwagon driver at Mishawaka, Ind., has the right idea about "S. O. Service." Receiving a call from a customer who stated he wanted to start his tractor, Sam started out with a stake dray loaded with a barrel of Perfection, a barrel of Red Crown and some Polarine, thinking he would get there some way in spite of the bad roads. He hadn't quite reached his destination when that nice, oozy, black mud they have east of Mishawka got the best of him. "Small matter," said Sam. So he hunted up a telephone and called his customer, who started out to meet him with his tractor. They hitched the truck to the tractor and travelled on. You got the system, Sam. If you can't do it with a Ford call for a Ford-son.

J. A. Bauer, clerk at Mishawaka, has been acting agent at Bremen for a couple weeks. Joe says the Bremenites keep him busy supplying the full line.

Bessie Jordan, of the accounting department, is the latest victim of the He-Vamp. The result is, of course, a diamond on the fourth digit of the left mitt.

Martha Stoudt now has the floor! Perhaps she can explain about the 5-pound box of candy received from a mysterious gentleman in Cleveland. Why, Martha!

George McIvor, general salesman, is back on the firing line, after a long illness. Glad to see you about, Mac.

"Shorty" Rethewisch, of the accounting department, goes a-courting out on Bowman street, so we are told. Isn't that the street Hazel Hultgren lives on? We'd say Bowman street is a long way from the Blackstone—but then we know "the longest way 'round is the sweetest way home."

John Wagman, our agent at Attica, has equipped his winter top with new curtains. Wonder why!

Why is it that Frank Messner, tank wagon driver at Attica, forgets to take his wife home so often?

Earl Stoops, our agent at Peru, says nowadays women wear hose so thin that you can read the serial number of the bills in the bankroll. The principle is all right, Earl, but the money draws altogether too much interest.

George Heintzelman, our newly employed salesman: "I see by these rules posted here in my room that tips are forbidden in this hotel."

"Yes," replied the bellhop, "so were apples in the Garden of Eden."

W. C. Biddle, transferred from service station to tank wagon work at Elkhart, is having quite a time getting out of mud and keeping out of way of street cars. Stick to it, Biddy, you'll come out all right.

Our well-to-do-agent at Elkhart, R. P. Bixler, is getting ready to move his family to Simonton Lake

for the summer. We never heard of it, but it's a safe bet there are fish there.

Three new service station attendants at Elkhart: O. A. Kollar, Les Dubail and Henry Myers. They call themselves "The Three Musketeers," so watch out, boys.

Bill Mast, of our Elkhart station, has returned to work after an illness of four weeks. We are mighty glad to know that he pulled through.

Chester Kreider, of Elkhart, who has been under the weather for two weeks, and his genial ways is "Smilin' Thru" at the bulk plant.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

We are grieved to learn of a serious automobile accident, which ended fatally for Mr. J. W. Barry, who has for some time been service station attendant at our station at Newstead and Olive streets. On April 26 an automobile in which Mr. Barry was riding turned over and Mr. Barry was caught under the steering wheel. He died a few hours later from the injuries received.

The Spalding Motor Co. of St. Louis attest to the fact that we render real service in the return of lost coupon books. They advised us on April 13 that a coupon book had been lost and on April 15 they wrote thanking us for recovering the book for them. This book was recovered by an employee at Effingham, Ill.

Our station examiner, Mr. R. H. Jackson, is furnishing food for thought on the part of the office employees in St. Louis, as they are all wondering where he gets the brunette hairpins with which he fastens his papers.

Various parts of our field were damaged considerably by cyclones during the month. Our agent, Mr. H. C. Koob, while on duty at Mexico, Mo., was advised by his wife that the roof had been blown off of their home and that they were temporarily camping out under the blue sky.

Congratulations are extended Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey Townsend. Chauncey is a salesman in St. Louis county and is for the first time of his life a proud daddy. A baby girl was born on April 18. We officially welcome this newcomer to the Stanolind family.

Mr. Orpheus B. Rutter, a resident of Mexico, Mo., is welcomed to the Stanolind family. Mr. Rutter has joined our sales organization and will represent this company in the rural territory out of Mexico and Columbia, Mo.

Manager A. P. Robinson, Assistant Manager H. J. Bemis, together with Mr. R. W. May, held a series of agents' meetings over the entire field during the latter part of last month and the first part of this month.

Margaret McCarthy, Emma Boechman, and Helen Coughlin were pinched for speeding on Sunday evening, April 9.

Salesman J. P. Beals, at Joplin, Mo., lost his grip when returning to his field from the general meeting of all salesmen which was held in St. Louis on March 10 and 11. Losing his grip, however, did not apply to J. P. Beals' sales work.

After looking at 10 feet of water on the wheat fields in Southwest Missouri, our assistant manager was heard to remark: "This is the nearest thing to Lake Michigan I have seen for some time." Send us motor boats.

We very much enjoyed Mr. Ball's visit to St. Louis, Springfield, Jefferson City, and Mexico, Mo., during the past month. The St. Louis division was honored during the month by visits from Mr. D. C. Treat, Mr. Van Vallen, Mr. Singleton, Mr. Hamming and W. H. Meyers of the Chicago office. The work of these gentlemen in this field was very much appreciated.

Mr. C. E. Curran, service station attendant at Kings highway and Arsenal, recently had an addition in his family in the person of an eight-pound baby girl. Congratulations, Charley.

A demonstration of the Semdac Mop was made in the St. Louis office, which was attended by Mr. Hamming of the Chicago office, Mr. Meinhardt of the mop company, Mr. Lewers and Mr. Briggs of Quincy, Ill., Mr. Reepe of Evansville, Ind., and Mr. Barnhard of Decatur, Ill.

Mr. T. T. Cresswell, construction Superintendent, is the proud father of a baby boy, born April 1, 1922. Our family is increasing by leaps, that is, we mean the Stanolind family.

Mr. Grover Schubkagel has taken up residence in St. Louis, having been transferred from salesman at Mexico, Mo., to salesman in the city of St. Louis. Mr. Schubkagel is president of the Moppers-Up Club, and he has been mopping up with the Semdac Mops since their advent in this field.

Our genial manager, Mr. A. P. Robinson, had his good humor imposed upon by thieves who stole his Dorris car out of his garage on the night of April 17. Dame Fortune smiled later upon our commander-in-chief in the form of the chief of police at Granite City, Ill., who located the stolen Dorris at that point. Fortunately the car was not damaged.

WICHITA, KAS.

Ben Richardson, mail boy, has a big boy. It happened so suddenly that Ben hasn't had time to name him.

L. J. Black, former station examiner, is monkeying around the warehouse under the name of new superintendent.

April 3, L. E. Talbot, over and short, added a new baby girl, Bonnie Erleen, to his family. This is the steenth chap that has come to brighten his home. Talbot has Rooseveltian ideas about a proper number in a family.

C. M. Foster, stock department, is very quiet about a newcomer in his family. Cigars are cheap now. Break the news with a couple of boxes.

R. V. Brown, sales, asked for a few days off recently. The chief clerk said "no," as Brown didn't look sick. Brown had to come across with the truth. Miss Tina Wiley, a fine young Wichita girl, is the bride. In behalf of the office bunch Mr. Postlewaite presented the happy pair with a fine mahogany rockingchair. Mr. Postelwaite wondered why two chairs were not given, as there were two in the new family, but Brown said he was equal to the emergency.

Jim Calkins, construction department, who has been ill at the Wichita hospital, is improving.

Mrs. J. C. Armour, wife of Superintendent Armour, is recovering from a rather serious illness.

* * *

"What's all dat noise, an' all dem gwine on's ovah at you' alls house last night," asked an old colored mammy of a young "yaller" gal, "It sounded like a lot o' cat' mounts done broke loose." "Dat? Why da warn't nothin' 'cept de genman from de furniture store c'llectin' his easy payments."

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Indiana)

General Sales Department

ALLAN JACKSON, *Vice-President*

T. J. THOMPSON, *General Manager*

Assistant General Managers

JOHN L. CARTER, Northern Division
R. G. STEWART, Central Division
N. R. GRIMSHAW, Eastern Division
AMOS BALL, Western Division

Lubricating Department

B. T. THOMPSON, *General Manager*

C. O. WILSON, *Assistant General Manager*

Asphalt Department

F. P. ALLEN, *Manager*

Branch Offices

CHICAGO, ILL.
H. A. LEWIS, *Manager*
C. F. HATMAKER, *Assistant Manager*

DAVENPORT, IOWA
GEO. M. WHELAN, *Manager*
C. W. FLANAGAN, *Assistant Manager*

DECATUR, ILL.
T. B. CLIFFORD, *Manager*
JOHN H. BUDDE, *Assistant Manager*

DES MOINES, IOWA
H. A. MONSON, *Manager*
J. N. ELKERT, *Assistant Manager*

DETROIT, MICH.
H. R. COCHRAN, *Manager*
H. H. KEATING, *Assistant Manager*

DULUTH, MINN.
I. J. SHIELDS, *Manager*
G. E. WEBB, *Assistant Manager*

EVANSVILLE, IND.
W. J. LANG, *Manager*
EWALD BRAUNS, *Assistant Manager*

FARGO, N. D.
F. I. PACKARD, *Manager*
P. A. RAUPAGH, *Assistant Manager*

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.
J. C. MARSHALL, *Manager*
R. F. MCCONNELL, *Assistant Manager*

HURON, S. D.
A. H. DODSLEY, *Manager*
C. L. BAILEY, *Assistant Manager*

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
E. P. GALBREATH, *Manager*
H. E. BRUCE, *Assistant Manager*

JOLIET, ILL.
E. E. MORTON, *Manager*
CARL MONSON, *Assistant Manager*

KANSAS CITY, MO.
H. C. GRIFFIN, *Manager*
J. W. WILSON, *Assistant Manager*

LA CROSSE, WIS.
J. H. LAMBERT, *Manager*
J. E. MONEGAN, *Assistant Manager*

MANKATO, MINN.
M. H. CHESBROUGH, *Manager*
JOHN BEATON, *Assistant Manager*

MILWAUKEE, WIS.
T. H. LANG, *Manager*
IVAN PRATHER, *Assistant Manager*

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
F. L. COCHRAN, *Manager*
W. H. BROWN, *Assistant Manager*

PEORIA, ILL.
J. R. COLEMAN, *Manager*
G. F. PHILLIPS, *Assistant Manager*

QUINCY, ILL.
A. L. MARTIN, *Manager*
T. P. JONES, *Assistant Manager*

SAGINAW, MICH.
L. J. THOMPSON, *Manager*
E. R. SOOP, *Assistant Manager*

ST. JOSEPH, MO.
L. W. CAMERON, *Manager*
T. V. WARREN, *Assistant Manager*

ST. LOUIS, MO.
A. P. ROBINSON, *Manager*
H. J. BEMIS, *Assistant Manager*

SIOUX CITY, IOWA
D. B. THAYER, *Manager*
B. F. LEONARD, *Assistant Manager*

SOUTH BEND, IND.
D. L. GUILFOYLE, *Manager*
E. P. WARREN, *Assistant Manager*

WICHITA, KAS.
P. J. QUINLAN, *Manager*
W. C. VAN HORNE, *Assistant Manager*

Saving and Serving

THE Standard Oil Company (Indiana) stands squarely on the principle that the man who saves and invests is a better citizen as well as a happier and more useful employee than the one who lives "from hand to mouth" and spends his income as fast as he earns it.

To promote the habit of saving, and to insure that feeling of security in the future, which frees a man's mind from worry; enabling him to give all his energy to creative activities, the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) a year ago put into effect, for its employees, a stock investment plan.

Under this plan an employee may save as much as 20 percent of his yearly wage. To every dollar thus saved the Company adds 50c. This money is invested in stock of the Company as fast as sufficient money accumulates to buy one share; for instance, if a man or woman saves $560.00 a year the Company adds thereto one-half of that amount, or $280.00, which will buy 10 shares at the established price for 1922.

Whether or not he takes advantage of this plan is optional with the employee. The fact, however, that the majority of the employees who have been with the Company one year, or more, have availed themselves of the opportunity is convincing evidence that the plan meets a definite need.

Since the plan went into operation it has been apparent that the employees take a greater interest, not only in the work which engages their attention, but what is more important, in the service the Company renders the public.

This is not surprising, for a man with money invested has a stronger interest in a business, and a keener appreciation of his value to the community than has a man who never has assumed this responsibility.

Therefore, this stock investment plan for employees of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) is an important factor in continually improving the service rendered the public by the Company.

It is but another evidence of the care and forethought exercised by the management in its endeavor to perfect an organization which shall render to the public a maximum of sustained service.

Standard Oil Company
(Indiana)

910 So. Michigan Ave. **Chicago, Ill.**

NEWMAN MONROE CO., CHICAGO

STANOLIND
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STANDARD OIL CO.
(INDIANA)

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Indiana)

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T. J. Thompson, *General Manager, Sales*

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H. F. Glair, *Assistant Superintendent*

SUGAR CREEK

G. H. Moffett, *Manager*
H. R. Boehmer, *Superintendent*
F. W. Bruckmiller, *Assistant Superintendent*

WOOD RIVER

C. B. Manbeck, *Manager*
S. A. Beach, *Superintendent*
F. J. Gainer, *Assistant Superintendent*

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Casper, Plants Nos. 1 and 2

R. M. Andrus, *Manager*
A. E. Thompson, *Superintendent*

Casper Plant No. 3

M. G. Paulus, *Superintendent*
R. E. Wood, *Assistant Superintendent*
J. E. Rouse, *Assistant Superintendent*

Greybull Plant No. 1

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Greybull Plant No. 2

B. L. Warren, *Superintendent*

Laramie Plant No. 1

W. A. Morris, *Superintendent*

Laramie Plant No. 2

J. F. Cullen, *Superintendent*

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E. H. Fisher, *Assistant Director*, Chicago, Ill.
C. W. Smith, *Director Safety Division*, Chicago, Ill.
W. N. Bercaw, *Assistant Director*, Whiting, Ind.
C. F. Hall, *Assistant Director*, Wood River, Ill.
A. S. Hurt, *Assistant Director*, Sugar Creek, Mo.
D. M. Lobdell, *Assistant Director*, Casper, Wyo.

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COL. STEWART PLEADS FOR SELF-HELP SCHOOLS

Society Must Find Way to Offer Opportunity for Obtaining Education to Children of Poor Parents, He Declares, in Address Made at Carlinville—Is Recipient of Degree of Doctor of Law.

Colonel Robert W. Stewart, chairman of the Board of Directors and executive head of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), on Wednesday, June 7, had conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Law by Blackburn College, Carlinville, Ill., where he delivered the annual commencement address. Blackburn college is a self-help institution to which Col. Stewart has for some time lent his interest and support. No young man or woman whose parents can afford to send them through college can be admitted to Blackburn. Each student pays a nominal tuition and earns his way through by work performed for the institution. Col. Stewart's address, bearing the title of "The Crime of the Ages," contains so much of current and general interest that we believe all members of the Stanolind family will be glad of the opportunity of reading it in full. For that reason it is reproduced here.—EDITOR.

I feel rather embarrassed today. It is not, of course, my first appearance in public, but it is my first experience in making a commencement address to college students. Most of my public speaking was done in a courtroom, in the old days in the Dakotas before I abandoned the active practice of law to become a business man. On those occasions the effect of my oratorical efforts was of far less moment to me than to my client, so naturally I was not the most worried person in the courtroom as to the outcome. But today I find that I am the one on whom the jury is likely to pass sentence after listening to my plea, and I can now appreciate how shaky some of my old clients must have felt.

Frankly, I am so little enamored of the situation that I am going to beg you to look upon me merely as a prosecuting attorney, while I place an infamous criminal in the prisoner's box and endeavor to convict him. And the name of that criminal is Ignorance.

Seriously, I am delighted to be here today, inexpressibly delighted. I am happy, and I do feel honored in being permitted to participate in this ceremony; and to characterize as a ceremony an occasion of such propitious augury, implies no exaggeration nor facetious compliment.

Friends, you and I today are participating in the celebration of an event that to me is of such significant portent that it assumes the substance, if not the form, of a solemn rite.

Mistake not—I do not refer to the significance of the fact that we have here a group of trained young men and women who tomorrow will assume their burdens as productive members of society; that, in itself, of course, is a matter of some importance, of supreme importance to those of you who today bid farewell to the classroom, and of no inconsiderable importance to society; but my thought strikes deeper than that. The greater significance of this event, a thing which distinguishes it from all the other colleges of America, is discovered in the fact that with every graduation of a class from Blackburn College, we witness the successful culmination of an experiment in overcoming — overcoming within a limited scope and within a limited

area, it is true, but nevertheless overcoming, the one fundamental evil of the modern social structure—the evil which consists in denial of OPPORTUNITY to that youth of the land which is not so fortunate as to possess the financial means of acquiring an education which will enable it to compete on even terms with those other young men and women who, through no particular merit of their own, through no effort of their own, but because of the financial acquisitions of their parents or ancestors, have had an education presented to them—and in some cases, thrust upon them.

Because of the mere accident of birth—infinitely more fortunate, infinitely more blessed by fate are they than those thousands upon thousands of boys and girls who, reared in families which cannot afford, or are unwilling to give them the advantage of an education, must enter into the stern competition of this modern age, ill equipped in training or in knowledge to advance their state beyond that of their progenitors. For many of them the handicap is too great. They drag out the weary weight of years in hopeless mediocrity, or worse, rising in the social scale no higher than their fathers, rearing children to whom they cannot afford to offer the educational advantages which will enable the children to rise above them. It is the doom of many such families to live for generation after generation in the slough of ignorance, remaining forever stationary in the social scale, or, yielding to environment, suffering from that under-nourishment of mind and body which is the inevitable concomitant of protracted poverty and ignorance, to sink lower and lower in the scale, ultimately lapsing into pauperism and into vice, or, retaining still some energy of spirit, allowing it to flow into perverted channels and plunging into crime—in any event, by a sort of poetic justice, becoming parasites upon that society which is *partly* responsible for their condition.

I say "partly responsible," for society is not entirely culpable. I need no one to tell me that something is wrong with that organization of society in which it is possible for a child to be born with a hundred million dollars to his credit from the date of birth, surrounded by every luxury, and assured, even if he make not one single effort of his own, of a lifetime of material ease and comfort, of a redundancy of the good things of this world; while on the same day is born in the Ghetto district of Chicago, a child of an under-nourished mother, possessing not even the means to buy a little flannel shirt to warm his naked baby body, a child doomed from birth to a stunted existence. Yet that child of poverty is as beautiful in the eyes of the Ghetto mother, is as precious a thing to her, as is that other child to the mother who is able to give him everything he needs, more than he needs, possibly more than is good for him. It is not necessary for anyone to tell me that such a condition is wrong. But neither need anyone try to tell me that the remedy lies in giving the child of the Ghetto a hundred million dollars to place him on an equitable footing with that child of luxury.

"All men are born free and equal" is a beautiful thought, and a true one in America, if properly interpreted, but its misinterpretation has been the cause of many a heartache, many a foolish railing against society. The equality which it expresses means equality before the law, equality in the eyes of the government; it means that in our courts no man has greater rights than another, regardless of color, creed, financial or social status; it means universal suffrage, that in electing those who administer our government the vote of no man shall count for more than the vote of another. Enough, that we must maintain eternal vigilance to safeguard *those* inalienable rights to our citizenry, without ranting for the impossible, without crying out for the moon!

One has but to study Nature to understand that so long as Life exists upon this earth there can be no actual, real equality among mankind. Just so long as blooded Airedale pups continue to be born with greater intelligence than those of a mongrel bulldog strain, just so long as mighty Percherons have greater strength than the scrubby ponies of the plains, just that long will men continue to be born blessed with greater mental power than other men, with greater physical endowments than other

men—and just that long will inequality continue to reign among mankind. In centuries now gone those men whose birthright was great physical power, rose to commanding positions among their fellows. Great in strength, they were the best fighters, and by co nmon consent of their weaker neighbors they were made the chiefs of the tribes. And as a reward for their superior services in defending the tribe from the onslaught of the enemy, they were given the best lands, the handsomest wives, the best of everything. But as the centuries passed the mental type gained ascendancy over the physical, until today it is the mightiest minds, not the mightiest bodies, which rule the world. And as the muscular chieftains of old were rewarded for their superior services to the tribe by being given the best of things, so the puissantly minded men of today are granted by society the greater rewards for their efforts.

Always, in any civilization, in any condition of society, there will be men who will rise to greater eminence than other men; always there will be men who make better inventions than other men, who paint better pictures, who are better organizers, write better books, make better automobiles, than other men, and they will be rewarded by society in proportion to their services to society, either with the love of their fellow men, or with public honors, or with riches, or all three. So long as men have minds they will use them in competition with other men, and thus we will always have those who enjoy greater honors than other men, possess greater wealth than other men. And if anyone is disposed to rail against this as an intolerable condition of inequitude, let him place the blame where it belongs, on Nature, who allocates the minds, not upon society, which merely uses them. And if he still is determined that this shall end, let him undertake to reform Nature, whom some call God. Trotzky and Lenine attempted it, and plunged one hundred and fifty millions of people into a horror of blood and famine to discover that one cannot by legislation make a Russian muzhik the mental equal of a civil engineer.

What the result will be no one today can say. Though greater in its scope, and more terrible in its destructiveness and in the desolation it has wrought, the student of history will see in the course of events in Russia an analogy to the French revolution. The frenzy of the murderers begins to pall even upon themselves. The cheka has been abolished. Trotzky and Lenine have discovered that capital is a necessary partner in production, and that its expenditure must be directed by men of training and education. And they have learned that *capital* does not *consist* of paper money turned out by printing presses running night and day. Finally, they have learned that real capital will not invest, will not become a partner in production, will not furnish the tools that make production possible, except where it is protected and assured of a fair return. Wisdom is slowly, but apparently surely, making itself felt, and a new Russia, born in fire, must some day arise Phoenix-like from the ashes of the pseudo-civilization of the czars and the insanely savage autocracy of Lenine.

What Russia needs is a firm though gentle hand to lead her illiterate masses from the darkness of the Middle Ages into the light of modern literacy. What Russia needs is neither czarism nor bolshevism, but schoolbooks. What the world needs is neither Communism nor Socialism, but education—education that will stimulate individual initiative by giving to the individual the means of obtaining greater remuneration for his efforts, and so advancing his condition. And as the individual advances, so will advance society, for society is simply individuals en masse. Communism, or Bolshevism, or Socialism, as commonly understood by the rank and file of the adherents of those sects, would stunt and kill individual initiative by placing the earnings of men upon a level. How long, under such conditions, would the large producer continue to be a large producer? How long before he would say: "I am turning out twice as much work as this fellow who works beside me, and he gets as much for his work as I do for mine. What is the sense of my working so hard? I might as well

take it easy, no one can complain so long as I produce as much as he." It would not be very long before he said that.

Make no mistake, my friends, the inevitable result of Communism, or Bolshevism, or Socialism, or any other ism that would place the earnings of men upon a level, would be to lower the productiveness of the largest producer to the level of that of the poorest producer, and as the productiveness of the individual was lowered, so the productiveness of society, meaning individuals en masse, would be curtailed until modern civilization as we know it would disappear from the face of the earth.

"Fine! That is what we want!" will cheer the Bolshevik. But is that what he wants? His *whole* plaint is based upon what he claims is the denial by society of creature comforts—that is not what he calls them, but that is what he means—the denial of creature comforts to what he is pleased to call the "proletariat." Does he realize that the diminution of production which would be the unavoidable concomitant of any system which places the earnings of men upon a level, would eventually result in the disappearance from this earth of most of those very comforts he is demanding for his so-called proletariat; which in this country, at least, already enjoys most of them? Does he realize that it would be only a matter of time before there were no automobiles, no modern farm implements, no bathtubs, no railroad transportation system such as we know? Society, civilization, never stands still. It either progresses or retrogresses, and any such diminution of society's productiveness as Communism or its associated isms would bring about, would mean such accelerated retrogression that in the course of a single century, so far as material comforts are concerned, we would have skidded back into the Middle Ages. Yet I know of but one advocate of Communism, or Socialism—call it what you will—who has the moral courage to admit this, and that is Gandhi, the Hindoo, who not only admits it but advocates it as a desirable thing. But Gandhi has lived his life in India and has never enjoyed the material comforts which America offers to the humblest human who will make an effort to obtain them.

And, if I may be permitted the digression, I wish to dwell for a moment upon the ancestry of those material comforts which we in America enjoy. I hold no brief for the practice of slaving for a lifetime to amass enormous fortunes, piling millions upon millions to leave to one's children. It seems a rather foolish thing to me, and more often than not is the worst handicap one could impose upon his children; but it is a fact that the most of the material comforts we enjoy were willed to us by the idle rich who, constantly in search of greater luxuries, had the money and time to experiment in developing them. Such was the inception, as an example, of the system of heating homes through the agency of hot-water pipes. Lord Wellington, in England, retired from active life and possessed of an abundance of time and tremendous wealth, along with an exceedingly large but exceedingly chilly castle, cast about for a method of taking off the chilliness. He spent a fortune equipping his castle with hot-water pipes which have come down to us in the form of the modern hot-water heating plant. The porcelain bathtub, with hot and cold running water, had its inception in the home of some pampered child of luxury. The automobile, in the beginning, was the vehicle of the rich, until Henry Ford, applying to the automobile industry the principle of modern business—the principle of large sales at a low price made possible by an enlarged organization, obtaining quantity production and widespread distribution—placed automobiles in the possession of common labor.

In this country we ought to move forward to the goal we have always set for ourselves, the goal set by the Constitution—liberty, justice and equal rights and opportunities to all under the law. There should be no dividing line of classes. The interests of agriculture and industry are identical. Each gives honest employment and each should reap a fair return. One cannot survive without the other, and neither should harbor the idea that it can

best serve itself by trying to fasten the main burden on the other.

It is folly for highly paid labor to expect to buy its food at an unduly low price; and when food prices are high and agriculture earning good rewards, it is unjust to ask labor to work for an inadequate wage. Agriculture is inseparably linked with industry, and the two must stand or fall together. Neither can suffer without injury to the other, nor can one or both of them suffer without injury to the entire body of the people.

The free operation of the law of supply and demand will more surely result in the general average prosperity of the country than will legislation aimed to advance the interests of any particular class.

I am not attempting to advocate the entirely unrestricted operation of big business. I welcome government supervision of industry in so far as it is necessary to prevent all unfair practices, but I deprecate that class of interference, of which we have had too much, that works harassment to business without serving any good purpose. I believe in a jurisdiction by government to curb and restrain rapacity or greed, but not to destroy initiative and progress.

There is no panacea for hard times except the panacea of national sanity in governmental matters, supplemented by the determination of the people to put forth to the fullest extent their God-given energy in the productive industries of the country. There is no relief to be found in robbing Peter to pay Paul. Artificial respiration will not revive agriculture or any other industry of the United States.

The prosperity of the nation, if it depends upon one thing more than another, primarily depends upon agriculture. But many of the regulations designed originally to aid the farmer—devices which were expected to give him cheaper freight rates, by land and sea, or which were expected to furnish him commodities at a lower price—have had the opposite effect and are now embarrassing him as well as working injury to everybody else.

Speaking now, if I may, as a representative of big business, I would have the people realize that a big country needs big business and big men. If we are to hold our place in the commerce of the world, our government, our people and our business must go hand in hand, each proud of and glorying in the strength and prowess of the others.

There should be no presumption that simply because a man is rich he is bad, or that because a corporation is large it is a malefactor to be crucified. Judge both the individual and the association of individuals by their respective conduct.

We hear a great deal about the gross materialism of big business and the absence of idealism. There are many officers of corporations, with some of whom I have come in personal contact, who have become so affected by unwarranted attacks and assaults made upon the organizations which they represent as to cause them to become humble, shrinking and cringing through fear of some new outburst of public criticism. If their rights are infringed, they seem almost afraid to say so. They are driven to adopt circuitous and devious ways and means of obtaining redress; and naturally many people, looking at these manifestations of fear, think there must be something inherently wrong in the organization, and they are apt to consider that smallness is a merit, that greatness is a shame, that mediocrity is commendable, and that commercial success is a crime.

Doubtless there are some concerns—but they are not all big ones—which have reasons for concealment of some of their business methods, but they are not in the majority. There are other concerns—and I am quite sure that they are in the majority—who have dealt fairly by the public, who have given their employees a square deal, and who have given the public a dollar's value for every dollar received. These enterprises have been brought into existence and conducted by men who gave their time, risked their money and their business future in an effort to wrest from Mother Earth her hidden treasures, and who have gained wealth by so doing and at the same time have brought still greater wealth to a world which needed it.

Why should this type of men be embar-

rassed and harassed by criticism, based solely upon the fact that the organizations which they represent bulk large in the affairs of the business world and have proved successful? Why should they be ashamed of the honorable success of themselves or of the organizations they manage? They should have the same right, no greater and no less, to insist upon the protection of their government as has the humblest citizen. Why should they always be put on the defensive? Why should they not stand proudly erect before their fellowmen and insist upon the same square deal as is the right of all?

I believe that the time has come for a great deal of talk upon this subject, supplemented by action. I believe that the time has come for the people to be taught, if they do not know, that in the great majority of cases, whether business is small or big, success comes more from honesty than from dishonesty, from fair dealing rather than from unfair dealing. I believe that the time has come when our people, somehow or other, must be taught that without great commercial enterprises a nation is doomed to become a dead nation. Great commercial enterprises must win their success through efficiency. That efficiency involves the exercise of the right of self-protection as well as the mere acquisition of wealth and consequent growth in size.

I believe that the public should realize that bigness is not a crime nor yet a fault, but that it is in every way commendable, and that wealth, honestly acquired, is not a badge of shame but the outward and visible manifestation of that inward vigor and vitality without which there can be no true success.

If anyone propounds to you a code of idealism which condemns the making of money, teaches that wealth is a disgrace, that success is a sin, he is preaching a false doctrine, which is neither for the benefit of the citizen nor the country. This is not idealism, but just plain, arrant nonsense.

Business ideals must encompass or include honest, fair dealing between the employer and the employed, the organization and the public, the business unit and the government, guided at all times by an effective intelligence which makes possible the creation and production of those material things without which the people cannot exist and without which no other idealism can be put into practice.

It is time that the business men of the country undertook to educate the public to the true belief that big business, fairly, honestly and successfully conducted, is a national asset as well as an individual advantage. The United States will never be able to maintain its position among the great commercial nations of the world unless its people as a whole, and the government which represents them, are willing to recognize that those who produce, either by labor or the use of their capital, are conferring a favor and an advantage, not only upon themselves but on the entire body of the people and the nation.

The irony of it is that when the radical damns the corporations, he is damning the only institution in America today which, in the face of the increasingly complicated mechanism of society, engendered by the massing of people into cities, is keeping the prices of both necessities and luxuries within the reach of the less wealthy classes. And when they cry out against the apparently gigantic earnings of a corporation, let them remember that when a corporation makes an annual earning of twenty or thirty million dollars, that twenty or thirty millions may and usually does represent an earning of only five or six percent on the money actually invested in the business; that these twenty or thirty millions do not go into the pockets of one man or a hundred men, but are distributed among the thousands of stockholders of the corporation; for corporations, or trusts, are nothing more than great aggregations of capital contributed by myriads of stockholders for the purpose of reducing overhead cost of production and distribution; in other words, for the purpose of getting the utmost production out of their dollars. And as these myriads of stockholders benefit in increased returns from their money, so the public benefits in lower prices.

Yet the radical would confiscate and eliminate capital as Lenine and Trotzky confiscated and eliminated it, and with the same result; would kill the goose that laid

the golden egg, that has placed in the homes of the American workingman the comforts which he enjoys; and in its place would substitute a system that would stifle initiative, reduce production and send us back into the Middle Ages!

"But," some of our enthusiasts for the isms say, "But production would not fall off. Under Communism or Socialism both capital and labor would work for society instead of for the individual. The individual would produce just as much, but instead of working for himself he would be working for society."

I would like to introduce those enthusiasts to our old friend Nature, to whom I have already referred, and to her son, Human Nature.

Show me the man who does not believe his own labor, whether it be mental or physical, is worth more, and who will not want more for it, than that of some other man. Show me the man who, if he is denied that additional remuneration, will not soon cease to produce more than the man who receives as much as he. Show me the man who will work as hard to provide for the sons and daughters of men he does not know and has never seen, as he will to provide for his own sons and daughters. Show me the man who will do as much for society as he will for himself.

History furnishes but one example, and the name of that man was our Lord Jesus Christ. Yet, though He lived entirely for society, and gave His life for it, though He practiced towards His fellow men that brotherhood which they pretend to idealize, I have heard Socialists execrate Christianity as a bulwark of capitalism.

When the millennium arrives, all humanity may be possessed of the unselfishness of Christ, but no other argument than the late world war were needed to prove how far humanity is from being ready for an universal brotherhood wherein the self-interest of the individual will be voluntarily immolated on the altar of society. Education and evolution, with an increasing inventiveness making possible the retention of material comforts with little labor, may, centuries or aeons hence, bring about such a happy consummation, but that day is not tomorrow, nor next year.

Today, the hope of mankind lies in education, in the extirpation of ignorance—Ignorance, the crime of the age—I should say, the crime of the ages. Pauperism, vice and crime we will have with us so long as misfits continue to be born into the world, but eradicate ignorance, and we will reduce the misfits, and with them, pauperism, vice and crime into an insignificant minimum. Wipe out ignorance entirely, and society will advance by such leaps and bounds that history will afford no parallel. And the advance will be not only material, but spiritual as well.

"But how to do it, when you yourself have told of families sinking into degradation because they were unable to obtain a mental training which would enable them to stand up under the stern competition of this modern age?"

I did say that, and for this condition I partly blamed society, and I repeat that charge and say that society must find a way to make it easier for these people to offer their children an opportunity for mental training. But I also said that society was only partly culpable.

One of the most pressing needs of our time is to teach certain recalcitrant individuals that not only does society owe a duty to them, but that they owe a duty to society. Society of late has been made the goat—if you will pardon the use of that vulgar but most expressive term. For years, let a man or woman be arrested for vice or crime; let a man commit a holdup with a gun; let a tough gangster in Chicago or New York go out and kill a man, and some well meaning but sadly addled reformer has rushed into court or to the state capital with a plea for pardon or parole, exclaiming: "Society is to blame; he never had a chance." The result of this ill-timed pampering is seen in the crime wave that is sweeping the country. Undoubtedly the war, and the industrial depression are contributory causes to this outbreak of crime and murder, but to my mind it is also the perfectly logical result of this eternal preaching to the illiterate classes that society and not themselves is responsible for all their pauperism, all their vices, all their crimes. They have come to believe it.

I believe in crime prevention, but the remedy is education before the crime, not pardon and parole after it has been committed.

It is time that we made the most illiterate understand that he must do something for himself. Those families which I have described as sinking in pauperism, vice and crime as the result of undernourishment of mind and body, the concomitant of protracted ignorance and poverty—what real effort did they ever put forth to obtain even the rudiments of an education, or to give their children one? We have free public schools in every state in the union, yet right here in Illinois we find it necessary to have a compulsory education law to force just such people to go to school when young, and to send their children to school when they become parents. We need to have an end to this constant railing against society as a defense and excuse for the frailties and crimes of the individual. Society, it is true, has much to answer for, but it owes no debt to that individual who refuses to help himself.

Such families as I have described are unfortunately only too numerous, but there are thousands upon thousands of other families in this country who were and are no better situated than were those who have since sunk into poverty and vice. They, too, ill-equipped in training or in knowledge, drag through the weary weight of years in a seemingly hopeless mediocrity, rising in the social scale no higher than their fathers, rearing children to whom they are unable to offer the educational advantages which will enable the children to rise above them. But do not understand me to stigmatize people in such unfortunate circumstances as failures—so long as they keep up the struggle, so long as they continue to produce, so long as they refuse to allow the weary grind to tempt them into shiftlessness and vice, they are useful units of society. And it is incumbent upon society to reward them for their struggle by finding some method of extending to their children the opportunity for obtaining an education which will enable them to compete on more equal terms with those who were more fortunate in the accident of birth. If they then fail to grasp the opportunity, theirs is the fault. They must be willing to make some sacrifices to open the door to opportunity and they should not feel aggrieved in making it; for sacrifice is the common lot of all mankind. There lives not a man, whether he be rich or poor, who has not sacrificed something to gain something else. It is sometimes hard for us to believe that some people find it necessary to make any sacrifices whatsoever, but do not doubt that they make them nevertheless.

But, I am digressing from my theme. I have spoken of families who refuse to make an effort to better their mental eqiupment, and who must be taught that not only does society owe a duty to them, but that they owe a duty to society. I have spoken of those families, who in unfortunate circumstances, maintain the struggle from year to year and from generation to generation, and whom society must find some way of helping. And now I wish to speak of those families who are the glory of America, and who make up a large percentage of our population; of those families who with every genertion take one more step forward—of those thousands, aye, millions of young men and women, who, handicapped by insufficient mental training, maintain the struggle and develop into honest, hard working parents, good husbands and good fathers, good wives and good mothers, good citizens!—who make the necessary sacrifices and live to have their unceasing toil and self-denial crowned by the ineffable joy of being able to offer to their sons and daughters a better training than was vouchsafed the parents. To steal from old Omar, that seductive minstrel of the delights of idleness as opposed to the more sober joys which crown a life of honest toil; to take from that charming songster a phrase to express a thought so diametrically opposed to his whole philosophy, affords a paradox which pleases me; and so I say that when some of you, as parents, are some day able to give to your children better advantages than you have enjoyed, like millions of parents before you, you will find, to paraphrase our Oriental advocate of "a loaf of bread, a

jug of wine and thou," that offering opportunity to your children "were paradise enow!"

To most young people, it is necessary to *offer* the opportunity for obtaining an education, or somehow to stimulate their ambition with a strong incentive for acquiring one; for at that age when education is most easily acquired, they are filled with the boundless confidence of youth, recking little of the future, unable to understand why they should sacrifice the pleasures of youth to grub among books after working hours, when, by the work of their hands they may be already earning more than the young college man who has accepted a place in the office or the shop. Eventually, they will find themselves subject to the authority of that same college man—unless he is a misfit, for college men are human just like everybody else, and there are misfits among them just as there are among all other classes and groups of society. However, in nine cases out of ten the young man who failed to grasp the opportunity for education will find himself working under the young man who did—but usually the awakening comes too late. Not always, however. There are thousands of young men and women, who, denied, the opportunity for education in their youth, or having failed to grasp the opportunity when it was offered, take stock of their situation, see the remedy, and set themselves to the stern task of self-cultivation, sacrificing to the pursuit of knowledge what little leisure their daily tasks allow them, until by sheer effort and persistence, they lift themselves above their fellows. The company of which I am the head has many such men on its payroll, and some of them hold the most important executive positions in the company. They make good executives because they have learned how to work, and their spine has been stiffened by the hard knocks they have had to endure. And I imply no flattery when I say that the young men and women who are attending Blackburn are of that type, and I bespeak success for you in your future undertakings; for you are not receiving your education upon a silver platter; you are working for it, making sacrifices for it; you have already learned that life is a stern affair, and when you embark upon your careers it will be with a greater resolution and with minds and bodies trained to work.

And from such circumstances, too, there sometimes springs a man who seems to disregard all handicaps imposed by early poverty and insufficient early training, and who makes his way to the dizziest pinnacles of achievement. And he is all the greater for the handicaps he has overcome, for his will has been strengthened by the struggle, his mind broadened by contact with peoples of all sorts and conditions, his understanding of and sympathy for humanity deepened by the sufferings he himself has endured. And because of his hard struggle, because of his broadened sympathy and understanding, he will yield to society a greater, a more gentle service; and for that, we will love him the more and honor him the more, for we must agree with Voltaire, that:

"That man claims our respect who commands over the minds of the rest of the world by the force of truth, not those who enslaves their fellow creatures; he who is acquainted with the universe, not those who deface it."

Such an one was Lincoln, he of the humblest beginnings, he of the most meagre advantages in youth. Lincoln never railed against society because it brought him into the world in direst poverty.

But in such a man we recognize a genius, who had in him that which nothing could hold back, and who differs so essentially from the ordinary mass of mortals that he furnishes no just criterion for the consideration of the advantages or disadvantages of early training. But even in the contemplation of a genius there is a lesson for the ordinary man, a lesson best described in the words of one who was himself a genius —that "genius consists of one part ability and nine parts hard work." Read the career of any genius in history and you will discover the truth of that. The so-called "genius" who can clean up his work in five minutes, is and always will be a "genius" only in his own estimation. No man, no matter what his training, no matter how brilliant his mind, ever

attained great results without careful preparation and concentrated effort.

You who graduate from Blackburn, have learned the meaning and necessity of effort, but it is a lesson many young men and women have still to learn. A few months ago, speaking before an educational gathering in Chicago, the head of some of the largest public utilities corporations in America complained that young college men entering the employ of his corporations, made a poor showing as compared with young men who had entered the corporation as boys and who had acquired their knowledge in the school of hard knocks. As an explanation of this he said that the other young men had been trained since boyhood to do a full day's work, while the college men had not. Undoubtedly, that is the experience of many companies employing college men, though in the company of which I am the head, we have found that once the technically trained college man gets accustomed to his surroundings, he will end by outstripping the man who has not had his educational advantages. We have learned that after a few years spent in our plants acquiring a knowledge of men, and learning to put into practice the thoeries he was taught at college, the technically trained man makes a good executive because of the accuracy with which he can predict results and the speed and directness with which he attains them.

But whatever his experience with college men, any employer should welcome men and women trained at Blackburn. For here, together with instruction in science, literature and the arts, you learn the meaning and necessity of work. A rich man's son can not enter Blackburn, and it is well, for its facilities are still too meagre to care for even a small percentage of those ambitious boys and girls of this section of the country to whom a self-help college such as Blackburn offers the only means of acquiring a higher education. But it *is* caring for some of them, and that is why I consider today's event one of such propitious augury; why I consider these commencement exercises of greater significance than the more pretentious ones of Yale, Harvard, Princeton, in the east, of Chicago, Illinois, Michigan and the great state universities of the middle west, of Leland Stanford, California and Oregon in the west. Here, young men and women who would otherwise go through life handicapped by insufficient mental training, are given the opportunity of acquiring that training. And that is why I hope some day to see the facilities of Blackburn so enlarged as to offer opportunity to every boy and girl in Illinois who is so eager for a college training that he is willing to work for it. That is why I hope some day Blackburn will be able to offer a six years' course instead of four, two years of academic work, and the full four-year college course. That is why I hope, to supplement the public grammar schools, there will some day be such self-help colleges as Blackburn in every state in the United States.

WYOMING'S BEST

Greybull, Wyo.—You needn't crowd, boys, they're all spoken for. Left to right: Miss Marie Pritchett, shipping department; Miss Charlotte Hartman, accounting department; Miss Minnie Bradley, stenographer for Mr. Warren.

"WE GOT SQUARE JAWS AND CALLOUSED PAWS"

These are the "truckers" of Casper works who describe themselves in the following lines:

We're truckers together, Jim an' me,
He's the best of the whole blamed lot,
And we work and we toil for the Standard Oil,
An' we give 'em the best we got.

We all talk rough, an' we sure look tough
An' we're dirty from nose to toes,
For we run a truck in the oily muck
An' we ain't got time for clothes.

We got square jaws, and calloused paws,
But we're lookin' you in the eye,
We'll fight for a song if you treat us wrong,
An' that goes for Jim an' I.

If me an' my truck is out o' luck
I send up the word to Jim,
An' day or night for a dance or fight
He's me friend, that's enough for him.

We're all of us Jims in the field or plant
That goes for the whole blamed lot,
An' we work an' we toil for the Standard Oil,
An' we give 'em the best we got.

WHITING GOLF

Startling golf was played in the first round of the Whiting golf tournament, held under auspices of the Standard Oil Athletic Association, May 31st, on the Hammond Country Club course. With a par of 37 for the nine holes, W. Beaubien turned a low score of 54, with Harry Glair and C. Miller crowding him with 55. Scores in the first three rounds, the second and third of which are scheduled for June 7 and June 21, will be used in awarding handicaps for the final match.

The tournament is open to all employees of the Whiting works.

Totals scored in the first round follow: S. Adley, 61; H. Beaubien, 74; W. Beaubien, 54; W. N. Bercaw, 64; C. W. Binder, 64; O. E. Bransky, 60; T. Burke, 64; G. Cash, 68; D. Daegling, 76; H. F. Glair, 55; R. E. Humphreys, 64; C. Miller, 55; H. Morris, 60; F. Ovitz, 59; C. Patton, 84; N. Ranstead, 58; E. J. Shaeffer, 59; G. Watts, 59.

Wood River Works.—At first glance one would naturally think that this picture was taken "after the battle." Jule Kocher and Joe Evans look as if they had put on the gloves and done some good work around the cranium. Gus Wuestenfeld, Jr., is strapped down with a "broken back," and various other cripples are under Flanagan's care. This is a picture of one of the classes taking the emergency First Aid work under the direction of instructors of the United States Government Mine Bureau. This will give you an idea of the thorough manner in which the First Aid work is taken up. When the men complete the course they are thoroughly conversant with First Aid emergency treatments.

OUR NEW DIRECTORS CREATE A SENSATION

Eager interest was manifested by the American press in the announcement by the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) of the elevation to its Board of Directors of two men who began as office boys and one who began as a laborer. The story was printed in hundreds of papers from New York to San Francisco and from Maine to Florida, in many cases appearing under large headlines and being dealt with in detail, so that most of the United States discovered that the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) represents real democracy in industry, wherein every employee, no matter how lowly his beginning, has an opportunity to rise to the most exalted position.

Dozens of newspapers seized upon the incident as a subject for editorial comment. Space in the Record is too limited to permit reproduction of all of these, but several of the most typical follow:

FROM THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE

Under the caption of "Rewards in Industry" the New York Tribune, New York City, said:

"One of the familiar falsehoods the soapbox agitator likes to deliver as truth is his accusation that the door of opportunity no longer stands open in America. He contends that the capitalist system has destroyed the chances of those who lack money and influence. He tells his audience that the big fortunes were made, the positions of power reached only in the days when this country was expanding so rapidly that men easily found big gaps and filled them.

"The agitator never says much about intelligence and unremitting labor as reasons for accomplishment. He talks about the difficulty of getting to the top as he might talk about the difficulty of finding apples on a tree from which all the fruit has been picked.

"Many times in the year there are announcements in the news columns which give him the lie direct. Most recent of these is the report of the appointment to be directors of the Standard Oil company of Indiana of three men who started life without favor or privilege.

"Robert H. McElroy, who is traffic manager of the company, climbed step by step from running errands. Thomas J. Thompson, general manager of the sales department, used a pick and shovel long before he dictated to a secretary. Edward J. Bullock, director of purchases, was a clerk after he had been an office boy. He became head of a small department and went on to larger duties.

"It would be interesting to know how great a proportion of the men who are leaders in the automobile business, which with the exception of the motion picture industry, is the youngest big industry in America, earned their first pay as mechanics. Henry Ford is not an exception among the men in the business. Many of them started where he did."

FROM THE NEW YORK SUN

Under the caption of "Opportunity and Talent" the New York Sun, New York City, said:

"At the recent annual directors' meeting in Chicago of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana the election of two new directors served to point the high degree of achievement possible in great industrial concerns in this country by individuals of natural gifts and capacity for development. Thomas J. Thompson began his career with this company years ago as a day laborer; Edward J. Bullock's first employment was as an office boy; both men have been elected directors at annual salaries said by the correspondent to be very large.

"These two men doubtless had exceptional qualifications for success imbedded in their characters from the beginning, but it is obvious that each of them used his native talent with discretion and diligence. Such habits, once formed, are as influential upon life as habits which tend downhill, though the going uphill is never just as easy, for a man or for a stream.

"One point of policy—or character or impulse or principle, whatever you call it

HAPPY HOOSIERS OF SOUTH BEND OFFICE

This is the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) office gang at South Bend, Ind. Judging from the smiles they all must have just been figuring up their employees' stock account. South Bend is famous in the Record office as having developed a correspondent who knows how to get news from the whole field. In fact, he gets so much news and so many pictures that we could every month almost fill a complete issue with South Bend matter. Our only regret is that the magazine isn't big enough to permit us to use more than a small part of it. However, we are trying to give South Bend a special display this month. They have earned it.

—seems to have been fundamental with both men; they stayed with the concern where they started. The contrast of their record with the general average of 'labor turnover' is striking. Not all men might find such con tinuity to their advantage; circumstances always alter cases, but it worked well in these two lives. And it is also to be noted that while both men stayed on in the same surroundings, neither of them stood still in his tracks."

AS OHIO SAW IT

This representative editorial appeared in the Zanesville Signal, Zanesville, Ohio, under the caption, "It Is Merit That Wins":

"It is undoubtedly true that more people succeed without a 'pull' than with it. The time has not gone in which meritorious performance, hard work and close application to business in which one is engaged as an employee is no longer recognized. A very large percentage of successful people have made their own way up the ladder, and did not wait for someone to come along and boost or pull them to the top.

"Recent instances are found in Thomas J. Thompson who started his career with the Standard Oil Company of Indiana as a day laborer, and Edward J. Bullock, whose first employment with the concern was as an office boy. Both have been elected to the board of directors of that company with salaries said to be very large. Mr. Thompson is manager of sales and Mr. Bullock is director of purchases. Each was without educational and financial advantages when they started in.

"Probably hundreds of young men who have been associated with them during their business lives were better equipped at the start with education and influence. They lacked the disposition to stick to the job and make themselves so valuable that they could not well be dispensed with, and so they lost out and saw others pass them and go on to places of greater responsibility.

"Outside influences are not nearly as

OH, THAT A SAILOR SHOULD COME TO THIS!

Deserted is the Renown II! No longer does she drift through the wild waves of Jackson Park lagoon with her old time love; for the fickle sailor has gone philandering, fallen for the wiles of one Emily Grahn, a fast Wyoming lady, shown here, and abandoned his sailor roll for a cowboy strut! Who'd believed it of Admiral Cooke!

effective in helping one to higher positions and greater rewards as are the qualities that lie within the man himself."

WHILE DOWN IN IOWA

The Montezuma Republican commented editorially:

"Thomas J. Thompson, who started his career with the Standard Oil Company of Indiana thirty-seven years ago, as a day laborer, and Edward J. Bullock, whose first employment with the concern was as office boy in knee pants, have been elected to the board of directors at annual salaries said to be very large. The opportunities for the young man are greater today than ever before. We hear too much of the cry from young men that the 'golden opportunities' are gone forever. The bump of earnestness and hard work is not sufficiently developed in those who set up the wail of defeat before they start. Too many young men want to start in where Dad quit, instead of beginning at the bottom rung of the ladder and climbing to the top. There is a greater call today than ever before for the young man willing to work and eager to learn."

* * *

A tourist while "doing" California noticed a long shanty which displayed the following sign: "Teeth yanked out without a twinge." As he happened to be suffering from toothache, he entered the shanty and asked the "dentist":

"Do you extract teeth without giving pain?"

"Waal, I reckon so, stranger."

"All right; pull this one out," pointing to the offending molar.

The "dentist" whistled, and in walked his assistant, armed with a club.

"Now, pard," quoth the "dentist," "stun him!" —*N. Y. Globe.*

* * *

Manager (introducing music hall turn): "Ladies and gentlemen, Khagoola will now proceed to give his astounding clairvoyant, memory, and second-sight act, and will answer any question that any member of the audience may put to him."

Voice from Gallery—"Tell us where there's a house to let."—*Punch.*

HANDSOME HOOSIERS FROM SOUTH BEND

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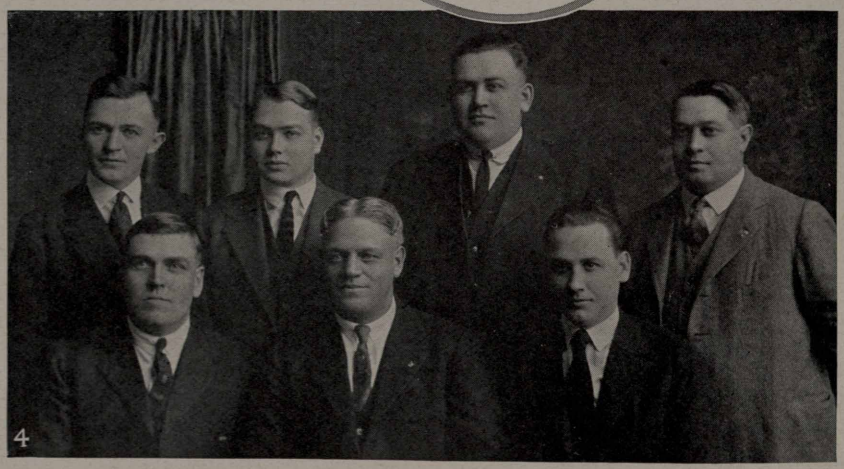

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No. 1—The girls went on a picnic and vamped the man in the moon. Left to right, top: Anna Kaminski, Martha Stoudt, Bessie Jordan, Laura Kreuger. Center: Margaret Burns. Lower: Gene Murphy, Gertrude Nyberg, Helen Kerr, Bessie Drone. No. 2—Business getters of Elkhart: Agent R. P. Bixler, A. Shenifield, O. Moore, C. Young, C. Martin, William Mast, R. D. Love, Rex Drake, C. Baylert. No. 3—"Polarine," the most wonderful dog in the world, always smokes the pipe of peace and keeps things in order in the territory of District Superintendent J. J. Miller of Bluffton. No. 4—In addition to "Polarine," Mr. Miller is aided by these handsome salesmen. Standing: F. L. Blake, Boyd Krouse, W. D. Cross, W. E. McGriff. Seated: H. A. Risley, J. J. Miller himself, Bob Kinneman.

LIVE WIRES OF SOUTH BEND FIELD

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No. 1—Agent Howard, of Akron, renders a unique service to his customers. He possesses a rat dog said to have killed more rats than any other canine in the world, and while Mr. Howard is filling the farmers' tanks with Red Crown, Perfection, etc., the dog obliges by killing off the rats that feed on the farmers' grain. No. 2—There are some folks who by their simple and unobtrusive ways cultivate many friendships apparently unnoticed. One such person is Philip Carpenter, custodian of the South Bend main office, who, by his close attention to work and his willingness to serve, together with his gentlemanly manners, has endeared himself to every employee in the South Bend office. No. 3—David Abbott is 60 years old and has been with this company 28 years, but he is still more active than many a younger man. No. 4—H. N. Gustafson, of Lafayette, recently made a startling record for a month's sales. Sorry space doesn't permit telling more about it.

WHY HOMES ARE HAPPY IN SOUTH BEND

South Bend, Ind.—No. 1—His dad, District Superintendent R. E. McLellan, sure hits the ball in sales and little Philip is already getting in practice to do likewise. No. 2—Why Frank Tschida, price clerk, South Bend, always comes to work with a smile and tarries not on his way home. Her name is Ethel Marie. No. 3—Jack Link, Jr., has a dad who drives one of the big White tankwagons at Fort Wayne. Jack, Jr., was eight months old when this was taken. No. 4—District Superintendent Dave Metzger is preparing his son, Donald, to take over his work when he grows a little older. No. 5—Howard Thimlar and Stanley Brown hope some day to be a salesman like their grandad, R. A. Fry. The farmer from whom Grandpa swiped the pup which Howard is holding, tells our correspondent he knew all the time Fry had the pup in his pocket.

THEIR DADDIES SURE ARE PROUD OF THESE

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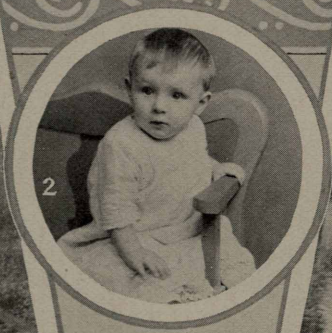
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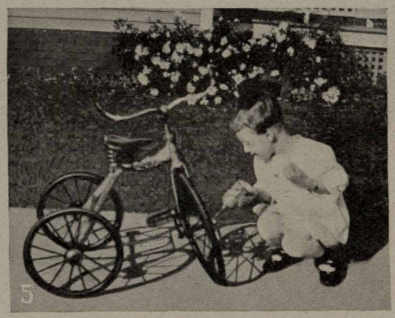
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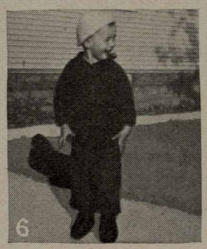
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South Bend, Ind.—No. 1—District Superintendent William Condon is "holding his own" at home as well as in his work. We understand their names are Tom and Dick. No. 2—James Richard Monroe, age 10 months, is the son of V. R. Monroe, service station collector at Marion. No. 3—We bet Orphi Golding, tankwagon salesman, Marion, persuaded Sonnie to trade fish with him while this picture was being taken. No. 4—Charles and Yvonne Sutton belong to Hershall Sutton, of the Marion station. No. 5—"When I get through using this Finol just watch me go!" said Miss Marie, daughter of Agent Mel Swank, South Bend. No. 6—George Gale, South Bend main office, says little George is just as cute as he can be—yes, takes after his father.

The above photograph shows one section of the Citizenship classes that were recently organized at the Wood River refinery for those foreign born employees who wish to become American citizens. These classes are held on Wednesday and Friday nights of each week, and will continue for a period of six weeks. At the end of that time the employees taking the course will be prepared to answer any and all questions pertaining to the fundamentals of our government. The teacher, Mr. Jas. A. Nelson, who has had considerable experience along similar lines of instruction, is shown standing in the foreground. Note the question on the blackboard, "*Where does the flag of our country continuously fly?*" Explanatory of this question, there is one place in the United States where the American flag flies three hundred and sixty-five days a year, rain or shine, winter and summer, without being lowered. How many of you who read this and who are American citizens can answer the question?

HITS UNFAIR COMPETITORS OF S. O. IN WISCONSIN

Attempts of Some of Them to Make Unfair Use of Order Issued by the State Department of Markets Is Frustrated by Courageous Action of Commissioner of Markets Edward Nordman

That the so-called practice of "rebating" by gasoline wholesalers was originated by competitors of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), who have "been engaged in an equal, if not worse, scheme of discrimination" than that charged against the Standard, is admitted by Edward Nordman, Commissioner of Markets of the State of Wisconsin, in a courageous public statement arraigning so-called independent oil companies who have put up "no semblance of an effort to remain within the law."

Asserting that certain competitors of the Standard are giving out the impression that "the Standard Oil Company is the only gasoline wholesaler in Wisconsin which has been found guilty of 'rebating,'" Commissioner Nordman brands such representations as "utterly false" and serves notice on the Standard's competitors that he will not permit his department "to be made the instrument for unjustly attacking a business concern for wrongdoing of which it has been no more guilty than the parties assailing it."

Commissioner Nordman's arraignment of the Standard's competitors is the aftermath of a complaint against the Standard Oil Company, issued by Commissioner Nordman himself on January 9, 1922, charging that it was guilty of discrimination by selling gasoline to some retailers at a lower price than it was to others, and that such action constituted a violation of the law.

The basis of the complaint was that the Standard's methods of selling its products through pump and property leases, paying the owner of the equipment a reasonable rental therefor and a commission on the gallonage sold by him, was, in effect, the giving of a rebate. The Standard contended, and still contends, that this method of doing business is not in violation of the law, and it has appealed to the courts from the order issued by Commissioner Nordman, following a public hearing at Madison, February 7, and an order entered on March 13, 1922, in which the practice was ordered stopped.

At the same time the special order was issued against the Standard, however, a general order was issued by Commissioner Nordman against all wholesalers of gasoline in Wisconsin, without naming them specifically, forbidding discrimination. Commissioner Nordman states that the contracts of some of the so-called independent companies, competitors of the Standard, showed in most bare terms an intent to discriminate and to rebate.

The newspapers throughout Wisconsin and a number of oil trade journals, published in whole or in part the findings of the commission against the Standard Oil Company, paying practically no attention to the general order which hit the Standard's competitors. The effect of this was to give the impression to the public that the Standard Oil Company was the only company against which such an order had been entered and to create a widespread prejudice against that company. This was brought to the attention of Commissioner Nordman and he was requested to vacate the special order against the Standard, it being pointed out that the general order affected the Standard as well as its competitors. This the commissioner declined to do, but realizing the great injustice which had been done the Standard Oil Company by reason of the special order entered by him, he issued the public statement which follows:

"It has come to my attention that certain competitors of the Standard Oil Company are making an unfair and unwarranted use of the Department of Markets' decision in the Standard Oil case. Those competitors, it is reported, are giving out the impression that the Standard Oil Company is the only gasoline wholesaler in Wisconsin which has been found guilty of 'rebating.'

"Such a representation is utterly false.

(*Continued on Page 23*)

WHITING WELDERS MAKE OWN SUNSHINE

"Kinda dark and gloomy to take a picture," complained the photographer. "Wait a minute," said Julius Kopaz and Ziggy Gobberg, "and we'll show you some light."

(*Continued from Page 21*)

A half dozen of the so-called independent oil companies have been engaged in an equal, if not a worse, scheme of discrimination. Indeed, the practice of rebating to garage men in Wisconsin is said to have originated with competitors of the Standard and not with the Standard, itself.

"It is true that a special decision was rendered by this department in the Standard Oil case, whereas all other distributors are covered merely by a general order which does not name the offending parties specifically. This singling out of the Standard Oil Company has, doubtless, been the thing which has operated to its detriment.

"There was a reason, however, for making a special decision in the case of the Standard Oil Company. That reason was not that the Standard was doing more blameworthy things than its competitors. The sole cause of the special decision in the Standard Oil case is that that company propounded, as a defense, a legal theory which seemed to call for an analysis and for the placing of that company under a special order. I refer to the fact that the Standard Oil Company denied that it was discriminating in price and asserted that the beneficiaries of the alleged rebates were, in reality, its agents whom it had a lawful right to appoint and pay a compensation.

"The Standard Oil decision deals, primarily, with a discussion of this legal point. That decision is not a criticism of the Standard Oil Company's business methods. Such a special decision would not have been issued, had it not seemed appropriate to thoroughly consider this theory of agency which—on its face—placed the Standard Oil Company beyond the reach of the general order.

"It should be mentioned, in this regard, that the contracts of some of the so-called independent oil companies show, in most bare terms, an intent to discriminate and to rebate. No semblance of an effort to remain within the law—by means of a legitimate agency relation—appears to have been made by these competitors of the Standard Oil Company.

"I make this statement because I do not intend to see an order of this department made an instrument for unjustly attacking a business concern for wrongdoing of which it has been no more guilty than the parties assailing it. I have been requested to revoke the special order against the Standard Oil Company, but for reasons given above I do not consider this advisable. I have deemed it to be no more than just, however, to state the background of that order and I hereby authorize the Standard Oil Company to make such use of this statement as it may deem necessary to counteract the distorted comments which have been directed against that Company. —EDW. NORDMAN, *Commissioner of Markets of the State of Wisconsin.*"

In asking for revocation of the special order issued by Commissioner Nordman, the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) showed that the practice of renting gasoline pumps and tanks from local garage and storekeepers, and the paying of a commission on gasoline sales, was originated by several Minnesota oil companies doing business in Wisconsin, with the result that competitors were forced to follow their example until the practice became general.

"The facts are," says the Standard statement, "that several years ago several Minnesota oil companies, doing business in the La Crosse, Wis., field, instituted a practice of renting gasoline pumps and tanks from local garage and storekeepers, allowing them a commission for the sale of their gasoline through such equipment. The practice soon became general. It was necessary for us to meet this competition and this company thereafter began making leases of pumps and tanks, paying in each instance a reasonable rental for the use of the same. In addition thereto, we made agency contracts with the garages or storekeepers, by which we agreed to pay a commission of 1½ to 2 cents per gallon for the gasoline sold for our account. We fixed the sales price to the consumer in each instance and required the agent to sell our gasoline at the regular service station price. Constant supervision was exercised over these commission agents to see that they maintained this price and did

(*Continued on Page 25*)

WOOD RIVER THRU THE CAMERA'S EYE

No. 1—Considerable family has John (Happy) Robertson, old reliable fireman at No. 2 crude house. No wonder he feels happy all the time. No. 2—This chubby youngster weighed 12 pounds when 2 months old, and Daddy John Kovach is some proud. No. 3—Steve Mikolia, assistant labor foreman, is well known and liked both at Whiting and Wood River. He went to work for the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) at Whiting in 1905, and two years later was transferred to Wood River when construction on that plant was started. No. 4—Fred Steiger, boilermaker, has good eyes today because he was and is an ardent advocate of Safety First. He was cutting out flues when his "chipping hammer" broke, striking him across the face. The goggles saved his eyes, but they were smashed, as shown in the picture. However, the company can always furnish men with new goggles wheareas it cannot give them new eyes.

(*Continued from Page 23*)

not overcharge the public. Some of them accounted to us for sales made on our account once a month, some once a week and others at each refilling of their tanks.

"In the transaction of this business we treated these commission agents the same as all our other agents working on a commission basis, the gasoline in their tanks being carried by us as stock on hand and the title thereto remaining always in us. At the termination of our agency with any of these men, we took back the gasoline in the tank, giving the agent credit therefor.

"Frequently we receive requests from small communities where business was not sufficient to warrant the installation of a service station and the hiring of a man regularly, that we install a pump and property lease in order to give the residents of the neighborhood the advantages of the service station price, and in many instances we complied with these requests. This arrangement we believed to be perfectly legal, and we did not pay any secret rebates to any of these commission agents."

Referring to the complaint issued by Commissioner Nordman against it in January, 1922, the Standard Oil statement says:

"There were, at this time, many other companies engaged in marketing oil in the state of Wisconsin, under pump and property leases. None of them, however, purported to have any agency agreements such as our company had established, but were simply paying straight rebates, which the Wisconsin Department of Markets has held to be a clear violation of the law, and making no effort to protect the consumer by controlling the price at which their product was sold.

"In order to demonstrate the difference in the method employed by ourselves and our competitors in the marketing of gasoline through these pump and property leases, we wish to state that some of our competitors made sales outright to the dealers, the title to the gasoline passing directly to them. Subsequently some of our competitors paid rebates from one cent to two cents per gallon on sales made by such dealers. There was not even a pretense of establishing any agency agreement between them, and the giving of such rebates was, as the Department of Markets has held, a direct violation of the law."

BY RADIO

Thousands of radio fans who tuned in on a 360-meter wave length on Friday evening, June 2, heard a concert of exceptional merit rendered by the Standard Oil Company Concert Band of the Whiting refinery, broadcasted from KYW station, Chicago. The program, given under direction of Morgan Eastman, director of the S. O. band and in charge of the musical programs broadcasted from KYW, was as follows:

"Officer of the Day"—March.....Hall
"By the Silvery Nile".....Johnson
Standard Oil Band
"May Morning".....Denza
"What Do You Think of That?".....Rolse
E. Coffey Barnes
"Leave Me With a Smile".....Koehler
"Everybody Step".....Berlin
Standard Oil Band
"For You Alone".....Gehl
"Roses of Picardy".....Wood
Wilfrid Cushing
"Tesoro Mio"—Waltz.....Becucci
Standard Oil Band
"Forgotten".....Cowles
"Thy Beaming Eyes".....MacDowell
"As in Old Gardens".....Rishor
Margot Hayes
"There's a Long, Long Trail".....Elliott
"Just a Little Love Song".....Cooper
Standard Oil Band
"On Eirbeg Island".....Osgood
"On the Rhine".....Hammon
E. Coffey Barnes
"The Bells of St. Mary".....Adams
"One Fleeting Hour".....Ray
Wilfrid Cushing
"Swanee River Moon".....Clark
"Twentieth Century March".....Losey
Standard Oil Band

The meter wave length is 360. The sending station is KYW.

Walt Mason's poems, which appear in The Daily News, are broadcasted each evening.

---

* * *

Johnny—"What makes the new baby at your house cry so much?"

Tommy—"It don't cry so much, and any way if all your teeth were out, and your hair off, and legs so weak you couldn't stand on them, I guess you'd cry too!"

* * *

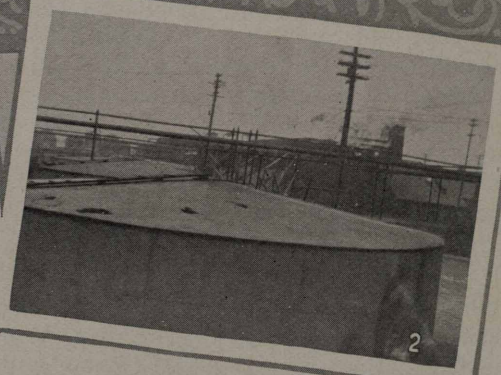
"Are you a lawyer?" asked the wrathy visitor.

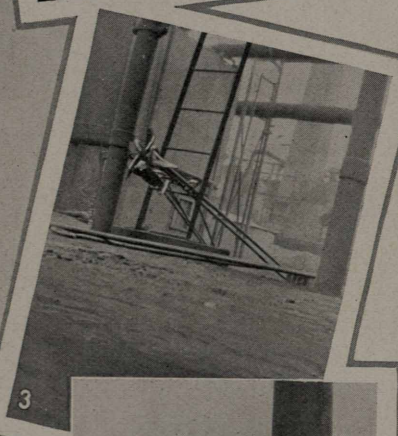
"I am, sir. What can I do for you?"

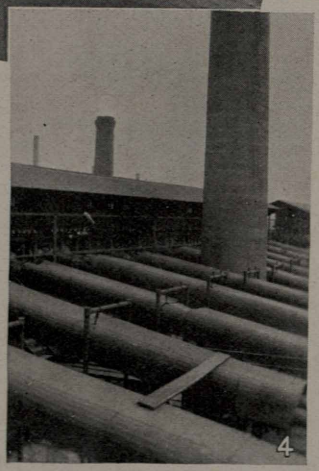
"I'm in the grocery business. A woman called me a profiteer. Is that word actionable?"

"It certainly is—if she can prove it."

Brought to Light







1—We admit we staged this one for we had to shut down the engine in order to play safe. But it is a duplicate of what actually happened the day before. An employee wiped the moving belt off with a piece of waste. The same old story—the waste was caught, his arm was drawn in, but the hand rail saved him. By bracing himself against the hand rail he was able to tear himself loose from the pulley.

2—We cannot keep tank roofs from going to pieces, but we do wish to warn all employees to use and stay on the walk which is provided.

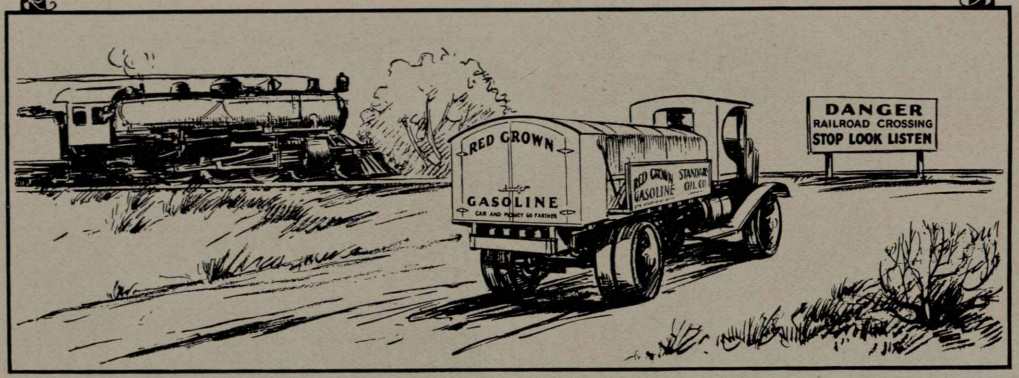
3—For a tool rack this beats anything we have ever seen. You will admit this ladder was not placed here for that purpose. It is very clear that if a man came down this ladder in a hurry he might have serious trouble. Please do not think we staged this—it is exactly as found.

4—A harmless little board you say? No, it is a 2″ x 12″ left directly above men who have to work below. When you are working above other employees give some thought to the other fellow below and remove all material which is apt to fall. His head isn't any harder than yours. Perhaps not as hard.

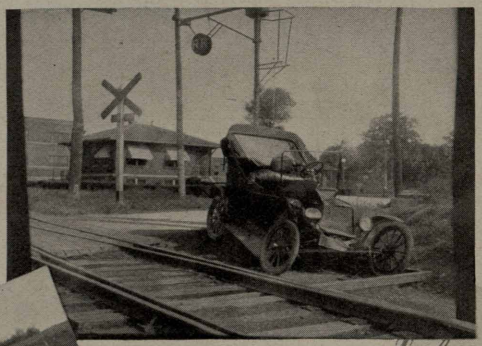
Submitted by
C. W. Smith, *Director Safety Division, Industrial Relations Department*
and
F. W. Lau, *Safety Director, Whiting Works*

Safety First

Trying to Beat the Train



Over 4,000 persons in automobiles were killed or seriously injured in the United States last year because they did not stop at railroad crossings.

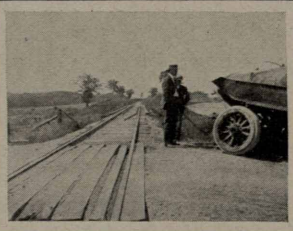


This same message has been told to over 100,000,000 people, yet, somebody fails to do what they should have done.

Stop

Look

Listen



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Are You a Careful Driver?

Submitted by F. C. Singleton
Safety Director, Sales Department

MEMORIES

By LENA VAN AIKEN
Oldest Woman Employee in South Bend Field

Yes, things have changed considerably since May 14, 1899, when I rode on my bicycle to a small, one-story office building on South Scott St., made application to the manager for a position as stenographer, and was given employment. I was then the only stenographer in the South Bend office. Of the total force at that time, which consisted of sixteen people, I am the only one remaining. Our manager, Mr. Guilfoyle, at that time was special refined oil salesman, and I recall that his children, then little tots, would come to the office and ask him for a penny. Now they say, "Father, I have chosen this man for my husband." Mr. Guilfoyle's appointment as manager occurred about five years after I entered the service. Now the small band of some sixteen people has grown to a family of over a hundred. Many employees have gone into positions of greater trust and responsibility, both with this company and other concerns. Just as the U. S. Army draws on its recuits for positions as officers, so does the Standard Oil Company prepare its employees for executive positions. The office is now a two-story brick building which has been increased to twice its original size and still is inadequate for present needs. It seems but yesterday since I enrolled in the ranks of this great organization and the years have sped quickly and pleasantly, and in closing I can say truly that the Standard Oil Company is a corporation with a soul.

SOME PETS!

Wichita, Kas. Mrs. R. M. Crawford, wife of our agent at Anthony, has adopted eight little animals of the striped black and white variety, as pets.

* * *

"I want a pair of the best gloves you have," said Mrs. Nuritch at the glove counter.

"Yes, ma'am," replied the polite salesman. "How long do you want them?"

"Don't git insultin', young man! I want to buy 'em, not hire 'em."—*Tit-Bits.*

* * *

History Professor—"How was Alexander I. of Russia killed?"

Student (vaguely)—"By a bomb."

Professor—"Be a little more explicit, please."

Student (in desperation)—"Well, you see—er—it exploded."—*American Legion Weekly.*

FIRST IN LOOKS, PEP AND PUNCH?

Here is the sales force of the Fargo division. They challenge any division to produce a better bunch for looks, pep and punch. After looking them over we think they've got a lotta nerve, but maybe the annual percentages figures will uphold their claim as to the pep and punch. We'll await the report of their year's sales with interest and if those are high enough we may even concede them a point on looks.

"I have decided to call my home brew 'frog,'" remarked Nutt.

"Why?" asked Bolt.

"Because it has plenty of hops but not much kick," replied Nutt.—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

* * *

Walter found his mamma talking to a very stout woman. "Walter," said his mother, "this is your great-aunt."

"Yes," said Walter, gazing at her ample proportions, "she looks the part."

* * *

She: Sir, do you realize whom you are speaking to? I am the daughter of an English peer.

He: Not so fast. I am the son of an American doc.—*Wampus.*

* * *

"Pop, did they play ball in Noah's time?"

"No, my boy, I believe not."

"Why didn't they, pop?"

"Wet grounds, I suppose."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

* * *

Whiff: "What's your objection to that man—isn't he square enough?"

Sniff: "Sure—square enough; but he hasn't been around enough."—*Frivol.*

The oil-stock salesman was perhaps the slickest of his kind. His emotional picture of the kingdoms of the world that must shortly fall into the hands of every possessor of a share of stock of the Goofy Gusher Company was so colorful as to stir the very soul of the seven-year-old eavesdropper at the conference between the philanthropist and his prospective victim.

"Oh, mamma," gasped Johnny, breathless with haste and excitement, "please come quick! Santa Claus is down on the front porch with his whiskers shaved off and is goin' to give everything he's got to papa!"—*American Legion Weekly.*

* * *

She—"I'm just waiting for my husband to complain about my extravagance this month."

Her Neighbor—"Ready to give him an argument, eh?"

She—"You bet I am! By mistake his golf club checks came to the house, and I've got 'em."

* * *

Bobby, just home from his first visit to the country, was telling the folks of its wonders. "And say, ma," he said, "out on the farm they get milk from cows, and it's just as good as any."—*Boston Transcript.*

Why Men Fail

Men fail for various reasons, little and big.

Most men fail because they are lazy.

To be lazy means—to be late, to be slovenly, to be a poor economist of time, to shirk responsibility.

It means to say of anything that is clamoring to be done: "No, I'm not going to do that, because it isn't my work."

Laziness is at the back of most of the lesser reasons for failure. The minor causes are derivatives from that one great major cause.

It is so easy to dream in the sun and let the world go by; to dawdle and procrastinate, till one wakes up—too late.

Late and lazy are, in fact, first cousins.

If you are late, you waste other people's time as well as your own.

Lazy people have all the time there is, and yet they haven't time to be polite. They disdain the forms of ceremony that sweeten life.

They are grouchy, surly, gruff. It pains them to be pleasant, to say thanks and smile.

To be deferential is not to be servile. It is merely to be decently respectful.

The biggest men are the most unassuming and the most unpresuming.

It is the insignificant people who fluff themselves up with a false and foolish pride and are forever orating from the flimsy and slippery platform of their own touchy dignity.

Failure is generally elective. It rests with the man himself whether he cares enough for success to pay the price.

—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

CANDIDATES FOR MOVIES OR VAUDEVILLE

Here are the beauties of the Whiting Can House—Phoebe Hamlin and Tillie Kubiak. They are thinking of joining the movies or maybe going into vaudeville. Phoebe is a famous basketball player, while Tillie plays the mouth organ.

MR. SHACKELFORD DIES

Employees of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) branch at Drumright, Okla., are in mourning over the death of their beloved field superintendent, Mr. James F. Shackelford, who, on April 24, succumbed to influenza, aggrevated by inflammation of the lungs. "Jimmy," as he was affectionately known in Drumright, stuck to his post until unable to leave his bed.

Mr. Shackelford became affiliated with this company in 1916 and had supervision of the company's Oklahoma gasoline plants from the time of their construction. He was prominent in local affairs, being a member of the school board, Rotary club and other organizations. His funeral was the largest ever held in Drumright.

Mr. Shackelford is survived by his widow and two small children. To these the employees of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) extend their sympathy.

TRANSFER

The following order was issued June 1st over the signature of Col. R. W. Stewart, chairman of the board of directors and executive head of the company:

"Effective June 1, 1922, Mr. George M. Whelan, formerly manager at St. Joseph, Mo., will be transferred to Davenport, Iowa, as manager of that division; and

"Mr. L. W. Cameron, formerly manager at Davenport, Iowa, will be transferred to St. Joseph, Mo., as manager of that division."

ANNUITANT

Mr. Frank A. Appleton, 470 Hopkins street, St. Paul, Minn., formerly employed as watchman in the Minneapolis division, has been placed on the company's list of annuitants. Mr. Appleton was with the company eleven years and eight months.

PICTORIAL NEWS OF REFINERIES AND FIELD

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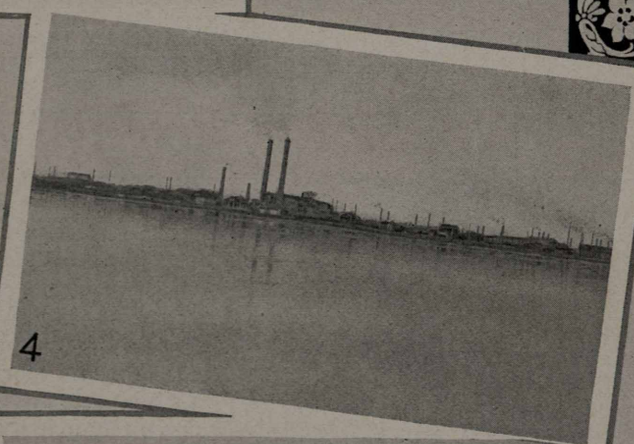

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No. 1—Miss Stafford, Miss Hubbell and Miss Allen, of Des Moines, figuring what they'll do with their wealth when they get that S. O. stock. Trousseaus? They look like likely candidates.

No. 2—Sixty-eight five-ton army trucks, en route from Camp Grant, Rockford, Ill., to Jeffersonville, Ind., were given prompt and efficient service by "Pop" Spangler, F. H. Coburn and F. H. Belhour, Standard Oil men at Danville, Ill. Coburn is shown holding a funnel; Spangler is on the right.

No. 3—Lucille Cyr, daughter of Agent Fred E. Cyr, Red Lake Falls, Minn., adopts a six-month-old wolf.

No. 4—During the recent high water the Mississippi crept to the very gates of the Wood River refinery.

No. 5—The Red Crown Kittyball team of Mankato, shown here, was runner-up in the city championship last year and expects to cop the pennant this year, but when the S. O. team of Minneapolis invaded their bailiwick last month, Mankato swallowed a 10 to 3 defeat.

No. 6—Company hay-burners at Casper headed for barns after a day's work.

No. 7—On Sunday, May 21, lightning struck this 80,000 barrel tank at Casper.

HOME CLEANLINESS

From the standpoint of health no other room in the house is so important as the kitchen. It should be bright, airy, and easy to clean. In cleaning kitchen tables and woodwork water should not be allowed to soak into cracks and dark corners, carrying with it particles of food for the nourishment of bacteria and insects. Linoleum, if used to cover the floor, should be well fitted at the edges to prevent water from running underneath. There should be neither cracks nor crevices in wall or floor, and no dark corners or out-of-the-way cupboards in which dust, food particles, and moisture can accumulate. Such conditions not only attract mice and roaches, but furnish favorable soil for the development of moulds and fungi which by their growth affect food deleteriously. Waging a constant warfare against the development of bacteria constitutes a large part of good housekeeping.

All cooking utensils should be thoroughly washed, scalded, and dried before they are put away; the use of carelessly washed dishes is bad. Enameled or agate ware which has begun to chip should be discarded. Dishcloths and towels should be washed and boiled after using, and if possible dried in the sun.

Every place in which food is kept should have constant care. The refrigerator is particularly important. Its linings should be watertight, and the drain freely open at all times; otherwise the surrounding wood will become foul and saturated with drainings. At least once a week it should be entirely emptied and cleaned. Food showing the slightest evidence of spoiling should be removed from the refrigerator at once.

Even more attention should be paid to the hands of the cook. They should be washed always before handling food, and always after visiting the toilet, using the handkerchief, or otherwise coming in contact with nose, mouth, or other bodily secretions. — *United States Public Health Service.*

FROM EXCHANGES

Townly—"Do you often have to rush to catch your morning train?"

Subbubs—"Oh, it's about an even break. Sometimes I am standing at the station when the train puffs up and other times it is standing at the station when I puff up."—*Boston Transcript.*

* * *

Lady—"Isn't it strange that some fish are flat and yet so many aren't?"

Boatman—"Well, mum, these 'ere waters are so shallow that fishes is bound to grow flat else they'd get their backs sunburnt!"—*London Passing Show.*

* * *

The teacher had been explaining fractions to her class. When she had discussed the subject at length, wishing to see how much light had been shed, she inquired:

"Now, Bobby, which would you rather have, one apple or two halves?"

The little chap promptly replied:

"Two halves."

"Oh, Bobby," exclaimed the young woman, a little disappointedly, "why would you prefer two halves?"

"Because then I could see if it was bad inside."—*Queenslander (Brisbane, Australia).*

* * *

He met her on the meadow
As the sun was sinking low
They walked along together
In that twilight afterglow.
She waited patiently until
He had lowered all the bars
Her soft eyes bent upon him
As radiant as the stars,
She didn't smile or thank him
In fact, she knew not how
For he was but a farmer lad
And she—a Jersey cow.

* * *

THIS WORLD FIRST

There is an English church where a box hangs in the porch. It is used for communications for the pastor. Cranks put their notes in it, but occasionally it does fulfill its purpose. Recently the minister preached, by request, a sermon on "Recognition of Friends in Heaven," and during the week the following note was found in the box: "Dear Sir—I should be much obliged if you could make it convenient to preach to your congregation on 'Recognition of Friends on Earth,' as I have been coming to your church for nearly six months, and nobody has taken any notice of me yet."—*Christian Register.*

* * *

The kind old gentleman was trying to raise the tone of the young fellows in his office.

"What is your pursuit in life?" he asked one clerk.

The young man scratched his head in perplexity.

"Well, sir," he finally said, "that depends upon whether I'm coming or going. It's the eighty-thirty in the morning and the six-twenty train at night."

* * *

Speedo: I'm trying my best to get a head.

Peppo: That's fine, you need one.—*Hazz Whiskers.*

I Believe

I believe in the stuff I am handing out, in the firm I am working for, and in my ability to get results.

I believe in working, not weeping; in boosting, not knocking; and in the pleasure of my job.

I believe that a man gets what he honestly goes after, that one deed done today is worth two deeds tomorrow, and that no man is "down and out" until he has lost faith in himself.

I believe in today and the work I am doing; in tomorrow and the work I hope to do, and in the sure reward that the future holds.

I believe in courtesy, in kindness, in generosity, in good cheer, in friendship and in honest competition.

I believe there is something doing, somewhere, for every man ready to do it.

I believe I'm ready—right now.

—*Elbert Hubbard.*

YES, BUT WHO WERE THE OVERALLS MADE FOR?

St. Louis, Mo.—Not "Siamese" but "Hustling Twins" are Agent A. F. Blake and Driver W. G. Bailiff, of Dexter, Mo.

"Does yo' take this woman for thy lawfully wedded wife?" asked the colored parson, glancing at the diminutive, watery-eyed, bow-legged bridegroom, who stood beside two hundred and ten pounds of feminine assurance.

"Ah takes nuthin'," gloomily responded the bridegroom. "Ah's bein' tooked."

* * *

"I cracked a lawyer's house the other night," said the first burglar disgustedly, "and the lawyer was right there with a gat all ready for me. He advised me to get out."

"You got off easy," commented his pal.

"Easy nothing!" exploded the other. "He charged me twenty-five bucks for the advice."

—*American Legion Weekly.*

* * *

Everybody hates a knocker. They're not even using them on front doors any more.

* * *

As a dentist at Fond du Lac was examining the teeth of a new patient with a swollen cheek, he inquired, "Have you had any advice before, with regard to your teeth?"

"Yes, replied the patient, "I called on a druggist last night."

"What foolish advice did he give you?" asked the dentist.

"Why, he told me to come here."

* * *

Little boy picks up receiver.

Operator—"Number, please?"

Boy—"What number has you got?"

Operator—"What number are you calling, please?"

Boy—"Oh, gimme one dat isn't busy."—*Telephone Review.*

* * *

Little daughter about five years old was ill, and it was necessary to call a physician.

He applied a stethoscope to her chest, much to her wonder. When the doctor left, the child exclaimed to her grandmother:

"Oh, grannie, the doctor telephoned to my stomach."

* * *

A tourist in Scotland, stopping at a cottage for a drink, observed the old inhabitant attempting to chop a large log of wood with an ancient-looking axe.

"That's an old axe you've got there, isn't it, dad?" he asked.

"Aye, it is," came the reply; "it's nigh on a hundred years old."

"Indeed," said the surprised tourist, "I shouldn't have thought it was so old as that."

"A'weel, mebbe it's no' exactly that," answered the old man. "It's had two new heads and three new handles since then!"

GOSSIP OF REFINERIES AND FIELD

CASPER, WYO.

George Weller, blacksmith at No. 1 plant, has been called to Denver by the serious condition of his daughter, who underwent an operation in that city.

No. 2 pump-house of No. 1 plant claims distinction in having the champion fisherman of Plants 1 and 2, in the person of Oscar Davault. Oscar spends every 32 hours off on the banks of the Platte, imitating Isaac Walton.

E. D. Davis, helper at No. 1 pump-house, is spending ten days at his home in Colorado Springs, Colo. We all wish him a pleasant trip.

J. P. Dedlow, treater at Plants 1 and 2, spent Thursday, May 25, at his homestead near Powder River. We understand that he has quite a lake on his land and intends to make use of it, as he expressed a strong desire to go swimming this past week. Why go so far, Dedlow? Plenty of water in Casper.

Casper is the scene of a big circus. We understand that many of the shiftmen were on hand to see the usual parade, but were sorely disappointed, as, after waiting some time, two uniformed men on horseback announced that there would be no parade, as the city does not permit free parades. We all hope that those who were fortunate enough to witness the circus performance enjoyed every bit of it, also the peanuts, popcorn and candy.

The famous Ford racing bug of John Schnur has become the property of Ralph Andrus, son of Mr. R. M. Andrus, manager at Plants 1 and 2.

Mr. Schnur now drapes himself gracefully over the steering wheel of a new Chevrolet.

R. V. Davis, of the yard office at Plants 1 and 2, is dickering for a new Chevrolet in exchange for his well-known Mitchell. R. V. seems to have an awful time with the Mitchell, and as Dr. Cunning, the well-known miracle worker, gave him some dope on the future prospects of his homestead, we understand that R. V. wants a car that will make the trip there in a hurry and not burn too much gas in doing so.

Donald Gottbehuet and wife have gone to Seattle, where they will make their home. Mr. Gottbehuet formerly was a boilermaker at Plant No. 3.

Alec Stewart, formerly of the machine shop at Plant No. 3, is now at Salt Creek.

Adam and Augie Mader, formerly boilermakers at Plant No. 3, are now working in Denver at the U. P. shops.

Russell Bailey was called home to New Jersey May 19 on account of the death of his father. The other boy, Joe Bailey, felt very bad over the loss. He has the heartfelt sympathy of his fellows.

Ernie Gale, pressure stillman at No. 2 house, reports the arrival of an *18-pound* girl. Both mother and baby are doing fine.

Roy Pury, inside man at No. 8 house, pressure stills, reports the arrival of a 10-pound girl.

Harry Grondal, stillman at No. 1 house pressure stills, was married to Miss Edna Jones of Casper on the first day of May. The couple are at home to their many friends.

Wilbur Wright, pump repair man, wants some "Steinmetz" around the plant to tell him whether it is a fact that the reason so many of these big trucks trail a logchain behind is because there must be some outlet for surplus electricity generated to keep the truck from blowing up, as was stated in a morning paper recently. If that is the case he figures he'd better look up a chain for his Ford, because it is as full of electricity as a dry cat on a dark night. Just lift up the hood and you can see it shooting in every direction.

Heard a newcomer, one of those who has never seen a spring in Wyoming (well, who has?) remark today: "Huh! I always thought this was a dry country." It is supposed his remarks pertained to the weather and had nothing to do with that amendment which follows the 17th.

Ed. J. Pechacek, helper at the steam stills, was recently called to Yankton, S. Dak., on account of the death of his father, April 28.

Art Whetseont, of the carpenter force, reports the arrival of a nine-pound girl—Beverly—at his home April 11. Everybody is doing nicely—including Art.

Newcomer in Casper: "Does it always blow this way here?" Frank Hanner: "Oh, no, once in a while it blows the other way."

Strange indeed are the ways of some humans. On his way to work one morning recently Mickey Hanaway was obliged to crawl under about six strings of tank cars. He was down on all fours and about midway under the last string when he heard a switch engine approaching rapidly. He was sure that it was just about to ram into the string of cars that he was under and immediately began to scramble for safety. In his mad haste, he rammed his head into a truss-rod and was knocked over. He forged ahead once again and once more did he ram his head into that selfsame truss-rod, finding it just as unyielding as on his first attempt. This left him kinda groggy, but the instinct of self-preservation was still strong within him. On his next attempt he crawled weakly out on his stomach, lizard fashion. Glassy-eyed, he gained the open just in time to see the switch engine go snorting past, three tracks away. You would think that his dominating emotion at such a moment would be one of relief, wouldn't you? Well, we are sorry to record that it was not. Instead, he addressed the world at large and called down doubtful blessings upon the manufacturers of switch engines, tank cars, and truss-rods in particular. A curious study in psychology, we calls it.

Tony: "Say, Eddie, has that clock stopped, or is it still going?"

Eddie: "I reckon it's just marking time."

When he was a member of the Casper police force, Ray Lappin discovered the carcass of a horse lying in a street intersection one dark night while he was patrolling his beat in the eastern part of the city. Deeming it a menace to night traffic, he called up headquarters. "Say, Cap, there's a dead horse lying here in the intersection at Second and St. Botolph Streets. Better send the dead animal wagon and have it hauled away." "All right, Lappin, I'll attend to it at once. Where did you say he is?" "At Second and St. Botolph." "Second and St. Botolph, eh? How do you spell Botolph?" "Let's see. B-o-l-t—no, that's not right. B-o-t—damfino. Say, Cap, I'll call you up again in a few minutes." With that he hung up. True to his

promise, he called again in about five minutes. "Say, Cap, I was all wrong about that dead horse. He is not at Second and St. Botolph. He is at Second and Conwell—C-o-n-w-e-l-l." "All right, Lappin, I'll tend to it at once. But what's the matter? You seem to be all out of breath. You haven't been running, have you?" "No, Cap, I haven't been running." That ended the conversation and probably nothing further would have been thought about the incident, had not a resident of that section reported that he had witnessed the strange spectacle of a policeman dragging a dead horse down the street. Putting two and two together, therefore, it is assumed that, unable to spell St. Botolph Street, Ray dragged the dead horse one block west to a street that he knew he could spell. He wrathfully denies this, but the jury has decided that the evidence is too strong against him.

John O. James returned on May 25 from Mississippi, where his wife's mother died during the first part of the month.

Harry Glair from Whiting paid No. 3 plant a visit of several days. He ate a few meals at No. 1 plant during his stay. We tried to get Harry out into the mountains several times, but with no real success. Better come back again when the weather is more stable.

Not wanting Harry to get lonesome out here, Mr. Parks decided to pay us a visit. Like the flowers in May, we wish he would stay. The men were very much impressed by the short address which Mr. Parks made to the department heads.

Refinery heads of the Rocky Mountain division brought our Bill Morris to Casper at their regular meeting this time. Here's hoping they bring him back regularly.

Fay Potter has been enjoying a visit from his father the past three weeks. Mr. Potter stopped here on his way east from California, and was much impressed with the city and more especially the refineries.

Harry Comfort has been very busy superintending the transferring of scrap and used materials from about the plant to the salvage yards, where he has a choice collection of junk and reclaimed material.

The semi-annual inventory of the storehouse and maintenance shops is well under way, and will be completed by the last of the month. Much credit should be given to Mr. Melvin and Mr. Comfort, who worked out the details for conducting the inventory in a very quick and efficient manner.

Frank Miller has evidently instituted a clean-up week. All the surplus material has been removed from the platforms, and the place in general has been thoroughly renovated, giving it a very neat appearance.

Clyde Gibson is the champion fishworm digger. Clyde says that the next time he goes fishing he will bring his catch with him so people will know and believe that he really got some fish.

Charlie Black has acquired a Ford roadster. We now expect to hear of the speed records of Mills being broken.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray E. Robertson are the parents of an eight-pound baby boy. Mr. Robertson, now principal of the Mills school, will be remembered by many as having been employed at the storehouse for some time.

John McCleary, after holding down various jobs about the works, has come back to the storehouse again. Mac is an efficient and likable fellow, an we are all glad to have him back with us.

Fred Mower is away on his annual vacation. Although his whereabouts are unknown, Bill Stitt assures us that Fred is having a good time and can be depended upon to return in as good condition as when he left.

We extend our sincere sympathy to Mr. W. S. Parker, whose mother died recently in Sheridan. Mr. Parker has just returned from that city.

Ray Pizzoli has left the service of the company to accept a position with the Wyoming Finance Corporation, with headquarters in Casper.

F. N. Moses, just up from an attack of appendicitis, and still in a weakened condition, has succumbed to a violent attack of the wanderlust and is now on his way to California. The company built no tennis courts, so Nye went home.

Bob David, in defending the state of his birth, declares that he has visited all the pleasure resorts of the world and has found none that compare with Wyoming. After wading through six inches of snow, slime and slush for more than two months we are inclined to agree with Bob—for once.

While our athletic organization was still in embryo one of the articles of the constitution which was presented for ratification proposed that the representatives should meet on the third Monday of each month, provided, however, that should any of these Mondays fall upon a Sunday or holiday, the representatives should meet on the day following. After a hot discussion the more conservative element prevailed and this clause was stricken out. It was the opinion of the majority that this was rather too radical a departure from the established order of things and savored of Bolshevism. Maybe so. Page the local prohibition officer.

It is rumored that both A. V. Forbes and Bob David are anxiously awaiting the arrival of a new lawn. These arrivals will be celebrated, it is said, quite fittingly—a consummation devoutly to be hoped for. It would be just our luck if both of these Mardi Gras festivities were held upon the same occasion.

The baseball team has been organized and some excellent material has turned out for practice. Our little affair with Big Muddy on the 21st proved, however, that we need quite a bit of practice. The stuff is there, however, and we look forward to a very successful season for the club. They are all nice looking boys and this should make some impression on the box office receipts. Brady hit a home run with two on in the first inning, which proved to be the feature of the game. It was a mighty slam and we expect to see Brady repeat occasionally.

There are many kinds of baths: The ancient order of the Bath to which many noble knights aspired; the Oriental Palm Olive Queen, familiar to us all from full pages in colors in our national magazines; the kind that comes on Saturday night, with sometimes one in between; but our friends down at Plant No. 2, Laramie, have a new one. A recent requisition reads: "One only bath for Viscosity-meter, made of tin." It was confirming too—purchased from the Laramie grocery. It might be well for all visiting that metropolis to inquire of the bewhiskered old gentleman reigning in the establishment referred to—he might carry a full line of "Oriental Queens."

It is learned from sources, other than official, that our good friend "Dannie" was scolded quite severely, and not at all privately either, by a certain friend of his of the fair sex at a well-known cafe, for having wandered so far from home with the likelihood of a snowstorm and the possibility of

having to leave a conveyance in the unknown somewhere and walk home. It is believed he will be more careful the next time.

At the regular meeting held by the foremen in Mr. Tolhurst's office on May 6, business was opened for the day with all members present except Mr. Comfort. Upon inquiry, members of Mr. Comfort's force, with now and then a snicker, informed Mr. Tolhurst that said party had attended a party, dress at that, known as the Yips and Yanigans Stiff Shirters Club. Ah, ha! All shadows elucidated. Now we know why Harry was missing.

Mr. E. A. Peterson, formerly carpenter foreman under Mr. Holden's department, has left the company's service and is now located in California.

Mr. Ned James has returned to work after a short vacation. He states his physical condition has been greatly improved.

Mr. Riddle has returned from California. He says the orange trees are all in bloom; and the beaches too, with peaches.

Listen, my fellows! Prick up your ears! 'Tis the story of the fishing trip of "Silent" Daniel Beers, accompanied by Lloyd "George" Smith, and "Kink Incum" J. Catterall. These distinguished gentlemen met in the dead of night at the home of the "Kink" to plan a wary attack on the innocent fish out Boxelder way. 'Twas Saturday, just past noon, the sun was high, and all was bright. With smiles and all the angleworms from J. C.'s back yard these men wended their way for the big fray. The fishing surely was great. The rainbow trout now met their fate. The fish stories invented on this stream would sure make one scream. J. Catterall says he tried to "nigger fish" a trout. It dropped off. His line and hook snapped back of him and across the ox-bow into the creek again, when "bing!" he caught a three-pounder behind him. Everything was going fine as long as there was so much sunshine. Before starting out the old timers looked up at the sky, sniffed the air, and shook their heads. "Nay! Nay! My lads! The goddess of spring hasn't been aided as yet by the god of winter in the last annual fight against the god of summer. Better stay home until they have it out." Now these three Rocky Mountain goats were quite a distance from home. More too, they were like the Indian brave: "Me no lost. Tepee lost." In other words they weren't lost, Casper was lost. The sun shone no more. The gods were at war. The winds blew, the rains came, the tempest raged. Which way was home? The Dodge quit dodging for it was up to the hubs in mud. A night of misery; then a long, long walk, ten hours in all, when up loomed a little old stick that takes the place of a telephone pole out in the mountains. The wire led to a ranch house and telephone. Now Paul Desch and Victor Blanton started out about Monday noon. They rode all day but could find no trace of the Casper braves. Then R. M. Andrus and T. S. Cooke started out to assist in the rescue, but to no avail. You should have been in Tolhurst's office to have heard the wail. The wires worked. "Please Tolly, send someone to pick us up at Nigger Hill." Oh, boy! That's a long way to have to walk. Not many minutes and the third rescue party, Truck Driver Jack Gibbs with Red Scott from the storehouse, arrived in the utility Ford at the bottom of Nigger Hill. The tin can made the trip through two feet of snow. Next morning "Silent Dan" was more silent and "Lloyd George" was more determined. They formed rescue party number four. Oh, no! Leave it to R. M. A. and T. S. C. They were not lost. They can find the way home any time and any place. But poor Paul and Victor had to be gone after. It was nearly midnight Tuesday, my fellows, when rescue parties No. 1 and No. 4 came back. It was nearly midnight Wednesday when rescue party No. 5 came back with the dodging Dodge and with all of the fish. And now, my fellows, Silent Dan, Lloyd George and Kink Incum always take an old timer along. Thus endeth the story of the fishing trip of Beers, Smith, and Catterall.

Jesse Bowman, pressure stillman at No. 4 house, reports the arrival of a boy at his home. All concerned doing well.

WOOD RIVER, ILL.

Andy Kaburek, the saucy young foreman of the pump repair department, is coming into the limelight. In addition to a new Ford, Andy is also busy with the gentler sex, we understand. Almost any evening his "Lizzie" may be seen parked near the premises of a certain dashing widow's home in Alton. From the reports it would not be a surprise to hear the wedding bells ring out at most any time. We are for you Andy and realize that a "young" fellow will have his share of romance.

Baron Munchausen (alias Tuley) is extremely busy these days in the organization of an Ananias Club at Alton, Roxana, Hartford, and other adjacent towns. We understand it may be necessary to call on his chief aids, Charlie Cason and Gus Haller to help out in this worthy cause. It has been the Baron's intention to hold a mass meeting to decide on eligible candidates, but due to the fact that the Baron and his aids were extremely noisy at the last demonstration, there is considerable assertion of womens' rights and consequently a meeting place seems hard to find. In order to ingratiate himself with the ladies we understand that the Baron has perfected a new style sewing machine, which it is his intention to install in every household in this district. We presume that it is his intention to sell them on the basis of one dollar down and "catch the remainder." The Baron is a great organizer as well as inventor and we have no doubt that with his wonderful personality coupled with his ability as an organizer and inventor he will eventually reinstate himself in the good graces of the ladies.

Charlie Roff chaperoned several of the rising generation to the L. J. Heath shows, which recently displayed their wares in Wood River. Charlie seemed particularly interested in the Superba Performance, but the boys who accompanied him were considerably embarassed as it was very difficult to check Charlie's noisy demonstration of approval of this world famed act. It is reported that Roff visited the performance unbeknown to his wife and was quite a little dismayed to find his "better half" in waiting on the outside. He was ordered to report home immediately. We are inclined to the opinion that Charlie will bear watching, for he started for Bunker Hill a few days ago but in some manner he wound up at Staunton. We have heard that the pesky Volstead is very much disliked in Staunton, which was probably the reason for Charlie's losing the road and winding up in that town. We are afraid this is going to be another "Charlie Ross" case and feel it our duty to turn the matter over to our plant sleuth, Gus Haller, in order that he may keep our friend Roff on the "straight and narrow."

Wm. Cook, of the boiler shop, reports that his Ford has again brought him into ill repute. Bill recently drove to Alton and was buttonholed by a bluecoat who demanded to know if he was in the

profession of White Mule vender. Bill assured the cop that he did not even drink the stuff and certainly did not peddle it. Cook was in a considerable state of nervousness and further informed the peace officer that he drove to Alton to take a bath at the Mineral Springs hotel. The officer informed Cook that he had known him for twenty years and had never known him to take a bath. On closer inspection the officer proved to be Tom Moran who had worked with Cook some twenty years ago. It is said that the discovery brought such relief to Bill that he fainted in the bluecoat's arms.

Carroll Bandy, the Beau Brummel of the refinery, has a look of sadness on his countenance of late. The reason, we understand, is that Bandy was accompanying two young ladies to their homes a few afternoons ago, when a machine drove up and the occupants of same inveigled the young ladies to leave Bandy in the lurch. Machines are quite an inducement to the girls, so we would caution Bandy not to take the "turn down" too much to heart. Anyway, Bandy is so popular with the ladies he should not begrudge the other fellow an inning now and then.

Announcement has been made of the coming marriage of Charles Baker of the paraffine department and Miss Elizabeth Gainer of the laboratory. Both parties are well known and highly respected throughout the refinery. A charming May party was given Saturday, May 13, at the home of Miss Margaret Buck, at which time the engagement of this young couple was announced. The home was beautifully decorated with southern lilies, roses, sweet peas and bridal wreath. After a two course luncheon a bride's cake was cut, and much amusement was caused by finding a ring, a dime and a thimble. On Wednesday, May 1, Miss Helen Tracy Beach gave an aluminum shower in honor of the couple. The home was beautifully decorated in spring flowers. The guests brought along many aluminum articles and also a favorite recipe. The evening was spent in games and music. Mrs. Frank Gainer won first favor and Miss Halloran the consolation in a guessing contest. Dainty refreshments were served. Social affairs in their honor were also given by Mrs. C. M. Smith, Miss Marie Brown of Alton, and Miss Mozelle Morgan. The many friends of Miss Gainer and Mr. Baker join with ye correspondent in wishing them a long and happy wedded life. As a matter of friendly advice to Charlie would suggest that when purchasing furniture for the household, he should be careful to see that one article is omitted; namely, the rolling pin. Either that or he must be a good runner or a fast dodger. We have had experience in married life, Charlie, and know what we are talking about.

The Misses Stoneham entertained on Wednesday evening, May 24, in honor of Miss Naomi Larence, who will soon become the bride of Merle Manley, of the main pump house. We are not acquainted with the bride, but do feel that Manley is in need of a superior officer in connection with his domestic affairs. His many friends join us in well wishes.

Earl Hooper, son of Eugene Hooper, of the crude stills, is feeling quite chesty as a result of the good showing at Granite City May 18, when the Madison County track meet was held for pupils of the grade schools. He won the first 220 yard dash, second 100 yard dash and third boys' relay race, which helped Wood River to win second place in the tournament.

Charles Smith, of the pressure pump house, has taken up the guitar and says he will soon *make* the Red Crown Band.

Charles Cason of the pipe department is building a new garage to house a Lincoln, Jr. Charlie says "Chickens, unless they are good flappers, had better stay in their own back yards." While Charlie says the building is a garage, some of his neighbors are wondering why he has equipped same with a flue. Hush, boys! Be *still!*

James Towey, Emmett Branson and C. Custer are among the new members of the Ike Walton club, but have reported no good catches—yet.

Wm. Wildt of the refinery labor department purchased a home at East Alton and moved his family there.

Oliver Dickson of the pressure stills has moved into his fine new home in the eastern part of the city.

It seems that Asa Springer has found out all about the way they hold court in Belleville. The fine was ten dollars, so Asa handed them twenty and told the judge he was going out at the same speed he came in.

Henry Ronneburg makes his weekly trip to Evansville and robs his father's smokehouse and garden on every visit.

"Did you see how I had that fixed up around the run-back valve?" Guess who gets that off at least once a day.

Uncle Tim Van Camp is putting up a game fight to save Matt Freeman from going to the dogs.

A. G. Smith has acquired the first Chevrolet built. He traded three rabbits, two dogs, one chicken and one pig for the car, and has Dick Gerdes, Shorty Barnhorn, and all the other jack-leg mechanics at work on it.

Joe Niederkorn has quit chewing tobacco (Saturday item).

Joe Niederkorn bought six packages of Mail Pouch (Monday item).

Talk about drama—if Shakespeare could only have cast his eyes upon a stillman at No. 3 Crude on his first shift out with four new firemen, that play, "The Tempest," would have been far more forcible than it is.

Henry Monken has invested his surplus earnings in a player piano and he reminds us he may learn to sing and quit working. Henry inquired if we were familiar with his rendition of that song, "Oh, say can you see?" To be frank, Henry, we didn't see but we heard you and were not applying for your job either, for we believe you will work a little while longer.

Dick Gerdes is looking for a woman. She must be a good worker and inclined to save rather than spend.

Ty Cobb was ready to step out in a suit he had just gotten out of the chest where it has been packed away, when Friend Wife advised him to stay inside. On examination Ty discovered the rats had eaten the entire seat out of the trousers.

We are advised that Bill Hoffman's machine has a habit of turning off Whitelaw Ave. onto a side street near the city park.

For Sale—One guaranteed Beagle-Hound Mamma Dog. Took her to North Alton and tried to lose her. She came back in two days. H. Ronneberg, Corner of Sand and Sand-burr Ave., Wood River, Illinois.

It is reported that M. Long, the boilermaker, recently accommodated Mr. Temple, the local secretary, by taking a Ford off his hands. Long goes out every day at noon to see if "Lizzie" is still there.

About thirty years ago Larry Hunt and Bill Yenney learned the boilermaker's trade together at a little town in Pennsylvania. Larry "snapped up"

for Bill then. It seems as if Larry is holding his age well as he gets all the outside running around while Bill Cook won't let Yenney out of the shop.

Mr. Cunningham of the boilermakers' department was on a camping trip recently. The usual number of the usual size were caught. Cunningham dressed the fish and put them in a basin of salt water. In the morning all the fish were gone—some mystery.

Charles Yenney, one of our old friends, has opened a filling station in upper Alton and like all good friends of Uncle Joe Everson, will handle only S. O. Co. supplies.

There seems to be one grand mix-up in which are concerned one still foreman, one stillman, one quart of wine, one dozen choice plants, one mayor of South Wood River, one mayor of Milton Heights, and the Lord only knows what else.

Clarence Fulton has a new Chevrolet and has not yet discovered the emergency brake. He has been advised to look under the first seat.

Since the clever little stunt pulled by Raymond Buck, our hard-working oil inspector, quite a number of the Standard Oilers at Wood River are devising ways and means of inducing the First Aid doctor in charge of the Government Safety Car, that is now stopping here, to slip them a little nip of the "old time stuff." However, none of them have had the success that Raymond had. Now we know why he was so willing a subject for the demonstration. Everyone at the Wood River refinery was greatly surprised, for they thought that Raymond was a teetotaler. We must admit the boy is clever.

Carroll Bandy, the fast-working messenger at the main office, has certainly entered the "big league," with a bang. Very few dances does that boy miss. We understand he now goes to see his fair lady with a mandolin tucked under his manly arm. Romeo didn't have a thing on him. We'll admit it's tough luck, Carroll, when a gay young fellow passes by in his "Lizzie" and inquires if the young lady wouldn't like to ride home, and she doesn't even notice you are on earth.

Bill Garde likes to root for the Alton Trolley Leaguers. He especially likes to sit behind the catcher and coach the batters. "Look out for this one, it's going to be a bender. Murder that now, it's going to be a straight one, etc., etc."

Leo Berner attends quite a few ball games in St. Louis, but sometimes leaves before the final. It's hard lines to have to leave when the score is tied in the ninth, to catch a certain car. You know *they will* make you do that.

"Rabbit" Liefferig used to have the grandstand seat on the first car of the Tannery Special every morning. Lately, though, we notice he rides the early car. We don't know why, but there must be a reason.

Pack Cruze has quit eating so heavily at the noon hour. That's right, Pack, bum home brew and good food don't mix.

Fred Paris, the radio fiend of the drafting room, is building his own set out of broken bottles, tin cans, etc., and it works, too.

Old Man Graham, of the main office shipping force, has brought out his crutches, and, swathed in bandages and liniment, is trying to outdo Babe Ruth.

We are glad to have Frank Lheureux and Phil Hoffman back with us again at the main office.

Look out for pedestrians. John Halloran has purchased a bunch of glass and tin mounted on four wheels. No joking though, it's a peach of an Oldsmobile sedan. We're all hoping for a ride now and then.

From last reports we hear that Les Geltz and Tommy Gorman are tied in their own series for the tennis championship of the Wood River refinery.

It is said that Claude Bachelor is keeping his feet extremely clean during the stay of the U. S. Government Bureau car. It seems that Claude has gained the impression from some source that there is likely to be some "footwork" in connection with the classes, and he has made the assertion that he is going to "come clean."

A letter has been received in this office from Andy Lee, formerly connected with the employment bureau. Andy is now located at Chattanooga, Tenn., where he is playing w/th the Peruchi Stock Company at the Bijou theatre of that city. A newspaper clipping was enclosed wherein the critic speaks quite highly of Mr. Lee's work. Andy is a "live wire" and there is no question of his making good in the stage world. He desires to be remembered to old friends in the plant.

Dear old Matthew Freeman is getting ready to spend his vacation either at Atlantic City or Coney Island. Boys, did you see that loud broad plaid suit that Matt is wearing? It can only be seen, however, when he is working nights. Cut it out, Matt, you have been high-stepping long enough.

We are glad to see our worthy friend Raymond Jenkins back on the job again after several days idleness with a cut on the hand. Be careful with those sharp instruments, Raymond. It pays to practice Safety First at all times.

Professor Moore, commonly called Harvey Moore, is setting out peanuts with wrenches on the Little City Farms. We guess he thinks he is going to cut the high cost of living in some manner.

Tiry Harrod is a vendor of prosperity, so he says. The Americna Legion is giving away several automobiles and Tiry has some tickets for sale.

Lawrence Ragus is recovering from the loss of some valuable chickens, including a $15 rooster.

Geo. Thompson, the newly elected Justice of the Peace, is in the office as a marrying justice. George says he proposes to make a reputation in the art of knot-tying. Now is Wm. Hoffman's chance. Step up, Bill—perhaps you can stand George off if you haven't the price.

The Citizenship Classes under the direction of Mr. Nelson are making good progress. Several of the students, accompanied by some of the foremen in the plant, recently made a trip to Edwardsville to appear before the Circuit Court in the matter of obtaining their citizinship papers, and we understand all made a good showing. The enthusiasm shown by the men continues, and we feel sure that the great majority, if not all, the students will have little difficulty in obtaining the necessary credentials to become full-fledged American citizens. This work deserves the highest praise, and much credit should be given Mr. Nelson, who is a high class instructor and a man of broad experience.

The Fifth Community Concert held at the High School auditorium was a great success, in line with previous concerts. A large crowd was present; in fact standing room was at a premium as on former occasions. The need for a large community hall is emphasized on the occasion of each of the concerts. The Refinery Band was of course a prominent feature of the evening's entertainment. An address on Community Welfare was made by Mr. Elwood Street, general secretary of Community Council of St. Louis. Other features were violin solos, read-

ing, trio for violin, cello and piano, and piano solo, rendered by high class entertainers. These concerts have been highly enjoyed by the people of the community. It is understood that the village of Wood River and the business men will erect a band stand immediately for the use of the Refinery Band in holding its concerts during the summer months. This is a move in the right direction and something that has been badly needed in Wood River for some time. The people are looking forward to the usual high class concerts held during the summer months.

Realizing the importance of Safety Work the United States Government has in the field Mine Bureau cars with capable instructors in First Aid emergency work. At the request of the Government one of these cars has been located at Wood River for the past week or more. Three classes have been held daily in the plant, each class composed of some twenty-five men and women, six classes in all. This work has been taken up by this great number of employees on their own time, and all are deeply interested. This emergency First Aid work should be of much value within the refinery, as it enables men to know just what action should be taken in emergency cases. There is no question but that many lives are lost throughout the country every year due to the fact that no one on the ground is familiar with the proper procedure to follow, when a serious accident occurs, to properly care for the patient until the arrival of physician. On the completion of the course the students are furnished with a Government certificate covering their qualifications. The knowledge obtained is something to be highly prized.

Another step has been taken toward the entertainment of refinery employees and the community in general in the forming of a refinery quartet. This quartet will be composed of Messrs. Palmer, Dodge, Davis and Mareing. These men are all high class singers and we predict some high class entertainment for the community along this line. Mr. Dodge only recently became affiliated with the Standard Oil Co. and is a valuable acquisition both as an employee and a singer of rare ability.

SUGAR CREEK, MO.

Herbert L. Broughton spent a "pleasant" hour in court after he had been arrested for speeding in his "Packard" on Van Horn road.

George W. Thompson and H. B. McCoy made a fishing expedition to Rock Island lake a short time ago. They reported having had an excellent time. (Truly, brevity is the soul of wit.)

Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Eyssell are the proud possessors of a brand new baby boy, born April 30, 1922.

H. B. McCoy, F. J. Bergin, Roy McMains and Elmer Baker held a house warming, or rather a gun warming, at the new trapshooting grounds Sunday afternoon, May 21, 1922. While they were gathering up the clay pigeons which had been thrown from the trap (the pigeons fall on soft ground and if not hit while in the air remain intact), McCoy found one that seemed to be cracked and thought for a moment that someone must have hit one of them, but a large rock imbedded in the ground nearby explained the crack.

Ask Mr. C. C. Koehler, employment manager, what he found in his bed the other night.

Morris Butler has returned from his vacation in Forrest, Mississippi. He looks just as young, handsome and jolly as ever.

Mr. B. F. Lynch is to leave the Standard Oil Co. (Indiana) in the near future for Arkansas, where he will make his future home. He acquired 11¾ acres on Nugget Ridge, near Stumpville, where he will enter into the business known as the fur-bearing animal industry, and as he has a cracking good team of mules, considering their age, he will take on a little farming also, raising crops such as pumpkins, castor beans, etc.

Roland Pendleton, pressure still stillman, and Miss Dorothy Leftwick were married in Los Angeles, California, on June 10. Roland and his father had made an extended visit to the "Sunset" state last year and Roland came back declaring there were other things there that were "Sunkist" besides oranges. We always thought he referred to a certain brand of lemons, but it develops he was not picking that kind, but instead a full grown "Peach." The cigars were excellent. Here's luck to the happy couple.

The boys are anxiously awaiting the "final" announcement of the "one big event" in the life of George Smitka and Susie Tiric. George said he'd tell us if Susie would let him in on the secret, but expects she'll kidnap him and haul him up before the license window before this can be printed.

Mr. Martin Newton Grinter has been transferred from superintendent of repair department to third assistant to Mr. Herbert L. Broughton, drafting office. Glad to see Newton back in the old chair with a new line of good jokes and his (Katz's) cheaters.

Mr. Thomas Chandler, politician, ex-groceryman, etc., has been appointed to take charge of central toolroom. Just so he doesn't run the toolroom like he did his grocery store.

Once more our efficiency engineer, Mr. E. L. Rolfs, has fallen afoul of the law—this time for driving with only one light. Gene had better get a "book of rules" and spend some of his spare time learning how to drive without breaking the law, a habit which is becoming chronic with him lately.

The Standard Oil Gun Club at Sugar Creek is creating quite an interest. The Athletic Association has purchased the trap and pigeons for trapshooting, but some of the members of the association feel that if one of the shooters should happen to break a pigeon he should pay for it. The Safety Director has caused Clarence Spitzer to be ruled out of the Gun Club on the strength of a report that Spitzer, while rabbit hunting last winter, shot at a rabbit and killed his dog, which was at least twenty yards behind the rabbit.

Earl Jackson Cox, bandmaster, has acquired the title and all the rights and privileges that go with the "Three Ball Emblem," once the property of Jim Hinde. E. J. wants it understood he is a regular "uncle," that he is in the business for profit only, and that he will either purchase outright or trade in anything with a real or fancied value. Ancient vehicles especially are wanted.

Mr. Earl Roby, of the storehouse department, has just returned from a week's service on the jury in Judge Hall's division of the circuit court. He evidently did not think it much of a vacation, but rather a strenuous task.

An eleven-pound girl arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John W. Buford on the 17th of May. John says he's glad it came at this time of the year, as it won't need shoes for the present summer. Mother and baby are doing fine.

Another "promising" young man has been taken into custody by a "promising" young lady; that is, they both promised to "Love, Honor and Obey."

Charlie Fraher had been acting "queer" for some months past, and no one could diagnose his case until he requested a leave of absence. This was done with such fear and trembling on his part that he had to be assisted in determining the time of his "vacation;" we suppose that he had already been "told" when to take it, but being up "in the air," it slipped his mind. Miss Glenna Lynch of Independence, Missouri, was the happy bride and present ruler of the home.

A. E. Nylund is back on the job after a vacation spent in decorating his mansion on "Bums' Hill" with red lead. Good thing for Alex that the neighbors helped him or he wouldn't have finished in the two weeks' time. Alex said it took about one gallon of paint to cover one square foot. He ought to paint his house a little oftener and it would not take so much paint.

John Dooley is acting temporary paint shop foreman while F. G. Lee enjoys pinochle in the "bullpen" at the Independence courthouse. We would like to know the secret of how these fellows get called for jury service. First it was Joe Carpenter and then A. E. Nylund and now F. G. Lee.

A. Shondell, of paraffine works and experimental house, is recovering from a severe attack of pneumonia and expects to be back at his stand by June 1. Al was certainly missed; it took about three men to fill his position during his absence.

The Sugar Creek band have tuned up for their summer concerts and have started their schedule of concerts at the Standard Oil park. Mr. H. L. Broughton of the drafting department is among their chief entertainers this year. At the next concert Mr. Broughton will render a little melody entitled, "Why I Gave Up Radio."

Jay Turner is absent from his desk account of a grandstand slide he made at second base recently. When dust settled, it was found that Jay had suffered a severe sprain to his ankle. No chance of the main office team winning a ball game until his return.

Anyone wishing a good Ford touring car cheap, see Roy Frazier of pipe department. Roy says he got it cheap and is more than willing to part with it cheap. Al Childers of carpenter shop will recommend this car as being A-1. Any Ford car ought to be worth one dollar.

Anyone possessing good second-hand cars and wishing to dispose of them at a good price, see Al Childers; he is good at this. Note: Anyone who can raffle a second-hand Lizzie and sell 175 one-dollar chances has to be good.

Business of breaking up "Petting Parties" in and near Independence must be good with E. J. Cox. A few days after receiving his commission, he drives a new "second-hand" Chevrolet to work. (50 cents a head for spooners and speeders?)

Joe Carpenter is back from his vacation which was spent in the wilds of his farm east of Independence. Joe says he planted everything from cantaloupes to gourds during his two weeks' absence and expects to have a wonderful output this season. (He will have to have a wonderful output to keep two Maxwells running all winter.)

Mr. Beaumont Parks, 3rd Vice President, Asst. General Manager, Mfg., was a visitor at the Sugar Creek works on May 20.

Mrs. Graham says she is going to get a rubber hose for B. F. Miller to consume his soup with and maybe he will not soil that beautiful silk shirt he wears.

Jess Reeder has begun punching in late. REASON? Girls, Fairmount Park Jack Rabbit, Circle Swing, Mountain Speedway. Jess is some sport with the *flaps* and shows them a good time, especially for a few days following the 5th and 20th of each month.

Notice: Bill Beatty's nine uniformed wonders will play the "Old Soldiers' Home" the 4th of July. All players be on hand two weeks before game for practice. Pete Akers will act as umpire.

Charley Lawless and John Daniels have gone into the farming business and expect to retire in about 50 years with enough profits from their watermelon patches to live in perfect comfort the remaining years. Perry Mc says he (Chas.) won't make enough to buy his chewing tobacco for the winter months. How about that, Charley?

To be added to Mr. Edison's questionnaire: WHO ARE THE RADIO EXPERTS? WHO GUTTED THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN?

After several months of pushing No. 14 White about the yards, Warren "Sally" Starks is coming back to normal. About six more months of this work and "Sally" ought to lose about 25 more pounds of his excess baggage, which ought to allow him to get under the steering wheel of that new Studebaker.

Have you noticed those sideburns of Lee Bolgers, of the machine shop? It must be the cake eater style of Independence.

Take a look at Geo. Wansch's Kiddie-Car if you want the latest in disc wheels. George, if you keep the company cars *hitting* as good as the red-wheeled Ford, you will certainly be in line for an increase.

Who will second the motion of installing Mr. J. A. Hininger, of the shipping department, in a soundproof office? When he gets strung out on his phone, everyone in the office on all floors knows all his business. Hinie, this is a tip to close your cut-out when conversing on your phone so as not to wake the other office employees.

The "heart-breaker" office boy of the main office would like a little advice from Miss O'Connell of Chicago on how to break off with a victim on finding yourself absolutely and undeniably in love with another. He says his usual method is to say to the girl, "Do you like me?" and she says, "Oh, a little." Then he says, "I don't believe it and I don't care anything about you." No doubt this method is effective, but it is also a little rough and Wilford doesn't want to be rough, so if Miss O'Connell can make any suggestions to end things in a more diplomatic manner she will win his undying gratitude.

This is a fish story—true, nevertheless: While making a tour of the Standard Oil athletic field, A. S. Hurt thought he heard the flopping of some antediluvian monster in the outlet of Fairmount lake that runs through the forest on the north of the park. Arming himself with the trunk of a young tree, he went in pursuit. What he found was a fifteen pound catfish which he finally vanquished after a struggle of an hour, and was lugging it homeward when the wild animal keeper accosted him and informed him it was their big "drawing card," occasionally placed on exhibition to lure the followers of Isaac Walton to the park, and also that it was the object of many a "Wild Sea Serpent" story. A. S. reluctantly gave up the prize which he had intended to display to an admiring spouse as the victim of his fierce encounter. As a balm to his wounded feelings the park managmeent has agreed to give him prominence in the next big "write up."

Frank Diesko recently purchased an old Reo, the purchase price amounting to the magnificent sum of $12.50. He intends to fix it up and use it for the

next seven or eight years. We certainly feel sorry for him.

We never realized what a valuable man Morris Butler was to the main office until he went on his vacation recently. McLean had all the office boys and half the clerks doing Morris' work.

Passengers on Fleischman's bus are occasionally entertained by the antics of Earl Roby and Jim Green, but the most amusing incidents are when Carl Johnson gives his seat to the three Sugar Creek school ma'ms, and when Harry Knight peeks in before entering to see if Mrs. Graham is on the job. Harry does think a lot of his "tummy" and wants to make sure the "white collar" bunch aren't losing out by not having a cook.

What makes Al White talk to himself?

WHITING, IND.

There is much talk around the welding shop about one of the well known welders who attended the recent automobile show at the Coliseum and was presented with a beautiful flower by a very attractive young lady. Oh, boy! But she said 50 cents, please, and he fell for the old game. Honest, Bill, I won't tell your name to a soul, not even your wife.

Russell Miller is an added attraction to the welding shop. That wonderful voice, that cute bow tie and that immaculate blue shirt. Company! Attention! and Miller is on the job.

Charles Staley is becoming a model young man, does not smoke, nor chew, nor drink, but oh! how he dolls up after the whistle blows. You know in the spring, a young man's fancy, etc. That's Charles.

Thomas Wiley is back with us again. He has a lot of new stories and an invention. I believe he got his new idea while selling washing machines.

The radio fad has hit this shop hard. It is the subject of discussion morning, noon and night. Leroy Schlichtig is one of our most ardent fans, not to mention Chas. Staley and Earl Knight.

The welding shop went over the top in the recent drive for funds for the S. O. A. A. Forty-nine contributors out of fifty-six in the shop and averaging nearly a dollar each!

Arthur Henrikson entertains the boys occasionally with some grand opera solos. I don't know whether they are Polish, Italian or Bohemian operas, but he gets by with it.

George Kirchoff is training for the coming of daylight saving. Gets up at sunrise now instead of going to bed.

The welding shop almost boasts a movie colony. We have Charlie Chaplin, Ben Turpin, Fatty Arbuckle and Wm. S. Hart, while Russell Miller might double for Charles Ray in a pinch.

The welding shop suffers the loss of one of the most popular men on the roll in Peter D. Martin. Fortune smiled on him by having a 150 acre farm in Port Jarvis, N. Y., presented to him by his uncle and aunt. The boys unite in congratulating him and wishing him success and continued good fortune. Pete writes that he is busy with the plow and hoe and says he likes the new life.

Ziggie Gobbery celebrated his wedding to Miss Stella Sarkevicz on May 1 by inviting a number of the boys from the welding shop. From the reports of those in attendance, they had a royal time.

It is reported that one of the boys who drives an Overland was walking home from the wedding with one package under his arm wrapped in newspaper and another under his belt, but when he got home all he had was the newspaper.

Ludwig Janos is building himself a new home in Hammond. "No more rent for me," says Janos.

The cigars were passed around recently by Kid McCoy on the occasion of the arrival of a 9½-pound boy at his home. Congratulations, and many thanks for the cigars.

Dick Griffin is back to work again after being showered with Irish confetti at the 19th battery.

Steve Backor is sporting a Ford coupe.

How do you feel about it? I wonder how the other fellow felt the other day when they passed around our statements of our payments on the Employees' Stock Purchasing Plan. I mean the fellow who had the same chance as I but let it go. Maybe he was the fellow who couldn't afford to participate or maybe he was the one who said that it was all bosh. The company is just trying to find out how much they can cut your pay, or the company never gives anything away for nothing. Well, you're all wrong Al, you're all wrong. I feel sorry for the other fellow. Gee, the company gave me the 50% bonus and then dividends beside. Of course I don't get it right away, but what can I expect and what will I have at the end of five years if I continue to participate in the plan? It is a fact quite true that money invested at six percent will double itself in about twelve years, so if we stick in the plan we cannot fail to double our investment as the company contributes 50%. On the other hand, how much more will we be worth to our company, our family, ourself by saving? Dollars can never express it.—Welding Shop.

Mr. Frank Black was called to Sloan, Ind., the second week of May by the sudden death of his brother, who was accidentaly killed by a runaway team.

The many friends of Miss Helen Hynes were grieved to learn of her resignation as forelady of the White Oil department. Miss Helen Hynes has made a host of friends while employed at the Standard Oil Company, and we all wish her the best of luck in her new venture, which we are informed is with the Moser Hardware Co. of Whiting as stenographer and bookkeper.

Miss Lillian Plau has also deserted the Standard Oil Company, having accepted a position with the Portland Cement Company at Buffington. We also extend to her the best wishes for her future success.

Why is a certain green Hudson sport car parked so much at the east side lately?

Miss Violet Breckman, who condemns most of the oils that come into the laboratory for her inspection, thrilled the young ladies (some of the men also) of her department by announcing her marriage to Mr. Max Tucker of East Chicago. Congratulations.

The boys of No. 1 lubricating works have started to pitch horseshoes. They admit that at present they're bum, but as practice makes perfect, they think that with about two years of patient endeavor they will be able to meet all comers.

Mr. D. J. Paskwietz is riding around in a new Stearns-Knight.

Oh! it's always fair weather, when — but it wasn't on May 24, when it rained cats, dogs, and everything else possible, simply because Melville Brenner had the nerve to be the first one hereabouts to sport a straw hat.

How gentle is the gentlest touch! Atle ast two men of of our department know, to-wit: One April

evening, Gene Grogan escorted a young lady to a dance at White City, Chicago. Everything went well until the couple had boarded a street car bound for Whiting, and when Gene proceeded to pay his fare he discovered to his consternation that he possessed only 11 cents change when 16 cents was expected. After many futile attempts he succeeded in borrowing 25 cents from a friend. On their arrival in Whiting it was subsequently proven that poor Gene had been gently lifted of his surplus funds. Gene, however, has one consolation in the fact that only a few weeks previous, Martin Kauchak went through the same sensation at identically the same place.

Bill Stover is keeping his eyes open these days hoping that fortune will again reward him as it did last month, when on returning home one evening he was somewhat taken aback when he discovered a 15-pound turkey roosting on his back fence. With his eye on a prospective meal he failed to note a box in his right-of-way, and consequently possessed himself of a skinned shin. In the meantime the turkey, frightened by Bill's fantastic motions, had left his perch and was just being cornered by a portly neighbor lady when poor Bill arrived. Bill's argument that the turkey was first seen roosting on his fence carried the day. Then followed a period of solitary confinement for the turkey in the Stover basement, marred only by occasional reports of salted peanuts and pure corn, and finally it ended its days in the Stover kitchen after gaining a pound and a half weight. And after one carving knife was broken and another dulled Bill had the nerve to say it was the best turkey ever eaten.

Russel Quinn seems to have a grudge against Geo. Parker's wheel. On sundry occasions he has tried to wreck it, but with only indifferent success. His last attempt resulted in damage to himself. While trying to bull-dog it he busted the knee out of his pants along with several commandments. Quinn claims that the only way George rides the trusty Meade is to mount it so gentle like that the darn thing doesn't realize that it's being ridden. Better not tickle its ribs next time, Quinn.

The machine shop now boasts of a mascot that is equal to any. Chas. Ruff has grown to be very fond and intimate with our educated cat, which had the highest degree of the shop conferred upon it. When the cat is visiting the boys at the north end and Charlie calls her from the south end, the cat comes to him at a 40-mile an hour clip, in spite of the noise of machinery. One day Charlie was seen putting down a large tin of cottonseed oil with 19 big sardines swimming in it, and a generous limburger cheese sandwich, which he explained was for the cat, which had taken sick and was growing thin and weak. Nels Dewey took compassion and made a nice bed of burlap on a pile of pump plates. Joe Swaim caught mice, while Frank Chown, educator of and advisor to the cat, directed the nursing, attended to by Louis Molter. Aided by the influence of Ernie Heine, the cat soon recovered and is out visiting again.

Fred Kuehnke, of the pressure stills, is reported to be married. On Decoration Day he went to Wicliffe, Indiana, for a days' "outing," where the bride-to-be met him by appointment. The ceremony was performed by Justice Whatshisname, who, after some delay in finding the ring, finally tied the knot. The bride wore a white gingham veil and a wreath and bouquet of yellow canary blossoms and dandelions. The bridegroom wore a long black cloak and a thistle blossom. After the ceremony his heart weakened so his bride had the marriage annulled on grounds of a mock wedding, and resumed her maiden name of Miss Ethel Millis, of the "East Side".

GREYBULL, WYO.

E. H. Fisher of Chicago office, assistant to Mr. Curry, with D. M. Lobdell, dropped in, giving Plants Nos. 1 and 2 the once over and knocking off a few rough corners of the organizations in which they are interested. We are always glad to have them come.

Roy Ludington, M. H. Swanson, J. D. Packard and L. A. Robinson have been assigned to the pipe repair department.

"Bill" Kizzire's gang of "heavy men" have been busy the past few days moving four of the receiving tanks from the lower end of the yard of Plant No. 2 to the new continuous treating plant at west end of plant.

Guy Driskill, of Plant No. 2, is recuperating from a severe case of typhoid fever.

Don M. Smith, superintendent of the mechanical departments, Casper, paid a business visit to the plant the last of May.

Oh, yes, that new linoleum we have in the main office is certainly being appreciated by the boys.

Leroy Joyce has a new straw bonnet which was presented to him by one of the industrious merchants in order to start the sale of same. The secret of the hat is hid on the inside, and consists of one pair of earmuffs.

B. L. Warren, superintendent of Plant No. 2, attended a Shriner's frolic at Billings, Mont., the latter part of May.

The past month has brought additional help to the warehouse department. "Louie" Luft has placed two more "mousers" on his police department.

Miss Charlotte Hartman visited her sister, Mrs. R. B. Mertz, at Trinidad, Colorado, the first part of May.

Andy McNeil, who held down the 3rd sack for Casper in the Midwest League, has taken on a job in the pipe department, and is "busting the old onion" for Greybull.

M. M. Gant was on a vacation the first part of May, visiting at Thermopolis.

"That's the old spirit"—are you a member of the Best Benefit Association? If not, why not? The Greybull Refineries Benefit Association has a membership of 240 out of 382 men employed.

J. E. Gilliam has returned from a trip to Kentucky, where he was called on account of illness in his family.

Mrs. Jas. Bluejacket is visiting with relatives in Illinois and Oklahoma.

M. W. McGlashan is the proud daddy of a new *baby boy*, born May 29. This is three boys for Mac. (Congratulations.)

P. L. Truax and B. J. Manley made a trip to Cody on their day off to look over the scenery and to try out P. L.'s new Nash Six.

Dave and George Patterson spent a couple of days visiting friends in Thermopolis recently.

S. A. Taylor, who has been seriously ill with typhoid fever, is recovering nicely and we hope he will soon be able to report for duty.

F. F. Maret reports a new daughter at his home.

Fred Lockard, "Doc" and Carl Stricker and Swede Johnson motored to Worland to the Elks

dance recently. They had the misfortune to break a front wheel on their car and it is said that they came home via side door Pullman. We don't know whether they traded the car to the C. B. & Q. for the ride or not.

Superintendent Lockard and family motored to Jones' Ranch on Shell Creek May 28. Mr. Lockard advises all motorists attempting to cross the log bridge at Jones' to take bathing suits along. For further information see Mr. Lockard.

HOME OFFICE, CHICAGO

We are advised on good authority that some time this spring some unknown person pilfered the contents of the Cannery used by R. H. L., the Column Conductor, to preserve for posterity such words and phrases as constant use from time immemorial has rendered worthy of the honor. Almost the entire stock of time honored gems of composition is missing. Search is being made in the vicinity of Peoria, Ill. Careful readers of the Stanolind Record will understand the reason for this.

Miss Emily Hill is going to ask for an extension of her noon hour as her personal correspondence is getting so voluminous that an hour is insufficient time to answer in.

By the time this goes to press John (Legs) Ely will probably have won another golf prize as he has developed a new system of scoring that John claims is the "cat's adenoids."

Art Frank and Harold Schaffer have bought new golf outfits. While driving off the fifth tee a short time ago, Harold was stung by a big mosquito and now claims the insect increased his shot 50 yards. that is, Harold's shot, not the mosquito's. Art Frank is now thinking of getting some trained bees and turning one loose at the proper moment.

Since being transferred to Mr. J. D. (Babe) Callahan's department, Miss Beulah Johnson is thinking of entering the speed contest for typists.

Ed Yale and Charley Thorstensen played Marquette some time ago and piled up 108 and 110 respectively. It's a good thing they struck the eighteenth green when they did, as both of them had about run out of strokes.

Mrs. Ed Yale thanks the boys and girls of the S. O. Co., 5th floor, for the beautiful rose bush sent to her while in the hospital. Ed suggests that the next time flowers be sent as he had to carry the bush home and then plant it.

You ought to have seen Bill Roberts on Memorial Day with his chest extended and his gold bars glittering, prancing down Boul Mich. "OH! Girls!"

While Ed Dockendorf was out gathering six beautiful girls to pose for the Examiner beautiful office girl contest, the news spread rapidly and by the time he had the required number he couldn't get through the crowd around the rest room door.

Attention, employees general manager's department! If you were disappointed in so few of your co-workers receiving mention in the May issue of the Stanolind, just look under the heading of Chicago sales division. Our dear editor made a mistake and got us in the wrong class. He has been called on the carpet and has promised to be more careful in the future. (Go chase yourself. The editor didn't do it. He was home sick.—Ed.)

Mr. Arthur Harmon, of the construction department, left for Los Angeles, California, after several years of faithful service in the home office. Overseeing work for the Chicago division particularly, was an accomplishment, and one time when it was very necessary to move a station quickly he picked it up bodily and moved it over night from one corner to a location a block away. He is entering the construction business in Los Angeles on his own responsibilities. Success and prosperity to you, Art., in your new endeavor.

The stork left a little baby girl at the home of Mr. R. H. Kluender, May 10, and Daddy is just as happy as can be. You have all heard of taking people's finger prints, but here's an innovation—taking baby's foot prints. They were just as tiny as could be and too cute for anything. When baby grows up and wears a 6½ or 7, she can always look back to the time when she had little Trilbies.

On7 day when hustling back to the office from lunch because I happened to be late, what do you think I espied on 9th street close to Michigan avenue? Messrs. W. A. Jones and D. C. French sitting comfortably in a Ford sedan smoking and talking things over. Later when the Commodore was questioned whether it was business they were discussing or taking in the sights on Boul. Mich., he replied that the day was not windy enough.

Mr. C. A. Jackson, in the future please see that your letters are only recorded in the cylinder, as the rest of the employees are unable to concentrate on their work.

Miss Gertrude Cary, why down hearted? What seems to be the reason? Has Harold gone on a vacation without taking you along?

What makes Mr. T. W. Cahill hustle around so on Mondays?

Mr. N. J. Becker has been proclaimed the handsomest man in the office (?). Also, our best dressed cake-eater. No kidding, a complete change of outfit every day. Ever take notice of the lovely marcel wave? Many a girl has been envious of this.

Mr. R. W. Carrington, divisional engineer, Eastern division, recently gave us a visit. You're looking fine, Bob.

Joe Schurek is now the proud possessor of an automobile, and tells an amusing story about learning to drive. Seems like they were going down a rather steep hill (at about 40 miles per hour) and another machine got in their way. The party teaching him to drive hollered "throw out your clutch, put on your brakes and take your foot off the accelerator." Anyway they went off the road into the ditch and out again, and wound up against a tree about a quarter of a mile out in a field. His friend asked why he didn't do as he told him and Joe replied: "I never saw the clutch, didn't even know where it was kept; I turned the wheel around as far as it would go, but it didn't seem to do any good, and I don't know what the accelerator is. Anyhow I didn't have my foot on it, my foot was resting on some little bar that was sticking out at the bottom of the dashboard." Joe thought the clutch was some kind of an anchor, that the brakes worked from the wheel like on a freight car, and that the accelerator was some kind of a contrivance coupling the running boards to the fenders.

Miss McDermott, of the stenographic department, is going to be the family chauffeur for their new car. Mr. Howard Heimerdinger has proffered a lot of advice, giving her the benefit of his experiences in his high powered roadster, "The Yellow Jacket." If "Mickey" learns to drive as well as she works she will make a lot of people sit up and take notice.

Mr. W. L. Butler has about finished painting his car and has engaged an artist to paint the family "Coat of Arms" on the windshield.

Eddie Schoenborn is sure popular with the girls

about eight-thirty in the morning. Eddie has charge of the little record that shows your name when you are late in the morning.

The many friends of Mr. M. H. Seegers sympathize with him over the loss of his mother on May 22 last.

One day last month Billy Ewald had to go home in the rain because some one appropriated his umbrella. It was returned the next morning without any note of thanks. Don't kick, Billy, you're lucky at that for you usually don't get them back.

A lot of the boys in the cost department are a little jealous of one Klein. Every Saturday his wife "dolls him up" in light trousers, silk shirt and patent leather pumps. Believe me, he is the "kitten's-pur" when it comes to clothes.

Friend J. C. Lee waxes eloquent—almost poetical—in the Peoria news in the May issue of the Record. If you didn't read it, folks, dig up your copies and do so. It's a classic. How *did* you get that way, Clay? Been kissing the Blarney Stone?

We have been informed indirectly that when John Smith went down south on his vacation he sent a young lady employee of the traffic department a postcard picturing a log cabin. We are just dying to know whether he proposes to rent or purchase it. Did he say it was big enough for two?

George W. Austermiller, our agent at Madison, Indiana, has been playing checkers by mail with R. C. King of the traffic department. R. C. admits that Austermiller won all of the three series played, but he says he doesn't mind being beaten by an artist like Austermiller.

The traffic department had three representatives in the Chicago Industrial Bowling Association Tournament, held recently at Bensinger's. Two of our entries were included in the prize list, a very good percentage, we say. I guess we're there! (The foregoing was contributed by R. C. King, one of the victorious entries. Don't some folks hate themselves!)

We have long harbored a suspicion that ye Ed was one of them drys, who dates everything from the beginning of the dry era. Everything we contribute that is the least bit moist is eliminated. Try this on your eliminator, Ed. (Maybe your moist contributions are like home brew—sloppy.—Ed.)

There would be no necessity for paper weights in the traffic department were it not for breezy Clarence Sorenson. Clarence can go from one end of the office to the other in 1-1000 of a second. (Clarence claims he can make it in nothing, but we can't allow that in the traffic department.)

A. E. Persons spent his vacation in Tulsa, Okla. He took the Missus along. Isn't it queer how some folks will hang onto those old-fashioned ideas?

Dan Leopold, the flapper's favorite, doesn't believe in supporting a tailor. His trousers are kept neatly pressed by the simple expedient of placing them under the mattress at night.

Eddie Pallas sometimes eats his lunch at his desk while reading the morning paper. One day when there was a particularly thrilling robbery featured we discovered Eddie had eaten a whole page of the newspaper instead of his sandwich.

George Savageau was very much flattered when somebody told him he was hydrocephalus—until he looked it up in the dictionary.

Andie Reznicek knows the Bertillon measurements of each ball player, the color of his eyes, whether raised on the bottle (beer or milk), and the whole pedigree. Outside of which he can play a mean tune on the typewriter.

My, how they grow up! Elmer Felzenhauer, who not so long ago was hopping bells in the traffic department, has arrived at man's estate and is now the proud possessor of a straw hat.

Hubert Schmit, the human ostrich, has been transferred to the claim department. "Hib" will eat anything. Very fond of girls.

Florence Johnston seems always to have a floral offering on her desk of late. Do you suppose he meant anything when he brought her the "bridal wreath"?

Mae Sramek has purchased a bed spread to embroider. She was very voluble as to how it should be stitched—going into the details of how to work the flowers and butterflies—but was very reticent as to the why and the wherefore.

Ruth Blader has joined the bobbed hair class. She tucks her hair in like this ( ) while at work, but at home she fluffs it out like this) (.

Dick Croke has become very absent-minded and a vacant stare often appears on his physog, and he has been seen on Wabash Ave. gazing at window displays of furniture. Spring and a young man's fancy may be old stuff to most of us, but Dick thinks his is the original and only genuine case in existence.

Blanche Bolla came to work one morning with a thrilling tale of how she was out late and alone the night before and when she got within a block of home she saw a man and she just ran like everything. P. S.—She didn't catch up with him.

The Golf Bugs are more numerous than ever. Every male of the species, on the fifth floor, is absolutely lost and we expect the percentage of golf widows to increase by next September. Latest victims of the disease are Carl Kollmann and Herb Gleim of the distribution department.

Have you received your bird yet? If not, see Elsie Seeberger of the fifth floor.

Mr. E. C. Daly recently moved to Elgin. Claims he now meets his own class of people. Wonder what he actually means by this.

Mr. J. E. Hecht was recently transferred from the Chicago sales department to the general manager's department, to take charge of Slow & Unsalable Stock.

Why all the yawning on Monday mornings since you moved into your new home, Miss Nelson? Suggestions are that you send him home a little sooner Sunday nights so he won't meet the milk man.

Mr. E. T. Duffy still insists that the world renowned movie comedian is guilty.

The office Adonis—Safety Director Singleton. What keeps him out of the movies?

Miss Irene Colby surely caused a great commotion one day by coming down to work with a beautiful new gown on. When asked half a dozen or more of the boys for news for the Stanolind I was greeted with: Say something about that ballroom gown being worn today. I wish my desk were turned the other way. Duffy has not been able to do a bit of work all day. Every time I pass her desk I have to put on blinders. There must be SOME party tonight. She is the "Cat's Eyebrow" when it comes to displaying fancy clothes. I am very much interested in figures and believe I will apply for position as Professor of Mathematics in the Chicago University.

Oh, yes, the boys come to the office all dolled up too some days. Mr. G. E. Markey wore a pair of Newark shoes and a Truly Warner new straw lid. Mr. T. W. Cahill was quite envious. You know since he bought that Ford for his vacation trip up

in the northern wilds of Wisconsin he can't spend money for clothes. We'll tell you later all about that muskalonge he caught.

Mrs. E. D. Gillette is receiving the glad hand, having reached stardom in a minstrel show given by the Evergreen Club, Saturday, May 20. Will Rogers, who attended the affair, made an effort to sign her for next year's Follies, but her contract with the Shuberts has another year to run. She sure made some classy colored lady.

Going, going, gone! The three bald ones,—Duffy, Carr and Jackson. They've been using Petrolatum for six months and now they have reverted to Mica Axle Grease and the crop is beginning to grow.

Great was the jubilation when news went round the office May 25 that Mr. J. L. Carter's operation by Dr. Will Mayo at Rochester, Minn., was a success and that his condition was satisfactory. Reports since then are that he is improving. We all hope your recovery will be rapid. Good luck to you, Mr. Carter.

You know the saying: "If your feet ache your disposition suffers." Not so with J. G. Lannin these days. Have you noticed how he dances around? He is having his corns treated by a lady chiropodist, and suggested to G. J. Sammons that he go to the same doctor. This Sammons did, but it was too much for him, for he fainted with the first treatment. You know the maxim: "Faint heart never won fair lady."

Mr. H. H. Finnegan has become a benedict, having been married on May 27th. Decoration Day came in very handy and he and his bride spent several days at Oconomowoc, Wis. The best of wishes from all your co-workers, Herb.

There's something in the wind when L. J. Schallerer's dignified dictaphone operator, Miss Mary Norton, calls him "Louie." Maybe she's lonesome, L. J. She's imported from Iowa, you know.

It was a beauteous Sunday morning in May as our hero, Ernie Stranger, stepped blithely into the garage which housed his new Paige car. There was joy in his heart, for the swellest dame in Kenwood had promised to ride with him. A few seconds later a wild-eyed youth emerged, shouting "Help! I have lost the whatsthis and my car won't run without it." It was then 11:30 and he was to meet his lady fair at 11:00. Hastily assembling a posse, a hurried search was made, but no thingumajig turned up. Another search was made. Then another. Also several more. At 4:00 o'clock the good ship A. L. Rich came to the rescue. "Here, Ernie, I have found the dewdad." Ernie stopped only a moment to fall on the neck of his rescuer and murmur: "Ah, Aloysius, how can I ever repay thee? 'Tis but 4:00 o'clock and mayhap I shall arrive before she has finished doing her hair." And, adjusting the dofunny to the car, he merrily rode away.

Several members of the Traffic Checker Club enjoyed an excellent fish dinner Friday, May 26, the excellence of the fish being remarked by all present. After the dinner, Mr. Savageau served the guests Eskimo Pies. Among those present were Messrs. Tyrrell, King, Radcliffe and Nelson.

Will some charitably inclined person donate to Art Nelsen an old coat, size 42, for office wear. Art's old coat (which, incidentally, has served also as a combination pen-wiper and pin-cushion) is about done for. It might also be well for the donor to show him just how to wear it. He is now wearing a chair pad as a chest protector.

Maudie Lamb is spending most of her noon hours reclining on the couch a la Cleopatra. No Marc Antony has appeared on the scene, but a "mark anatomy" is beginning to show in the center of the couch. Bring on the reinforcements.

Walter Hartley, our new office runabout, is very much interested in the "Record," having digested every copy he could find. Let's say something about him and surprise him.

George Nelson says he would be a regular contributor to the "Record," but every time he writes something insulting it is turned out to look like a bouquet. Why don't you try using big words George? Maybe the editor won't get the drift.

Did you see Wannie Allen in her new suit? Isn't it perfectly ado-o-rable?

CHICAGO SALES DIVISION

The girls of the Chicago sales department appreciate the fact that Mr. C. L. Rosa, of the lubricating sales, has immense flower gardens at his home in Elmhurst. Mr. Rosa has several times brought quantities of flowers and distributed them among the girls of the office. The girls wish you to know they appreciate your kindness, Mr. Rosa.

We miss the smiling countenance of Walter Steinmeyer, "Dean" around the office, but we very frequently hear his voice when communicating with the stations. Dean has been doing relief work at the stations, and declares there is nothing like getting out in the country.

The general manager's office has taken another of our luminaries in the person of Joe Hecht, who had charge of keeping Chicago stations supplied with barrel and case goods. Louis "Dike" Wendt has succeeded Joe, and Harvey Dreher is Dike's assistant. That's the way we like to see them step up.

The rest of the boys in the bookkeeping department want to know why all the girls fall for Clarence Booze. Maybe there is something in a name; how about it, girls? It is said that the wit which Clarence spreads is much dryer than his name.

June, the month of marriages, has taken several Chicago employees off the path of single blessedness. John D. Rohner, of the real estate department, left for Pittsburgh, June 2, to wed his schooltime sweetheart. We could not obtain her name, but John has promised to introduce us upon his return. The employees at 14th St. are all "het up" over losing their telephone operator, "Babe" Buckley, who is leaving shortly and will soon be married to J. L. "Roy" Wagner, our salesman de luxe, who travels in the western towns. We always have more interest in marriages wholly concerning members of the Standard family. We wish them all good luck and happiness.

From Rogers Park comes news of an increase in the population. Fred Fischer, chief clerk, and Henry Becker, stake truck chauffeur, report the birth of girls within a few days of each other, May 28 for Fred and May 30 for Hank. They both passed the cigars, and now we know why Rogers Park seemed in a stupor for a few days. Latest reports state that Mrs. Fischer and Mrs. Becker and the babies are all doing fine.

Fred Mumm has been rewarded for long and faithful service as yard man at Rogers Park by being assigned to the Polarine truck. It is said that Fred is filling up the North Shore on Polarine.

"Mother" Markwalter put off 5,455 gallons of Red Crown gasoline in nine hours at Rogers Park with a five-ton Packard. We understand he hasn't been right since. What's the matter, Art, too much work in one day?

'Swede" Larson, alias Rube, having completed his apprenticeship as cashier at Rogers Park, and being assured of a lengthy term in that office, is now looking for a flat in that neighborhood. Friends, enemies and real estate agents, please note.

Kedzie Avenue station submits the following: "Dear Ed: Us boys of Kedzie Avenue were all nailed for one buck apiece for a contrib. for a cut glass table lamp presented to our crack chauf, Ad. Gerlich, who has taken unto himself a wife. Prettiest girl in the world—eyes like Kittie MacDonald, hair like Mae Murray, figure like Gloria Swanson, and a voice like Petrova. They have a brand new fur-lined bungelhouse up on Kedzie Ave. south. Ad. is off for a week; Oh, boy! Us boys certainly wish him plenty of luck; he is a good looking kid and we all like him. Also, we anxiously await 'At Home' announcements to see if the lady of the house will stand for a little game of ten-cent limit."

Here is a sample of how our special garage salesman, Arch Cameron, sells the full line. The following order which was sold the M & S Service Station in Berwyn, Ill., is but one of many Arch has put across.

1065 Gals. Red Crown Gasoline
60 Gals M. L. Polarine Oil
60 Gals. Heavy Polarine
1 Case 2/5 M. H. Polarine Oil
1 Case 2/5 Ex. Hy. Polarine Oil
1 Case 6/1 M. L. Polarine Oil
1 Case 6/1 Hvy. Polarine Oil
1 Case 6/1 Polarine Transmission Oil
1 Case 12 Pints Semdac
1 Case 12 8-oz. Finol
1 Case 6/5 Lbs. Polarine Cup Grease
1 Case 24/1 Lbs. Polarine Cup Grease
50 Gals. Perfection Kerosene
60 Gals. M. H. Polarine Oil
1 Case 2/5 M. L. Polarine Oil
1 Case 2/5 Heavy Polarine Oil
1 Case 2/5 Polarine Transmission Oil
1 Case 6/1 M. H. Polarine Oil
1 Case 6/1 Ext. Hvy. Polarine Oil
1 Case 12 Qts. Semdac
1 Case 24 ½ Pts. Semdac
1 Case 24 4-Oz. Finol
1 Case 6/5 Lb. Polarine Transmission Gr.

Beside the above, Mr. Cameron secured a 100 barrel contract from this party. We claim him to be the champion garage salesman in Indiana field.

DAVENPORT, IOWA

John M. Hiller, our hustling warehouse superintendent at our Ottumwa plant, hied himself away in his Ford with his fiancee, and on the morning of April 18 and said the necessary words, "I do." On his return the employees of the Ottumwa office presented him with a set of silverware. Of course John passed the cigars and our lone girl office correspondent was a recipient of a nice big box of candy. Here's to you, Mr. and Mrs. John.

Can anyone tell us why Estees Lee could not drive nails the day before he took the fatal step?

John House took a girl home who lived in Moline but he forgot that his pocketbook was empty and had to walk home.

Anybody who wants to buy a nice new 1910 model Ford consult Mr. Dewey Exner; his price is $30.00.

Say, we have something swell down at Keokuk. What? Nick Klepfer. Oh! Swelled up on account of his new job? No. On account of a honeybee right on his nose. At least that is what he says, but from the size of his face we think it must have been a great-great-granddaddy honeybee. We know it hurts, Nick, but, oh my, we just can't keep from laughing.

Mr. C. L. VanSickle, former district superintendent, with headquarters at Cedar Rapids, has resigned and Mr. L. F. Drury succeeds him. Mr. P. L. Welch, salesman, has been transferred to Davenport and Mr. H. W. Stanley takes his place. Mr. H. L. Beach, former service station attendant is now service station collector, taking the place of Arthur Kopecky.

When Rudy, our former office boy, lately promoted to file clerk, saw his picture in the Stanolind Record, someone caught him in the stationery room taking 12 copies. When asked what he was doing with them, he replied that he was proud of the picture and was sending a copy to each one of his relatives.

Does anyone know where Mr. Lee Gibson, agent at Iowa City, has his private office, where he makes up his report?

Al. Sindt, of the order department, when questioned how the fight came out between Morie Schlafer and Dennie O'Keefe stated that Huggins won by a knockout.

The following appeared in the leading newspaper of Montezuma, Iowa: "Mr. Geog. Douglass, Standard Oil Company service station attendant, has done a lot of fixing up; painting, flowering, etc., on the building and grounds during the past few weeks. George is receiving a lot of compliments."

Below is a news item taken from the Butler County News: "Karl Timblin and Marie Perry gave their friends a big surprise Saturday when they announced the secret of their marriage which was performed last Thanksgiving at the Baptist church in Northwood. The young couple went to Northwood Thanksgiving on a visit to Miss Perry's mother and sister and upon their return to Allison decided not to mention their marriage. The secret was well kept, and the announcement was received with complete surprise to their many friends. Both Mr. and Mrs. Timblin are well and favorably known in the community. The bride has been employed for several years as assistant in the postoffice. She is an efficient and courteous official and is held in highest esteem by the patrons of the office. The groom is established here as agent for the Standard Oil Company and is an energetic young business man of sterling worth and good character."

Some time ago, District Superintendent Brunat sent a letter in poem form to his salesmen asking them to sell Mica to the farmer. We are wondering, Mr. Brunat, why you didn't supply the proper word in place of Mica in this poem. (Of course we understand if you did this the salesman would have no luck in selling it, for the farmer has plenty of that in stock at all times and couldn't be bothered buying it.)

Mr. L. F. Drury, our new district superintendent, located at Cedar Rapids, comes from the Des Moines field. We are all for him and after he makes a swing around the circuit the whole Cedar Rapids district will feel the same way.

When the construction work now under way at the Cedar Rapids plant is completed they will invite anyone from the board of directors on up to look them over. Pat O'Connell, head of the construction department, manages to be in Cedar Rapids on Tuesdays, providing he is running on schedule time. A. Beckman of the construction department is in charge of the work at the Cedar

Rapids plant. Harry Anthony of the same department is painting the six service stations. These two gentlemen find it very hard to obtain suitable hotel accommodations.

Harry Witham of Service Station 38, Anamosa, is preparing to handle large business at the Decoration Day races at his town.

C. A. Meyer, specialty salesman, dropped in on the boys at the Cedar Rapids office and attended the Undertakers' convention, in the interest of our candle line. We understand he got away without being embalmed.

A. G. Minor is now looking after the motor equipment at Waterloo, Charles City and Iowa City with an occasional day at the old home town.

Mr. G. L. Tanner, attendant at Service Station 140, Cedar Rapids, reports that during the storm of May 24, the water was a foot over the fill pipe at his station. Our staff photographer arrived too late so we will have to take G. L.'s word for it.

Jean Fawley, agent at Springville, dropped in to have his truck tank welded, as it sprung a leak in the 65-gallon compartment and Jean does not like to deliver anything less than full loads.

Just to let the other divisions know what the Red Crowns of Davenport are doing: We have won three out of five games, and those lost were by a very small margin. Time predicts Davenport to be the topper of the league at the close of the season.

DES MOINES, IOWA

Upon quitting work one evening last week, Kathryn Rampton found a "police summons" tied to the door of her coupe. She was some worried until she found it had been placed there by a practical joker from the office who had the same joke played on him—by the police department.

Dist. Supt. Engle and Salesman Marsh are envied by all. Their headquarters are in the lake regions of Iowa.

Dist. Supt. R. O. Fowler nearly ruined his ice cream suit driving in the mud and rain last week.

L. A. Day, general salesman, has a "*Green*" field to work in.

Where is the "Big Fish" that Wm. Kern is always going to bring in for proof of his fishing prowess? We are still waiting—but perhaps Bill is waiting for the fish to grow.

Marc Woodmansee's palms are itching to get hold of a canoe paddle again. It has been a long winter, eh, Marc?

FROM OFFICE BOY TO MANAGER! Looks like Des Moines office is going to produce a manager from this rank. In the past few weeks Mr. Ross has been kept busy hiring office boys, as they have all worked hard and earned for themselves promotions. And they are not going to stop at one promotion!

Bill Davidson had a sale on straw hats last week. From the looks of things the 7th floor got their share.

Miss Agnes Eaton has decided that it is much safer, if more complicated, to guide a typewriter than a snappy little racing model, after experiencing a minor accident which resulted in nothing more serious than a headache and shaky nerves.

A very pleasant evening was spent at the home of Miss Eleanor Stafford recently, who gave a farewell party for Miss Hilda Summer, who has returned to her home in Dubuque.

From all reports, Miss Ruth Swanson is enjoying a very "peppy" vacation in Denver, Colorado, where she is visiting her sister.

G. E. Fellows, a newcomer, has joined our sales force at Perry, Iowa.

Wm. P. Yates, assistant cashier, is now riding to the office in his "wife's Chevrolet."

Mike Farley, of the stationery and supply department, again put the Standard Oil Company family, of Des Moines, on the map, by taking second place in the city bowling tournament with a score of 704. This is the second champion of the year we have produced in this line, and both have made very good scores. The Standard Oil Company is going to have a five-man team in the Bowling League next year and they all want to look out for them. (Why don't you take on Joliet by mail or wire? They've got some team.—Ed.)

Mr. Galbraith and Miss Forrester state that on returning from a trip to Dubuque, their car became immersed in a muddy road outside of Cedar Rapids. They called a garage to send a truck to pull them out of the mud, and after working for an hour the driver informed them he would have to give it up. When they had about lost hope, a Standard Oil Company International truck happened along and Mr. Galbraith informed them that he was a fellow-worker in the Des Moines field and asked him for a lift. The truck was attached to Mr. Galbraith's car and in three minutes they were on the way to Des Moines again. The driver of the truck claims it was the gasoline he was using—not the make of his truck—which was responsible for pulling Mr. Galbraith's car out of the mud.

The Red Crown Social Club gave their monthly entertainment at Union Park on Saturday, May 27. It was supposed to be a picnic, but on account of the rainy weather, we had to satisfy ourselves with the dance and pavilion. The dance was attended by a good crowd, considering the bad weather. On June 17 we are going to have a picnic at Greenwood Park, which we hope will make up for the good time we lost on account of the rain.

DETROIT, MICH.

Miss Marie Lorenz, record department, resigned on the 18th to get her nerves composed before taking the fatal step. She expects to be married the latter part of June. We all wish her happiness.

Charley MacLeod thinks he ought to get married because June is now here (according to his exclamation) but be careful girls and don't crowd because he is a little bashful and might collapse. The service station department will take care of all applicants and "Bill" Doney or his entertaining stenographer, "Mack," have promised to take care of the overflow.

Mr. Geo. Knapp, chief clerk, when watching a baseball game the other day, stood too close to the base line and when the batter went crashing to first, Mr. Knapp got his face clawed. When he came down the next Monday he looked as if he had been fighting a wild cat. He says between Bill Packard, who tips him out of his auto, and baseball players, he is bound to have his beauty marred.

John F. Bruner, route foreman at West Detroit, has been appointed assistant superintendent in place of E. H. Meldrum, who has just taken charge of the new bulk station at Beech, Mich.

Mr. George Kinne, agent Williamston, who has not been well of late, is now feeling much better, we are pleased to say, and is quite himself again.

We all welcome to our Standard Oil family, Mr. W. E. Gillespie, whose duties handling accidents

have already enthused him with the big SAFETY FIRST idea. If you have not met him, you soon will and we know everyone will work with him to the utmost in order to avoid accidents.

About the only excitement we have now in the Detroit office is watching the girls when they take off their hats to see who is the next to walk in with her hair bobbed. Ann Themans is the last victim of the rage and it affected her so that she had to stay out a week before she had nerve enough to come back to the office.

Rube Begeman, who was formerly our "B" agent instructor, and who has recently taken over the operation of Rochester "B" station, is getting along very nicely, having made many friends in his new territory.

Mr. Cochran has come down so early, worked so late and all day Sunday so often, and otherwise disregarded time to such an extent that he has now stopped his clock, and no amount of petting seems to be able to get it started again.

Mr. J. A. Lindsey, lubricating department, wishes to advise that he is not running his "limousine" as a noon hour jitney.

Mrs. E. J. Fallon and children are spending a few weeks with her mother at Morenci, Mich. Eddie, our agent at Jackson, is baching it and can't say that he is stuck on the job.

If Mr. Perry, at the West Detroit warehouse, should ever lose his present position, we know where he would more than fill another place satisfactorily and that is the job of calling cars at the Interurban station. When he comes in the office two or three times a week with something like this: "Baseball game tonight at five o'clock, Northwestern Field, Diamond No. 7," no one can say they didn't know about the game.

One day when Mr. Cochran went to inspect a service station which had recently been opened, a doctor started to drive into the station and his car stopped. On investigation the doctor found he did not have any gasoline and remarked that he was pretty lucky to have the filling station so close, to which our boss replied: "That's all right; but if you were as close as that to a sick man with some dope and couldn't get any closer, he would be out of luck."

Robert Vining, clerk at Jackson station, ordered a new suit for Easter, but we haven't seen same as yet, so we are wondering if he looks so swell in it that his wife won't let him wear it. We don't blame her, as Robert sure is some "he vamp."

Claud Crandall, engineer at West Detroit plant, has recently bought a Ford and says he has finally learned to run the "darned thing," as he only ran into the back end of one car on his way home from Pontiac recently.

J. A. McDonald, S. S. 50, Detroit, announces the arrival of a bouncing boy, May 31.

When Walter Etzler has some spare time he is so energetic that he mows the lawn. He goes at it like he drives the Hudson for Mr. Cochran, but judging from the beads of perspiration always appearing on his face after such a strenuous time, it must be that the lawnmower is harder to push, or maybe it isn't running on all four cylinders.

Walter Wallington and Walter Amolsch took a trip to Port Huron a few Sundays ago and returned with a fine string of pickerel? ? ? ?

Bert Smith, billing clerk, passed cigars around the office recently, the occasion being the arrival of a 9-pound son on May 23, 1922.

Fred Zahn, formerly in the refined oil department, has been transferred to the sales force as candle salesman. He thinks the job would be fine if he didn't have to carry so many samples.

Mr. Arvidson has taken Mr. Zahn's place in the refined oil department.

Mr. Orville McDonald, recently appointed agent at Marine City, is a son of Oscar J. McDonald, who was our agent at Marine City from 1881 to 1899, operating Marine City, St. Clair and Algonac. It must be that he has been brought up with the Standard Oil spirit.

Mr. George Rawlings, who has been agent at Marine City for twenty-three years, has retired. We wish him long years of happiness during his well-earned rest.

E. G. Fosdick, agent at Saline, is not only 100% S. O. Co. but also 100% citizen. He was recently elected member of the village council by 150 majority vote.

Percy Fenton, agent at Richmond, is star pitcher for the Richmond baseball club.

John Clark, our agent at Birmingham, has recently purchased an additional machine and is working this to good advantage. Says he will soon have a permanent route for the new car.

Our agent at Pontiac, Mr. Bailey, was told that everybody likes to visit S. S. 171 to converse with Mr. Bill Hause. He is looked upon by the ladies as the most accommodating and polite attendant; always has a witty remark and never fails to talk S. O. service.

Mrs. Oscar Page, wife of our Romeo agent, who has been ailing for some time, is now well on the way to recovery, having gained considerably during the past few weeks. We all trust she will soon be thoroughly herself again.

The 22-months-old daughter of our agent, Geo. Taylor, at Royal Oak, recently lost one od her fingers when it caught in the end of a dipper handle and severed at the first joint, as her mother tried to take the dipper away and the child ran. We are glad to know she is progressing favorably.

A. J. Newak, S. S. 41, Detroit, is the proud father of a 9-pound girl, born May 28.

"Bill" Strass, the naphtha truck driver, West Detroit, who has been suffering from a sore throat, not due to singing at the Statler, is back on the job. Bill says it was all due to his hitting that "three bagger" in the last ball game. If so we hope he never makes a home run.

At the last annual meeting of the Pontiac Board of Commerce, Mr. Thomas Mason, lubricating salesman, was elected a member of the board of directors.

Messrs. E. L. Johnson, Walter Taylor and Dick Sculthorpe with their wives and Sweethearts, went out Sunday for a fishing trip and came back with lots of evidence.

Driver Bob Bass at Pontiac was called away account of the serious illness of his wife's sister, necessitating a 300-mile drive, which he made in record time, getting back on the job to take care of the rush over Decoration Day.

We all tender our sympathy to Miss Mabel Brossard, tankwagon record clerk at West Detroit, in the death of her brother recently.

EVANSVILLE, IND.

If you have an accident now, better look out for a little short fellow running towards you with a long sheet of paper in one hand and a pencil in the other. That will be Walter Glesige, our new Safety and Tax man.

Why is it that Marie Gillman fixes her hair, powders her nose and otherwise adds a few little

touches to her toilet before bringing the 090 tickets upstairs each day?

F. J. Greubel, of Haubstadt, was bit by a spider recently and it looked for a while as if the spider had let him in for something serious.

Oscar Daussman is now assistant sub-station correspondent. Haven't you agents noticed an increased activity in this direction?

Ewald Weber has been promoted to head of the record department.

The Evansville people have a new tennis court. You can look for some classy games now. Who's going to play with you, Bink?

Something must be doing among the clabber hounds. One day at noon Al Hartlein rides up in his sedan and climbs out with a clean shave, a palm beach suit, a new straw (the season's first), fresh shirt, tie, collar and all other accessories. A little before five that evening he jumps up and rushes out for—nobody knows.

The next morning Gil Heldt comes in looking as if he had just stepped out of a band box and doesn't reach his desk until after eight o'clock, which is something very unusual for Gil, being usually one of the first arrivals each morning.

A day or two later, Harry Shriver is off all morning. Well, we suppose it's all right. The chief clerk doesn't seem worried, but at that, we'll admit we're curious.

Are you department heads noticing the promptness with which your mail is handled these days? That's the good work of Mrs. Ella Frey.

Richard Brennan is the tall young man in a gray suit who is making the rounds of the Evansville service stations daily.

Let us present Claude L. Itskin, citizen of Washington, Indiana. Mr. Itskin is the new attendant at our newest service station there.

H. B. Winthrop is driving the new tank wagon at DuQuoin, Ill.

Oh, yes, the friendly little girl in the credit department is Mary Ainsworth. We know you are all anxious for an introduction, fellows (nit). You all made excuses to speak to her the first day.

George Schneider is keeping the trade satisfied at the DuQuoin service station.

Russell Crain is performing the same task at Cartersville, Ill.

You ask why Carrie Mae is dolling up every afternoon about three-thirty o'clock? Oh, we presume there is a reason.

Floyd Richards wasn't with us very long until he contracted the measles and had to go back home. Welcome back, Floyd; have you had the mumps? They're awful, too.

Toliver Crozier is the new agent at Metropolis. Greetings, Mr. Crozier.

George C. Obrecht, girls; yes, he is the new salesman in the Fairfield territory. You think him good looking? Yes, he is, and a good worker, too.

Harold B. Beck is the new service station attendant at Bloomfield, Indiana.

Paul K. Armistead is the new attendant at Harrisburg.

Harold Burgess has been promoted to general clerk.

Edward Jandebeur took Burgess' place in the cashier's department.

And Jim Miller went into the bookkeeping department to fill the vacancy left by Ed's departure.

Little Eddie Walker is happy these days for now he's a full fledged clerk, having been advanced from office boy to check clerk.

William L. Patrick (no, he isn't Dutch) is the new stake truck driver at Cairo.

Willard Kaho was recently transferred from Linton to agent at Switz City.

William H. Wagner is driving the tankwagon at Linton.

Ralph H. Sitter is the new agent at Anna, Ill., who is pleasing all the Evansville office by the efficient and prompt manner in which he is handling all his reports and correspondence.

Urban W. Martin is the pleasant man at the new service station in Evansville, out on Madison and Governor streets.

Edward H. Vanderschmitt is spending half his time at each of the Washington stations.

Edgar Tanquarry is the new man at the Lawrenceville station.

Joseph C. Markwell has joined us at New Albany. And so has Ernest E. Highfill.

Frank I. Minor is the new warehouseman at Herrin, Ill.

His many old friends will be glad to know that they can now meet William Oehlman at the Fourth and Oak streets station in Evansville.

When you have a stencil cut now in the Evansville office, you know that it is going to be cut right, for Margaret Blondin has taken over all of this special work. Chicago will be glad to see the manner in which all those special reports reach them.

Marquis R. Beemer is the accommodating attendant at the Mt. Carmel service station.

Paul H. Dietz is pumping gasoline at Mt. Vernon, Indiana.

W. J. Ash says rain is a very necessary thing in this world but he wishes that it could fall on both sides of the road leading out to the Eckerty plant without hitting the road itself. Mr. Ash has been having to plow through several feet of mud along a quarter mile stretch, requiring four horses to pull an empty wagon.

Loren Smith has been transferred from agent at Metropolis to salesman.

That center aisle in the upstairs office at Evansville has certainly shown an increase of traffic recently. You'd better keep a liberal supply of Semdac on the floor, Shirley, or the boards will get hot. There is more than one reason for this increased popularity of the center aisle.

Julie DeTreville and his setter bird dog are becoming familiar figures around the Evansville office on Saturday mornings. The office folks are beginning to associate the dog with Julie just as they do perfume with the other two station examiners.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

Our rural customers around St. Joseph (better known as "the garden spot of Michigan"), are predicting a bumper fruit crop this year. Agent Bill Haase took the tip and turned in his old faithful for a new Big Ruggles truck. Let's pay for the truck this summer, Bill.

Robert Morris Engstrom made his appearnace at the home of Herman Engstrom, bookkeeper, on May 26. Daddy says he is the best boy—sleeps all the time, never cries. Never mind, Daddy, just wait a while until he realizes that crying gets him what he wants and Daddy will walk the floor if Sonny wants him to.

On May 11, Mr. H. Fulks, our agent at Homer, Michigan, was called to Toledo on account of the death of his mother. You have our sympathy, Mr. Fulks.

Now we have two bobbed hair damsels in the office since Blanche Warren joined the Flapper throng.

Mr. George Wheeler, our agent at Wayland, made his debut in amateur theatricals as leading man in "Aaron Slick from Pumpkin Creek." George proved to be quite a slicker with the ladies. Don't let Hollywood get hold of the news; we need George at Wayland.

On May 6, Russell Pearl met with accidental death in Chicago, Illinois. The older employees will remember "Rus" as our former office boy.

It was always our contention that mumps was a disease that only children were subject to. However, we are almost convinced otherwise, as we have the second case to report, Harry Benjamin, our agent at Allegan, Michigan, being the victim. We all felt sorry for you, Harry, and hope you have entirely recovered.

Too-Too-Toot—Lenore Gillis had a birthday and one to be remembered, inasmuch as she was 22 on 5-22-22. We'll remember that "2," because just about then is when they stop having birthdays.

Most of our agents are busy Saturdays. However, there is one exception. Clarence Smith, agent at Berrien Springs, says: "Nothing doing on Saturdays in this town." Answer is—Advent college located there.

On Thursday evening, May 25, the girls of the office entertained with a dinner party at the Browning hotel in honor of Miss Corrinne Eckert, former stenographer and a bride of this month. Dainty cards marked the places of the 20 girls present. Corrinne certainly was surprised. She was presented with a beautiful corsage bouquet.

The boys were rather interested in the dinner party, too. They were delighted to see the girls dolled up in their "Sunday go-meetin" clothes. Gertrude Krynsen looked like the Queen of Sheba herself in her black georgette dress, and Blanche Warren, well, they all agreed she was "the puppy's bow-wow," garbed in her fur and lace combination.

On Saturday, May 27, Corrinne Eckert, former stenographer, and Herman (better known as "Dutch") Lund, visited a preacher down in Saugatuck and became Mr. and Mrs. Lund. Congratulations, Corrinne and Dutch, and may you live happily (not scrappily) ever after. Cigars and candy were good.

Mr. W. Van Korlaar, who has been with us for a number of years, has left us to go in the contracting business with his dad. We wish you good luck in your new undertaking, Van.

Now that the weather is fair and baseball is in full swing, our Polarine Quartet is no more. We certainly miss those strains of harmony and our noon hours seem incomplete.

They certainly play a rough game of baseball—Ask Pat Keating why he doesn't wear his checkered trousers any more. Al Terpening came in with one arm all scratched up and George Kearney came down with a nice new spring suit after he tried to slide three bases at once.

On May 31, Dad Winslow rounded out 44 years of service with the SOCO. Dad is firm in the belief that "a rolling stone gathers no moss." We hope it will be many more years, Dad.

HURON, S. D.

Below is a copy of a letter received from one of our agents:

"This good old farmer on 57044 came to my house to pay for his oil and it so upset my wife to have anyone looking for me to pay for any oil they had got, that she gave him the yellow copy as I always carry the white tickets with me."

Salesman C. J. Lang was snowbound in the Black Hills for three days, from May 11 to 13. The trains were unable to maintain their schedule and the snowfall was very heavy, especially for this time of the year.

The boys of the ball club surely appreciate the spirit and effort put forth by the girls in their candy sale for the benefit of the Standard Oil team. They were unable, however, to talk Mr. Miller out of his quarter.

The fishing season has started. We know because Frank Heinen, assistant chief clerk, came in with a long story of his big and countless (?) numbers. How about it, Frank? Did you think you could pull that old stuff on us? We're not from Missouri, but we would prefer being shown next time.

There was quite a commotion a few days ago when Johnnie Drew, wholesale clerk, called on our sales promoter, Ole Olson, and advised him to come out and get the new advertising sent from Chicago in the shape of coat hangers. We believe the spike that was presented to Ole was substantial and that it will outwear the ordinary coat hanger.

The Standard Oil Company baseball team heads the list in our city league. They have played three games and won every one. Some record, boys. Keep it up throughout the season.

During the downpour of rain Monday night the Matejka home was the scene of much merriment, when Mildred (assistant manager's steno.) entertained the office girls and former lady employes. Cards and contests were enjoyed, after which our hostess, assisted by her sister, served a delicious lunch. The prizes awarded for both high and low score were unique and next time we'll all work harder.

The wee small hours of Tuesday morning saw some little girls, in short dresses and with curled hair sneak into their respective homes. Upon closer investigation 'twas found that they were the SOCO girls, just coming home from Gen. Schaller's home where the best time ever was had. (What! And no picture!—Editor.) There were several tables of cards, with Mable Gamble winning high and Irish (no, she isn't Irish but Welsh) winning low. Those who didn't play cards were put to work on real contests, with Crystal Eva showing her ability. A three course luncheon was served by Gen Amanda Rusch and Midora Preston, hostesses. Everyone had such a good time that it was hard to break away. All were of the opinion though, if such a good time is had every time there is a meeting, that there is no doubt of the success of the club. We're ready to go to your house again, Gen, at any time.

Mr. F. H. Heinen, Stanolind Record correspondent: I presume you received my letter of March 10, in which I took a whole page, single spaced, to announce the rather simple news item that Mr. A. O. Borns, of S. S. 16, was the proud parent of a baby girl. Well, once more the stork, in his modern aeroplane, propelled of course by Red Crown and lubricated by Polarine, has alighted in our midst and this time he did bring a BOY. As a result our salesman, Mr. E. H. Schaefer, is strutting around prouder than four million dollars. This interesting event occurred yesterday, May 4 and Ted says the family is doing well. Not worriedly, this time, W. R. Fish, clerk, Watertown.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Listed among the new "arrivals" (other than the stork variety) to our SOCO family are: Cecil Butts, Crothersville agent; Asiel Carnine, Clayton agent; Ernest Boyer, Elizabethtown agent; Earl Pearcy, Martinsville agent; C. E. Zook, Cloverdale agent; A. J. Ketcham, m. t. driver, Bloomington; F. B. Collins, m. t. driver, New Castle; C. R. Sollars, m. t. driver, Muncie; R. F. Andrews, m. t. driver, Aurora; H. I. Clifton, m. t. driver, Crawfordsville; Pearl Miller, m. t. driver, Terre Haute; Walter M. Miller, spec. salesman; A. G. Holleman, gen. salesman; Clyde Culbertson, spec. salesman; O. M. Miller, gen. salesman; Hugh Grist, spec. salesman; Wm. D. Mudge, m. t. driver, Indianapolis; J. W. Boyer, m. t. driver, Indianapolis; Orville Miller, m. t. driver, Crawfordsville; James Harcourt, m. t. driver, Anderson.

The S. S. "end" added another handsome bunch in L. M. Sweeney, E. H. Peters, J. C. Peyton, H. L. Hurst, W. A. Knuth, H. C. Mullenix, Carl Koehler, H. O. Wise, W. L. Burch, R. W. Lent, L. E. Hall, Roy Clare, E. T. Bussell, F. L. Lawn, V. W. Potts, Raymond Rollison, and W. C. Love—all at Indianapolis pump handles; E. O. Carter, Martinsville; Ansel Ashley, Lebanon; Thos. McMillan, Bloomington, H. B. Hewitt and James Holmes at Anderson; Q. C. Schube, Connersville; R. W. Kuhn and R. F. Gardner at Terre Haute.

Among the "save the surface—save all" gang are two new faces in F. J. Spellman and C. W. Baker, expert white lead daubers.

It is the sincere desire that this fine array of talented "rookies" take kindlier to the STANOLIND RECORD than most of the "regulars," as the latter class just about completely ignore this gossip column for reasons best known to themselves, which is a darned poor "raisin," we thinks. (Do you mean they don't read it? If so, we'll discontinue it. We need the space.—Ed.)

The following transfers were made recently: R. E. Engelbert, S. S. 100 Richmond to general salesman; Thos. Plunkett, Elizabethtown agent to salesman; P. O. McKinney, garageman to m. t. driver, Indianapolis; F. Thomas, m. t. driver to S. S. attendant, Indianapolis; R. R. Fender, S. S. to m. t. driver, Indianapolis; Ross Toles, m. t. driver, New Castle, to agent at Rushville; J. H. Cardin, garageman, to S. S. 167, Indianapolis; E. C. Warren, m. t. driver, to agent at Crawfordsville; Chas. J. Black, S. S. 151, Connersville, to clerk at Muncie station; R. W. Allison, clerk at Muncie to station examiner; Chas. Ross, agent instructor to general salesman; J. T. Burns, agent at Shelbyville to agent instructor. Our veteran agent at Martinsville, G. N. Pratt, has been relieved of the heavy work of toting buckets to the lighter work as partner to S. W. Prall at S. S. 160, Martinsville. Frank Woods became so enthused over the line of paraffine sticks put out by the "house of a thousand candles" that it was decided to give him a sample case with nothing but candles in it before he started to eat this by-product. Roy Peterson takes up the fight left by I. E. Sullivan in the trade record department. Watch your step, Roy, Sully lost all of his teeth trying to "bite off reports." Hugh J. Nessel, our new ledgerman, passes muster as one of our fair sex critics was overheard making elaborate inquiries if H. J. was still entangled in single harness. Ralph Copeland is back on city ledgers after a long sick spell.

Our scrappy ten-column compo operator, Nelle Sage, has been slinging a choice line of invectives since, through a reporter's error, she was classed as an equestrienne, whereas the title really belonged to Irene McCurdy, eight-column compo tapper. It now developes that said Nelle still clings to her original girlish dream of a "Prince Charming driving a big red auto built for just two." Some of her desk neighbors advise that the passing of the years fails to blend Nelle's requisites on the "chauffer," as he must be so tall and so thick and so on.

At first glance, Salesman V. H. Moore was accused of writing about blackberries but it develops he was only referring to the old reliable Semdac and now he feels the time is ripe for him to go out and show his heels on Liquid Gloss sales to the farmer trade. For the simple reason that V. H. (Mose) says, "Come on, boys," is cause enough for alarm. For when you head off Mose, you go some.

For fear this joke doesn't get over, it might be well to explain that Roy Kean and Frank Peek are potentates in the checking department and the pun is submitted by a deep thinker, who also juggles tank cars of Perfection and Red Crown. "Accuracy in our checking? Sure, how could mistakes get by a Kean-Peek?"

Frank Judd, our latest acquisition to the S. S. department, was promenading through the dime & 5c store the other noon and was carried away by the sweet smile of a fair damsel. As is usual in the case he made a detour around several of the counters and on his return she was still smiling and Frank was about to make the hit of his young life when he discovered the vamp was only a dummy advertising the latest in 10c beads. Needless to add, Mrs. Judd did not get any beads out of Frank's indiscretion.

Mrs. Ruth Wolf threw a Ford Sedan party to several of the first floor girls, which was enjoyed immensely by those attending. The hit of the trip was the "back-seat driving" by Margaret Kelly.

Fred Peine caught a bass—so big. He was going to mount the head. He hung it on a fence in the back yard. A cat ate it, entirely erasing the evidence. Another fish yarn nailed to the dust.

Having tried to wish the itch on one of our "dist. soups," there was no inclination to overlook the other three "slickers," who just as persistently ignore the S. R. by sending in no news. Someone who knows them pretty well says, "Probably it is just as well, as their stuff wouldn't be worth printing, nohow."

Herbert Gates, our whopping big salesman at Brazil, raves at the fates, since his favorite waitress left the famous Oak restaurant for a position with a competitor across the street, and Herb doesn't know what to do, having eaten there so long.

L. W. (Zeek) Showalter is very desirous of installing a radio, but advises that all of the leading mail order houses are out of copper wire.

Forest Keelen proved he is something more than a salesman when a defective lock on his door at a Brazil, Indiana, hotel almost kept him from breakfast. He stood about five minutes of delay on his "ham and eggs" and then he went over through the transom. This will, no doubt, be a disappointment to Forest's many friends who always thought him "rough," for instead of smashing in the door he only turned "porch-climber."

In the excitement, no one remembers just who started it, although a good guess would involve Jim (Brute) Harvey and his daily noon occupation of winding copper wire around a rolled oats box—anyway the radio bug is biting about everyone around the Indianapolis office and his buglets is not draw-

ing the age line, either. Nearly all report some success with the elusive crystal, bothersome static, etc. "Galena shall not tune tonight, eh, Charley?" Our guess is that as soon as the fire insurance inspectors can get around to these embryo Marconis there will be a lot of secondhand junk on the market.

In putting out 100% service during the speedway races E. Rinard, S. S. 116, "cranked" through a 24-hour trick and then when he did get to the "hay," he dreamed all night that he was still working.

Clarence M. Bristow, circuit driver at Indianapolis, was fatally injured, May 29, when his truck was struck by the "Highlander," a limited car on the T. H. I. & E. line. The accident occurred on the High School road crossing at Ben Davis, Indiana. Every possible effort was made to revive the stricken man, but he succumbed in a few hours from internal injuries. Clarence Marion Bristow had been in the employ of the company for the past five years and only recently had been transferred from a city route to a circuit run. The deceased is survived by his widow and five small children, all having the deep and sincere sympathy of the entire Indianapolis force in their great loss.

BRAZIL, IND.

Suffrage doesn't make much of a hit with Frank Shepherd, except that he suffered during the last promaries, Mrs. Shepherd being on the election board and Frank admitting he is a fierce cook.

M. L. Beaman, circuit driver at Brazil, broke his truck the other day and instead of phoning for someone to pull him in he called up for a load of Red Crown, saying the truck could wait but his customers couldn't.

W. A. Kellum, stake truck driver at Brazil, is thinking of laying pipe lines to the different "B" stations around Brazil if they don't get stocked up soon. They certainly are keeping Bill in a stew. W. E. Best, circuit driver, is nursing a sore finger on his right hand, which he has wrapped up with about two yards of cloth. Every time W. E. shifts gears he gets the cloth tangled up with the levers and the "sermon" begins. Better take in sewing for a while, W. E.

Amos Beesom, decorator of forms 273, forces a fairy tale upon us; says he got his fill of fried chicken on a visit to the country over a week-end in early May. On account of lack of any substantial evidence, the jury's verdict follows: "Of course, someone has to see the first robin."

"One year ago today, I started working for the Company and I surely like the work fine, signed Cleve Rogers, agent Cloverdale, Indiana."

JOLIET, ILL.

There was quite a lot of excitement for the S. O. Co. employees at Elgin on the evening of May 11, when C. F. Kinkuski, salesman-agent at Elgin, gave a "wienie" roast at his summer cottage along the Fox river. There were 32 people present. Guests of honor from out of town were Mr. Campbell of the Joliet office and Mr. Wm. Lundstrom, traveling mechanic of Rockford. Everyone there had a great time. Can't you have another one, Kinkuski, and invite the Joliet bunch?

We understand that the above mentioned "wienie" roast gave Elgin's warehouse man, Fred Krumfuzz, courage enough to ask Miss Pearl Wolf a very serious question. Don't know yet what the answer was. Will let you know next time.

Joe Kline, motor tank wagon driver at Aurora, who has been off duty on account of illness, has returned to work.

Henry Curran, warehouse assistant at Aurora, has been transferred to service station attendant at No. 114.

The following attendants have been installed: R. Weidding, at Service Station 120, Princeton; C. M. Kain, at No. 116, Sandwich; A. J. Dorsly, at No. 124, Savanna; C. Munson, at No. 91, Sycamore; E. D. Bell, at No. 125, Fulton; R. R. Buckley, at No. 122, Harvard; F. Briggs, at No. 24, Kewanee; W. D. Smith, at No. 53, Geneseo,; J. M. Redmond, at No. 115, Morris; I. J. Pyka, at No. 121, Peru; C. E. Franks, at No. 123, Polo; and David Berglund, at Nos. 78 and 119, Joliet.

We have received the following from W. J. Mahar, attendant at Service Station 21, Mendota: "Very seldom Mendota has any news in the Stanolind Record but you can put me down for an eight-pound boy, born May 25, 1922." Congratulations, Mr. Mahar; when do you pass around the cigars and candy?

Mr. A. W. Watson has been appointed motor tank wagon driver at Aurora.

We have a new salesman at Rockford. His name is H. J. Hendricks.

The girls around the office always thought that Sallgren was one of these nice, quiet, bashful boys, but he is quite often observed at the local theatre with no less than two young and beautiful ladies. There, girls, no wonder he wouldn't look at us. But then, they might even be his sisters after all.

Mr. Robert Carrington has been giving some very instructive lubricating oil lectures in the Joliet field, Mr. Don Campbell assisting with stereopticon slides. The last meeting was held in the Joliet office on May 27, 1922.

At Sterling, Illinois, under date of April 18, Mr. O. I. Ellis, of the department of agronomy, University of Illinois, purchased gasoline at Service Station 55, where C. E. Tousley is relief attendant. He inquired the road through Prophetstown and Mr. Tousley took him into the station and showed him the map. While in the station he left his pocketbook. On arrival at Cambridge, Ill., he wrote back to Mr. Tousley, describing the lost purse and same was forwarded to him immediately. A nice letter of thanks was received from Mr. Ellis upon its receipt. In the last paragraph of his letter Mr. Ellis says: "Many thanks for your good service and trustworthy employees," which we believe is much better than a money reward and expresses that which the Standard Oil Company desires of their employees.

We regret that Mr. Wm. Freeman, station examiner, has left the employ of this company. Bill takes with him the very best wishes of all who knew him. We all miss Bill's permanent grin.

We fear a love-triangle on the first floor if Roy White persists in trying to date up one of our already attached young ladies.

Did everybody notice Herbie's new hair cut? He, too, was caught reclining in the arms of Morpheus. Amen.

Here's one on the agent at Morris, Ed Waters by name. He has had the "thrill that comes once in a lifetime." He ran out of gasoline about two miles from the nearest filling station, so calmly took a bucket out of the truck, walked the two miles, paid out some perfectly good U. S. money for five gallons of power fluid and returned to the truck, only to remember that the said truck was filled with only 150 gallons of Red Crown gasoline! That's too bad, Waters, but it happens in the best of families.

Listen folks—this is supposed to be a secret. We hear from good authority that Mr. P. D. Nease, Rockford agent, is about to take the fatal step. If Mr. Nease does not want this published, please communicate with the correspondent.

Mr. C. Jensen has been appointed agent at Elwood, Ill.

A guardian should be appointed for F. J. Niggerman, tankwagon driver at Streator, especially when attending them there carnivals. He spent most of his time, we are informed, around the Ferris Wheel wondering how they "roll their own."

The sympathy of the entire Joliet division is tendered to our tankwagon driver at Ottawa, Mr. George Warren, and his family, whose eight-year-old son, Gerald, died at the city hospital in Ottawa recently from lockjaw caused from stepping on a rusty nail while playing in the yard of his home.

The Wedding Bells are ringing so loud for the Standard Oil employees in the Joliet field that Mr. George Miller, agent at Ransom, heard 'em. Therefore, he called upon Pete Radigan, genial salesman, to run his station for him and took a sail on the sea of matrimony. The lucky (?) girl was Miss Hannah Gordon. Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Miller.

During a recent trip to the "Windy City," L. N. Fredeen, Kewanee service station attendant, had the occasion to make several trips on the Oak Park "L." Boarding a "downtown" train at Austin Ave., he fell asleep as they left Laramie. Suddenly he was awakened by the harsh voice of the conductor calling "Cicero," which sounded strangely familiar—seemed to be connected with a certain tall gentleman whose best friend was very short, but the true significance of the name was brought home to Fredeen when the train again passed through "Laramie." The victim meekly alighted at Austin Ave. and took the next train for the loop. When questioned on the subject, Fredeen said, ""Love IS Blind."—Also very exhausting.

Kewanee advises also that although their bowling team did not amount to so very much, they claim the championship with the "put and take." Bennett and Bob Waldecker make a good team and will accept any and all proposals for a championship match at any and all times. Bob holds high score of seven consecutive "take alls." For the benefit of those who are not personally acquainted with Mr. Bennett, we wish to say that he is none other than Andrew Peter Bennett, who made such a brilliant (?) speech on Std. Hd. Separator Oil at a recent salesmen's meeting.

Mr. E. Buswell has been appointed motor tankwagon driver at Kewanee, Ill., and is ready to show what a man from Osceola can do.

Mr. L. W. Golden, formerly night watchman, has been transferred to service station collector at Rockford.

D. Hutchinson is now lubrication station clerk at Rockford.

On May 2, forty-five members of the Joliet Rotary Club were guests of Mr. E. E. Morton, manager, and Mr. C. M. Monson, assistant manager, and made a tour over the Joilet division, visiting various points in the field.

There are two new men in the stock department, Mr. Harold Boland and W. Davies. They are taking the places of Mr. Lauer, who has accepted a position in Michigan, and Dave Sime, who has gone to Pittsburg.

Did you know that John Sontag has taken up a profession? Neither did we until we heard about George Ball and John going out into the country to sell the full line. They stopped at a farm house and John, carrying a salesman's sample case, started up the drive to see the farmer, but was surprised to hear the farmer call "Hey—stop, you're too late." "Too late, what do you mean," asked John and George in the same voice, with visions of being told the competitor had somehow gotten ahead of them. "Well," said the farmer, "that there horse died last night."

The Gold Dust Twins, namely, J. S. Connell and R. L. Prussing, were in the office the other day, looking so much alike in their ice cream suits that the only way we could tell them apart was the long and short of it.

We dir not know, until just the other day, that ROMANCE, spelled with Capital Letters, was budding right under our very noses. Budding, did we say? It really should be blossoming. Haven't you all noticed how he walks downtown with her every night, and did you see them at the party? Yes, and they've been seen together at lots of other places, too, rather unexpected, we believe. Getting away with murder, and all that sort of stuff. Carnations now, what'll it be next? It looks as though we're going to take up a collection for something other than carnations pretty soon. How about it, m'dears?

A new addition in the marketing department is Joe Kaiser. Joe, in the arms of Morpheus, certainly looked surprised when he woke up.

On stopping at a Chinese laundry downtown, Chuck was surprised to hear a familiar voice, but rather unfamiliar tongue issuing from within. Further investigation disclosed Bill Watson (otherwise William W.) talking Chinese like a blue-streak. What it was all about was not determined until Bill, reaching into his pocket, pulled out a coupon book and handed it over to the proprietor. Bill could sell coupon books to a telephone pole, if he tried hard enough, couldn't you, Bill? He can argue in every kind of a language there is.

Dan Otis spent a few days in Kankakee on business and reports all his friends at the asylum in good humor. We're glad to hear that, but surprised to learn that Dan came back to us instead of staying with them.

On the evening of May 27, the Joliet Get-together Club held their annual dance on the second floor of the office building. A four-piece orchestra furnished music throughout the evening. Refreshments were served on the first floor. Lil Olander seemed to be getting lots of attention from a dark-eyed stranger in a light suit. Just try and take him away for one dance and see what happens!

Did anyone notice how quiet Joe Yack seemed after her husband arrived on the scene? There was no competition. No one could get anywhere near him with the attention she was giving him. We really believe she likes him!

Ann Swenson had her little playmate with her. Now don't be mistaken. It was June Schiek, Aunt Anna's year-old niece, and she was being treated to several of her old aunt's dance steps.

Everyone was complimenting "Hughie" Boyle on his "Churchill" suit. He and Cavanaugh were inseparable. They were like Alphonse and Gaston in the funny paper.

Elsie Fritz is particular. She passes all our Joliets up and then steps right out with an out-of-town young man. His name, we are informed, is Eddie. Know him?

Harold Boland hasn't been with us long, but it didn't take him long to take his pick of our girls. They made a charming couple, didn't they?

We know it won't be long before Hilda Anderson

will be a bride, but she couldn't look any more like one than she did at our party. Compliments on your man and your flowers, Hilda.

After the party was over, Milt Pearson and Bobbie Antram held a meeting to decide just how soon another party should be held. Bob moved that one be held every week, which was seconded with glee by Miss Katherine Kane. We wonder why?

Did you notice Eleanor Rylander and William stepping it off at the party?

Louis wants to know how we liked his girl. He's thinking of marrying her.

Before the party, Gladys Gallagher announced she would wear her sky-blue-pink gown. Gladys, you sure are color blind Always thought it, but now we know.

Mr. W. C. Horning, formerly of South Bend, was installed as superintendent of equipment.

Miss Helen Rimke, formerly typist in the dictaphone department, has been transferred to the equipment department.

Miss Lydia Pasold is a new addition to the dictaphone department.

LA CROSSE, WIS.

La Crosse, Wis., had a show, from May 20 to 27, of goods manufactured and goods jobbed in La Crosse. The La Crosse division of the Standard Oil Company was complimented on its beautiful display of fancy candles. They were all there—Kalo-Chromes, Tudors, Cordovas, Jacobeans, Patriotics, Yule and Eastertides, Superiors, Nite Lites, Christmas and Superla Birthday Candles. Watch our sales of fancy candles from now on. The candles were displayed in Stavrum & Frazer's window on Main street.

Mr. S. A. Thorsness, city truck driver at Rochester, Minn., had the misfortune of breaking his right arm while cranking the Ford truck. We are glad to report that Mr. Thorsness is getting along nicely.

Mr. J. L. Carter, assistant general manager, Northern division, underwent an operation at St. Mary's hospital, Rochester, Minn. We are indeed glad to report that Mr. Carter is getting along very nicely. Assistant Manager J. E. Monegan was with Mr. Carter at the time of the operation.

Mr. G. E. Eayers has resigned his position with the Standard Oil Company, the vacancy being filled by J. A. Walker.

Mr. A. Zimmerman, warehouse man at Rochester, found it necessary to resign his position with this company on account of ill health. Mr. James A. Donalds is the new warehouse man.

We have just opened our new drive-in service station at Red Wing, Minn. Mr. Wm. Prinz, who was service station attendant at Rochester last summer, has been appointed service station attendant at this new station. When at Red Wing, stop in and see Bill.

Chas. Mason has taken employment at Marshfield station as country truck salesman.

New attendants at Service Station 356, Eau Claire, are Chas. Rudolph and Arthur Curry.

Arthur Perrenoud has taken employment as additional service station attendant at No. 109, Chippewa Falls, Wis.

Earl Heggen succeeds Elmer Johnson as teamster at Eau Claire station. Mr. Johnson becomes truck salesman for the east side of the city.

Dell Lynch has put on a second Ford truck to take care of the business at New Auburn station.

Mr. Frank Kronenberg, the agent at our new station at Allen, Wis., is taking care of the business with a Reo speed wagon.

Mr. W. C. Pearce, attendant at No. 320, Menomonie, Wis., takes the honors for having the neatest and cleanest service station in the entire Indiana field. It is worth going a long ways to see.

What's the matter, Art? Getting pretty hard, eh? Running into Fords with a bicycle. Can't you go by a Ford when it is standing still? Why cause all the commotion?

Miss Marion McMillan spent the week end camping at French Island. She says she had a *wonderful* time.

Blanche seems to meet him always on Fourth and Main—better come some other way, Blanche.

Frances Beranek has decided it doesn't pay to turn her head quite so fast—sometimes they don't turn back and you don't want to give all your money to a chiropractor!

MANKATO, MINN.

They came—they saw—they conquered. The inter-division kittenball game was played on the afternoon of May 6 before a huge crowd of enthusiastic rooters from both divisions. About the Minneapolis team we have little to say, but about that man Greb we cannot say too much. We have no way of telling if Minneapolis has a real *team* or not since the aforementioned Greb did not allow a single hit during the game. We respectfully suggest that any team from any division that aspires to high honors, first go to bat against Pitcher Greb —we take off our hats to him. For further details about the game see the Minneapolis section.

Ye correspondent, knowing full well what our editor is thinking of, pauses here to explain the lack of pictures. Man, it rained! Then it rained some more and the sky was overcast with dense clouds until darkness fell. To kodak was impossible, so we crave your pardon.

The Minneapolis delegation was met at the St. Peter service station by M. H. Chesbrough, manager, chairman of the reception committee, who piloted the crowd to Lewis Park where the game was called at five o'clock. No accidents marred the day but we are informed that one car consumed seven hours in making the trip. For further particulars see the Minneapolis section.

After the game the players were conducted to the Mankato Y. M. C. A. for showers and a swim through courtesy of C. R. Tyler, secretary of that institution.

At seven-thirty the doors of the banquet hall in the Masonic Temple were thrown open and 170 guests were served by the ladies of the Eastern Star. For more description of this feed see the Minneapolis section. We don't like to brag.

W. P. Scherer, president of the Mankato Red Crown Club, acted as toastmaster and introduced M. H. Chesbrough, manager, who welcomed the Minneapolis delegation to Mankato, likewise taking a few verbal cracks at Manager Cochran. Mr. Cochran responded to the address of welcome and in fitting words accepted our hospitality on behalf of the Minneapolis management. Mr. Scherer managed to squeeze a few words in now and then but finally gave Mr. J. H. Connoly, president of the Minneapolis Red Crown Club, an opportunity to speak, which he did with true eloquence and Websterian gesture.

Then came the dance. For the shaking minutes, see the Minneapolis portion of the news.

Ye correspondent regrets that it is so often nec-

essary to refer the diligent reader to the Minneapolis section but here is the true reason: Said correspondent played right shortstop during the game, is the president of the Red Crown Club (some job), president of the Mankato Amateur Athletic Association—responsible for the condition of the grounds, toastmaster at the banquet, and is married. Enough to do, don't you think? Please refer to the Minneapolis notes.

The Red Crown and Polarine advertising on the backstop at Lewis Park attracted much favorable attention.

The girls are all wild about the little third baseman for the Minneapolis team. He wasn't much in evidence at the dance.

That *beautiful* demonstrator of the latest steps was no other than Quackenbush, Minneapolis. Yes, girls, he was the boy in the gray suit.

We were threatened with instant death if we published the following so be prepared to publish an obituary in the next number of the Record. Manager Frank L. Cochran consumed NINE great big slices of rye bread besides considerable other provender and then looked around for an extra piece of PIE. Some manager!

"Muggsy McGraw" Brown, manager of the Mankato team, issued a statement saying that he is well satisfied with the showing of his proteges and says that they will lead the Mankato league.

The toastmaster sure pulled a boner when he asked Miss Mildred Sawyer to sing for the banquet and then forgot to call on her. A thousand and one apologies are here offered. When we go to Minneapolis we hope to have the ruffled feathers smoothed sufficiently so that Miss Sawyer will favor us.

There must have been some side attractions in our city, for some of the Minneapolis people were still looking us over Sunday forenoon.

That uproar of continual mirth at the south gate was caused by "Bob" Walton, of course. The life of the party was he.

Speculation is rife as to where four gentlemen went after the sixth dance. Assistant Manager J. P. Beaton, F. C. Brown, J. J. Meyer, and C. J. Humm, disappeared during the evening and were subjected to very suspicious looks from their respective wives during the balance of the evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Bullard are the champion long distance dancers from Minneapolis. They were still on deck and going strong when the old familiar tune was played. They had a little the best of J. H. Connoly, the president of the Red Crown Club and his estimable wife, for although they were still on deck, they were a trifle more subdued.

Mrs. Noyes discovered that a Mankato Red Crown Club dance is no place to go with a pair of new shoes. Come again, people, and we will give you plenty of opportunity to wear out your shoes.

The diminutive catcher for Mankato certainly elicited much admiration from the Minneapolis players and rooters. Hendricks may be small but he sure picks them off.

Mankato people were well aware that the Standard Oil Company had a big affair at Lewis Park. The visitors were escorted through the entire business section of the city before going to the grounds while a continuous uproar of horns and klaxons apprised the population. Red Crown signs were much in evidence on the streets and most of the fair ones were gaily bedecked with Red Crown pennants and company colors.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

The Milwaukee division enjoyed a visit from Mr. C. F. Hatmaker, assistant manager, Chicago during the week of May 22.

Mr. Wm. C. Kolberg, former agent at Juneau, has been promoted to the position of salesman, taking over the territory of Geo. Liebl, resigned. You now have a larger territory, Mr. Kolberg, but we know that it will not be long before you will have this covered the same as you did your circuit at Juneau.

Jack Roache now carries a broad smile as he is back in his old camping ground at Madison, being transferred from the agency at Janesville, to salesman in the city of Madison.

We are glad to welcome back to the Standard Oil family Leslie W. Apfel, who resigned in December, after having been with the company about 3 years. Mr. Apfel replaces Mr. Roache as agent at Janesville.

The following new agents have joined the Standard Oil Company's service within the last 30 days: C. W. Lind, Amhrest; John J. Walsh, Cazenovia; L. S. Wise, Juneau; C. P. Davis, Poynette; F. Luckensmeier, Reedsburg; A. A. Fritchen, Union Grove. We are mighty glad to welcome you and after you have been in the new work a while, we hope to hear from you with news items for our Record.

During the month of May, we have missed our assistant manager, Mr. Prather, who has been under quarantine with scarlet fever. We understand he is to be back with us the first part of June and we are very glad that he and his family came out of the siege so successfully. Although he has been away from us for some time, we understand that his time was not entirely lost, as he now has one of the finest gardens on the west side.

A short time ago Mr. I. H. Shaver was promoted to district superintendent in the Madison division, succeeding Mr. Dougherty, but he evidently has been so busy since he took over this position that we have not seen him in the Milwaukee office hardly long enough to get acquainted.

Mr. Dougherty was transferred to position of district superintendent in the city of Milwaukee; Mr. H. C. Ouellette to position of specialty sales promoter throughout the field.

We overheard Mr. Lane remark to Mr. Kotz that the reason he didn't carry cigars, is that the girls always break them. Is that so, George?

So glad that Al Hartman is with us again, after his long spell of sickness. Thanks to the physician who advised an extra week of quiet in the sun, near a fish pond, you look natural as ever.

The second annual safe drivers' school held under the auspices of the Milwaukee Association of Commerce, has just come to a close. Considerable interest was manifasted in this move: The tank department, warehouse, garage, Auer avenue and West Allis men signing up for 100% attendance. Among those of the main office receiving the certificate of attendance were A. L. Hattstaedt, George Gruettner and Bob Kerr.

Report received in our iron barrel department on barrels out over two years: "Wm. Collins, 382 Cherry street, No. 167542. Head cut off—used as garbage can." We ask—which, Kraemer, the barrel or the man?

Our office was favored with a visit from one of our Des Moines co-workers, Mr. Irwin Eberhardt, general clerk. Mr. Eberhardt came up to Mil-

waukee to take part in the World's Open Bowling Tournament, held in Smith's Arcade, and just dropped in to see the office and his old Dubuque friends, who were recently transferred here.

Myrtle, anaesthetics are bad things. Has anything else made you cry lately? Just the same, we all feel glad with you that "IT'S ALL OVER NOW."

RED CROWNS 11—POLARINES 6

In a game which was hotly contested up to the 8th inning, the Red Crowns took the Polarine team into camp. Casey starred for the victors in fielding and hitting. Collins pitching for the Red Crowns had 14 strike-outs to his credit. Nicks, formerly of Dubuque, was on the receiving end and made a good job of holding Collins' benders. Bader played stellar ball for the Polarines and led his team in hitting. Schroeder, who was doing the throwing for the Polarines, struck out eleven men. Both the Red Crowns and Polarines are made up entirely of players in Milwaukee office. The next game will be between the Red Crowns and the Perfections. The Perfection team represents the employes in the warehouse, tank department and garage. It has been rumored that the umpires, Lampman and Anderson, lost money on the Polarines.

Mr. J. E. Elkert, formerly district superintendent at Milwaukee, now assistant manager at Des Moines, favored us with a visit May 29, and as usual, carried his 100% pep.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Mankato's acceptance of the challenge of our major league Kittenball team resulted in a score of 10 to 3 in favor of Minneapolis, the fighting division. Before we proceed further, dear reader, be it understood that Mankato was the scene of the crime. The feature of the game was the Minneapolis team, and we blushingly admit we're good. Although the trimming administered on the field of battle might make us appear as ungrateful guests, yet it had to be done. We all know what Sherman said about war, and the Mankato pitcher certainly got what Sherman said war was.

After the massacre, a banquet was served in the Masonic temple,plates being laid for approximately two hindred, both divisions being equally represented. Our Mankato friends have better appetites than we have and overwhelmingly defeated us at the table.

Mr. Scherer, president of the Mankato Red Crown Social Club, ably performed as toastmaster, and delivered his speech of welcome in true W. J. B. fashion. Mr. M. H. Chesbrough became well acquainted with the Minneapolis delegation and we voted him a "regular fellow." Mr. Chesbrough and Mr. Cochran are the type of men who get and hold the good will of the employes. Mr. Chesbrough complimented us on our wonderful team and practically admitted that he would bet real money Minneapolis can defeat any division. Mr. F. L Cochran was the next speaker and he came through in his usual creditable manner, taking occasion to pay tribute to the old Mankato residents who founded such a regular town. F. L.'s talk, like Mr. Chesbrough's, was loudly applauded. "Jim" Connolly, president of the Minneapolis Red Crown Social Club, wound up the speaking program with an eloquent address of appreciation and invited Mankato to Minneapolis in order that we may return all that was done for us.

Next came the grand ball and it was grand in every sense of the word. The ceiling was decorated with colored balloons and the floor with business getters of two live divisions. The music was superb.

While Mankato took the count on the diamond they are real champions in the art of social entertainment, and the Minneapolis division goes on record with a tribute to the hospitality and good fellowship of the Mankato employes. We are working on the details for the entertainment of Mankato in Minneapolis, and in conclusion we want to proclaim to the Indiana Division that MANKATO IS THERE—that's all.

NOTES OF THE TRIP

Asa McCluskey refused to go unless we permitted him to pick his traveling companions. You used pretty good judgment at that, Mac.

Miss Paddleford was in a rather destructive mood, breaking bread with Mr. Armstrong at Mankato and a date with Mr. ? at Minneapolis.

Mr. Vincent stopped at Belle Plaine for a glass of milk. The waitress tripped on a rubber rug and half the milk went down Mr. Vincent's back. J. C. paid for only one drink and we don't blame him.

While Paul Anderson would not talk for publication he confided to one of the reporters that he was glad he made the trip.

John Hentschell had a lot of good luck on the trip. About three punctures and two blowouts was his record.

Eckman was the official photographer, but the rain and dark day prevented him from getting the players in action.

Miss Gleason and Miss Larson insist that there are some fine looking men in Mankato. By the way, Mankato, what do you think of our girls?

Heald, Gilkerson and Brown are new names on our sales force.

Harold Quackenbush is now superintendent of service stations, Paul Dickey is assistant tank wagon superintendent, and Mr. Wolfgang is superintendent of equipment.

Mr. R. G. Stewart and Mr. N. H. Reed spent almost a week with us recently. Both Mr. Stewart and Mr. Reed addressed the sales force. Mr. Stewart gave us new ideas and ways of doing things and the next time he comes to Minneapolis he will see the result.

Mr. Norman R. Grimshaw, assistant general manager, eastern division, was with us for a day. Come again, Mr. Grimshaw.

The Stanolind Record boxes are up and starting next month the Minneapolis division is going into the magazine with both feet. We're going to send you action pictures, Mr. Editor, and show you that we have the speed.

Mr. C. P. Fortner, salesman, was operated on recently and at this writing is recovering swiftly.

On account of precautionary measures taken by Mr. Iverson early this spring, our lawn looks beautiful at this time. This would seem to discredit the statement of Miss Lane that it all blew into the filing department.

Miss Olson went for a spin in Nick's new coupe. Well.

District Superintendents Freyberg, Damkroger, Hunt, Keith and Conners have formed a quintette and are singing the latest Standard Oil ballad entitled "IT CAN BE DONE." And say, boy, you oughta hear the chorus.

Eckman is the radiographer for the division. Built the outfit himself.

PEORIA, ILL.

Saturday evening, May 20, witnessed the last dance of the SOCO Club "season." The spacious Knights of Columbus assembly room was again selected for the festivities, and on that wonderful floor the merrymakers, while fewer in numbers than heretofore, enjoyed themselves to the utmost. The falling off in attendance was, no doubt, due to the summer temperature which prevailed. The absentees, however, are still lamenting their short-sightedness. The music, always good, was particularly entrancing, the decorations left nothing to be desired, and the refreshments—m-m-m! Nothing was left there either, in a mighty short space of time. (Did anyone explain?) The card tables as usual held their quota of devotees, the prizes proving exceptionally attractive. Much credit is due Mrs. J. Alice Munea and her indefatgiable committee for the success of the evening.

Ask Zillah how she enjoyed the "honeymoon" trip to Chillicothe.

W. R. Battin has acquired a dog. Said canine is a present from Lynn Taylor, the grizzled overseas vet of the sales department. We asked Bill the other day regarding the pup's lineage, etc. He tilted his head, expert like, stuck hands in pockets, and elucidated thusly: "Well, I believe he's part fox terrier and part bull, but, at any rate, he's all hound."

Don Suttee, Peoria stake truck driver, and right fielder on the Red Crowns, is attracting so much attention by his playing that his fellow-workers are planning on presenting him with a leather apron, leak-proof, thus making his performance both easier and more spectacular.

Springfield reports a rumor that Construction Foreman Hunt is to enter the sales department. Seems a recent trip in the Mason county desert with Salesman Hinds convinced Hunt that a life spent driving a Ford in low looking for orders would be one of luxurious ease.

Daily at noon Bill Phillips calls blushingly at the Peoria office gate and inquires for Hannah Ahrends. Watch thy step, Anthony.

Mourning pervades the ranks of those salesmen and station examiners who in their travels have chanced to visit Bushnell. Maxine Johnson, queen of the Box Car Lunch Room, has left 'em cold and entered matrimony.

On Sunday, May 14, at Detroit, Mich., occurred the marriage of E. R. Broadbent, lubricating engineer for the Peoria division, and Mrs. Frances Van Sickle. After a short trip the honeymooners returned to Peoria, and are already established in a cozy nest at 131 Barker Avenue. Congratulations, Broad, old topper. Long life, good health and prosperity to you both.

"Shorty" Johnson, Peoria warehouse superintendent, rises with his usual maidenly reserve to announce a challenge to the entire Indiana company at the pastime of painting barrels. Backed by real cash, too. Tom says he gets tired of reading about these "hams" in the Record, and is out to show them up.

That overseas photograph which Taylor submitted for the Record was regretfully declined. Lynn, how could you?

We welcome to our ranks Salesman Paul T. Webb, formerly of the La Salle Extension University field force. Good luck, to you, Brother Webb, and may your flivver ne'er balk on a rainy day.

Clerk Wilson, of the Springfield office, entertains us regularly with the snappy "line" he forwards for the Record. Great stuff, John. Let's have more of it.

The company painters have Ashland station all so slicked up that Agent Hinds wants to sleep in the pumphouse. Can hardly be persuaded to go home for his meals.

Peoria office girls have developed a sudden penchant for weiner roasts. On both May 8 and 22, in the cool of the evening, a noisy flock of our sprightly young ladies invaded Reservoir Heights in search of the festive "hot dog." (We found a dead one out there once, but we didn't tell 'em. Sort of thought it might dampen their ardor). They reported a splendid time on each occasion, full of hair breadth encounters with such bloodthirsty monsters as caterpillars, grasshoppers, etc. The "adventurers" included: Mr. Munea, Zillah Prichard, Bernice Moran, Marguerite Hanson, Marguerite Hopkins, Catherine Adams, Kathryn Lyons, Jane Higgins, Ethel Wertz, Anna Praeger Christine Vehyl, Wanda Powers, Alice Fitzpatrick, Verna Kennedy, Hannah Ahrends, Bertha Rimmey, Dorothy McKee and Mrs. Edna Pettit. On one occasion Mr. Munea and Mr. Pettit, and on the other, Salesman J. V. Serkowich accompanied the party, making themselves generally useful, building fires, chasing venturesome bugs, etc. (Pretty soft! Imagine Bill Munea and Serk turned loose in that bunch.)

Mr. Phillips and McCready drove to Springfield on May 24 for a two day stay. Our genial assistant manager opined as how he didn't propose to have his clothes spoiled by Illinois dust, and before starting invested in a linen duster. Half an hour out of Peoria the heavens opened, and remained open almost continuously until the return of the tourists, two days later. They found a use for the duster though, according to Mr. Phillips. He says McCready's missis, when packing his bag, left out his nightie. So Bert wrapped his noble form in that duster, and wooed Morpheus with his customary sang froid.

The Southern district claims the champion dancer in Driver H. J. Sieling of Petersburg. He never misses a shindig within fifty miles of that point, and is always chaperoned by friend wife. Agent Lemmel of the same station is the best fat man dancer in the division.

Peoria truck drivers knocked the natives for a row of bird houses the other day when they all appeared on the job adorned with their new caps. The headpieces are works of art, without a doubt. After seeing Suttee with his cocked over his starboard ear we look for the girls to start a parade when he heads down Adams street.

No reflection on Salesman Bienneman, but during this specialty campaign he sure has conducted himself as if he needed a hat mighty bad.

George Mishey, attendant at S. S. 143, Galesburg, and pitcher deluxe for the Red Crowns, surely got a hot reception when he hopped into the game at Mackinaw on May 27 after his gallant dash from Peoria. Tough luck, Mish, old man. Better luck next time. We'll tell the world you've got the stuff.

The Peoria division baseball team, sponsored by Mr. Phillips, and officially dubbed the Red Crowns, is embarked on what bids fair to be a successful season. Decked out in new uniforms of gray with navy trimmings, the squad makes a very business-like appearance, and so far has justified the faith of its supporters by winning three out of four games

Some tough contests are ahead, but with their heads up and a world of the old "pep," the boys can be depended upon to pull them to the credit side of the scorebook if it's humanly possible. Results to date are:

May 6—Red Crowns 12; Altorfer Bros 5.
May 13th—Red Crowns 10; Office "Outlaws" 2.
May 20th—Red Crowns 15; Spalding Institute 11.
May 27th—Red Crowns 5; Mackinaw 8.
(Played at Mackinaw)

After a thorough sifting of the batch of candidates, the lineup has been about definitely decided upon as follows: Manager McCready, l. b ; Captain Barnes, 2 b. or c. f., Buck, 2 b.; Seitz, s. s. Eberle, 3 b.; Rose, Stevenson and Suttee, outfielders; Cole and Heimeschoff, c.; Mishey, Eberle and Johnston, p. Infielder Eberle, when required, can turn in a neat job of twirling. He demonstrated this knack at Mackinaw on May 27, entering the box in the emergency caused by Mishey's non-arrival and stopping the villagers short during the seven innings he worked.

We read in the Record of the great preparations Joliet is making for the baseblall season. Wonder if that includes a clash with Peoria?

"Swede" Peterson, after his tryout for the baseball team, became so enthusiastic over the national pastime that the other night, going home from work, he stole a rubber ball off a four-year-old kid to practice with.

Agent Cole, of Williamsfield, in addition to being a hustler of the first water when it comes to putting out the full line, looks mighty sweet behind the bat for the Red Crowns. The boy's a regular Ray Schalk, and oh!—how the ladies like him!

After missing the Adams street car the other evening, Jane Higgins and Mr. Ryon walked to Main street. We understand Jane had a very enjoyable time.

QUINCY, ILL.

"Sammy" B. Gaines, warehouse clerk and ex-sergeant in the U. S. Army, has been presented with the French Medaille d'Honneurdes Epidemies (Medal of Honor) by the Minister of War of the republic of France. The medal was conferred on Mr. Gaines by Col. A. M. Shipp of the Reserve Officers' Corps on behalf of the French Government in appreciation for meritorious service rendered in France during the influenza epidemic of 1917, 1918 and 1919. Congratulations, Sammy.

J. W. Snider, agent at Kirksville, Mo., announces the arrival of a new son.

Agent P. Wade Jenkins, Mendon, Ill., is a real "honest-to-goodness" TRACTOR HOUND. Recently he followed the tracks of a Fordson tractor until he located it in a field about six miles from Mendon, and sold the owner all the supplies he needed.

Ray Ballard, Plymouth, Ill., ageut, is enjoying "The Days of Real Sport" according to the following item which was recently printed in a Plymouth newspaper: "On Friday, Ray Ballard, driver of the Standard Oil tank-wagon, got into a mudhole at the H. O. Whipple farm, near Plymouth, and had a hard time getting out. He had six big horses hitched to the tank-wagon and was laughing at trouble when one side of the wagon suddenly dropped into a deep hole and the six horses were as useless as so many rats. By getting a lifting jack, such as is used by house-movers, and then planking the mudhole, the load was rescued."

Our new bulk station at Jacksonville, Mo., under District Superintendent W. C. McAdams' supervision, has been added to Salesman J. L. Myers' territory and the agent in charge is Mr. H. N. Vanskike.

THIRTY-SIX hours of steady work making deliveries of refined oil and gasoline without rest except at meal time, is a record held by Mr. M. F. Power, agent at Canton, Missouri. He left his station with a load of Perfection and Red Crown at 4:00 A. M. Tuesday, May 9, and continued steadily with deliveries throughout the day and night, calling a halt at 2 o'clock the morning of the 10th, to make out his reports (two hours being required for this), and at 4 A. M. began a new day. One can hardly surpass the record, we argue.

William O. Snart now has charge of our agency at La Plata, Mo., succeeding A. O. McKinney.

From head station examiner to agent-salesman was the step taken on May 16 by Mr. Walter M. Cook.

S. R. Rodgers, formerly agent at Plymouth, Ill., is now assisting Mr. C. W. Sharp in handling construction work.

New members having joined the Standard Oil ranks in May are as follows: Ralph Taylor, M. T. driver at Hannibal, Mo.; L. B. Aten, M. T. wagon driver at Augusta, Ill.; Fred Becker, relief attendant at Quincy service stations; C. A. Brown, M. T. driver at Quincy, and H. H. McConnell, relief S. S attendant at Quincy.

A meeting of S. S. attendants and M. T. drivers was held in the Quincy office, Thursday evening, May 25, preceded by a delicious "spread."

W. M. Snider, attendant at S. S. 181, Quincy, enjoyed the meeting very much, so he stated, and hopes that a similar one will be held in the near future, providing, of course, the supper is not omitted. It takes a lot of substantial food to fill Bill's lanky frame.

Rumor has it that Mr. E. O. Bailey, warehouseman at Hannibal, is the owner of a five-months-old combination bulldog and hound, that is making things interesting for prowlers in his neighborhood. Bailey admits the dog is not much for "looks" but is sure there at meal times

Under date of May 13 an enthusiastic meeting of salesmen was held in Quincy with Mr. W. A. Howell, agent-salesman at Moberly, presiding as chairman. Interesting talks were given by the following salesmen: Mr. R. R. Hedrick, Mr. L. G. Bramblet, Mr. J. G. Briggs, Mr. N. L. Dunsworth, Mr. R. L. Wilson and Mr. G. J. Smith.

Mr. E. H. Roberts, auto dealer at Lancaster, Mo., has a Polarine watch fob which was given to him many years ago by W. O. Phillips, a SOCO salesman at Keokuk, Iowa. Mr. Roberts has worn the fob ever since it came into his possession and it is still in fine shape. This gentleman is a full line SOCO customer and has never purchased any other oil or gasoline since he has been in business.

We are glad to see John Williams' smiling face on the motor truck again, John having recently recovered from being incapacitated with a fractured wrist.

Oscar Vandenboom, mechanic, suffered a bruised hand while working on a motor vehicle recently. We trust that same will not prove serious.

SAGINAW, MICH.

The Standard Oil Co. baseball team of the Saginaw main office has been reorganized for the 1922 season, and has joined the Commercial League,

where we expect to give a good account of ourselves. The following members compose the team: L. E. Younkman, Chas. McKinney, F. Lawrence, W. G. Oliver, C. A. Young, R. A. Lilly, R. W. Kern, E. W. Richards, H. M. Lang, E. F. Symons, F. Johnson, E. R. Soop. The first game resulted in a victory over the Consumers Power Company by a score of 18 to 5. A good start, we'll say.

W. C. Downing, our agent at Gagetown, is all smiles these days. The reason is the arrival on April 11, of a seven-pound baby girl, who has been named Catherine Genevieve.

Andy Goodell, our Caro "B" station agent, deserves special mention when it comes to making deliveries to his customers on schedule. Andy has one delivery that he makes not earlier than 3:00 o'clock each afternoon. Inquiry develops that the baby sleeps uutil that hour of the day.

We regret to report the death on May 24 of "Del" Sheppard, our agent at Pinconning. He will not only be missed by his family, but also by the agents of the Northern division, among whom he made many friends at the "B" station agents' meetings.

Stewart Reid, cashier at the Saginaw plant, recently underwent an operation for the removal of his tonsils. We wonder if that's what has kept Stewart's hair from growing. If it was, and the operation was a success, we suggest the same dose for Carl and Sharon.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA

A day or a minute, a year or a moon, now what do you mean, when you say, "I'll pay soon"? This is what E. B. Van Ordstrand has been endeavoring to find out on his recent trip through northern Iowa and Dakota. Van says he didn't get his pockets full but that prospects are looking good.

Frank Heinen, assistant chief clerk of Huron, recently spent a day with us. He and our assistant chief clerk, Austin Peterson, were co-workers at Minneapolis and managed to get a little gossip in between business. Come again, Mr. Heinen.

Ed Elster, head of the stock department, is spending a couple of weeks out of Sioux Falls on the farm, milkin', fishin' and—thinkin' he's just a boy again!

Listen, girls. District Superintendent Farrell has a Hope Chest, an honest-to-goodness Hope Chest, plumb full, hand-embroidered luncheon sets, buffet sets, 'n everything—make youah eyes pop right out o' youah haid, and he won it at the bazaar given by the young ladies of Morningside, all for fifty cents, Some people, it seems, are really lucky, while—. Oh no, he isn't married.

Walter Goebel is spending a couple of weeks in Illinois with his mother and incidentally enjoying a much needed rest.

Dell Perry, our veteran truck driver's little three-year-old grandson, Mickey McCuddeon, met with a fatal accident when he ran in front of the Crescent Park street car and was instantly killed. He was a mighty fine little fellow and our sincere sympathy is extended. Mrs. McCuddeon was formerly Vera Perry of the office.

The girls have organized a ball team to be known as the "Semdac Mops." You can't beat 'em. (Pictures!—Editor.) The Polarines Heavy (warehouse boys) better practice up a bit if they expect to hit it off with the Semdac Mops when the said Mops challenge them to a series of games, because they surely will be wiped right out of existence with Beulah Erickson at the bat; Florence Evans, first base; Marion Jones, second; Doris Beaubien and Helen Cain in the field.

Have you noticed the added dignity of Salesman Mathaidess? An eight-pound boy born May 19. Paul says he's a dandy! and we say he's all right if he's like his "Pop."

Geo. Waddell's beaming countenance has been greatly missed around the office, and will now be found at S. S. 43.

The O. N. O. Club met with Mildred Page on Friday last, and from all appearances had some time. For further information ask Edna Morrison, Marie Tinder, Iona DeCamp or Evelyn Peterson, who constitute the said Old Nutty Ones.

Can you imagine Mabel Kelley with her hair in the "good old fashioned way," and the rest of us wearin' the bob? Kathryn Barnabel says, "Of course, if it's the style," and—they're bobbin' it, Mabel, they're bobbin' it.

Ira J. Steele, first and original agent at Lake Andes, tells us the fishing season opens May 30, and that Lake Andes is the only place for bass. Considering the great anount of water surrounding he has delivered 81 pails of Mica, just about a ton. Keep the good work up, Ira.

The new service station at Winner, S. D., is just about completed, and one which this division can be and is justly proud of.

Later.—The boys from the office, not wishing to be outdone by the warehouse bunch (and not exactly relishing their growing popularity with the Semdac Mops) have likewise organized and will be known as the Red Crown Boosters. The first game is to be played June 10, and considerable enthusiasm prevails. The office force boasts some genuine professionals and yet we all know what our Warehousers can do, they having played the Milwaukee Shops with a score of 19 to 1 in favor of the Shops. What'll they ever do with that one score?

The first outing of the season, the picnic at Stone Park, was a dandy. Business was suspended at 4 and everyone turned out, some in the truck, others in cars, but all in high good humor. Eats were plentiful— Edna Morrison and Nels Bertelson saw to that. Games and stunts of every nature followed, the downhill roll by Alice Kendall bringing out a good laugh. Songs in the moonlight—"A Long, Long Trail A Winding," and "When You and I Were Young, Maggie," by Ernie Compton, our warehouse foreman, were rendered in a splendid manner (he knew the words and there was plenty of air). Selections by Buelah Erickson and Eleanor Grouhousky proved beyond a doubt that they had the Skaduziks well in hand, and the Standard yell by some of the girls is worthy of mention. Ice cream cones were handed out by Lulu O'Keefe and Jeanette Harrington in the meekest possible manner (so sed Mr. Dyer with his mouthful of onions). Everyone had a good time, Doris Beabien and Virgil Link enjoying themselves so thoroughly that they forgot all about the truck, and the mail boys, we understand, forgot it, too. Stranger things have happened. Al Fehrman reported the loss of a gold cuff link, which later was found in Leonard's car. How come, Al? It was a happy occasion, just one of those kind of times when everyone in trying to make a good time for himself, made lots of fun for the other fellows.

SOUTH BEND, IND.

Bob Kinneman, general salesman, and Harry Kees, Marion agent, waged a specialty campaign, the loser to stake winner to a feed. The campaign ended so close that they had to flip a coin to see who won. Bob paid for the eats, and Harry sure did eat, but you couldn't blame him as he lost about 25 pounds during the contest.

F. L. Blake, general salesman, who has been confined to his home for about two months on account of sickness, is again out and able to be on the job. Frank, here is hoping you will be able to stay on the job and enjoy the best of health.

E. N. Franklin, S. S. attendant at Portland, is wondering why Van Schrom and J. J. Miller were in such a great rush to leave Portland on the evening of May 9. What's up, boys? Come across.

If any one has a doubt about Portland, Indiana, being the home of some very good looking girls, our good natured S. S. attendant, E. N. Franklin, would respectfully refer them to B. C. Harris, S. S. salesman who is a very good judge and has evidently checked up carefully. How about it, Blanchard; were you selling yourself or Red Crown?

H. A. Risley, agent instructor, informs us that Sub-Station Examiner C. J. Thursby sings a beautiful ditty entitled "The Wabash Blues." By the way, Clarence, the next time you are in the office don't fail to give us a treat.

We wonder if Dist. Supt. John Miller has lost his dog. Two men drove into S. S. 669, South Bend, a few days ago and were waited upon in the usual way. While Pat O'Reilly filled the tank with Red Crown, Cal. Boyer investigated the water in the radiator and Chris Heatherson in an obliging tone asked: "How's the Polarine?" The driver, reaching out and patting the head of a dog on the running board answered, "Oh! He's all right."

J. E. Mylet, S. S. atendant at Marion, says he just can't understand why it is that some women prefer men who belong to the Elks. John informs us the other day he heard a woman say very emphatically that she just loved Elks. Why not ask Ray Wilson; perhaps he can enlighten us.

Dave Campbell, general salesman, reports that Wm. Blee, agent at Decatur, Ind., was on his way to a Bluffton meeting recently and was caught in a wind storm and blown off the road. Dave says outside of getting a good ducking and being late for the meeting, Bill was all right.

W. F. Henry, truck driver at Marion, informs us that V. R. Monroe (Pat), service station collector, is seen taking daily walking exercise with a good natured smile playing all over his face. Pat says his health has improved wonderfully since the company took his fliver away.

Devon Olinger is one of our faithful employees in the South Bend warehouse. He is also some baseball enthusiast. When South Bend started an industrial league it was his idea to have the Standard Oil Company represented in it. Whereupon he immediately proceeded to organize a strong team to represent this company. From time to time we will give you the news about the wonderful batting average of some individual on the team, or star play. While we are on this subject, we might mention that Mr. Olinger is our star pitcher, he having a little out-drop that fools the best of them.

Mr. Jim Starz is a newcomer in the accounting department, holding down a clerical position, but he also holds down a first base position with the S. O. Co. ball team. He is a tall fellow, and handles himself in about the same manner as Mr. Sisler. (Noted first-baseman.)

Walter Fretz spent Memorial Day in his home town near LaFayette. He used to make regular trips to the old home town, but it is my understanding that the South Bend girls have finally won over his affections, and consequently it is not necessary for Walter to make so many trips home.

Johnny Harringer was up to bat the other day in the game against the Meyer's Hardware Co. team, and someone made a passing remark: "Get a hit, Johnny, and surprise them." Johnny is looking for that guy!

Mr. Hippensteel is purchasing agent for the Standard Oil Co. ball team. While downtown during the lunch hour, he purchased a new catcher's glove. During the game with the "Base Specials" I noticed that no one used this glove. If it is a bum glove, Hipp, take it back.

Mr. J. M. Hatch, sales manager, is going to Wabash, Ind., June 8, for the purpose of taking a ride in the new Service Motor Company's gasoline railway car. If the car has no diner, he'll be in hard luck, but he may get along all right as Mr. J. J. Marcus won't be with him. At any rate, Jack, they have a lot of those "Restaurauntes" at Wabash.

Harold Hensel, formerly employed in the South Bend office, is now with us again, assuming the duties of Mr. Potts in the machine shop. I have also been advised that our fair Harold is expecting to make a life long contract on June 6 with one of our former employees, Miss Clara Turczynski.

Mr. Baumgartner, station examiner, seems to be a heavy hitter on the ball team. In Saturday's game he secured a three base hit and the ball went so far that it entered the creek which runs through Studebaker Park. The fielder got his feet wet when recovering the ball.

Q. A. Jones, former tank wagon instructor in W. E. McGriff's district, has been appointed salesman in Supt. R. E. McLellan's field, succeeding Mr. R. A. Fry, who has been appointed agent at Auburn. Harley East, former Auburn agent is now a construction man.

We have been advised by our salesman, C. R. Jontz, that during the recent rains in Indiana, it was necessary to secure boats for the tourists traveling along the commonly known dusty Dixie Highway in order that they might get through Warsaw. This didn't bother Chet, for he's a well known fisherman.

'Twas on May 16 when a number of S. O. Co. girls (no men allowed) in company with a flock of dogs and gang of buns, pickles n' everything, went out to Pottawattomie Park. The coffee was steaming hot and the dogs done to a turn when raindrops started splashing about, but everything was moved into the Shelter House, and the supper and good time went on. After supper an exhibition of fancy dancing was given by Miss Gertrude Nyberg, Hazel Hultgren and Ellen Forslund. Stella said she enjoyed herself most when she came home on the street car. Oh! without a doubt she is some "vamp."

L. D. Tom, speedy assistant traffic clerk, was seen sharpening two lead pencils the other day Must be a change in tariffs. How about it L. D.?

We have several new girls in the dictaphone department—Zella Shead, Bertha E. Rothschild and Ruth Crowel—all single. This is being furnished for the benefit of the young boys who have been frequenting that room of late.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Col. Bill Doll, Jno. Riordan, Phil Herzog, and Edward Counts went fishing on May 7, but did not bring back any fish. They did not have a mascot, so on May 21 this party picked up Cotton Cowherd for mascot and brought back 42 fish and 100 frogs.

Our agent at Malden, Mo., Jim Warren, has a helper now, being the father of a baby boy, born April 24. We expect quite an increase in business at Malden.

Mr. M. D. Thacker, agent, Oran, Mo., has bought a big 3-ton International truck. Mr. Thacker and Mr. Grafton, his driver, are certainly making RED CROWN popular in their part of the swamp in Southeast Missouri.

The safe at our main plant at Cape Girardeau, Mo., was blown Sunday morning, April 30. This is the fourth time the safe at this place has been blown since the plant was erected. The whole police force and bloodhounds were on the trail of the robbers, but from the results so far it is evident that the robbers put pepper on their trail.

The Stanolind Fellowship Club gave a dance at Strassberger's hall on the evening of May 23. All of the Standard Oil Company's employees in St. Louis and St. Louis county were invited, together with friends. There was a large crowd in attendance and the dance was a huge success.

Julia Donahue, beautifully gowned in "baby pink," and our superintendent of construction, T. T. Cresswell, won the blue ribbon for fancy dancing. It is hoped that more of these dances will be given in the future.

Mr. Amos Ball, assistant general manager, Mr. Dick Thomas, Mr. Tom Cahill, and Mr. Ed. Engel, of the Chicago office, were visitors in the St. Louis division during the month.

Press of business has necessitated the addition of a new truck out of our Wellston, Mo., station, and Mr. Jno. Hand has been selected to handle it. We take this opportunity of welcoming Mr. Hand to the organization.

WICHITA, KANSAS

Nine couples of the office force spent a Saturday evening recently at Sims Park roasting weiners and playing games. Branaman, bookkeeper, while serving the hot encased articles stumbled over a vine and deposited an ample supply of the delicacies in Amy Jewett's lap. Apologies followed, but really a silk skirt is not the apparel for an outing. In the game of blind man's buff, Ruth Vance got a good smell of fresh plowed ground when she fell over a naughty boy's foot. Outside of these minor happenings a "hot time" was had, with several burnt mouths from hot weiners.

We have one salesman who seems to be able to sell anything. He attempted to pass a traffic cop on Douglas and Main recently and was fined to the tune of twenty-five bones. On the morning after, we attempted to extend our sympathy but found that the salesman had talked the judge out of the fine by selling him on the idea of misinterpreted signals.

J. J. Carpenter, traffic, has resigned to go into business for himself. He is establishing the Wichita Freight Audit Co.

Jim Calkins, construction, is recovering from a serious illness; he has been in the Wichita hospital about thirty days.

Fred Bull, agent at Hutchinson, reports that his broken arm is nearly well.

George Gray, formerly of the warehouse bunch, is slinging ink in the sales department.

Chas. McConnaughy, agent at Kingman, tells us that there is no bottom to roads. For weeks and weeks it has been raining nearly every day in Kansas. This reminds us that one of the office boys has been putting an advertisement in the morning paper telling the world that he has a good pump for irrigation purposes, for sale. He has had no buyers. It develops that several of the office boys bought pumps when the Standard Oil Company adopted a special make and sold the old ones. It has rained practically every day since. Keep them, boys, next season will be a dry one.

L. J. Black, warehouse, has a big box of cigars in his desk. Hurry up, Black, with the announcement.

Miss Veda Hall, steno, visited at Manhattan recently and "stayed up" two nights in succession. She claims she has a boy friend and a girl friend at Manhattan, but rumor says she had only time enough just to speak to the girl. Busy steno.

Floyd Williams is mussin' around in the check department.

A. A. Linscheid, S. S. agent at Halstead, Kansas, has entered the married men's class. The bride is Miss Gertrude Webster of Arlington.

* * *

"Really," gasped the automobilist, bending over his victim, "really, I didn't hit you intentionally."

"Aw, go on," returned the fallen one belligerently, "whatcher got that bumper on yer car for, if you don't aim to go runnin' into people?"

* * *

Teacher—"Johnny, if you don't behave I'll have to send a note to your father."

Johnny—"You'd better not. Ma's as jealous as a cat."

* * *

Mr. Kane had recently become the father of twins. The minister stopped him on the street to congratulate him.

"Well, Kane," he said, "I hear that the Lord has smiled on you."

"Smiled on me?" repeated Kane. "He laughed out loud!"

* * *

"Are you the photographer, Meester?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Do you take children's pictures?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"How much do you charge?"

"Three dollars a dozen."

"Well, I'll have to see you again. I've only got eleven children."

* * *

"You told me to file these letters, sir," said the new yeoman.

"Yes," returned the officer.

"Well, I was just thinkin' that it'd be easier to trim 'em with a pair of scissors."—*Mississippi Bulletin.*

* * *

Of peculiar ways of earning a living one of the oldest is reported by a New Orleans attorney.

A colored man was brought into court on some minor charge. The judge, following the usual routine, after asking him his name, demanded:

"What is your occupation?"

"Well, sah, jedge, I'se a wormhole borer in an antique furniture shop."

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Indiana)

General Sales Department

ALLAN JACKSON, *Vice-President*

T. J. THOMPSON, *General Manager*

Assistant General Managers

JOHN L. CARTER, Northern Division
R. G. STEWART, Central Division

N. R. GRIMSHAW, Eastern Division
AMOS BALL, Western Division

Lubricating Department

B. T. THOMPSON, *General Manager*

C. O. WILSON, *Assistant General Manager*

Asphalt Department

F. P. ALLEN, *Manager*

Branch Offices

CHICAGO, ILL.
H. A. LEWIS, *Manager*
C. F. HATMAKER, *Assistant Manager*

DAVENPORT, IOWA
GEO. M. WHELAN, *Manager*
C. W. FLANAGAN, *Assistant Manager*

DECATUR, ILL.
T. B. CLIFFORD, *Manager*
JOHN H. BUDDE, *Assistant Manager*

DES MOINES, IOWA
H. A. MONSON, *Manager*
J. N. ELKERT, *Assistant Manager*

DETROIT, MICH.
H. R. COCHRAN, *Manager*
H. H. KEATING, *Assistant Manager*

DULUTH, MINN.
I. J. SHIELDS, *Manager*
G. E. WEBB, *Assistant Manager*

EVANSVILLE, IND.
W. J. LANG, *Manager*
EWALD BRAUNS, *Assistant Manager*

FARGO, N. D.
F. I. PACKARD, *Manager*
P. A. RAUPAGH, *Assistant Manager*

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.
J. C. MARSHALL, *Manager*
R. F. MCCONNELL, *Assistant Manager*

HURON, S. D.
A. H. DODSLEY, *Manager*
C. L. BAILEY, *Assistant Manager*

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
E. P. GALBREATH, *Manager*
H. E. BRUCE, *Assistant Manager*

JOLIET, ILL.
E. E. MORTON, *Manager*
CARL MONSON, *Assistant Manager*

KANSAS CITY, MO.
H. C. GRIFFIN, *Manager*
J. W. WILSON, *Assistant Manager*

LA CROSSE, WIS.
J. H. LAMBERT, *Manager*
J. E. MONEGAN, *Assistant Manager*

MANKATO, MINN.
M. H. CHESBROUGH, *Manager*
JOHN BEATON, *Assistant Manager*

MILWAUKEE, WIS.
T. H. LANG, *Manager*
IVAN PRATHER, *Assistant Manager*

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
F. L. COCHRAN, *Manager*
W. H. BROWN, *Assistant Manager*

PEORIA, ILL.
J. R. COLEMAN, *Manager*
G. F. PHILLIPS, *Assistant Manager*

QUINCY, ILL.
A. L. MARTIN, *Manager*
T. P. JONES, *Assistant Manager*

SAGINAW, MICH.
L. J. THOMPSON, *Manager*
E. R. SOOP, *Assistant Manager*

ST. JOSEPH, MO.
L. W. CAMERON, *Manager*
T. V. WARREN, *Assistant Manager*

ST. LOUIS, MO.
A. P. ROBINSON, *Manager*
H. J. BEMIS, *Assistant Manager*

SIOUX CITY, IOWA
D. B. THAYER, *Manager*
B. F. LEONARD, *Assistant Manager*

SOUTH BEND, IND.
D. L. GUILFOYLE, *Manager*
E. P. WARREN, *Assistant Manager*

WICHITA, KAS.
P. J. QUINLAN, *Manager*
W. C. VAN HORNE, *Assistant Manager*

Why Standard Oil Company (Indiana) Gives Better Service

WHEN you drive up to a Standard Oil Company (Indiana) Service Station you find a man in charge who is competent, quick, agreeable—at your service. The farmer finds these same qualities in the man who drives the dark green tank wagon to his door.

If you were to enter any one of the refineries of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) you would be astonished to note the air of absorption with which each employee is devoting himself to his job.

The same interest may be observed at any point where you come in contact with employees of this Company. This condition is not a matter of mere happening—chance. It is because the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) recognizes the fundamental interest of labor in the business to which it is devoted.

Throughout the years, it has been the continued policy of this Company, to compensate its employees fairly; to give them steady work; to insure them so far as it is possible against unemployment.

To protect the employee who has grown old in the service, the Company has devised and put in effect an annuity plan whereby the employee who has given his best years, or who has become incapacitated in the service, is insured an income for the balance of his life. In no case is this annuity less than $300.00 a year and it may be as high as 75 percent of his average yearly wage for the 10 years preceding retirement.

This policy gives the employee a sense of security respecting his future. It enables him to do better work and gives him a more vivid interest in his work.

Long experience has convinced the management, the employee, and the stockholder of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) that this policy of recognizing the rights of the employee is one of the factors which enables this Company to give to the public a superlative grade of service in the manufacturing and distributing of petroleum products.

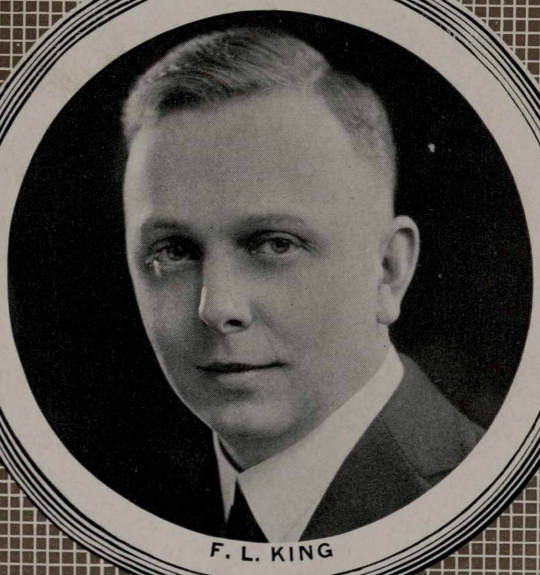
Standard Oil Company
(Indiana)

910 So. Michigan Ave. **Chicago, Ill.**

NEWMAN MONROE CO., CHICAGO

STANOLIND RECORD

Vol. 3 AUGUST 1922 No. 10



F. L. KING

PUBLISHED FOR THE EMPLOYEES
by the
STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(INDIANA)

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Vol. 3 AUGUST No. 10

NO LOST TIME ACCIDENT CAMPAIGN LAUNCHED

Beautiful Silver Trophy Cups Offered by Safety Division, Sales Department, to Three Divisions Having the Fewest Lost Time Accidents During Three Months Beginning August 1st and Ending October 31st

Ninety days without a single lost time accident!

This is the goal set by the Safety division of the sales department in a campaign which will open August 1 and continue through October 31. All employees in the twenty-five sales territories will participate.

Safety Director F. C. Singleton already has on his desk the three beautiful silver trophy cups—one twenty-six inches in height—which will be awarded the three divisions making the best records.

In competing for the cups the twenty-five sales territories will be divided into three groups, grouping being on the basis of number of employees.

Group No. 1 will be comprised of fields having 200 or less employees and will include Huron, La Crosse, Mankato, Sioux City, Quincy, St. Joseph, Decatur, Saginaw, Duluth and Fargo.

THE DRIVER DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE

Accidents cost the company enormous sums of money and often cost employees their lives. The above photograph shows what happened to a Standard Oil Company (Indiana) truck when it was struck by a fast passenger train the latter part of April. The driver was killed instantly. Ninety days without a single lost time accident—it would mean keeping some Standard Oilers out of the cemetery.

Group No. 2 will be comprised of fields having 201 to 300 employees and will include Joliet, Peoria, Evansville, Wichita, Grand Rapids, Minneapolis, Davenport and St. Louis.

Group No. 3 will be comprised of fields having 301 to 800 employees and will include Chicago, Detroit, Indianapolis, South Bend, Milwaukee, Des Moines and Kansas City.

One field in each group whose employees go thirty days without a single lost time accident will be awarded one of the three trophies. In case two or more fields in any one group make a perfect thirty-day score, they will be classified on a basis of hazard and the trophy awarded to the one subjected to the greater risk. All other fields will be rewarded proportionately.

If one field can go three months without an accident of any nature, that field will be allowed to retain the big trophy permanently as an emblem of efficiency. If, however, another field in that group makes a better score during the second month of the campaign, the trophy will be passed on to that field, and so on until some division can go three months in succession with a perfect record.

To assist in making the campaign a success, the Safety department will issue during the period suitable literature, colored posters, placards, reminder cards, etc.

What ninety days without a lost time accident would mean both to employees and to the company is indicated by the sales department records covering the period from January 1 to May 30, inclusive, showing a total of 1870½ lost time days. The record follows:

January.....471 days
February.....256 days

March.....410 days
April.....371 days
May.....362½ days

The accidents which resulted in these lost time days cost the company an enormous sum of money and cost some employees their lives. When you practice Safety First you not only "help make your stock pay dividends" but you protect yourself against death and pain and your families against sorrow and possible poverty.

Ninety days without a single lost time accident! Why not?

EARLY MEDICAL ADVICE

Many needless deaths are caused each year by persons who delay too long in summoning medical aid.

When a fire occurs in town, no one waits to see how destructive it is going to be before they call the fire department, nor would they try experiments in putting it out. They summon the fire department at once. So it should be when the first sign of fire (disease) appears in town (our body). Call in the fire department (the doctor) at once.

It is far better to have him examine you and find nothing materially wrong, than it is to have something materially wrong the matter with you and fail to find it out until it is too late.

A long, serious illness is very expensive, and the sooner you begin proper medical treatment the less destructive and expensive is it likely to be.

Remember, cancer begins as a small lump; tuberculosis as a slight cold. A persistent headache or a dull pain in any region may be the forerunner of a serious condition. Why take chances?

Call in your family doctor when you suspect your condition is not normal. He is qualified to find out what is wrong and correct it if taken in time. If nothing is wrong, your mind will be free from worry and you can go on your way with a feeling of safety.—*United States Public Health Service.*

* * *

What are *you* doing to make *your* stock pay dividends?

BEAUTY HELPS

La Crosse, Wis.—Misses Mabel Baker and Ellen Woods of the La Crosse office took part in the coupon book campaign in connection with the opening of our new service station at Wisconsin Rapids, May 3 and 4. A carnation was given to each gasoline customer at the service station. Judging from the number of coupon books sold, the carnations were not the only attraction at the service station. On the photograph, W. W. Rickman, agent at Wisconsin Rapids, is explaining the merits of Finol. The attendant at this service station is Orrin Bensen.

* * *

George Ade recently wrote one of his clever articles for the magazines on the subject of bachelors. One of the characters he mentioned must have been the bachelor attorney whose friend went to him one day for advice about a young woman whom he held in high esteem. He said: "Henry, I want to make a good impression, so I sent a bouquet of American Beauty roses to her this afternoon. When I call this evening to take her to the theatre, I am going to present her with a large box of chocolates; and after the show we will have a little supper. Now, Henry, is it all right to give her a little kiss when I leave her tonight?" "No! No!" said his lawyer friend, "you've done enough for the girl."

On An Island In The Mississippi

No. 1—Our Davenport correspondent writes very legibly on the typewriter, but when he takes his pen in hand—Oh, Boy! All we could make out on the back of this photo was "Iva Burg, Libby Tichten," which was either one name too many or two too few. Anyhow, they are Davenport bathing Beauties, and we cap the B intentionally. No. 2—Just Eats. No. 3—Mr. R. A. Thomson and Mrs. S. P. Latin (if that's spelled wrong, blame the correspondent). No. 4—Miss Anderson and Miss Davidson.

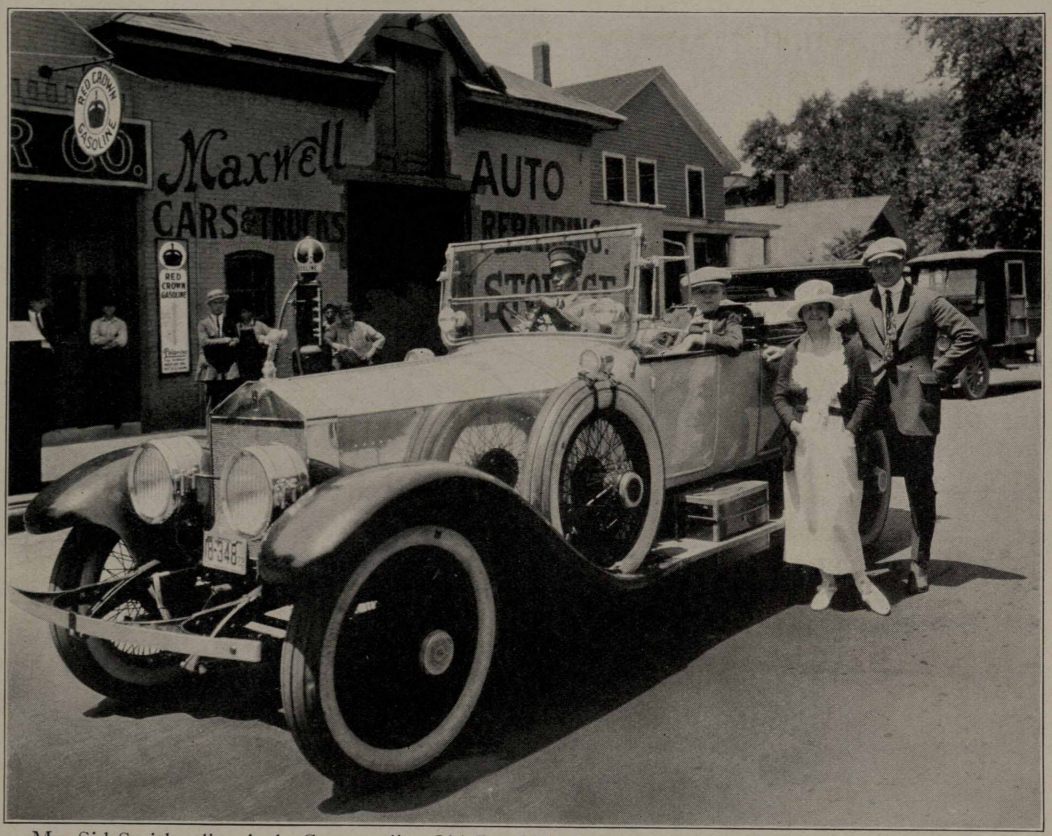
But Did Anybody Go Near The Water?

No. 1—Either our Davenport photog can't take water pictures or the girls obeyed the old injunction about hanging 'em up on a hickory limb but not going near the water. Anyhow, none of the bathing pictures showed the beauties bathing. No. 2—D. Williams, Viola Reb and "Fuzzy," Record correspondent. No. 3—No names given.

Mr. Whelan Ought to Like Davenport

No. 1—The office gang watching the "ball game." No. 2—Some of the girls. No. 3—Everybody's favorite diversion.

ANDY, MIN AND CHESTER DEMAND POWER TWINS



Mr. Sid Smith, alias Andy Gump, alias Old Doc Yak, accompanied by Min Gump and little Chester Gump, attended the Decoration Day races at Indianapolis, touring there from Chicago in the new Rolls-Royce, said by some to be the car recovered by Andy from the Widow Zander, by others to have been presented to him by The Chicago Tribune, his employers. Anyhow, it's a Rolls, and it's new, and nothing's too good for it, thinks Sid, so the famous cartoonist had to stop en route to fill up on Red Crown Gasoline and Polarine lubricant. This photograph was taken at Bloomington, Ill., Peoria division.

TO ALL EMPLOYEES

The following rule has been approved by the Board of Directors and Trustees of the Employees' Stock Purchasing Plan covering suspensions:

"When an employee is temporarily relieved from duty without pay for a definite period by the company as a disciplinary measure, such absence shall be designated as a 'suspension.' A suspension shall not be regarded as an interruption in the continuity of service, but if the suspension exceeds thirty days, all time lost after the first thirty days shall be deducted when computing the length of continuous service, in connection with the Annuity Plan and Stock Purchasing Plan."

E. G. Seubert, *Treasurer.*

AN INDUSTRIAL RAILROAD WITHIN A REFINERY

By H. H. Huggins, *Switching Department, Whiting Works*

The switching department of the Whiting refinery, starting in the year 1891 with one "dinkey" engine, has grown to be an industrial railroad in itself and one of the most important departments of the Whiting works. This department is now under the supervision of Mr. U. G. Swartz, general yardmaster, and Mr. N. A. Emerson, assistant general yardmaster, with a force of 130 employees.

The switching department has under its supervision between thirty-eight and forty miles of tracks and switches over the plant, covering between 700 and 800 acres of land. These tracks branch out to about seventy-five points of loading and unloading, and to a tank storage yard with thirty-four tracks of a capacity of twenty-five cars each, and a coal storage pit of 100,000 tons capacity. We maintain eleven locomotives, five being 75-ton and two "dinkeys" for hauling coke from the tower stills to the coke pile in "dinkey" coke cars.

The department operates twenty-four hours in the day, 365 days in the year, having connections with the E. J. & E., B. & O. C. T., N. Y. C., P. Co. and I. H. Belt, working seven crews in twenty-four hours at present. During the World War days we worked as many as fourteen crews in twenty-four hours. We handle hundreds of cars daily, inbound and outbound, to serve the many industries within the plant.

The maintenance of all equipment is taken care of by the department such as repairs to all the tracks by a section force of forty men, and the repairs and dispatching of locomotives by a roundhouse force of thirteen men. Our roundhouse is a modern one with nine stalls.

Under the same supervision is the car repair department, consisting of eighteen employees, including car inspectors and car repairmen. Our repair tracks consist of four tracks of a capacity of ten to fifteen cars each, two of the tracks being enclosed in a shop. We have 243 cars for interplant use, and twenty-five steel barrel racks that are kept in repair in our shop. We also repair all foreign cars that are damaged in our yard in switching.

Two modern 150-ton track scales, one located at the south end of the plant and one at the yard office, are maintained for weighing of cars, which consists of practically all inbound material and all outbound commodities that are sold on a weight basis, and all outbound material where actual weights are required to compute freight charges. At our yard office these weight records are kept and numerous reports made regarding same.

Our weighmasters are all bonded weighmasters representing the different weighing bureaus with which the company has weighing agreements. Many other important records under interstate commerce regulations, such as demurrage records and settlements and interchange of traffic records governing the condition and repairs to freight cars, are kept in the yard office.

APPOINTMENTS

The following executive order, issued under the signature of Col. R. W. Stewart, chairman of the Board of Directors, became effective July 1, 1922:

Mr. John G. Lannin, of the Chicago office, appointed acting manager at La Crosse, Wis.

Mr. J. H. Lambert, former manager at La Crosse, Wis., transferred to the lubricating department at Chicago, Ill.

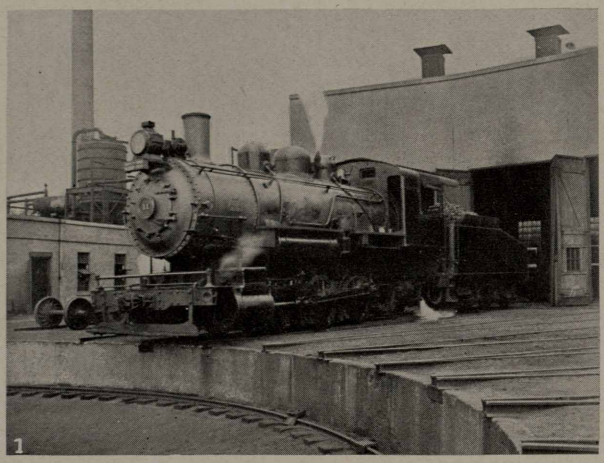
* * *

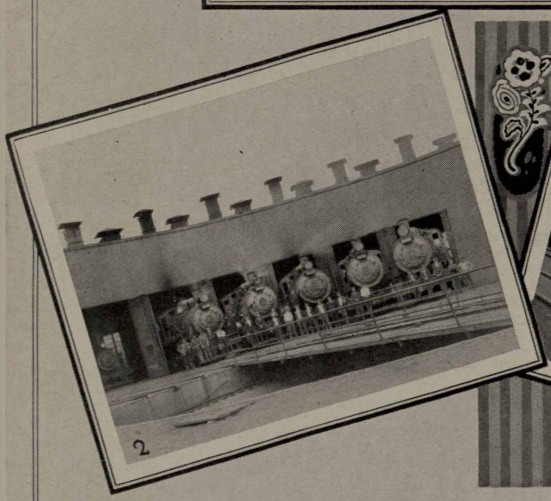
Mr. MacTavish attended a christening where the hospitality of the host knew no bounds except the capacities of the guests. In the midst of the celebration Mr. MacTavish rose up and made the rounds of the company, bidding each person present a profound farewell.

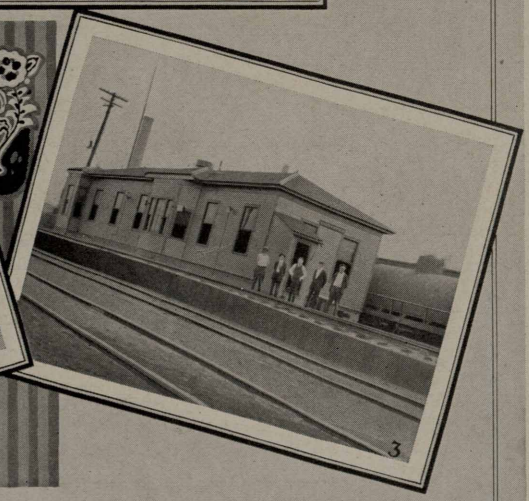
"But Sandy, mon," objected the host, "ye're not goin' yet, with the evenin' just startin'!"

"Nay," said the prudent MacTavish, "I'm no' goin' yet. But I'm tellin' ye good night while I know ye."

75-Ton Engines and Everything

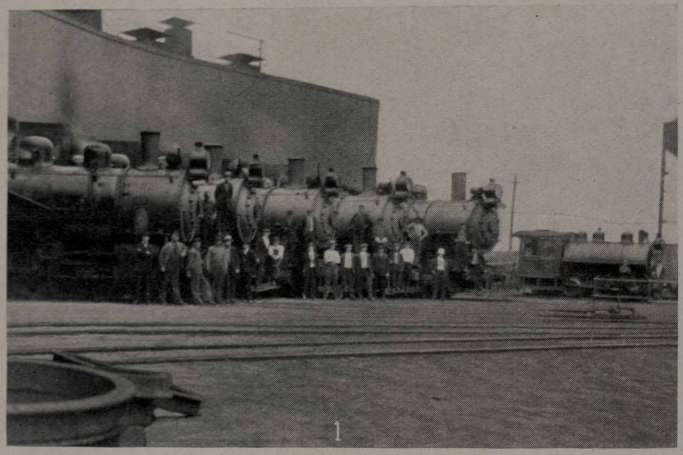






No. 1—Close-up of one of the 75-tonners. No. 2—Six engines and crews all ready for action. No. 3—Side view of yard office. In photo, left to right: Grover Stickney, assistant yard master; H. H. Huggins, chief clerk, yard office; E. T. Lynch, weighmaster; A. J. Duesen, roundhouse foreman; Floyd Emerson, assistant yardmaster.

We Have a Regular Railroad at Whiting



As related in other columns this company operates a young railroad within the Whiting refinery. No. 1—Five of our large engines and crews. No. 2—The "dinky" coke engine. No. 3—Rear of one of our 75-ton locomotives on turntable. Note the sign.

THREE OF LIVEST WIRES IN S. O. FAMILY

When the Kansas City field put on a sixty-day Polarine campaign last fall, these three commission agents turned in records that made Manager Griffin sit up and take notice. C. W. Hicklin, at Lexington, Mo., left in above, reported sales of 148 barrels and 76 half-barrels; Ed. Harding, at Junction City, Kansas, center in above, reported 154 barrels and 42 half-barrels, while W. A. Reilly, at Caney, Kansas, right in the above, and ambitious to be known as the best agent in Kansas City field, reported 102 barrels and 211 half-barrels.

OFFER GOLF CUP

Plans for a second golf tournament open to all employees of the Whiting works, to be played this fall, were given impetus by the announcement of Dr. R. E. Humphreys, Dr. G. Cash and Mr. Harry Glair, of the Whiting management, that they will present to the Standard Oil Athletic Association a beautiful trophy to be contested for at future tournaments.

Nineteen employees participated in the tournament which closed June 21st and it is believed a larger field will compete should a second tournament be held this fall. Matches were played on the Hammond country club course. Prize winners were:

Low gross, first, W. P. Beaubien, wood club.

Low gross, second, C. Miller, four golf balls.

Low net, first, R. E. Humphreys, wood club.

Low net, second, Tom Burke, 4 golf balls.

Choice nine holes, H. F. Glair, iron club.

Best round net, G. Cash, golf coat.

Gross, 2 short holes, 3 rounds, E. J. Shaeffer, 6 golf balls.

Gross, 2 long holes, 3 rounds, Herbert Morris, 6 golf balls.

Consolation prize, C. Patton.

Also rans were W. N. Bercaw, F. Ovitz, S. Adley, C. W. Binder, O. E. Bransky, H. E. Beaubien, N. Ranstead, G. W. Watts, R. F. Storer, D. Daegling.

* * *

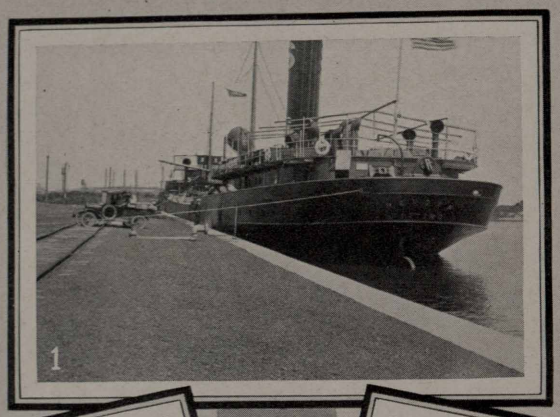
A local advertiser offered his church free hymn books if they would consent to the insertion of his advertising. They accepted the offer and got the hymn books.

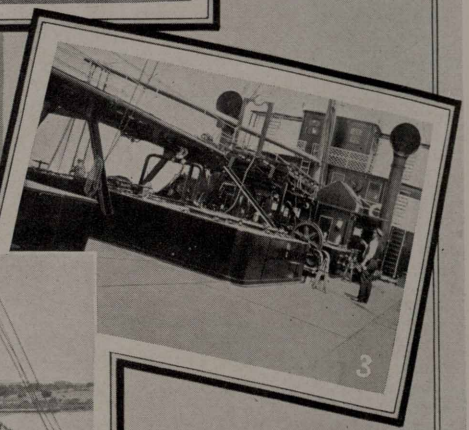
On the following Sunday the minister announced: "Brethren and Sisters, we will use our new hymn books this morning. I want to say that the gentleman who so kindly donated them must have experienced a change of heart. I have looked through the fly-leaves in both the front and back and nowhere do I find a single advertisement. Let us sing hymn number 67."

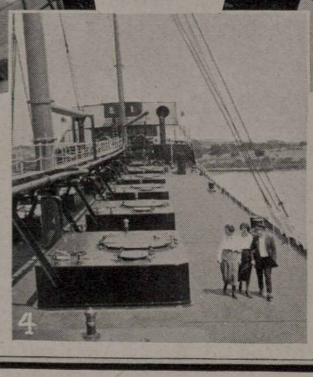
Turning to the hymn he read aloud:

"Hark, hear the heavenly voices ring,
Bunkem's pills are just the thing.
Angels' voices, soft and mild,
Two for man and one for child."

She's Some Boat, Our Steamer Renown

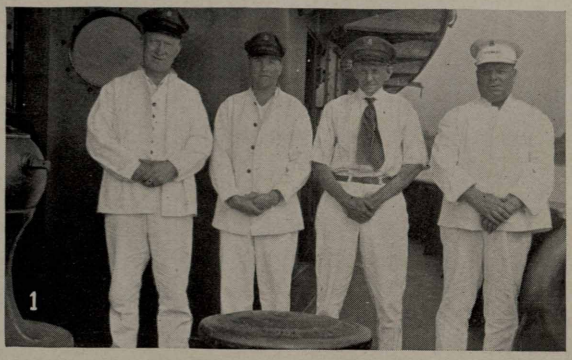






No. 1—The Renown at Whiting dock, with a full load and taking on groceries for the galley No. 2—Engine room of Renown is a treat for those mechanically inclined. The Renown burns fuel oil under her boilers and does not belch smoke as other boats do. The engines are 200 h. p., triple expansion, and allow a speed of from 13 to 14 miles an hour. No. 3—The first mate is having the deck and life raft painted until everything is as shiny and immaculate as on a private yacht. Standard Oil boats are noted for their trimness. No. 4—Deck of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) lake steamer, Renown. While in port the third engineer is showing his bride of a few days, and her sister, over the boat. Left to right: Miss Anna Huff, Mrs. Arthur Lippe and Arthur Lippe.

And It's a Jolly Crew Aboard Her



No. 1—Famous galley crew of the Renown, with their new caps: John P. Vandalen, assistant steward; Steve Muszyski, waiter; Charles Strant, cook; Darby Irwin, steward. All have been in company service two years except Irwin, who has been with us three years. For variety and quality of food, Standard Oil boats set a table second to none on the Great Lakes. No. 2—Buddies: Jack Coyle and William Mackey. No. 3—Loading last few inches of gas for shipment to Detroit. One man stands ready to close valve against pump and other sailor watches tape to give signal for shutting off. Left to right: F. Rasmussen, Gus Lehtinen, Roy Hamilton, William Grandell. No. 4—William Grandell and Cig Anderson. Grandell has been on the Renown seven years.

BEANS NEW DIRECTOR AND WINS GOLF CUP

R. H. McElroy, New Member of Board of Directors and President of the Stanolind Golf Association, Suffers Head Wound When Schaffer, of Whiting, Opens His Victorious Barrage on First Fairway

By Ed Yale, *Home Office*

Over 200 wild enthusiasts helped Bruce Smeed & Co. make the Stanolind Golf Tournament a big success on June 13. The moderate entry fee attracted golfers from far and near and some "near" golfers, too.

Mr. R. H. McElroy was hit on the first fairway (wherever that is) and the atmosphere immediately took on the appearance of "No man's land" after a gas attack. Mr. E. J. Schaffer of Whiting, who conducted the barrage, won a beautiful prize and was completely forgiven at dinner when Mr. McElroy shook hands with him. If it is necessary to bean R. H. to get a cup we hope Col. Stewart plays ahead of us in September. It ought to get us at least an automobile or a grand piano.

The Red Crown Trio rendered a few fine selections which were heartily applauded.

Mr. E. Bogardus, acting toastmaster, explained that the moderate entry fee was due to the generosity of the Directors who voted to assume the deficit. A rising vote of thanks was tendered the Board and after a few stories by the toastmaster, which lack of space (?) prevents us from printing, the party broke up.

The tournament being over we print herewith the Wail of Bruce Smeed:

DAMN THE SECRETARY

If your Club is on the bum,
Damn the Sec.
If your members will not come,
Damn the Sec.
Don't take hold and do your part,
Don't help give the thing a start,
Show 'em all that you are smart,
Damn the Sec.

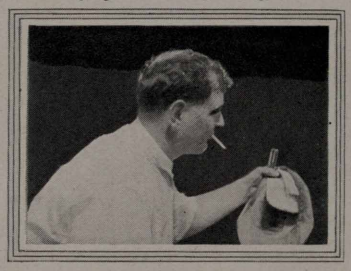
If the programs are a frost,
Damn the Sec.
Don't help put the thing across,
Damn the Sec.
If the grub's not what you like,
Threaten to go on a strike,
Don't help, for the love of Mike,
Damn the Sec.

When you get a bill for dues,
Damn the Sec.
When you're asked to help, refuse,
Damn the Sec.

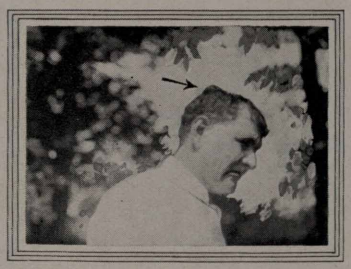
Let him do it, he gets paid,
Why should he be seeking aid?
That is why his job is made.
Damn the Sec.

(*Continued on Page 18*)

Wham!



Director R. H. McElroy was enjoying himself like this, when



WHAM! He saw suns, moons and stars like this and his cranium developed a sudden bump of golf knowledge—see arrow—the while our new director recited an oration which entitles him at least to the degree of doctor of divinity. Monte Parks gave it first aid treatment with a hunk of mud—we mean the bump, not the oration—and the traffic department has now returned to normal.

Our Golf Stars in Moving Pictures

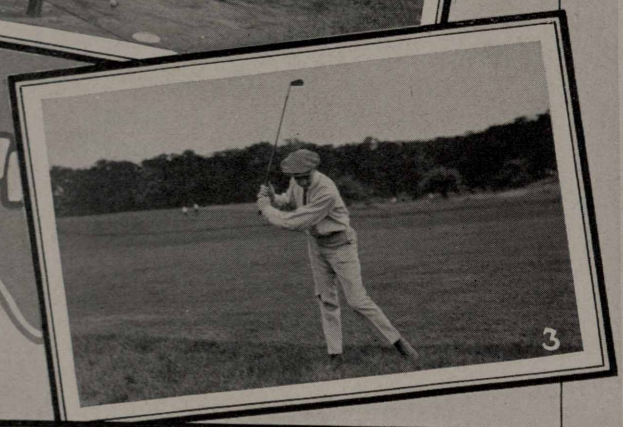
No. 1—Hank Allen in high. He was feeling pretty good when this was taken, having just gotten away with one of his pet yarns, but when, a little later, our photog discovered him paying his third dime to the caddy for fishing his ball out of the water, he turned his back and we have:

No. 2—Hank Allen in reverse. That story of the three dimes is one he'll never tell on himself, you bet.

No. 3—We caught H. A. (Gus) Lewis in high, too—high dudgeon. We didn't stage this picture—he really drove into that bunker all by himself. Mr. R. H. McElroy is standing by offering soothing advice.

No. 4—This foursome didn't have much luck at the old Scotch game, but found the African variety more suited to their taste. For the information of the police, they are: A. H. Roesler, P. W. Johnson, Bill Barrett and C. T. Bergeson.

Famous Poses of Famous Men



No. 1—The pace was too swift for "Bogie." When he reached the Fifth green he had to rest.

No. 2—Ed Dwyer in a characteristic pose. He's just made a terrific drive. See the ball?

No. 3—Andy MacMeekin's pantaloons seem to have met with an accident.

No. 4—This is the best thing Herbie Swanson did. Every time the boy fished it out for him, it cost another dime.

More Famous Poses of Famous Men

No. 1—Fred Bosworth in that Napoleonic attitude. Judging from the length of the hay, Fred had already met his Waterloo but didn't know it.

No. 2—The most famous pose of all: Kicking about your handicap as you get ready for the next flight.

No. 3—Benched! Left to right: Dr. Frank S. Morton and Mr. H. A. Daugherty of our company, Mr. Tracy of the Illinois Tunnel Company, and Mr. E. R. Goble of the Stack Advertising Agency. Mr. Goble wore that cute little wrist watch so he could make hourly calls to the office to find out if the latest Standard Oil Company (Indiana) institutional ad had gone to the newspapers.

No. 4—They finally had to ask Monte Parks and Ed Bogardus *please* not to pick up lost balls until they had stopped rolling, but our thrifty third vice-president still managed to keep in stock. The other handsome people in the picture are Eddie Rummelhoff and Mr. S. S. Gano.

JAKE AND HIS WEIRD NEW CONTRIVANCE

Indianapolis, Ind.—When we accused Jake Walters, pipefitter and Grand Old Man of the Indianapolis field, of building a contrivance to fly to Mars, he got kinda huffy. Subsequently we learned that this weird looking outfit comprises our new pumping system. Jake is on the left; Elmer Daniels, construction manager, on the right. Jake has been with us since September 2, 1894, and is possessed of a 12-cylinder appetite which has him barred from most of the eating houses in our vicinity.

(*Continued from Page 14*)

Next Tournament September 19 at Olympian Fields.

PET PEEVES

Eight cards were handed in after 6:45 when all the winners had been picked. Five of these eight cards figured in with the winners, making it necessary to shift winners all along the line. Possibly if only 9 holes were played most of the cards could be figured and turned in before dinner.

Ten entries were received after the list had been posted on the 9th.

Winners of prizes were:

E. J. Schaffer, Whiting, Class C, 18 Holes, Gross 102, Net 53, Stanolind Cup and entry in September, 19th tournament. T. R. Montgomery, Class A, Gross 83, Traveling Bag. W. D. Roberts, Class A, Gross 88, Net 79, Silver Cup. W. T. Bannister, Class B, Gross 99, Net 72, Mdse. Certificate. J. Ligenza, Class C, Gross 116, Net 66, Golf Jacket. A. H. Sumner, Class C, odd holes, Net 33, Pair Shoes. R. M. Powell, lost on cut. N. H. Ranstead, Class C, even holes, Net 30, Golf Bag. F. R. Morton, lost cut. H. T. Zaremba, Class A, short holes, Net 9, Falls Cord Tire. F. H. Doten, Class A, long holes, Net 16, Goodyear Cord Tire. H. M. Rummelhoff, choice 9 holes, Net 32, Golf Jacket. N. J. Hawkins and R. M. Powell, lost on cut. C. E. Schatz, Class A, Gross 97, Pair Shoes. A. G. Senn, (95), went home too soon. A. E. Clifford, Class B, Gross 101, Mdse. Certificate. C. T. Bergeson, lost on cut. A. J. Beach, Class C, Gross 115, Sweater Coat. P. W. Johnson turned in better score at 6:45 and made no noise at the awarding. H. A. Daugherty, 2nd A, 82 Net, 6 balls. W. H. Leonard, went home. F. T. Graham, 3rd A, 83 Net, 4 balls. S. L. Wright, 2nd B, 74 Net, 6 balls. H. F. Glair, 3rd B, 77 Net, 4 balls; T. J. Burke, lost cut; C. J. Bergeson, 75, given 4 balls for not turning in his score. F. R. Morton, 2nd C, 69 Net, 6 balls. R. M. Powell, 3rd C, 4 balls. F. H. Quail, 71 Net, 4 balls. A. E. McMeekin, 71 Net, 4 balls. H. F. Hobein, 78 Net, 4 balls. L. G. Campbell, 1st starter, Gross 122, Net 87, Bag of Clubs. W. Minster, 1st starter, Gross 98, Pair of Shoes. W. H. Meyst, visitor, Gross 95, Net 75, Kentucky Club. C. P. Myers, visitor, Gross 91, Fountain Pen.

* * *

Jay: "A woman has just been arrested for carrying concealed weapons."

Bailey: "Where?"

Like Their Dads, They're All Live Wires

1

2

3

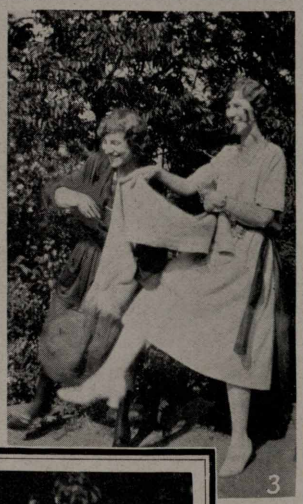
4

5

In spite of high rents and baby-hating landlords, rearing babies seems to be a popular pastime among Standard Oilers of the Chicago sales division. These pictures explain the reason for its popularity. No. 1—Walter H. Bosworth, age 11 months, son of F. L. Bosworth, assistant chief clerk. No. 2—William R. King, son of William J. King. No. 3—Master John E. Rohner, age 4 years when photo was taken. No. 4—Jane Louise Blix, age 5 months, and her mother, both belonging to Harry N. Blix, Stanolind Record correspondent for the Chicago sales division. No. 5—John A. Gutgsell, Jr., age 3 years.

Why Traffic Stopped For The Day

As related in the gossip columns the traffic department of the home office recently held a glorious picnic, and not only was there nothing doing in traffic that afternoon at 910 South Michigan, but most of the traffic in the vicinity of the picnic halted also. Here's why. No. 1—We don't recognize them from this angle. No. 2—Proud Mamma Margaret Salmon and her dimpled darling, Adelaide Kuhn. No. 3—Adelaide Kuhn and Helen Buldman in the dance of the seven veils—the other six are being laundered. No. 4—First row: Margaret Salmon, the traffic department coffeepot, Ernie Persons, Charles Wyand, Clifford Tyler, Olive Johnsen, Clif's hand, Adam Patton, Dannie Leopols, Jim Tyrell, Julia McCarthy, Eddie Pallas, Mrs. Pallas; Second row: Helen Buldman, Mrs. Eyand, Adelaide Kuhn, Mrs. Persons, Jennie Shea, Vivian Pallas. Third row: Ferdie Sehrt, Andy Reznicek, Marie McCann, George Savageau, Art Nelson, Mae Sramek, Rose Engel. Down in front: Charles Nelsen, Muriel Pallas.



Kids of All Ages Had a Fine Time

No. 1—George Savageau acted as maid, carrying water for lemonade, clearing the debris and taking care of the kids—and he's *unmarried*, girls! No. 2—Problem of caring for the baby was solved by Muriel and Vivian Pallas. No. 3—We hate to give her away, but the only time Jeanette Shea took care of the baby was when this was taken. Others are Muriel and Vivian Pallas, and in the carriage, Charles Esler, age 2 months. No. 4—Cigars have supplanted all day suckers, but outside of that you'd never believed they had cut their wisdom teeth, Left to right, upper: One-half of John Smith, Andy Reznicek, Art Nelsen, Cliff Tyler, Jim Tyrell, ¾ of Charles Wyand. Lower: Most of Eddie Pallas, a whole lot of Ernie Persons, ⅞ of Ferdie Sehrt.

JUST DAD AND ME

Edwin Miller, son of Agent Miller of Bayfield, Wis., both shown in accompanying photo, is author of poem appearing on this page. The young lady is Miss Evelyn Miller, who also has fun with her dad.

A youngster's mighty lucky
  If he's got a fishin' dad—
The fun I've had with mine
  Is the best I ever had;
When the sundown called the music
  From the bull-frog's husky throat,
And we were trolling for the pike
  In an old flat-bottomed boat.

We'd always use a trolling line
  With a whirling shiny spoon,
And we'd both take turns at rowing
  'Till the rising summer moon
Told us it was time to turn around,
  When Dad would give me a poke
And we'd quit trolling for the pike
  In that old flat-bottomed boat.

In the dusk of early evening
  Fish'll strike a shining spoon,
Dropping quietly down the lake
  We'd lure them on—too soon
Piling up the feast for breakfast
  Worth a hundred dollar note,
By just trolling for the pike
  In that old flat-bottomed boat.

So I'm going back this summer
  To the fun I can't forget,
And when the shadows lengthen
  Cross old Siskiwit Lake, you bet,
We'll be dropping down past
    Murphy's Point,
  Past the lily ponds we'll float,
Dad and me a-trolling for the pike
  In that old flat-bottomed boat.

—*Edwin Miller.*

SELF ANALYSIS ESSENTIAL IF ONE WOULD GO UP

By F. L. King
Auditor Accounting Division, Sales Department
STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(INDIANA)

If one could know, when starting out to make a place in the world, exactly what kind of work was best suited to his special temperament, and would apply himself diligently to the task of perfecting himself in the details of his chosen business, there would be fewer misfits in the world, fewer men who are accounted failures, and fewer who are disgruntled and unhappy because they find the work they are called upon to do, uninteresting, unprofitable and unsuited to their powers.

Unfortunately no method has been discovered for determining in advance the line of work which will insure the individual the greatest chance of success, and the greatest happiness as he fights his way forward and upward.

Most men choose their place in the working world by taking the first job they can find, after leaving school, without any thought as to whether it is the kind of work adapted to their special needs or not. It's a job, it pays so much—and if lucky he gets a raise. At first this seems satisfactory but as time passes and others advance on the way to the top, there comes a time when a man, if at all ambitious, is likely either to ask himself a few pertinent questions or to decide that there is a deep dark plot to keep him down.

If he questions himself and tries to find out what is wrong, why it is that others are getting ahead faster than he, there is a strong probability that he will win out, for that man has begun to analyze himself, and sooner or later will discover his personal weaknesses and take steps to correct them.

If, on the other hand, he decides that there is a plot against him and that he has been singled out as the special victim of envious souls, he is on the way to the discards, for he will be so busy feeling sorry for himself that he will have no time or inclination to indulge in that most profitable of all pastimes, SELF ANALYSIS.

Every man owes to himself, and to those dependent on him for support, to make an analysis of himself and endeavor to discover how he can do his work better and so advance his employer's interest—which must always be his own.

First let him take stock of himself honestly, set down all of his shortcomings, all of his points of strength. When this has been done he has a ground work upon which he can build his future. If he finds that he has faults which can be corrected, for most faults are the result of bad habits picked up along the way, he can take steps to correct them, and find an immediate profit in doing so.

Careful self analysis will awaken in his mind a determination to make the best possible use of his time and ability; it will help him to find the niche in the world where he can be most effective, and ultimately will help him to profit most from his labor.

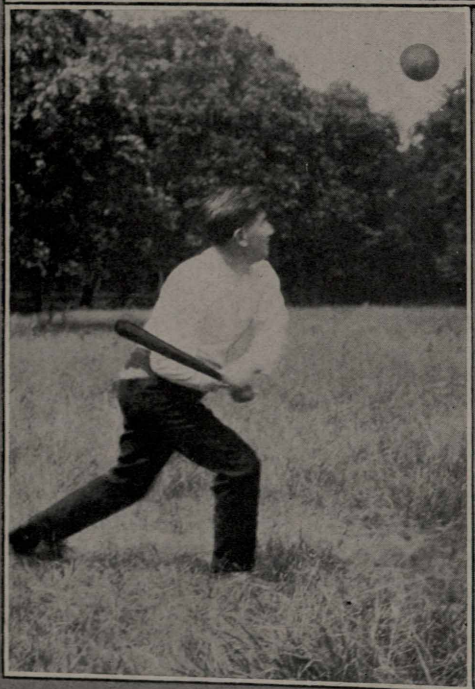
Everyone must indulge in this possibly unpleasant task of taking himself to pieces and finding out at first hand just how the machine works, if he is to get the utmost of usefulness and profit from his endeavors.

It may be true, as Lincoln said, that you can fool part of the people all of the time, but there is one part of the people you can not fool any of the time and that part is yourself. And no honest man wants to fool himself. It is unprofitable and makes one very unhappy.

There is no question but that the man who gets the most out of life and the most out of work is he who knows himself best. He knows how to employ his time, not only when at the desk or bench, but also when he is away from work. He knows whether his use of time is wise or wasted.

(Continued on Page 25)

HATMAKER'S POLARINES, LOSERS IN WILD GAME



It appears there was a soft-ball game played recently between teams picked by Mr. Lewis and Mr. Hatmaker, manager and assistant manager of Chicago sales division. Full details are not obtainable, but we understand Mr. Lewis' Red Crowns easily beat Mr. Hatmaker's Polarines. At least so Mr. Lewis says. We do not know the score. The Polarines were so sure of winning they had their pictures taken before the game. The Red Crowns soon knocked the smile off their faces. Someone also favored us with a dandy action picture of Captain Hatmaker. It seems the only camera available belonged to one of the losers, and he could not be prevailed upon to get a picture of any of the victors. We understand both Mr. Hatmaker and Mr. Lewis starred in the field, each one making a double play unassisted, besides being responsible for some of the runs on their own as well as the other side. At the left, Hatmaker in action; above, left to right: McGrath, Utz, Otth, Bosworth, Hatmaker, Latham, Walker, Scott, Seyferlich, Louttit, Harrison, umpire.

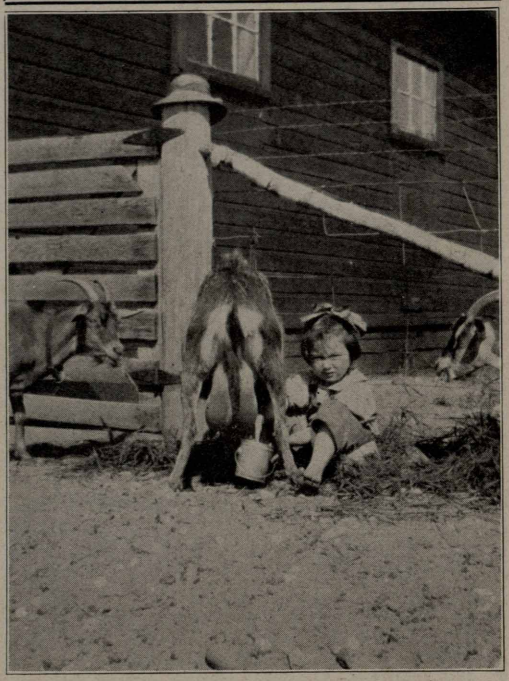
(Continued from Page 23)

How do you utilize your time? How do you apply yourself to any given task? How do you feel toward the work you have in hand? Does it arouse your enthusiastic interest, or do you feel yourself a drudge as you do it? If your findings are negative, what are you going to do about it? Have you looked your situation squarely in the face, and asked yourself how you are to overcome the stumbling blocks which seem to be in your way? Most of these stumbling blocks are of your own devising, and you can remove them if you will only discover the cause of their being and overcome them.

In an organization such as the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), there are positions of every kind, and each employee must have the courage to look himself squarely in the face and demand an honest analysis of himself. He may think that such action may lead to wrong conclusions, but surely if he is a man worth while he must learn to depend upon his own judgment, and his own conclusions. If he can not do this, he can not expect his superiors (who are even more anxious to find unusual strength in him than he is to have them) to advance him to positions of greater responsibility. If such a man will go over his own record and then ask himself the square question: "If I were the boss would I be satisfied to push a man of my qualifications and attainments along?"—he will do more to advance his own interests than he can in any other way. Most men are honest, and when a question is put up to them cold and square, they will make every effort to arrive at an honest answer even if it does give their pride a jolt.

There never was a time when great business organizations, needed exceptional men as badly as they do at this time. There never was a time when there was such great opportunities for men of courage, resourcefulness and initiative as there is today. Yet employers can not always find these men. They have no machinery which will enable them to judge a man by his intrinsic worth, for there is no way of getting at the underlying facts and seeing each man as he really is. They can decide a man's worth only by the record of his productiveness.

MILKMAID



Duluth, Minn.—Nobody's going to get her goat if little Miss Brooken, daughter of our agent at Minocqua, Wis., can help it.

If he is an idler, if he is not interested in what he is doing, there is nothing to do but account him of small use and let him drift along.

If, on the other hand, a man will take stock of himself, discover for himself where he will fit into the organization to the best advantage and then go to work to demonstrate his ability he will have every opportunity to go as far as he has power to go.

And so I say, that from the point of view I have, there is nothing which will do so much to help a man along as constant SELF ANALYSIS, plus the industry which drives one to profit by the conclusions resulting from such analysis.

* * *

Squire Stoughton: "We had not been hunting long when there lay a rabbit dead at my feet."

Art Cole: "What had it died of?"

* * *

"Mother, why did you marry father?"

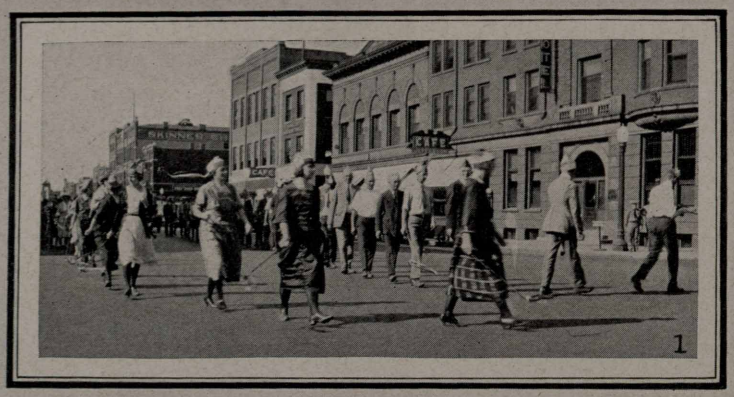
"So you've begun to wonder, too, have you?"

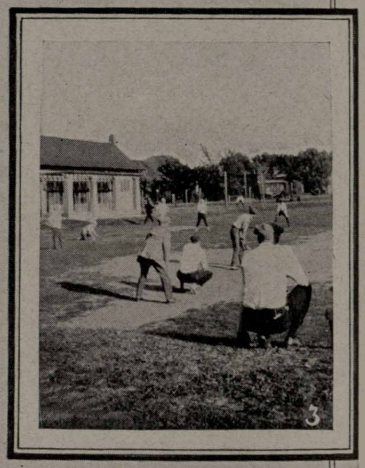
* * *

"Is he lazy?"

"Lazy? Say, that fellow rides in a Ford car in order to save the effort of knocking the ashes off his cigar."

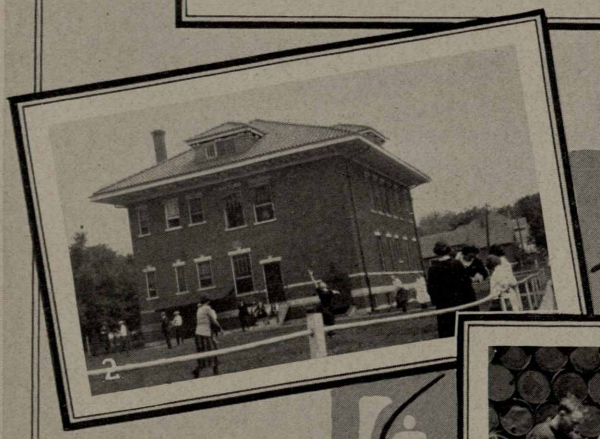
Albert Lea Capitulates to Mankato

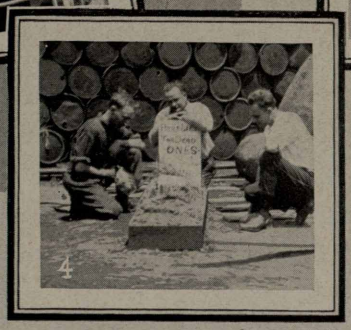




Accompanied by the Red Crown drum and bugle corps and more than eighty rooters of both sexes, the Red Crown kittenball team of Mankato on June 24th journeyed to Albert Lea and defeated the U. T. C. team of that place. Twenty-one automobiles, each profusely decorated and be-signed, carried team and rooters. A stop was made at S. S. 77, city of Waseka, where a parade line was formed to march through the business section. (See photo No. 1.) A second parade, two blocks in length was held at Albert Lea, where the populace turned out to cheer. (See photo No. 2.) The U. T. C. team took one look at our girls and after that their defeat was assured—they couldn't keep their mind on the game. Photo No. 3 shows the Red Crowns at bat against the U. T. C.

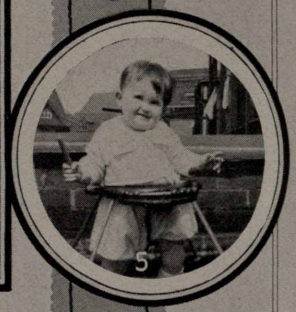
Pictorial News of Sioux City Field





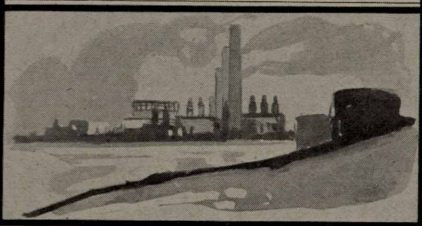
No. 1—Sioux City office employees during the noon hour, watching No. 2—The Semdac Mops, famous girl ball team, in action in the back yard. No. 3—George Waddell, leaving office for new work at S. S. 43, assures the girls his heart is still with them. No. 4—H. Koser, E. Compton and Nels Berthelson say they are the only live ones left of the Pleasure Bent Club.

Pictorial News of Detroit Field



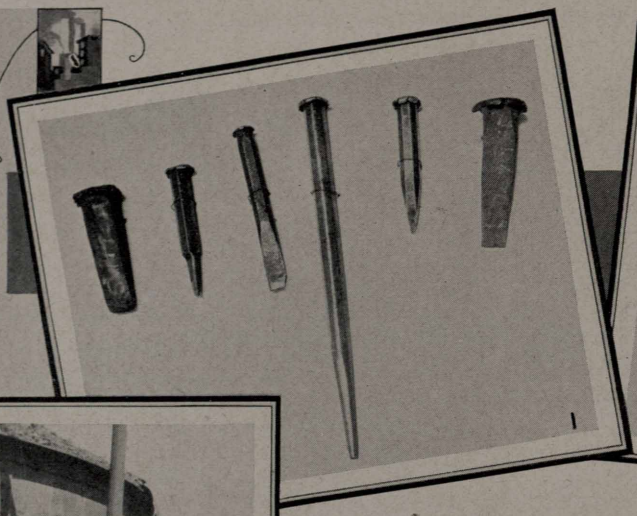
No. 1—Miss Grace Laura Floyd, winsome and charming, can boast of 29 years of continuous service with the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), so that Detroit hangs up another record. No. 2—Walter E. Amolsch, warehouse cashier, West Detroit and Edna Hazel were married at Toledo a year ago, but managed to keep it secret until now. No. 3—Thomas Rickard, Jr., age 3, son of City Salesman Tom Rickard, Ann Arbor. No. 4—Hot dogs and cold ones at wienie roast held recently by Detroit office girls. The cold ones are clothed in white. No. 5—Nancy Jones, age one year, daughter of Charlie Jones of construction department.

A Bunch of Glooms From Detroit Field



Our Detroit folks sure are a browbeaten, sad-faced lot—yes they are! No. 1—Clay avenue Polarines, ready to win ball games or sell goods, or both, left to right, top. Sylvester, Fisher, Mosher, Bailey, Roberts, Dennis, Tair; lower: Pollock, LeDeuke, Machin and Busby. No. 2—This is how they act when the landlady's away. Bill Doney says its hard to fill a fat lady's dress even with three pillows. The other is Ed Sampson, S. S. attendant. No. 3—Lee Allyn says this was taken just after he had taken an order for 50 barrels of Polarine. Mr. Fillingham, lubricant correspondent, says Allyn never sold fifty barrels in his life. Take your choice. No. 4—S. O. Bellevue Avenue ball team with admirers and rooters. Standing: E. Walling, R. Vanderherchen, F. Griffith, Lee Allyn, E. McKee, C. Markel. Seated: G. Budd, J. Van Brook, W. Zimmerman.

Brought to Light



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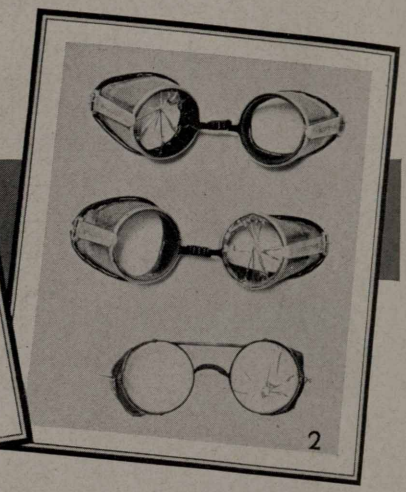

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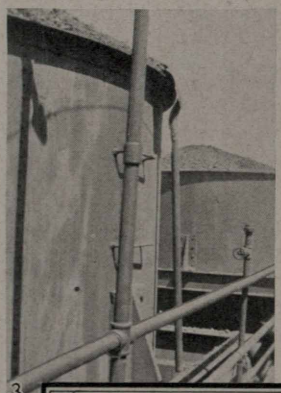


3

4

No. 1—Even goggles do not always save eyes from tools like these. These tools were found on duty. We have had many injuries from tools like these. You can get a good tool any time you need it. Why take a chance on this type of a "man killer"? "Clean House" on burred head tools of this type.

No. 2—"Life Savers"—at least no one can deny they are eye savers. These are only samples of the many that are turned in to the Safety Department. One of these pairs was worn by a man at the Whiting plant who has had an eye saved three times because he wore his goggles. Goggles may sometimes cause some discomfort, but glass eyes are not always comfortable, and you can't see very far with them.

No. 3—"Hang your hat where it belongs." Did your mother ever tell you that when you were a kid? Did your dad ever tan your jacket for leaving his hammer out in the back yard? Perhaps something like that ought to happen to the man who hung that shovel on the coal bunker. It is a long way to the ground and the shovel is easily knocked off.

No. 4—We once published a picture we called "The Mess," but we hadn't taken this one yet. We hate to expose this for it was only taken a very short time ago and we are ashamed of such a condition. This we will call the puzzle and let everyone pick out the number of safety rules broken in the one picture.

Safety First

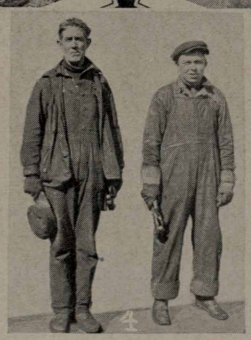
Submitted by

C. W. Smith, *Director Safety Division*
Industrial Relations Department

and

F. W. Lau, *Safety Director*
Whiting Works

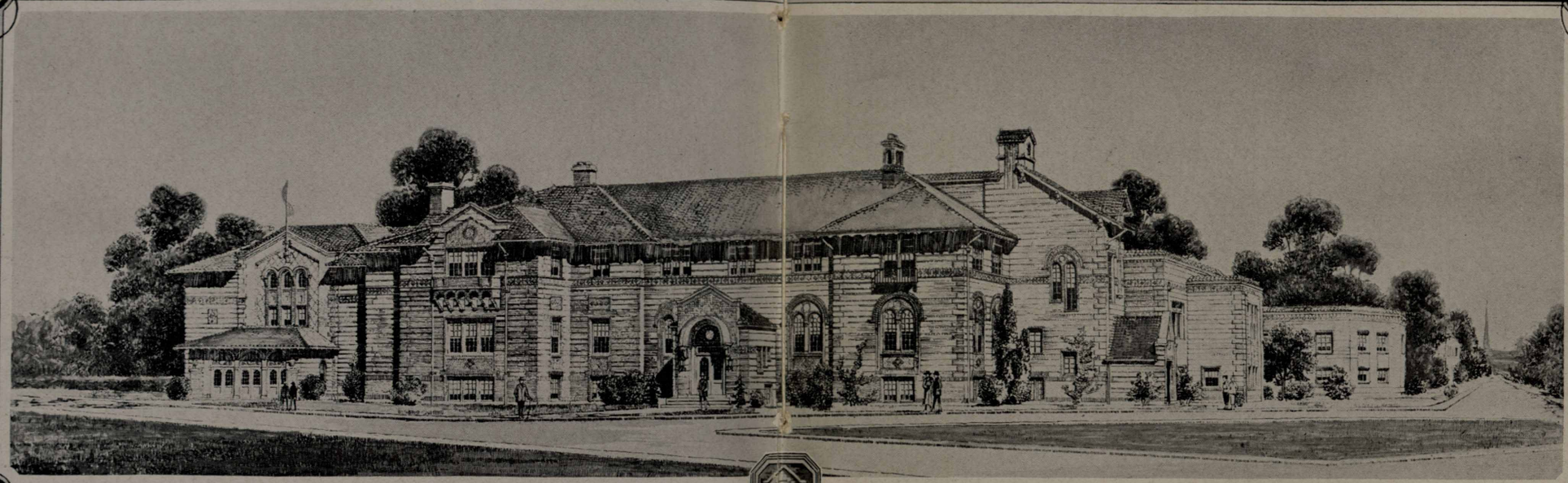
Casper Thru The Camera's Eye



No. 1—Main office gang at Plant No. 1. Their ability is in keeping with their appearance, which you'll admit is saying a whole lot. No. 2—Mrs. Paulus, Dr. Paulus, Peggy Paulus and Mrs. Heinze. No. 3—Hunters bold—Heinze and Trowe and four little Trowes. No. 4—Wilbur Wright, left, is our newest bridegroom. He's pump repairman at Nos. 1 and 2 plants and is so bashful we had to get D. C. Beck, right, to keep him in the picture.

START WORK ON WHITING MEMORIAL COMMUNITY HOUSE

By A. J. Parkin, *Manager, Community Service, Whiting*



All who look at the above picture of the Whiting Memorial Community House, now under construction on Short and Clark Streets, will agree that Whiting is to have a most beautiful and serviceable gathering place for the people

When completed in the spring of 1923, the building will represent an expenditure of $450,000, —$300,000 of which has been donated by the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) and $150,000 by John D. Rockefeller and his son, J. D. Rockefeller, Jr. The building is a gift to the people of Whiting, and will be controlled, maintained and used by them as a social and recreational headquarters through their own organization Community Service.

The entire building, in appearance, is one of quiet and commanding dignity, inviting in its simplicity and unconventional contour. The gentle slope of the Spanish tile roofs surmounts the walls of rough texture brick in varying shades of red, laid with cream colored mortar joints. The architecture is an adaptation of the Southern Italian style, which lends itself to this type of building constructed almost entirely of brick with the use of limestone at the various entrances and for trimming.

The building has three main divisions, so arranged as to accommodate the various activities shown in the accompanying working plan of Whiting Community Service. The auditorium with a seating capacity of one thousand, is located at the southeast end of the building. In order that it may be operated either in connection with or independent of the other departments it has a separate entrance from the street as well as one on the interior connecting it with the main portion of the building. The auditorium stage is fully equipped with the necessary dressing rooms, lighting, scenery and other facilities for dramatics, musical entertainments, lectures, motion pictures, etc.

The men's department, located in the central portion of the building, is reached by way of the main entrance on Clark Street. Entering here one finds the spacious and inviting general lobby, with the administration offices and secretary's counter at the opposite end Adjacent to the lobby are the billiard room, social and reading rooms and refreshment lobby. Wide corridors leading from the general lobby afford easy access to the spectators' gallery of the swimming pool, the men's gymnasium, and also to the women's department when such is desired.

Below the men's department are the locker and shower rooms, eight regulation bowling alleys, dining hall with a seating capacity of two hundred and fifty and the boys' department. Above, on the second floor, is the large general club room, the beautiful Memorial Hall with trophy cases and appropriate mural decorations, and adjacent rooms to be used by the American Legion as their headquarters. To the rear of the same floor is the running track of the men's gymnasium, boxing and wrestling room and a regulation handball court in separate room.

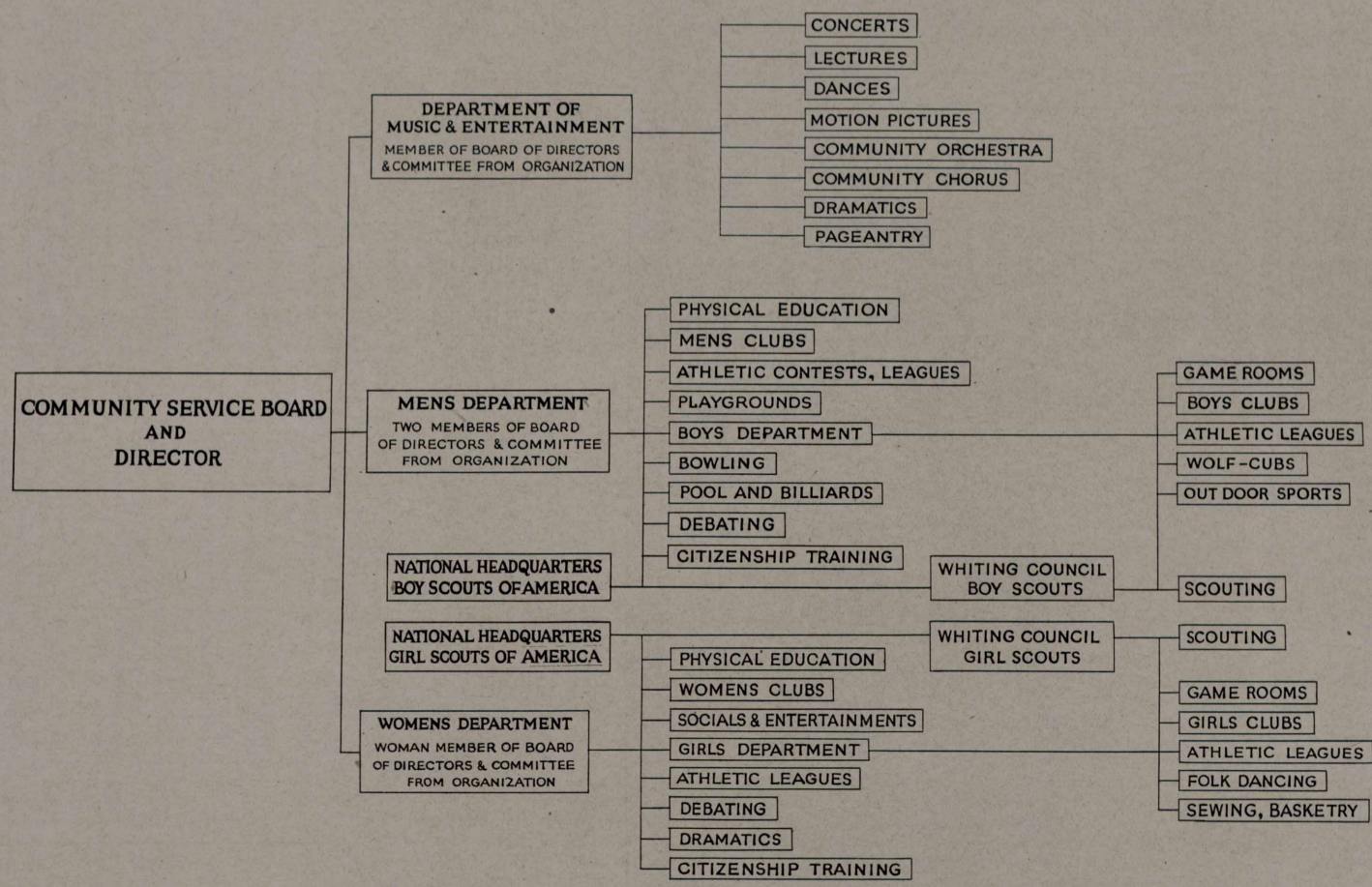
The main entrance to the women's department is at the north end of the building on Short Street. This department contains, on the first floor, the women's social room, cloak rooms, women's gymnasium and physical director's office. In the basement are the locker and shower rooms with separate entrance to the swimming pool and the girl's game room. The main feature of this department on the second floor is the large women's club room.

Every effort has been made by the Community Board of Directors to erect a building and develop an organization adapted to the leisure-time needs of the community. When completed they are confident that Whiting will have one of the finest and best equipped community houses to be found anywhere. The members of the present board are: J. E. Evans, president; Mrs. William Rought, vice-president; John M. Thiele, treasurer; Mrs. J. H. Judson, secretary; Mayor W. E. Schrage, H. F. Glair, R. E. Green, Daniel Gallagher, J. C. Melvin, J. J. Chilla and T. S Boyle.

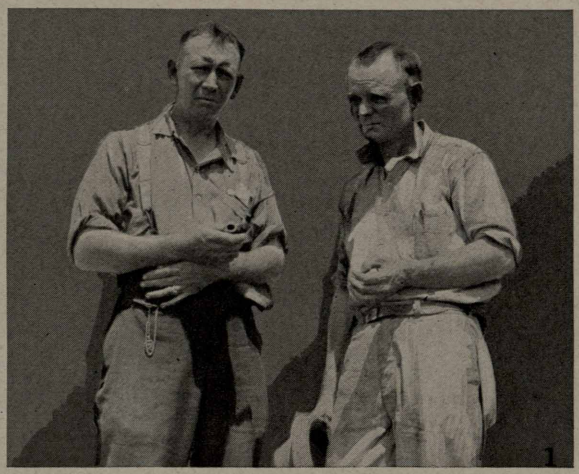
The Community House will be dedicated to the memory of those who served the country in the World War. Grander monument by far than the artist's best in shaft of granite or tablet of bronze! This memorial will not only honor the dead but stand as a most practical means of inspiration to the living. Here, in this people's house of play, of friendship and neighborliness men may mingle with their fellows as they make themselves better fit, physically, mentally and morally, for the tasks of higher citizenship and service. This is the goal of Community Service, nationally and locally—the bringing of people together regardless of race, color or creed in their own organization for participation in those leisure-time activities which make strong men and women. "For there is neither race, color, creed nor border when strong men stand face to face."

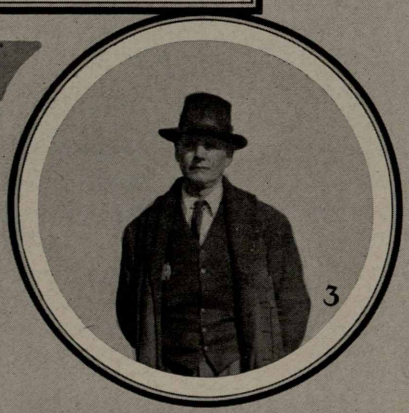
WHITING COMMUNITY SERVICE

WORKING PLAN OF ORGANIZATION



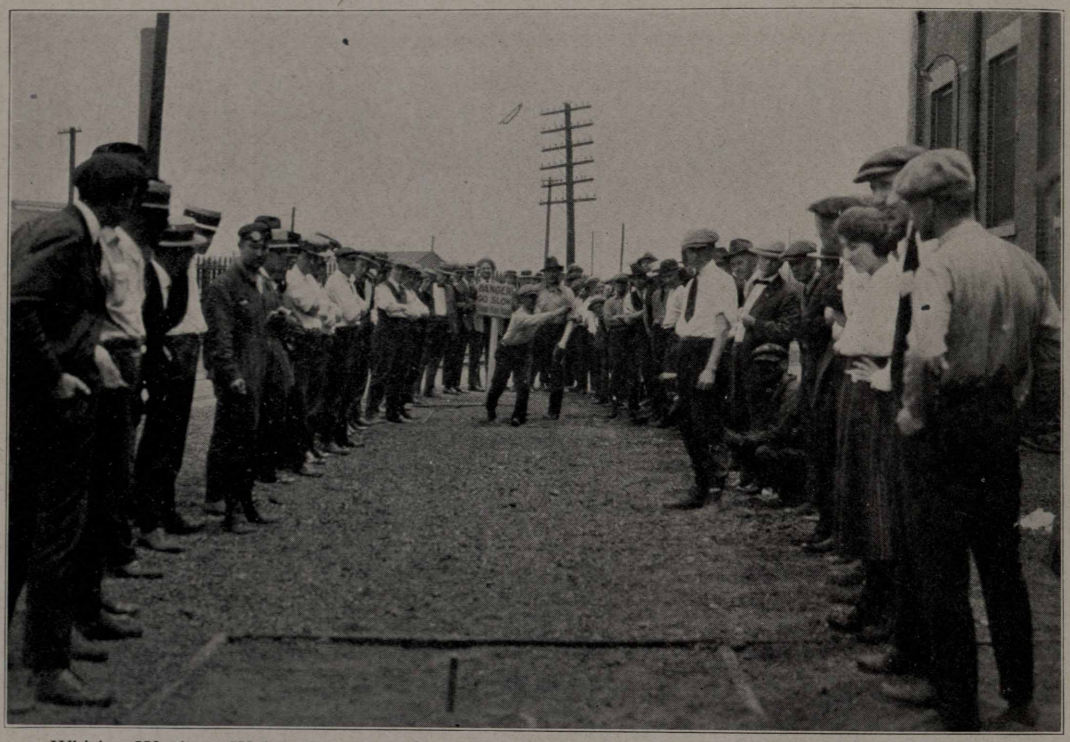
Famous Foremen of Wood River





No. 1—No, not highwaymen, folks, just Claude Burris, assistant carpenter foreman and president of the Athletic Association, and Whitey Hannold, foreman of refinery labor department. On the job all the time, whether for business or pleasure. No. 2—Ah! Handsome Henry Schanufer, assistant labor foreman. Entered Standard employ in 1914 at Casper, Wyoming, remaining till 1917 when he joined the Marines and learned what "hard boiled" really means. Ask him about it. Returning from the war he was transferred to Wood River. No. 3—M. G. Powell, common labor foreman, for nine years instructor in public schools, later a timekeeper and farmer, who entered service of this company ten years ago. Has eight children, of whom two sons and one daughter are employed by the S. O. Co., as is his son-in-law. Is considered one of the most capable foremen on plant, is absolutely just in dealing with his men and is highly respected throughout the works.

HORSESHOE FINALS DRAW BIG GALLERY



Whiting Works.—Walter Beach, welding department, in action. Beach was runner-up in the tournament, Frank Peters, of boiler shop, winning the singles championship. Boiler shop and welding department rooters shown in foreground.

Are you willing to go through life as a pigmy when there is something in you which even now is telling you that you can be a giant? Are you going to put forth a giant's efforts to bring out the biggest thing in you; or are you going to sit around waiting for luck or something outside of yourself to come to your assistance—for outside capital, for somebody to give you a lift? You will never unfold the bigger man God has wrapped up in you in this way, my friend. The only power that will develop the giant in you is right inside of you. God himself can't develop the human acorn that chooses to remain a dwarf.—*Success Magazine.*

* * *

Only that person who can sell, can be successful. Every candidate for every job or promotion must use selling tactics. Although our wares may be legal advice, surgical confidence, banking facilities, or gum drops, we must all sell something. Even the preacher must sell religion. Every mother's child among us finds it necessary, sooner or later, to sell something, whether it be goods, ideas, or service. And the person who is the best salesman is rewarded invariably by the largest compensation.

* * *

Life is made up of little things. It is but once in an age that occasion is offered for doing a great deed. True greatness consists in being great in little things.—*George MacDonald.*

THREE ANNUITANTS

Three more veteran employees have been placed on the company's annuity payroll according to an announcement by Mr. E. G. Seubert, secretary-treasurer and fourth vice-president:

Mr. Olaf Anderson, 10143 Avenue L South Chicago, Ill., formerly carpenter at Whiting; with company 32 years and one month.

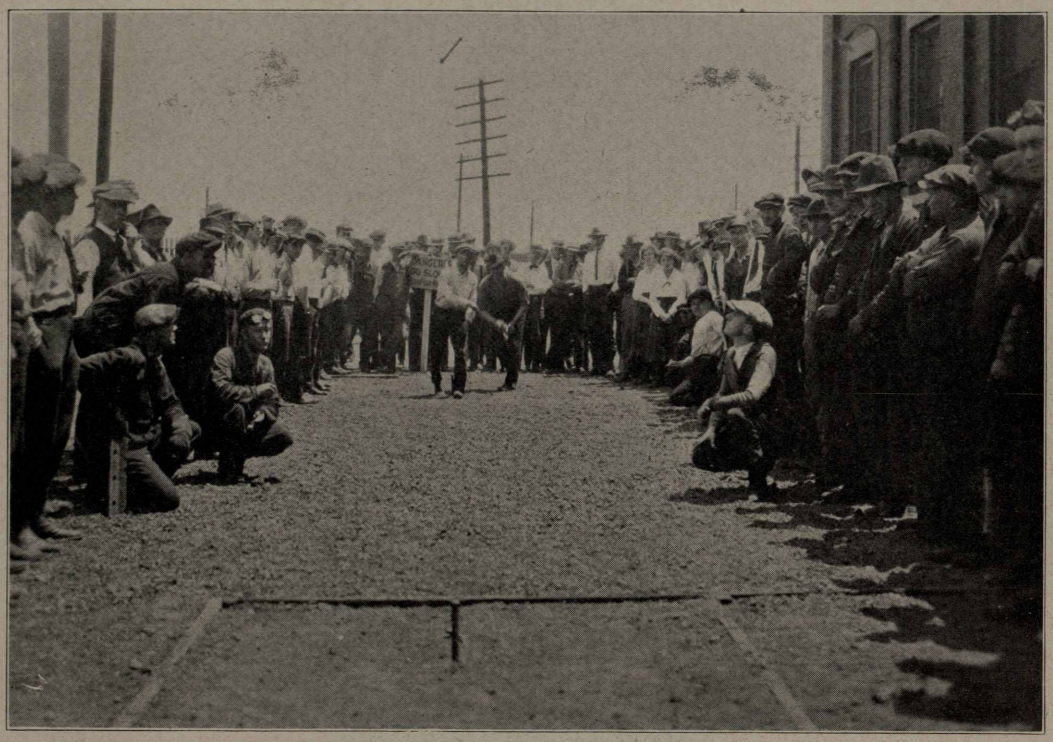
Emil Carlson, 10419 Avenue L, East Side, Chicago, formerly pumper at Whiting; with company 31 years and nine months.

John H. Gates, North Liberty, Ind., formerly clerk at Chicago; with company 28 years and 11 months.

* * *

We get just what we deserve. The only way in the world to have more, is to deserve more.

FRANK PETERS WINS HORSESHOE PRIZE



The singles of the Whiting Standard Oil Athletic Association Horseshoe Tournament have been run off, much to the delight of the employees who are interested in the game, and "that's most of 'em."

Twenty-six departments were represented and from the close scores, it seems that the cream, if there is such a thing connected with horseshoes, of the horseshoe pitching world took part.

There is little question but what the best masters of the game played through to the finals. Few have ever seen an exhibition equal to that put up by these boys during their three games which were for the championship.

Frank Peters, boiler shop caulker, and Walter Beach, welder, were the contestants. Peters won the first game played June 28 by the score of 50 to 45. In this contest Peters threw 17 ringers and Beach, 14. The second game, played June 29, was won by Beach by the score of 50 to 34. In this contest, Beach threw 23 ringers and Peters, 19. The third and deciding game played June 30 was won by Peters 50 to 40. In this game Peters threw 19 ringers and Beach, 14.

The runners up to these employees were Frank Radloff, checker, barrel house, third place, and Floyd Banks, pumper helper, crude station, fourth place.

Prizes were awarded as follows:

First prize—Gold Watch Chain.

Second prize—Pair of Nickel Plated Horseshoes.

Third prize—Gold Eversharp Pencil.

Fourth prize—Gold Eversharp Pencil.

Immediately following the close of the singles tournament, the doubles tournament was started. The tournament is well under way at this time.

The following committee is in charge of horseshoe tournament: Dr. R. H. Reeve, chairman, G. J. Prentice and Oliver Bartels.

* * *

Don't sit down in the meadow and wait for the cow to back up and be milked—go after the cow.

LIVE STANDARD OILERS FROM MISSOURI

Quincy, Illinois.—Here are Louise and William Garrett, children of Agent W. W. Garrett, of Salisbury, Mo., ready for an afternoon drive. With the picture, Manager Martin received a letter, part of which follows: "Dear Mr. Martin: We surely did appreciate the candy and pencils you sent us by papa and mamma. We are sending you in return several of our photographs. One of my brother William and myself and our team of goats and wagon. The goats' names are Bill and Dan. Bill is on the right and Dan is on the left. You will notice our wagon is decorated for the Fourth of July celebration. Our rig had no competition as it was so much different from all the others. I did not have any sister Helen at the time the picture was taken."

A FOOLISH THEORY

It is a matter of daily occurrence to hear parents say that it is useless to keep their children away from their playmates who have any of the communicable diseases of childhood, in fact, some even expose their children to such diseases on the theory that it is better for the child to have the disease early in life, and be over with it.

Nothing is more foolish than this theory. It is absolutely unnecessary for a child to have any of these, and it is a crime thus to expose them. These diseases are not the simple thing that many think. Each one is dangerous, and frequently leads to death, or leaves the victims with other disease conditions which remain with them for a long time and cause untold suffering.

Measles may be followed by bronchitis or pneumonia, whooping cough by bronchitis, pneumonia or heart disease, and scarlet fever by disease of the heart or kidneys, or of the ears. The latter is one of the most frequent causes of deafness in children. Therefore it will be seen that children exposed to the "ORDINARY" diseases of childhood are not exposed to these diseases alone, but to many other very serious and often fatal ones.—*United States Public Health Service.*

THE RED CROWN No. 1 NOW HAS PRETTY SISTER

Red Crown Boat No. 1, plying Chicago harbor, now has a pretty sister in Boat No. 2, shown in the above, which has been launched and is now engaged in serving the water loving public of Lincoln Park and Chicago harbors with Red Crown gasoline and lubricating oils for their motor boats, steam launches and hydroplanes.

A paint sign read:—
"Save the Surface and You Save All."
Someone added:—
"So she powdered her face."—*Life.*

* * *

Willis—"I see by the paper that it is raining oil in China."

Gillis—"Well, I shouldn't wonder! That's probably the bottom falling out of one of those Texas oil wells that I bought stock in."

* * *

"Yes, sir, it is pretty hard to collect money just now; I know it."

"Have you tried and failed?"

"Oh, no."

"How, then do you know that money is hard to collect?"

"Because several people have tried to collect some from me."

* * *

Do not allow yourself to think that anything else can come to you but prosperity. Assume the prosperity attitude, thought, manner. Act like a prosperous, progressive man, dress like one, think like one. Be sure that your mental picture, your mental attitude, is the pattern of that which you would like to be a reality.—*Gordon Ross.*

* * *

Enthusiasm is the greatest business asset in the world. Enthusiasm tramples over prejudices and opposition, spurs inaction, storms the citadel of its object, and like an avalanche overwhelms and engulfs all obstacles.

WHITING, IND.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Rusnack, 640 New York Avenue, Whiting, are the proud parents of a ten pound baby girl. Mother and baby are doing fine.

Mr. O. Johnson has taken a sixty-day leave for the benefit of his health. We hope, Oscar, when you return you will be a new man. The boys all wish you luck.

Mr. Abel Burgstrom seems to keep rather late hours and from all indications, Abel is not going to fool us this time. He has hinted about getting married. Good luck.

Mr. Fred Holmer was introduced to a young lady from Sweden who has only been in this country three months. Fred being a little bashful at times, forgot himself and popped the question. All well. No date has been set as yet.

Mr. William Balls came to work Monday with a broad smile. Bill would not say why and we were at a loss, but it soon leaked out. He was so pleased because he got his house painted. Some smile for that job.

Mr. Harry Benight and party motored to Morocco, Indiana, to see mother and daddy. All had a very pleasant time.

* * *

Traveler: "Did you find a roll containing $50 under my pillow?"

Pullman Porter: "Yas, suh; thank you, suh."
—*Exchange.*

* * *

Most young men are satisfied if they can raise enough money to finance their vices.

WHITING, IND.

It is quite noticeable that since Joe Nielsen has use of Dad's Ford his intended bride is exercising great care to keep him from falling out while driving. At that Joe is not backward in driving with one hand.

Wonder why D. A. Slatnich is off so much—can it be that she works nights?

Henry Lewis, of the storehouse, latest *indoor* sport is "GOLL-IF"; in other words golf. How do you play "GOLL-IF," Henry?

Edward Horlbeck, filling room foreman at can factory, passed the cigars. He is the proud father of a seven and one-quarter pound baby girl, which arrived June 23.

J. W. Humphrey, foreman of the can factory, is on his annual motor trip to Cleveland.

Mary Klapak, of the can factory, was married June 19.

Mary Woltek, of the can factory, is also leaving us to be married July 3.

Miss Marie Rittman, first on the vacation list, spent the time quietly at home. It is said she occupied her leisure moments making a dress. Say, that must be some dress. Everyone is wondering what it's for.

The last time Fred Wilhelm's name appeared in the Record he was seen taking home seven copies. Better not print his picture or we'll have to order fifty extras.

Mr. John Fischrupp has announced his resignation as lubricating department clerk in the filtering oils department office to take effect July 15. John has accepted a position with the Apex Appliance Company as head of their Indiana territory sales service. Mr. Arthur Fitzgerald has succeeded John on his former duties.

Queries are around as to why Charles Husang, janitor, always removes his shoes during lunch hour.

If some quiet evening you should be taking a leisurely stroll and suddenly you are disturbed from your reveries by what sounds like a couple hundred tin cans in a riot, do not be surprised if you see Gene Grogan serenely driving in what looks like one of the surviving coaches of Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show, equipped with a gasoline engine. Gene acquired this antique (a 1914 Overland) from Mr. Ben Jones, who in keeping step with the progress of the world about is now the proud possessor of a Chandler touring car.

The personnel of the white oil room was again increased by the employment for the summer months of Hazel Brenner, Elsie Flowers, Margaret McCarthy, Erna Vater and Lucelia Lawrence.

The matrimonial bureau of the F. F. F. plant and the white oil room is working full blast these days. During two weeks in June one wedding and three engagements were announced. This establishes a record, making the total of twelve marriages from these departments during the last year. The marriage of Miss Gladys Bow to Mr. Arthur Scheffler came first, followed closely by the announcements of the engagements of Miss Mary Gerba, Catherine Adzia and Genevieve Toth of the white oil room.

John White of the welding department tool room is on the sick list for the past two weeks. We hope to see him back at work soon.

Willie Williams foreman at the welding shop tried to break all records on his bicycle at the average of one and one-tenth miles per hour. The last Willie remembers was turning the corner at the pressure stills, and getting conscious he saw Miss Keeler soaking his head with iodine. How are the hands and knees Willie? Willie looked as if he had met Jack Dempsey on his way home.

Mr. Walter Beech was seen at Louis Buahmal furniture house purchasing a disc wheel baby buggy.

The Epidemic of Matrimony is flourishing at the welding shop. The following have agreed to pull double: Walter Beech Rene Ferdinand; Ed Dust and Geo. Kaminsky—but don't know how soon. The boys are waiting for George to bring cigars and a bid to play pinochle at the house. Be sure and don't let the full dress suits overdue, husbands to-be.

Mr. and Mrs. Herald McCay are the proud parents of a baby boy. Atta boy, Herald. He claims it's too hot to sleep nights, so he takes young Herald around the lake after midnight.

Charles Staley was seen Wednesday night at Cedar Lake with five girls. What's wrong, Charlie?

Tom Wiley claims after eating twenty-four of Bill Schlety's hot dogs, a person started to bark.

While sleeping with the window open, John J. Taylor, of the welding shop office, had a very great disappointment when some midnight rounder borrowed the use of his artificial limb. The party is well known. Kindly return and no questions asked. Come on, Mullaney, give him his leg back. You can't use it.

Mr. Seth Armstrong, the coming scientist of the welding shop, would like to know whether the vibration of an engine shakes the house or the compression of the air. Editor, please answer to the welding department for Armstrong.

Another question, girls. George Kirchoff, alias T. N. T., wants to know if Florence Italy and Marion Ohio are acrobats.

Bill McClean has an order on the market for a new Maxwell auto.

The welding shop reporter is thinking of arrangements for a beauty contest. Send entries in care of welding shop. The welding department entries are: Mike Miscicko, Slim Kirchoff, Slippery Kopas, White Janpansky, Charlie Mullaney, Ben Turpin, Julius Kensock and Seth Armstrong, without his false teeth.

Fartner of the welding shop is going to enter the motor boat races at Mud Lake. He figures in taking first prize. Come one, come all, to see the race.

Lewis Le Marbe, of the welding shop, song composer, has completed his masterpiece as the "Carbide Blues."

Geo. J. Kaminsky has guaranteed the men of the welding department that he is back as reporter for the Stanolind Record and will publish everything received.

Did you hear that Mike Elo got the first prize for milking a five-legged cow at White City? How did you do it, Mike? Tomatoes got the baby prize; it was a rattle box.

Mr. Earl Knight took an examination for a Chicago policeman. Too bad you got flat feet, Earl.

With Tom Wiley selling pop-corn on the corner of Atchison and Indiana Blvd., and Slippery Kopaz selling red hots in White City, Henry Ford will look like a bum.

Frank Bunchak was pulled in and after being searched they found a baby's nipple in his pocket. What did the judge say, Frank?

Since Bob Dooly got married he has more pep than ever. He used to take whole steps before

his marriage, and now he only takes half steps. I hope Ziggie Gobberg doesn't get that way.

Mike Callins sent a special invitation to Dick Griffin to attend his wedding. Too bad you can't go, Griffin.

The stork has certainly been busy for the acid works during the past few weeks. Just listen.

Francis Joseph Gasda arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ig Gasda on March 9th. Ig, who is one of our lead burners, declares Francis shall never enter a lead shop, but expects to see him run for Congress in about 30 years hence.

Behold, another lead burner, John Michael, arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Mike Palakin on June 2. Sounds like a plot in the lead shop. Mike says if Francis runs for Congress he will see to it that John does too.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Kasper announce the arrival of Paul Kasper on June 20. Joe spends eight hours out of the twenty-four on the pitch stills. We think a picture of this trio would look well in the Record.

John Bodney, 20-year man in the acid department, has returned from a two weeks vacation. Inasmuch as John boasts a big Chandler we know he must have spent a pleasant two weeks.

If in your travels you happen around Forsythe Water Gardens, gaze upon the House That Jack Built. Jack Cote, helper on the pitch stills, being the possessor of a fine corner lot in this new subdivision, recently constructed a temporary three-room house and garage. We expect to see a fine brick home rise on this lot some time in the future.

Jacob Bachi, acid house stillman, has returned from the wilds of Wisconsin where the fish and big game are plentiful. He reports a fine trip.

Guy Smith has been off for a few days attending the funeral of his mother-in-law, Mrs. Nosker, who passed away at her home in Whiting.

Bill Harper and Ernest Moore challenge anyone on the plant to a mush eating contest to take place within the next 30 days as after that date they will probably both have their false crushers in. At present they are a toothless pair.

We understand that Joe Hanson now sits at the wheel of a Marmon. We believe that must be the life.

John Bachi recently sold his home on Cleveland avenue and is residing temporarily with his father. We expect to see John in a new home by the time this is printed and incidentally riding around in a new Henry.

John Perach, car-loader at the pitch plant, made a mysterious trip to South Chicago last week. For details see George Benson, his manager.

James Burke, laboratory tester, is assisting in the construction of a garage at his home. Jimmie says after all the hard labor he has put on it a fellow should be able to drive out once and awhile and he is patiently waiting for the arrival of friend car.

"Doc" Simon Liebert has just finished his first year at the Kent Law College with high honors. Attention, girls—he has open evenings for a while, now.

Extra! Joe Travers Not Married! Joe is very bashful, girls, but he has expressed a desire to consider matrimony if "someone else" is willing. Incidentally, he would like to meet some nice girl who knows the way home from the White Sox ball park.

Joe Jones' badger locks are shorn again and the sunlight again shines through the gray.

Bill Deavers wants to buy a set of aviator straps to strap in one of his auto passengers, Ray Miller, who has several times almost fallen from the car when passing some of Whiting's fairest. Ray almost had an accident boarding a street car when some fair ones came along, but quick assistance by fellow passengers saved his neck. Safety Smith ought to look into this.

Manning Mack, machinist, has just invented some new soft rubber safety razor blades which are guaranteed not to scratch. Mack uses them himself, with the result that he has the tenderest, pinkest complexion on the plant—underneath that seven-weeks' stubble.

Mutt Mates has spent several days moving and has decided never to get married. Why not get a wife, Mutt, and let her do it?

Irwin Homan, machinist, on June 24 was married to Miss Mildred Kaprata, a charming Chicago young lady. They are now residing in Whiting. He received much advice and many useful presents from his fellow workers, particularly from Louie Molter, Gus Berg and Charlie Ruff.

Don Daegling, of the machine shop office, travels around in a snappy Oakland roadster now. Possibly his position as honorary secretary to Chairman Bumhour of the baseball committee requires or enables him to travel in such style.

Mr. Minsberg, machine shop superintendent, sent Chester Kahl for a sign to read "Danger! Falling Material!" and Chester came back with the news that all falling material signs were in use but bringing one which read: "Danger! Sewer Gas!"

A. W. Bumhour, with Mrs. Bumhour, has returned from California, where he spent most of his vacation. He traveled with a party of Shriners.

Fred Kahl, machine shop stump orator, recently drove his machine to the tool room door and ordered air for his tire. He got it, all right, but was somewhat peeved when a loud report told him he would have to buy one new bicycle tire.

Herman G. Schroeder, of the can house, is reported to have built his own wireless receiving set, which is rendering excellent service. Herman is a student in the evening classes at the Coyne Engineering School, where he is studying electricity in all its branches.

K. K Kessler, with a new pair of specs and a budding mustache, is apparently trying to look like a great grandfather.

Miss Eliza Gardner, of the machine shop office, has returned from the green forests of Wisconsin, reporting such a fine time that we are all envious.

Billy Haman is now operating the precision grinder, a job coveted by many.

Asked the time, C. J. Schroeder, machine shop draftsman, forgot himself, opened his watch and disclosed the picture of a beautiful young lady. Information as to her identity was refused, but our hard working reporter claims her name is Grace Dunn, of the East Side. It looks like a romantic summer.

Charlie Ruff, pastmaster in the art of economy, has acquired several new aprons. Here's how: Charlie's old one, ragged and dirty, was sent to the laundry. It came back with a piece of new goods sewed on the bottom. Charlie took off the new goods and sent the apron back to the laundry. Back it came with another addition sewed on. Several such trips and he had acquired enough material for a flock of aprons. He is now saving for a blanket for his pet cat.

Old Bill Byers was seen recently riding a "Herald and Examiner" little red express wagon up and down on the sidewalk in front of his home while the neigh-

borhood kids stood around in envy. Bill must have found the Elixir of Youth.

Fred Ehlers and his better half recently decorated their home with such craftsmanship that the profession was dealt a staggering blow. Better be careful or the whole delegation of machine shop boys will visit you, Fred.

Shh-h! The secret is out. We have it straight that Ernie Deecken is about to take the fatal step. Who is the lucky (?) girl, Deecken?

WOOD RIVER, ILLINOIS

Wood River has another fine street added to its many beauty spots in the paving of Wood River avenue, the street entering the north gate of the plant. This street was opened to the traveling public Friday, June 23, with a "Block Dance," which was highly enjoyed by the citizens of the community. A large crowd was present. A five-piece orchestra furnished the music.

The band stand which is being erected by the citizens of Wood River for the use of the Refinery band is nearing completion, and we understand will be in use in the very near future. This is something that has been badly needed in Wood River for some time, as the band has been handicapped for a suitable place in which to hold its concerts during the former seasons.

Claude Bachelor, foreman of the tin shop, has purchased a new Ford. His friends are wondering why he didn't buy a "real" car. Claude says "she's a dandy," but his friends say she can go down hill all right, but has a hard time coming up. They say he is running her with "coke." Why not try Red Crown Gasoline so she will go both ways?

Wm. Adams, well known bowler and electric welder, was presented with a fine specimen of "Russian Wolf Hound." Billy says she is from the best pedigreed stock.

Homer Ferguson says the ladies all say that he is the finest looking man in the Red Crown band. They admire the way in which he slides his trombone.

The recently organized octette of the Wood River refinery, under the leadership of "Prof." Jay Dodge, motored to Moro, Ill., recently, and rendered several selections at a concert given by the Moro band. We have not heard as yet whether there were any fatalities.

Russell Durham won the championship in horseshoe pitching contest of the plant recently, but Red Hamer and Pearl Baker are still pitching to get in condition for next year's tournament. Good luck to you, boys.

Mr. Wes Catron, of the acid house, has bought himself a brand new Chevrolet. It has only been used for about eight or nine years. Wes said he does not know the exact date of it, but at that she is a "go-getter." What he means by that is that every time he takes mamma and the babies out for a ride he has to arrange for some other "Lizzie" to go get his machine, otherwise she would remain on some country road.

Roy Thompson and Jim Greene, the mighty hunters, went out on a big turtle hunt last week. They caught fourteen turtles, the sizes being in proportion to the fish they used to tell us they caught.

Albert Hall is contemplating a trip to England in the near future to get a "bloody good dog."

Judge George W. Thompson is now prepared to give legal advice in all cases of law or love, marriage and divorces being a specialty with him.

Mr. Wm. Traband is holding down a No. 1 position in the limelight at present. Bill transformed his Ford roadster into a truck and hauled sod to all neighbors; then after scouring the countryside he acquired a touring body and fenders to replace the roadster body. His spare moments at home he spends in changing bodies on his Ford chassis. In the plant Bill is breaking all records for plating up stills. He does the job in fifteen minutes. This means that Bill can put in three bolts in one minute, besides raising and lowering the plug, scraping gaskets and hanging the tar plate. Call the speed cop!

The marriage of Geo. Pennefold and Miss Eva Everson was recently celebrated. Mr. Pennefold is one of the stand-bys of the pressure stills and Miss Everson is the daughter of "Uncle Joe" Everson of the gas absorbers. Both of these young people are well known in Wood River, and have the best wishes of their many friends at the plant and in the community.

Charles Wiggins now has additional grievances at the "boss." That old feeling pervades us all more or less—just when we have settled down to "take it easy" after a long, hard drag, the "boss" wants us to do something. In this connection we might advise that George Buck has lost that deadly aim which laid low many a rabbit. The stream of water from the squirt gun went right over Wiggins' head.

Quite a bit of repair work is going on at No. 1 crude house. New bottoms have been put in practically all the stills of No. 1 battery and the work of resetting the stills is under way. The brick work is practically all to be rebuilt. These were the first crude stills built at the Wood River plant and it is interesting to know that the work has lasted so long.

Freeman and Custer entertained the boys at the pump house and No. 1 crude house in one of their brilliant debates on humanity in general.

Pete Kavic announces the birth of a new daughter at his home. This is the eighth child of Pete and Mrs. Kavic.

The mysterious and ghostly "Peeping Tom" of John Eaton's neighborhood was cornered the other evening and ran into an old shed which was immediately surrounded by the trusty sentries of the neighborhood, but on examination the shed was found to contain only a long handled shovel, which makes the mystery deeper than ever.

Ty Cobb experienced a streak of bad luck with rabbits. Some dogs slipped into the pen and killed 27 of the 782 Ty has.

L. L. Tuley has referred to Judge Thompson for collection the following overdue bills of the Dirty Faces—Farrow, Gilham, Wilson, Brummer and Thompson.

What is wrong when one tries to start a Ford and it spins the wheels but doesn't move? Consult Bill Traband.

Curley Andrews ordered some cherries and tried to stand the seller off until pay day. As the request was refused, Curley's ambitions of cherry wine are shot to pieces. Curley also took in the recent dog show in St. Louis.

It is reported that Big Bill Hoffman was seen driving into Wood River at a terrific speed the other night, and that his shoes were unlaced and his shirt unbuttoned. Bill was late for work and was changing clothes as he came.

Curley Andrews was advised about the nest of a sitting duck along a country road, and being a

fancier of poultry at once generated an ambition to own this duck by the country roadside. He employed the "Old Reliable," Bill Traband, to transport him to the scene of operations and began looking for the duck. Suddenly Curley's attention was attracted toward an object close at hand. Slight observation disclosed "Farmer Corntossel" with some eight inches of flowing beard and some forty inches of shot-gun barrels. Curley bit his pipestem in two, but managed to explain he was looking for some young rabbits. However, he declined the use of "Farmer Corntossel's" dog to help catch the rabbits. The last bit of advice to Curley was an admonition not to step on a duck sitting about two feet from where Curley was standing. Such is life, Curley! Such is life!

George McGaw of the acid works was on the sick list recently, but we are glad to state has fully recovered at this writing.

Ed. Carmody of the refinery agitators, one of the old-timers with the Standard Oil Co., has been on his vacation, and reports an enjoyable time.

An interesting wedding took place on Wednesday morning, June 20, when Miss Naomi Lawrence became the bride of Merle Manley. The attendants were Mr. and Mrs. Harold Werner, and the ceremony was performed at the First Methodist church of Wood River. Mrs. Manley is the charming daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Lawrence of Lorena avenue, and has been a teacher in the Wood River schools for the last three years. Mr. Manley is the son of Mrs. Virginia Manley and a popular employee at the main pump house of the Standard Oil Co. Immediately after the ceremony the couple left for a motor trip to Springfield and Peoria. The many friends of this young couple join in wishing them a happy and prosperous married life.

On June 7 Miss Elizabeth Gainer became the bride of Charles Baker, the ceremony being performed at the parsonage of St. Elizabeth's church at Mitchell, Ill. Mrs. Baker is the sister of Mr. Frank Gainer, assistant superintendent of the refinery, and for years has made her home with her brother. Mr. Baker is a nephew of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Buck of Ninth street, Mr. Buck being one of our still foremen. Mr. Baker served overseas for two years with the 124th Field Artillery, Battery D. Both of the contracting parties have been employees of the Standard Oil Company for a number of years. Their many friends throughout the plant wish them every success and happiness in their wedded life.

Miss Mary Stoneham of the main office is enjoying her vacation as the guest of relatives and friends in Whiting, Ind. Her sister, Miss Ann Stoneham, and Miss Dorothy Wuestenfeld, daughter of our still foreman, are also visiting in Whiting.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stamper are receiving congratulations on the arrival of a young son at their home recently. This is their first child and from Frank's remarks to the laboratory bunch, he must be wonderfully good natured. Trust this sweet disposition stays with "William Henry" always.

Miss Elizabeth Parks, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Parks, has as her house guest Miss Jane Longan of Lincoln, Ill.

Joe Evans, stillman at the acid works, spent two days in St. Louis recently among the second-hand stores. The Joint General Committee banquet is drawing near and of course Joe cannot go in an undershirt. We presume, therefore, that he is stocking up.

Chris Mayford has returned to Wood River and is back again on the pressure stills after giving the chicken ranch the "once over" for a year.

Clyde Van Camp has returned to Wood River and has taken his old job in the pipe department.

W. Traband is passing out the cigars due to the advent of a new baby girl.

Jim Hicks says he is completely lost since the carnival left town.

Dick Edsall of the car inspection department recently departed for California to join his wife, who has been visiting there for some time. Dick's many friends are hoping for his early return to the refinery, but realize that sunny California is very alluring, and it would not surprise the bunch if he became too deeply attached to it to remove himself eastward again.

Mrs. W. A. Grove and little son, Buddy, have returned from a two weeks' visit with friends and relatives at Pittsfield, Ill., and Louisiana, Mo. Bill's dejected look has disappeared and he is all smiles once more.

Gus Schuler of the Press House was recently united in marriage to one of Wood River's fair daughters. It is said that Gus first made a trip to Edwardsville and discovered that the cost of a marriage license was two bucks; hence he decided to ride on through to Collinsville where a cut rate of one dollar is on for quick delivery. There is nothing like starting early in the saving game, as it is very necessary, Gus, when you begin to drive in double harness.

Leland Clark, one of our high school boys, has been appointed "Governor General" of the saw filing department.

The many friends of Wesley Mathie will miss his smiling face from the company truck. Mathie is now butchering for Max Hartwig. We understand that the reason for Mathie asking for a transfer was his nervousness account of a certain meeting with a bear some time since. He probably feels he is safer in the carpenter department.

Charles Smith of the pressure pump house has been appointed dog catcher of this community. We think that Charles will make a good man for this job. Some of the boys are making a kick about the cruel way Charles disposes of the dogs, but Bob, a pressure still fireman, says: "Don't you worry, boys, my old smoke pole will still shoot." Since Charles has been on the job the drug stores have been doing a rushing business. The last dog that Charles tried to chloroform took such a large amount that he ran short and had to borrow a barrel of same from Fred Brett. We wonder why Fred keeps so much chloroform on hand; if it was a barrel of something else the mystery might not be hard to solve. Charles says that owing to the fishing season it will be hard for him to do much until colder weather. Charles and his chauffeur, Mr. Thompson, are going on a one-day vacation to the Ozarks to catch mountain bass. They have made arrangements with Charles Martin, the village drayman, to haul their fishing tackle, as "Lizzie" will not climb the mountains with that load.

Sam Williams is all smiles. A hair has suddenly appeared on Sam's head.

What makes the most noise in the yard, the dinner whistle or Ed. Stamper's voice?

Charley Lee says the only caps that he cares about are caps with earlaps on.

The picnic given by the Athletic Association at the Standard grounds, Mississippi and Wood Rivers, was a success from every angle. A large crowd was on hand and enjoyed the occasion. A shooting match, horseshoe tournament, and other sports were enjoyed. Russell Durham of the time-

keepers' department was the winner in the horseshoe tournament. Rus says it's great to be lucky. The famous Refinery Band was of course on hand and entertained the visitors with their excellent music. Much credit is due to the picnic committee for the manner in which this undertaking was carried through, and it is to be hoped that many more such picnics may be given during the summer months, as same are highly pleasing to the people of the community. (We sure admire the pictures we didn't receive of this.—Ed.)

Recently two new watchmen were installed at the gate leading from the state road into the Standard grounds below the refinery. A rather amusing incident is recorded in connection with one of these watchmen. Around 11:30 p. m. a machine came up the road at a good rate of speed and when directly in front of the gate there was a loud "bang." The watchman sprang to attention thinking that the occupants of the machine were shooting at him, and the people in the machine put on more speed in an endeavor to get away from what they thought were the bullets of the watchman. On their arrival in the village they secured the assistance of the local police and returned to the spot and insisted that the watchman be taken in tow for shooting at them, and he on the other hand cross-charged that they were attempting to make a target of him. On investigation it developed that the wheel bore one flat tire, the cause of the misunderstanding was then accounted for, and peace reigned supreme once more.

The refinery octette, recently organized, is making wonderful progress and it is expected that the community will be treated to some high class entertainments within the very near future. Under the capable direction of Mr. Dodge it is felt that this organization of singers will be as good as can be found anywhere in this vicinity. Much credit is due Mr. Dodge and also the other members of the organization for their earnest efforts and attention to the work. With the band and this octette the employees and community should not want for high class entertainment this summer, as well as during the winter months.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Carmody gave a birthday party in honor of their daughter, Sarah, the occasion being her 14th birthday, June 28. The time was spent in games and dancing and dainty refreshments were served. Those present were Mae Sullivan, Verneda Sheff, Winnie Eades, Thelma Green, and Burton Gedney of Wood River, and Ida Daullmeyer, Opal Burke, Helen Youngberg and Clara Meyer of Alton. A delightful time is reported. Mr. Carmody is the treater on the refinery agitators.

SUGAR CREEK, MO.

George Hackett and Bill Beatty, two of our most enthusiastic followers of Izaak Walton, took quite an interesting trip recently. They drove to a place on the Little Blue river about a mile from Horseshoe lake. The banks were rather slippery and Bill warned George, who was wearing rubber boots, to be careful. George says that he was careful—but it wasn't long before Bill heard one large splash. Finally, with the help of a farmer, a team of Missiouri mules and a good stout rope, Bill was able to pull George out of the mud. At a Safety meeting the next day, George wanted to know if "Doc" McCoy couldn't force the farmers along the Little Blue to build fences and concrete curbing along the banks.

Somebody poured oil on the troubled waters of the "Big Muddy". The fishermen at Courtney started the rumor that the Standard was dumping oil into the river, so as to shoot the price up; but C. O. Taylor and Al Shondell supplied the alibi that exonerated the company. Wonder how these boys know so much about it?

The foremen claim that Mr. Hurt is a born diplomat; from our viewpoint it looks like an acquired trait with him, or perhaps the old "noodle" is getting in better working order with the hot weather.

If you care to gain a lot of useful information, just hang around the shack at the filling racks some morning before the whistle blows. Those boys sure know a lot.

Eddie Webb and family will spend their vacation in the Ozarks this year. Wonder what Eddie will do without his radio receiving set?

Walter McCredie is leaving the services of the company. Back to the land for Walter—out in sunny California.

We have witnessed many interesting baseball games, but the last half of the 7th inning of a recent game between the Boilermakers and the Tower Stills, contained more thrills than any full game ever played at the park. Ray, that was certainly a sweet hit that won the game; it goes to show what you can do when you have to do it.

We have received information to the effect that John Shipley is about to pull up stakes and seek new fields to conquer. Well, good luck to you, John—hate to see you go.

They all come back! ! ! Fred Miller tried different localities in Kansas City, but finally moved back to Independence.

Bert Wesner is on his vacation. John Waller is rushing around trying to hold down Bert's job.

Our expert bean raiser, Joe Carpenter, and his side kick, Claude Bursen, are thinking of going in business together. These two are so inseparable that their first inquiry each day is for each other. Looks like a case of Absalom and David. What's that? Who said Saul and David?

We didn't know G. W. Thompson was a mechanic but after getting a little expert advice on addressographs from Ben Wallace, he called his "force" together in the addressograph room and told 'em to "Watch me fix it"—he did. It may be necessary to write the cards and checks by hand for a few pay days, but it's a hundred to one shot we get a new machine.

HELP! ! ! THEN MORE HELP! ! Did you see what George Steinhouser winds up every night in front of the plant here lately, and how it does belch forth that black smoke; we'll bet he got that can of mixed "waste" that Jim O'Hara has been saving for Bert Hafer.

The shock was quite severe but the re-action was painless—when the "Scandal Sheet" for July showed up on June 29, the boys thought that the editor must have taken pity on the Sugar Creek readers and slipped them a few copies in advance. Perhaps the excellent article by Colonel Stewart was too good to hold back to the regular period—anyway, we are ready for a few more pleasant surprises. MR. EDITOR, TAKE NOTICE.

John Wirtman, machinist, has been carrying away all the trapshooting honors. John has been pulverizing the pigeons mighty regularly. Well, anyone that has been shooting ducks on the Missouri river as long as John has, ought to be able to hit an easy target like a clay pigeon. Myrlen Huffman has been holding on them pretty good, too,

and John will have to watch himself to stay in first place.

What's the matter with the boilermakers' baseball team? Ask Tom Dumsky; he knows.

George Thompson is getting ready for his annual fishing trip; we have noticed him poring over numerous fishing tackle catalogues and magazines devoted to fishing, lately.

The Standard Oil Band concert and Red Cross ice cream social held together at the Standard Park was a huge success, both to the Red Cross and Earl Cox, director of the band. Financially it netted the Red Cross quite a substantial sum, and it gave Earl Cox an opportunity to sing, "WhenYou and I Were Young, Maggie," a song which he has been attempting to sing for some time, but has been frustrated by two of the band members who persist in destroying the music just before the concert.

Mr. Hurt recently hired two boys to pull the weeds out of the tennis courts. Tennis doesn't seem to be a very popular game in Sugar Creek, and the courts are all ready for some more weed pulling. (Well, it takes real speed to play real tennis. Maybe that's why it doesn't go good in Sugar Creek. What?—Ed.)

CASPER, WYOMING

D. J. Smith went to Whiting June 17. He left to inform the directors that everything was in readiness at Casper for a visit from them. We only hope Don doesn't get lost in those man-made canyons in Chicago.

Lloyd Smith's house is finished now. That is why he took a vacation and left for the old stamping grounds. We hope he enjoys seeing the old-timers again. When Lloyd returns, the family will come along. We welcome them to our land of liquid gold.

No one can blame Dorsey Straitiff for liking the sodas at Smith-Turner's better than those elsewhere. Oh, boy! bobbed hair, blue eyes and everything!

It used to be that Shorty Edelmuth "went fishing again." He still goes, but not as often as one "Silent Dan," the Big Horn scout, the man who always knows the road.

Silent Dan and Lloyd George, discoverers of the upper Deer Creek valley, almost had to go on a rescue party again. Andy Thompson, A. V. Forbes and Edelmuth went a-poaching on the lands of the Rocky Mountain goats. Andy, the speed maniac of the universe, the man who travels faster than a shooting star, tore out the hind end of his machine one million miles up in the mountains. Forbes walked all day while the others rested miserably. Towards evening a passer-by picked up our handler of the cash and brought him in to his home and loved ones. He stopped off at the half-way station, Glenrock, Casper's youngest baby. Our old treater, Leon Chamberlain, left his stand to rescue his old boss. He took some food along, too. Say, how did it taste, Shorty?

LeRoy Merriman was passing around excellent "Midwest Specials" on June 5. It's a boy.

Jesse Bowman surely is selling a bunch of Maxwell cars to men on the plant. During the last month he has sold a car to each of the following: Cliff Richie, pressure still cleaner, Ray Richardson, pressure still cleaner, Alfred Kelly, stillman helper, Alvah Todd, stillman, Claude Johnston, pipefitter.

Jesse Farrell and family have gone overland in their Ford to Montana, for a two weeks' vacation.

Andy Thompson, the horseshoe champ, had to find another field to conquer. He played his first game of golf June 21. At once he claimed the S. O. championship. He never lost a ball, and made it in 52. The long seventh was made in 3. (Who kept score?—Ed.)

R. A. Taylor, fireman at No. 17 battery, has returned from a two weeks' vacation spent in Nebraska.

Frank Sonnenfelt announces the arrival of an eight-pound girl. Mother and baby are doing well.

Elof Engdahl, who has been absent for the past three months on account of sickness, is back at his old job again, pumper at No. 3 house. Glad to have you with us once more, Elof.

Lester McGrath, helper at No. 2 pump house, and Slim Hammil, fireman at No. 25 battery, have been transferred to the gasoline loading rack.

Carl Fisher, stillman at No. 1 tower still house, was married to a young lady from Illinois last week.

Bill Dibb, helper at No. 2 house, tower stills, announces the arrival of a baby girl last week.

Oscar Walls, stillman at No. 2 house, continuous stills, tells the world that a baby girl came to join the family.

Jack Tremain, pressure stillman at No. 3 house, bought a new Maxwell.

J. E. Brown and O. H. Thompson, firemen on the pressure stills, have left the service of the company and have gone to California.

Roy Hartzell, Safety director, was on the job with fair warning at the Athletic Association Carnival dance. His concern was: "Be sure to wear your goggles, boys, the confetti is coming."

R. J. Turnbull joined the ranks of the motorists with a brand new car Sunday, June 18. He made a trip to Box Elder, in his own company, and did fine—only stripped two gears and had two punctures. Not so bad for the first trip.

M. L. Allen, carpenter foreman, has resigned his position and is going to Colorado to open up a gold and silver mine in which he is interested. Good luck, M. L.

Darrell Hathaway has joined the yard-office force, in the capacity of material clerk.

Maurice (Shorty) Edelmuth did not go to Wheatland on the 23rd, as planned. Instead, he went to the big fish country, west. He claimed he was going to Wheatland to get some chickens (we don't know what kind), but his wife returned from her vacation —hence the change in program.

Erwin Taake, of the yard-office force, has been enjoying apple pie for lunch every day for thirteen months. Last Friday he managed to trade his pie for a doughnut, and is now making a holler about how he got stung. We presume the hole was too big; but then, it takes more dough to go around a large hole.

Harry Dormer, of the blacksmith shop, is enjoying a ten-day fishing trip on the north fork of Laramie river. Ho hum! guess we'll again have to hear about the size of those that got away.

O. E. Henschke, blacksmith foreman, has purchased *an* car of *an* date, has worked it over and says he can go on an 18% grade—down, we suppose.

Walter Jourgesen's new car has arrived and he made three pleasure trips to Garden Creek Falls the first day. He sure likes the scenery there.

Overheard one employee telling another: "Yes, in about three and a half years more my company stock will accrue, which will make me at least $3,000.00, and I will have my building and loan paid off on my house, the homestead will be proven up, and then I guess I'll be sittin' pretty."

Doc Roberts, tower still foreman, finally tumbled to the fact that girls in Casper wouldn't have any-

thing to do with him without a car. Doc is now driving a green Nash Six, with white wire wheels. He is only human, after all; he couldn't resist the feminine charms.

We don't know whether the case about to be mentioned is like that of Doc's—at any rate, J. A. Lockard, of No. 2 tower stills, and Harley Atwell, No. 11 house pressure stills, have a new Maxwell. Some speed to the old boys.

J. F. Salland has entered the employ of the company and keeps himself busy in the drafting room, Plant No. 1.

D. Black has left the service of the company to try his luck in the movies. "Blackie" was in the engineering department and was the blue print expert.

Fay Potter and John McCleary, of the storehouse, have been entertaining the rest of the bunch by doing numerous "human fly" stunts. While removing sparrows' nests from the steel work that supports the roof of the storehouse, it was necessary to perform many hair-raising feats, but the boys were there like a couple of flies. The next time this clean-up occurs there will be a few movie cameras on hand to get some "thrillers" for the movie fans.

If anyone says there are no mosquitos in Wyoming, they should first consult Carl Pederson. When he returned from an outing in the Big Horn mountains everyone thought he had been massaged with a rolling pin or had taken on Jack Dempsey. However, we were soon enlightened by Carl, who said the mosquitos were as thick and large as grasshoppers and that their sting had a kick like a Missouri mule.

H. F. Comfort is expecting to take his vacation soon. He and Mrs. Comfort will motor to Texas in their Nash touring car, where they will visit Mr. and Mrs. Sam Arledge at Houston. Mrs. Arledge, Mrs. Comfort's sister, formerly was comptometer operator at the storehouse. Mr. Arledge was formerly employed at the Midwest uptown office. Our wish is for a good trip and an enjoyable time.

Frank Miller is spending his vacation in southern California. Frank made the trip by way of Denver and Santa Fe, and his return will be by way of motor, via San Francisco and Salt Lake City.

It is too bad that so many miss their calling. Take Clyde Gibson, for instance. Instead of adorning an office chair he should be out checking the crime wave that is sweeping the country. We have his own word for it that, along with his innumerable other accomplishments, he is a wizard with the "six-gun." Jesse James, Bill Hickock, Buffalo Bill and some other notable people never had a thing on him; he shoots straight and hard, and is quicker on the trigger than a flash of lightning; he has nerves of steel and all the ear-marks of a Sherlock Holmes. We are perfectly willing to take Clyde at his word, but still cling to the opinion that too many "Dead-Eye Dick" stories and Wild West movies are hard on the imagination.

The arrival of a shipment of ammunition for a 3-inch field piece and the expected arrival of the gun itself, necessitates the organizing of an efficient gun crew. We expect the announcement that applications will be received for such positions as Officer of the Day, Sergeant of the Guard, Medical Adviser, Safety Director, and a few kitchen mechanics. The smokestack at the acid recovery plant will be used as an observation station, and the basement of the storehouse has been selected as a probable location for the officers' dugout, where the aid of a comptometer and a Marchant calculator could be obtained to compute the firing data. It is understood that the firm of Comfort & Flowers, with Carl Pederson as secretary, will handle the salvage work in connection with the organization. We hope to be able to give more complete information in the next issue.

Jack Glover says he is all fixed for fishing trips and other outings to the mountains. He has equipped the Essex with a spacious metal box, which is attached to the running board. When ready for a trip Jack loads his provisions, bedding roll, lawn mower, and the bulldog into the box, and in case he takes any furniture along it is piled into the box with the rest of the paraphernalia. On arrival at destination, the bulldog is started out into the stream to round up the fish, and all Jack does is to sit on the bank and haul them out. We give him credit, however, for Jack is very modest and considerate, and will never give any information as to the number or size of the fish caught.

The storehouse was well represented at the dance given by the Athletic Association, and all report a most enjoyable time. We hope the Association gives many more of them, and that they will be be even more successful than the first.

Mrs. Langworthy, formerly comptometer operator at the uptown Midwest office, hasb een assisting at the storehouse during inventory and the absence of Miss Smith. We hope Mrs. Langworthy becomes a permanent member of the office force.

"Bob, have you found your horse yet?" This is the popular question of the day frequently shot at Bob Witter, the Tom Mix of the master mechanic's department, who went for a ride on Casper Mountain astride his favorite steed, Pegasus. Unfortunately, when Bob wanted to stop, the noble Pegasus did not agree with him but kept on going, leaving poor Bob to wend his weary way homeward on Shank's mare. Official bulletins still report Pegasus as being absent and unaccounted for.

"SOLD: One house and lot, modern in every respect." This is a vision which has been disturbing the dreams of Al Hughes, of the lubricating department, for the past few months. Al has been trying to find a buyer for some time, and at last has succeeded. We suspect he must have lulled his victim into a condition of dreaminess with his slow, southern drawl, and then plied him with mountain dew, obtaining results beyond his highest hopes, judging from the smile with which he broke the news to a few of his sympathizers. We hope Al will now be able to enjoy his vacation.

E. W. Erickson, of the timekeeping department, has left on his vacation. Some say he will come back double, but we do not think so, as he is so very shy and bashful.

T. S. Cooke and wife, having as chauffeur our very popular Mr. Beers, drove overland to Cheyenne and Laramie for the week-end and to attend the monthly meeting of the Rocky Mountain division of the company. It was a very delightful trip.

We are glad to see the smiling face of Sherwood, our electrician, back on the job after spending two weeks in the hills. He smiles and says: "*My Wife.*" Sherry's ribs should get better now, with someone to look after them. But watch your step, Sherry.

Dr. S. K. Loy is taking his vacation.

Virgil Smith has left the company, to open up a drugstore and confectionery in North Casper. His many friends wish him success.

Cal Smith, of the lubricating department, has left on company business for Lincoln and Omaha.

Things surely happen mighty quick around the electrical department. Our boss, H. B. Sherwood, got three broken ribs, a vacation and a wife all in two weeks. Some speed, we'll say.

We are very sorry to lose O. E. Davison, one of our foremen, who has left for Indiana to go into the battery business. All his friends wish him the best of success.

E. H. Baxter, our wireless expert, certainly is singing the blues. The government has prohibited armature stations from broadcasting messages. Well, maybe Bax can catch up on his sleep now.

H. A. Tucker, a foreman here for the past two years, has gone to Salt Creek, where he has accepted a position.

Gordon Paulley has placed an order for a new Maxwell touring car, to be delivered in the near future.

Doug Berwick and family have left for Colorado Springs, where they will spend their vacation. Mrs. Berwick expects to remain all summer.

C. E. McComb, an employee for a long time, has resigned his position here to go into the dairy business at Salt Creek.

Glenn Capps is starting a new three-room house near the South Butler school.

A. A. Gibbs has gone to Denver for a few days, where he will receive treatment for eye trouble.

Art (Pinkey) Watson has been transferred from the "gang" to the office. Keep up the good work, Pink.

H. R. Turner has come from Armento to give his assistance in keeping things moving in the shipping department at No. 1 plant. Ray was railroad agent at Armento and would have reported sooner, but the May train was late.

Rudolph Dettwyler has been promoted from office boy to a desk in the shipping department. We now see Rudy around the office occasionally.

Paul Briney is sliding down the hay stacks and helping with the home brew somewhere around Cheyenne, where he and his wife are spending their vacation on the dear old farm. Paul won't go barefoot this trip, however. He's been wearing shoes for the last two years now and his feet are getting tender.

The new swimming pool across the river is quite popular these days. However, since two of the boys took their annual there the other evening, the bottom sediment occasionally discolors the water and renders things otherwise disagreeable.

Our genial Jean has been limping around the office lately with both arms in a sling. A couple of mosquitos from his country home injected blood poison into both his arms, and Jean has been hanging around merely in an advisory capacity.

HOME OFFICE, CHICAGO

The many friends of H. J. Bomford will be glad to hear that Harry is making a slpendid recovery from the serious illness that has kept him "off the job" for the last few months.

Robert M. Williams has resigned and is going to work for Uncle Sam. Bob received an appointment as cadet at the Naval Academy at Annapolis and left for his new home Thursday, the 29th. Good luck to you, old man.

Parties contemplating the purchase of an automobile can learn something to their advantage by consulting Charlie Manasua. He is familiar with ALL the varied troubles a second-hand car can develop, having learned at the bitter school of experience, and he is willing to give advice to anyone.

Steamboat Dave Radcliffe, he of the loud whistle, is standing here praising the writer's typing. He says it sounds like a chicken crossing the sidewalk. Dave ought to know—chickens are his specialty.

Which reminds us that Dave is conducting an egg business and one of the farmers who supplies him included in a recent shipment some eggs which a tired hen had used as an easy chair. Dave received protests from the unfortunate purchasers and agreed to make good from the next shipment. After he had replaced the 153rd egg he was heard to remark, "That hen had a mighty broad bosom."

R. J. Sharkey left for a few days rest Wednesday, the 28th, and was married Thursday, the 29th.

John H. Gates, an honored and beloved member of the old guard, was placed on the retired list June 30, and while we all regret to see our old pal leave, we are glad, for his own sake, that he is out of the harness and can enjoy a well earned rest. He takes with him the respect and good wishes of the entire force. Good luck to you, John, now and always.

The topic of the day is the contemplated bicycle trip from Chicago to Louisville, Ky., by Mr. H. H. Akers during his vacation. The bicycle is of no use without lubrication, so Mr. A. A. Johnson, our lubricating correspondent, suggests a barrel of Finol for the bearings and a half barrel of Polarine Cup Grease for the chain. (You see Alec is working for big sales.) No Head Light Oil will be consumed, as Akers used Stanolax on his head and his hair shines enough to light the way.

Because of ill health Miss Olive Duplessie has been granted a leave of absence for the summer She left for her home in Ludington, Mich., June 30. We all hope the rest will do you good, Olive, and that you will come back to us feeling and looking fine.

The golf tournament in June was a howling success, our fourth floor boys coming home empty-handed but happy. Why worry about silver loving cups? Some of the boys had pretty pink noses. If we recall, the sun was not shining brightly that day, in fact, it was quite cloudy. Do golf suits have hip pockets, too?

Have you a little dictaphone in your office that needs repairs? If so, see Bill Holton. He succeeds where others fail.

We have missed Mr. J. G. Lannin in this office. He has spent about five weeks in the La Crosse office and put in an appearance here the end of June just for one day and seemed very happy because of it.

Mr. G. J. Sammons spent his vacation some place between Chicago and Starved Rock. George put one over on the Indians who made this rock famous, for he took his lunch along. George always was, clever. Say, fellers, want to hear a good joke? Ask Sammons about the watch.

It is noticed that during visits to the Home Office of the Northern division managers, Mr. W. E. Blodgett smokes nothing but La Palenos (two for a quarter), ordinarily Armonias (six for a quarter). It is very evident that Walter's judgment of quality hinges wholly on who is doing the buying.

Miss Mary Norton may have something important to tell us very soon about—well, you tell them, Miss Norton, you have the ring.

Mr. L. J. Schallerer has opened his cottage at Long Lake, Ind., for the summer. Long Lake is located about fifty miles from Chicago between Gary and Valparaiso in a very pretty section of the country. We are wondering if there are any other attractions at Long Lake besides canoes and silvery

waters. Why not let us all in on the real facts, Louie?

What's on your mind? Do you want to know what division a certain town is in, the boundary line of the division, population, whether agent receives salary or commission (and what he does with his money), number of children agent has? If so, ask Ray E. Schmakowski, expert on 145 records. Just call him Ray and he will tell you all about it.

Mr. G. E. Markey is quite a good cook and often prepares the dinners in the evening. Menu: Pork chops, potatoes (with skins on) corn, (out of a can) pie (from the little bakery around the corner), coffee. "Don't you know how to cook? Come on up, I'll teach you how." Oh! but he enjoys the New England dinners at the Ontra at noon time.

At last summer is here. The proof is that Martin Lundquist of the distribution department, fifth floor, was seen with his coat off.

We have three of the best girls in captivity working on the employees' record files, fifth floor, and their initials are E. S. Some coincidence!

"Marconi" Gleim of the fifth floor is now working on a new invention—wireless distribution. With his apparatus you only have to sit and think about station distribution and behold, the vouchers jump out of the box, unfold, and the distribution is recorded in front of your eyes.

John Ely of the equipment department is some bird fancier. Spends his noon hour watching the pigeons on the back window of St. Mary's church. Maybe that he is studying aviation.

Believe me! West Chicago is the place where they make 'em right. For example—Ella Sells of the fifth floor. Sweet as a peach, neat as a pin, spades the garden and makes her own clothes. Are you interested, bachelors?

"Herr" Roesler of the fifth floor might be a little weak with the golf sticks, but he sure is strong at the dinner table.

Several boys of the fifth floor enjoyed the "put and take" game at Olympia Fields, Tuesday, June 13.

Johnny Jordan of the fifth floor took a bunch of his golfbug friends to Olympia Fields in a tin-lizzy. After carrying it over the rough spots they arrived in time to tee off on scheduled time.

Several of the city-bred heard the locusts serenading and wanted to know what kind of a bird that was.

Lewis Yocum, "Marquette Park Bright Light," had a head-on collision with a locust sailing along under full speed and declared that someone hit him with a golf ball, but upon seeing a brother with his hand on his hip, he quickly recovered.

There were many good scores turned in, some of them were counted after the green was left. We followed one bug that put nine balls in the creek and made a five on the hole. He counted 'em after he holed out.

We are convinced that the golf ball manufacturers are responsible for the creation of Olympia Fields. Over two hundred participated in the tournament and "lost balls" averaged about three per man. That ought to affect the law of "Supply and Demand" considerable.

Doc. Coulter, who juggles the figures on the Wood River ledger, is a very enthusiastic checker player. Doc and a young lady friend used to play till it was so late that it had commenced to get early. One night they had a little argument as to whose move it was, and the young lady's married sister settled it. Doc was on his way a few minutes later.

Otto Wachholz recently attended a farewell party given to a young lady friend at Dundee, Ill. Anyone wishing the schedules between Chicago and Elgin should consult with him, as he knows them all by heart now.

Anyone wishing the services of a good chauffeur should get in touch with Mrs. Knight of the stenographic department. She has at least three young ladies who are experts. Outside of taking off garage doors and little things like that, they have never had any accidents.

Mr. L. E. Harmon, formerly chief clerk of the Prairie Oil and Gas Company, is a welcome addition to our midst. He drives a Dodge car and is a great admirer of beauty.

L. M. Elmes, quiet, but good natured, head of the disbursement division, has been walking around on air for some time and we have just discovered the cause. It's Papa Elmes now. They have named her Vivian, and she was born on June 5. Congratulations from all, Old Top.

Walter Eckerly has had his hair bobbed again.

Eddie Schoenborn took a trip to Dunning on his vacation.

Oscar Leuben is the proud possessor of a "Flivver" Sedan.

Mr. George Nelson, in reply to article appearing in June issue of the Stanolind Record concerning sandwiches, wishes to state that the sandwiches were of the class usually deposited in garbage cans, but considered if the girls were used to that grade of food he was not disposed to injure their feelings by refusing same.

The "human ostrich" would like to know why the night-time is so short. Really, "Hib", it's from sundown to sunrise, only perhaps you only know about the sunrise.

No doubt Danny Leopold would feel slightly crushed if mention was not made of his new suit. It's there, young fellow, quite the cootie's collar button.

"Flothie" *Johnston* wishes to publicly announce the fact that she IS dieting, only she just can't stand caraway seeds in rye bread and, besides, a little cake once in awhile is relished by the best of men. Yea, verily, we say so too.

Does anybody present know when and in what Minnie Hodson's scenario play is going to appear? Really, Minnie, you ought to let your co-workers read it first. Ya' know, make some copies of it and pass same around, because we'd like to give it the double O.

Saccharine, they say, excels sugar as far as sweetness is concerned, but we are willing to bet most anything that Miss Emma Cornils walks away with the prize in her new dress. It certainly is a pretty dress, Miss Emma.

Has everybody seen Adelaide Kuhn's new hat??? We'll tell the world she is dressed up like Astor's plush horse.

Marshall Bosworth is odd. He likes work!

Henry Hendricksen, he bane on wacation by Michigan. He yust buy summer home and him and Norma and little Stanley have swall time.

The manufacturing department is getting full of papas. We have just found out that W. J. Schuessler joined said papa club on June 8 and that the little one has been christened May. Why May, when she was born in June?

TRAFFIC DEPARTMENT PICNIC

Held at Jackson Park, Chicago, June 17

Oh, had we but J. Clay Lee's winged pen, what flowery heights we might attain; but, alas! we are bound to earth with a prosaic typewriter, from

which no verbiage emanates. It was a party of dignified men and prim ladies who fared forth from the Ninth street office, but somewhere enroute the years rolled away and it was a bunch of carefree kids who arrived at the park. The ceremonies were opened with eats. And such eats! How come those girls are single? Two culinary masterpieces were contributed by Mrs. A. E. Persons—an angel's food and a devil's food cake. Now we know why Ernie puts up such a good front. John Smith performed gastronomic feats with corned beef sandwiches. James Tyrrell drank lemonade as if accustomed to it. Rose Engel and Mae Sramek were the center of attraction at this time, presiding at the sandwich counter. Next, a peanut rolling race was staged. Ferdie Sehrt, the champion peanut roller, won the blue ribbon. Step up and show 'em, Ferdie. The boat race was won by George Savageau. Maybe you can beat George at checkers, but when it comes to longwindness, George is there. The crowing contest was won by Helen Buldman. Going some for a chicken. George Savageau was again victorious in the men's foot race. Jim Tyrrell would have surely won this race if he had not forgotten to take off his hat. The handsome man prize was awarded to Andy Reznicek. Mrs. Persons received the handsome lady prize. No favoritism was shown, Little Kenneth Nelsen was blindfolded and picked 'em out. While on the subject of beauty—there was nothing in the park cuter than Eddie Pallas' tiny daughters, Vivian and Muriel. Several vocal selections were rendered by Charles Esler, age two months. The young man was noticeable for his lack of self-consciousness and responded to every encore. The three-legged race for ladies was won by Helen Buldman and Adelaide Kuhn. No wonder. Look at the long—well, look at them. Ernie Persons was master of ceremonies and tied the contestants together, under the observant eye of his Mrs., who couldn't understand why it should take so long to do the job. (Stand in line, men. Applications for the next picnic will be attended to in due course.) The small boys' foot race was won by Kenneth Nelsen, Donald Esler coming in a close second. Men's contest, hopping on one foot and carrying a glass of water, was won by Dick Croke, who had almost half a glass of water left at the finish. This was not at all a dry affair. Clifford Tyler was the life of the party. His wife had went to the country, hooray! Don't be alarmed, old chap, we won't tell her a thing. Drop the handherchief occupied some time. Olive Johnsen executed a spectacular slide for home that would have made Babe Ruth jealous. The prize for the best statue was given Mrs. Pallas. J. Chester Tyrrell and his group of dryads received honorable mention. A veil dance performed by Jeanette Shea and Adelaide Kuhn proved a trifle disappointing. The veil was of very heavy material. An interview was sought with Clifford Nelsen, age 14 months, but the gentleman refused to make a statement, being too busy cutting his teeth on somebody's patent leather canteen bag. However, it was obvious he enjoyed the cake frostings, which he sampled impartially, finishing off with a dessert of cherries from Mrs. Pallas' hat. As the party disbanded, Muriel Pallas said "Oh, Daddy, let's have another picnic." Carried unanimously. Let's.

CHICAGO SALES DIVISION

At lunch recently, when the conversation turned to golf, Andy Kern, north side service station supervisor, was heard to say, "I have a man in my division who golfs in 70 points!" Needless to say, Andy was not in the last tournament but we give him credit for trying to keep up the conversation.

Dear Ed.—In reply to your query, "Has Chicago Division any Bathing Beauties?" We would say yes, but darned if we can get the proof. We tried to get all the girls down at the beach for one big picture, but it fell through. We'll keep on trying though, and when we get 'em, they'll sure dazzle the boys of the other divisions and make the girls envious.

If we can't get any other news, we can at least record births. The latest "Happy Fathers" are Fred Donnellan of the main office, who announced the birth of "Junior" on June 25, and Geo. Veith of Cortland Street, who was presented with a girl on July 6. We understand there are a number of the boys at Cortland Street married longer than George who have yet to be called "Daddy." How come? (If you want to hear something good, ask Fred why his boy is named after himself.)

The other morning we thought we had the Sultan of Turkey with us, but it was only "Hap" Pearson with his head in bandages the morning after an auto accident. The rear axle broke, the machine swerved and hit a post and Hap's head banged against the front seat inflicting a few scalp wounds. He's O. K. now (enjoying his vacation right now) and we're glad to know it was not more serious.

Our recent item with reference to the ability of Arch Cameron was no idle boast as he has been recognized to the extent of being sent to Minneapolis. We do not know if this is a permanent or temporary transfer, but Arch has our best wishes and Minneapolis can congratulate herself on getting his services.

When Miss Cleo Emerson, our pay-roll clerk, took advantage of her vacation to visit her sister in San Benito, Texas, near the Rio Grande river, she did not expect to encounter difficulties on returning. But train service was delayed for a week and mail service almost as long by floods from the Rio Grande. Seven miles of rail were under water and Miss Emerson spent many anxious moments before she was able to return. She is back on the job safe and sound, though, and we don't have to worry about not getting our pay checks.

Joe Solomon, Ed Vodak and Jerry Sidlo, three of our west side salesmen, had a Polarine contest all their own in June. The one selling the least Polarine Oil had to buy the dinner for all of them. Although Jerry lost, his sales were by no means a discredit to him, as all of them had big sales. Joe Solomon must have been on the anxious seat toward the end of the month as he tried to get credit for 50 barrels of Polarine on a contract which he closed. It's a good thing you didn't need that gallonage, Joe, as it might have made you feel bad when we had to refuse your request.

A change in the service station management was made when A. G. Kern, north side supervisor, was transferred to the real estate division. Mr. Inglefield was transferred from the south to the north side and Harry Munroe, Mr. Inglefield's assistant, succeeded him. We wish them all the best of luck.

The following actually occurred at one of our service stations. The attendant, having filled the customer's tank with Red Crown, asked, "Do you need some Polarine, sir?" The customer replied, "Yes, it looks as if it might pour rain."

DAVENPORT, IOWA

Here is another case of loyalty of an employee towards our company. Al. Sindt, price clerk, was on his way home from work with six passengers when his car ran out of gas right in front of the Community Service Station Company. In spite of the fact that Mr. Sindt was in a hurry to reach his destination, he walked five blocks to an S. O. Company service station. Keep it up, Al.

It must be a hard life at Campbell's Island. At least it's hard on the ice in the water cooler the morning after, but anything's better than falling asleep on the job. How about it, girls?

Fuzzy was thirsty but he saw a bug in the cooler. "Now, I'd drink that water," remarked Fuzz, "if the bug had a bathing suit on, but it ain't."

Listen to this, other divisions: Don't let anyone tell you that Red Crown Gasoline is not well known in Davenport, Iowa. The other day we received a letter from a customer at Winthrop, Iowa. The envelope was addressed "Red Crown Gas Company, Davenport, Iowa," and it was delivered to us. Can you beat it?

The other day while Mr. Fred. Miller, our clerk in the Keokuk office, was taking his lady friend, Edith, across one of the thoroughfares, an automobile approached. Fred grasped Edith by the arm, shoved her directly in front of the machine and jumped on the sidewalk. When the automobile struck Edith, Fred hollers out; "Edith, did you get hurt?"

Ray, our iron barrel man, had one embarrassing moment at the Standard Oil Picnic. It was a great game. That is the baseball game. Everything was smooth sailing until a rip was heard and Mr. Ray Fuzzy was seen leaving the grounds in a barrel. His trousers gave away, and some fault was laid to Mr. Clark, the assistant chief clerk.

On Saturday, June 24 we held our annual picnic at Credit Island. Eats, drinks, games, swimming, and dancing played the leading role. This picnic will long be remembered inasmuch as it was a success from every angle, in spite of the fact of a few minor mishaps. First, Mr. Bragg was playing ball and had his thumb sprained. Second, Jack Georgen hit a fly out in the field and hit Mr. Bragg on the arm. Third, in taking part in a game while in swimming our chief clerk sprained his foot. We hope for your speedy recovery, Mr. Bragg.

Harold Sage would like to know why they make the balls so small and the bats so thin because he cannot hit the ball when they are that way. They should be quite a bit larger so he could see them.

The Davenport Division was quite fortunate when Mr. Watson, sales promotor, was transferred from the St. Joseph division. We are sure that Mr. Watson's smile and personality will win for him success.

We wonder why Mr. Howard Clark, assistant chief clerk, takes such a keen interest as to the filing of invoices on Saturdays. Rudie, may explain.

Mr. Showalter, of the tank car department, does a great deal of thinking to find out just what would be the best charge for the boys who read the Daily Gate.

Girls, here's your chance. Fred Miller says when he gets married he's going to get a car and let all his kids ride.

Harry Carmichael, the smiling mechanic at Burlington just went on the job but we know he'll make good.

"Tell" Moore traded his 1914 Cadillac for a 1919 Premier. All aboard.

Frank Mellinger, our old stand by agent at Oakville, Iowa, is the proud owner of a brand new International truck. Frank, she sure looks fine.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Clemenson announce the arrival of C. C. Jr., June 3, Hello, Daddy.

Hendrickson, Klepfer, Klinck, McMain, Radasch Storer: Six of the best salesmen with the Standard Oil Company (Ind.). They are country demons. "If it's sold in the country, we sell it."

Mrs. W. H. DeWitt, wife of our Winfield agent, was taken to the Burlington hospital June 9. We all wish for her a speedy recovery.

Ralph McKinnon, Jr., arrived Friday June 9. We'll have his picture in a few weeks for the approval of the Stanolind family.

Mr. Russel Westmeyer is a new born babe in the Standard Oil family. Here's to success, Russel.

Jimmy Conzelman, manager of the Mississippi Valley League team, representing Rock Island, has an inspiring prospect in view. He is contemplating signing up Ed Day, and we'll all agree that Ed's there with the goods.

Ray O'Hare's ad. in the Davenport Democrat, reads as follows: "$1.00 reward for the return of a black and white cat," which he lost while on his way home the other night.

DES MOINES, IOWA

We regret to record the fact that on June 27, Chas. (Pop) Anson of the Des Moines warehouse, passed away at his home after a short illness. Mr. Anson was 58 years of age at the time of his death. He first became affiliated with the Standard Oil Company at Maxwell, Iowa, starting there on July 9, 1906, as tank wagon driver. Later he was transferred to the Des Moines warehouse and remained in the service of the company at that point up to the time of his death.

The Red Crown Social Club enjoyed a picnic supper and dance at Greenwood Park on Saturday, June 17. Everyone had a regular picnic. The grown-ups seemed to enjoy the playgrounds more than the children. The honors in the horse-shoe throwing contest were awarded to Forrest Pratt and John Butcher of the warehouse. The races afforded a great deal of amusement. Supper was served at 6:30 and the food sure did disappear. Mr. Dunker and his crew of assistants were kept busy waiting on the crowd. "Skip's Tempo Four" furnished the music for the dancing which was enjoyed until 12:00 P. M. Everyone present voted the affair a success in every way.

Editor: The girls in the dictaphone department have promised us pictures which we hope to be able to send in with our next news items, and for your special information will state some of these are going to be taken on the bathing beach. (We are watchfully waiting—Ed.)

Mr. L. C. Posz, of Des Moines, has recently been added to our Ft. Dodge force. Mr. Posz spent about a week in the Des Moines office familiarizing himself with the duties of his position. We hope he likes Ft. Dodge.

Mr. E. F. Engle of the Chicago office spent a few days with us this week.

Editor: Mr. Bomford has a number of friends in the Des Moines office who would be glad to hear how he is getting along. We hope we will soon be favored with a visit from him. (See Home Office Items—Ed.)

On June 8, Mr. H. E. Hansen, district superintendent in this division, received the degree of L. L. D. at Drake University, Des Moines. Mr. Hansen is to be congratulated, as in addition to

attending to his regular duties he found time to burn the "nite lite" for his further advancement.

Gentry Galbreath takes exception to that part of the information in re his going in the ditch with his car while enroute to Des Moines from Dubuque, stating he advised the Standard Oil man that he was a fellow worker. Mr. Galbreath states the Standard Oil driver did not know that he (Mr. Galbreath) was an employee of the Standard Oil Company until after he had pulled him out of the ditch. Which goes to show that anywhere, anytime the Standard Oil Company men are on the job.

Lester Hall, head of our filing department, was married on June 21 to Mildred Johnson. We extend to Mr. and Mrs. Hall our best wishes. The boys in the department were planning on giving Mr. Hall a rough reception but Lester fooled them by slipping away quietly, so the boys feel they were cheated.

By the way, in the July issue we note a query by the editor after our item about Mike Farley's prowess as a bowler, to this effect.—"Why don't you take on Joliet by mail or wire?" The Des Moines Standard bowling team will take on Joliet or any other good team this fall for a three game, 5-man team, with a little side bet of a box of 50 cigars just to make it interesting. Also, our boys feel they can show Minneapolis some pep in a ball game.

The Des Moines employees of the Standard Oil Company were shocked and grieved at the announcement of the death of Mrs. Mary Monson, mother of our manager, Mr. H. A. Monson, who passed to her reward following a relapse after an operation.

Pearl Brown of this office is trying to boost our stock. She has bought herself a new Ford coupe and is helping swell the sales of Red Crown Gasoline and Polarine.

Ben Johnson of the record department has been supplying the office with strawberries this spring. They were very delicious looking but he didn't offer us one.

Merle Cantwell, assistant credit man, built a summer house at Wakouse Park, and also bought a Ford coup. How do you do it, Merle?

The credit department has General Clerk Eberhardt and they claim Eberhardt says it is paradise there. We don't believe them because they have no females in their department.

Chester, in cashier's room, is sporting a brand new Ford-clock, motometer, n' everything. Come on girls, Chester is generous.

Norma Mershon, one of our good looking stenographers, is leaving the employ of the Standard Oil Co. in the near future. It is rumored Cupid has something to do with it. We all hate to see Miss Mershon leave. Miss Brown, recently of the 6th floor, is taking over Miss Mershon's duties.

Bill Swygard, general clerk, came to work the other morning about 7:30. It was a cloudy morning and before starting to work he pushed the button on the light switch. Immediately the room became darker than before. He turned the light back and hurried back to his desk, but not fast enough to escape the kidding that followed. We wonder if Bill really had his eyes open or if he was trying to play a Barney Google act.

Miss Hamilton is about to be christened "Two Bits Ann," due to her activity when the semi-monthly collection for the Red Crown Social dues come around.

CRESTON "A" STATION

Salesman A. C. Gienapp on the Centerville territory has moved bag and baggage to Centerville, and advises he is very nicely settled in his new home. Mr. Gienapp states he was too busy selling Polarine and Mica to move sooner.

Howard Bolger, Greenfield service station No. 853, has been transferred to Centerville station No. 846, relieving Alex Boag, who resigned.

Roy Hart, agent at Kellerton, Iowa, is now known as the "Demon Polarine Seller." Mr. Hart sold 19½ barrels of Polarine in ten days, and is now flirting with a 10-barrel order. Go to it, Hart. You will make the salesmen take a back seat yet.

Messrs. Ball, Reed, Monson and Elkert paid the Creston district a visit last week. We were certainly glad to have these men in our midst even for such a short time, and the enthusiasm which is being displayed at points where they called is very marked. Come again.

Roy Parks, agent at Moulton, Iowa, took the "big step" and then seemed to be rather timid about it and decided to not let his friends know about it, and left the city to have the knot tied. It is understood that only through his friendship for the mayor was he able to keep it quiet. However, even the best gasoline tank leaks at times, you know, and the news is now spreading rapidly. Best wishes.

L. D. Hart, attendant at No. 857, Osceola, has left for Excelsior Springs to find the "Elixr of Youth." We sincerely trust he will recover from his ailment. C. B. Curnes, assistant attendant, is relieving Mr. Hart.

Another one of our agents, A. G. Shepherd, Fontanella, has succumbed to the inevitable. Not finding a fair damsel at Fontanella to his liking, he proceeded to Greenfield and took one away from the Greenfield boys. Shep certainly wanted to be ready for the great event in time, as he had his new home ready for four months before the knot was tied. Congratulations to the bride and groom.

It has been noticed of late that John Roberts, tank truck driver, Creston, has been making it a point to drive down one certain street in Creston and past a dry goods store, when leaving for his country route, and on each Saturday night you can find Roberts, accompanied by A. L. Keefer, another M. T. driver of Creston, parked on the corner in front of this dry goods store until closing time. But of course we cannot expect two young ladies to walk home alone at night. How about it, John and Pete?

Friends of Ray Norton and Paul Larson will be interested to know that each has taken a great fancy to swimming this season. Boys, be careful of those black haired girls.

Wanted: A book of traffic rules for Katherine Rampton.

Esther McClinton says picnic lunches serve not well for a regular diet.

Vern Rowley, 017 clerk, did not attend the Red Crown picnic held on June 17. He says he went to Woodward on business. Well, maybe so, but we sure would like to see her picture in the Record.

Although you swing a wicked golf club, Bonnie, we will say the sun does not change your complexion.

Anyone desiring first hand information about any of these bathing beaches in and around Des Moines, see Walt Janisch. He is especially well acquainted with Avon Beach.

The employees of the Des Moines office extend their sympathy to Miss Margaret Murray in the death of her brother at Kansas City, June 12.

DETROIT, MICH.

Herman Hutzel, our popular tankwagon instructor, who has been with the company for the last twelve years, has recently resigned to take up a partnership in one of the leading authorized Ford agencies of Washtenaw county, situated at Saline. We all wish him the best of success and know he will have it if he works as hard when he is his own boss as he did for the company.

Since the new parking space has been arranged across from the office, Mr. Haas has a new duty added to his other work: namely, he is the traffic cop who keeps running out and telling everybody where to park. It's a good thing he doesn't have anything to do but watch out the window.

Stenographer: Louise, do you know who hooked our telephone book?

Telephone operator: No, I don't, but judging from the way everybody wants me to look up numbers, somebody has "hooked" all the books.

Henderson, the wild man "ossifer," claims the badge is a token of luck; but the speed cop says "Nothing doing." Whereupon said Henderson is directed to see one Judge Bartlett and attempt to sell said judge the idea that speed is required to demonstrate the merits of Red Crown gasoline. What we want to know is what that speed cop was burning—T. N. T.?

Miss Edna Reisig, equipment clerk, has been transferred from the main office to the garage at Clay avenue. Since she has had a telephone connected with her desk we cannot say we are lonesome.

The sales entry department is wondering why Miss Hoffman gets to work on time every morning lately. Maybe one of our traffic clerks has relieved the congestion up their way; but even in that event we cannot figure why he has to pilot her home again at night.

The following was one of the remarks passed with the installation of the Ediphones in the main office: "Say, Mabel, what have you got those two little Pyrex dishes on your ears for?"

Jack Shevlin, stationery clerk, is very bashful with the ladies and a short time ago, when in a rash moment he made an engagement to take a certain young lady on a Moonlight, he afterwards regretted his invitation and wondered how he could crawl out of it. Finally the wind started to blow and he called up the lady, telling her he was afraid it was too cold to go on a Moonlight. He said he "hates the trouble and worry incident to making dates."

Ray Lyons and C. D. McKenzie, S. S. attendants at Pontiac, along with their wives, made a hurry-up trip to Lapeer a short time ago to visit Mr. Lyon's mother. However, both came back without their wives, who remained on the farm. After four days' absence, Pontiac and even their husbands looked good to both the ladies.

Alexander McDonald, tankwagon salesman at Bellevue avenue, was off a few days recently visiting his sister in the northern part of the state.

Will someone from Minneapolis or Mankato please write a little note to Miss Mabel Soop at the Detroit main office, explaining "Kitten-ball?" It is a new one to us in this part of the country and since we notice so many references to it from those cities, our woman's curiosity has the best of us. (We don't know, but we think it's Swede for Indoor Baseball—Ed.)

Joe Palmerlee, engineer, spent June 29th and up to July 5th with his wife, enjoying their first wedding anniversary. We asked him at that rate how much time he would expect off at the end of twenty years but we won't state his reply because "Betty" always insists that he bring home the magazine for her to read.

Mechanic Mitchell, at Pontiac, who just resigned to go in business for himself, has just located in what he believes is a desirable location. Here's wishing him all kinds of success. Of course he is going to handle Red Crown gasoline and Polarine oils. We extend a cordial welcome to his successor, Stanley Zering, who was transferred from Clay avenue garage. Stanley has already done some good work during his short time at Pontiac.

Will everybody in the Detroit division please try to avoid accidents during the last two weeks of July? The girl who makes out the reports will be on her vacation and her understudy is making this request.

We notice that several of the desls have been changed around up in the accounting department and are wondering if Mr. Knapp is trying to "kid" the clerks into believing they have started new positions and therefore needn't expect vacations. We would suggest that he appoint a floor walker to direct traffic to the various departments.

Mr. Emil Grandt has just returned from the annual party he gives on his birthday. We don't know how old he is because he looks younger now than he did five years ago—even with his hat off.

An old customer of our lubricating salesman, Mr. McDuffee, who has been using our oils, also relied on Mr. McDuffee when he tried out some shells for duck hunting that were highly recommended byt his same said salesman. This customer fully agrees with "Mc" that they were the best shells ever made for ducks because he knows of no other means which will be as effective for preserving the lives of all ducks. This customer, by the way, is considered a very excellent shot and naturally the results obtained from using these shells caused him considerable surprise. (?) In his present mood the only thing he would like to take a shot at is a certain salesman who was wise enough to change his territory.

Miss Frances Votrobeck wore a pretty new hat (one of those airy, horse-hair braid affairs) to the office the other day and the following remark was passed by one of our most observant men—Mr. Witter: "That's what I call a real summery hat. If you put it up in front of the window it will do for mosquito netting."

George Taylor, agent at Royal Oak, is confined to the hospital with appendicitis.

Mrs. A. N. Bailey, wife of our agent at Pontiac, is enjoying the summer at Lake Orion and would be glad to have any of their friends drop in and enjoy some of the pleasures this wonderful lake affords. By the way one of our stenographers is now enjoying one of the said "pleasures"—a wonderful case of sunburn.

One of the dictaphone operators whould like to request that Mr. Wallington does not bother Jim Lindsay when he is dictating because she was terribly embarrassed the other day when she was typing a cylinder to run onto the following: "Say, Wallington, go to hell, will you?"

If the electrician from the garage who has been at the main office lately fixing connections for Ediphones, is a fair sample of the men at that point, some of the other girls in the main office have been wishing they could also be transferred with Miss Reisig.

Miss Votrobeck, stenographer in the accident department, paid a visit a short time ago to Clay avenue plant. We knew something out of the ordinary was happening when Mr. Heier, the "pick-up" man, called at the main office with a light shirt and a stiff collar, smooth-shaven face and otherwise "dolled up," driving a Ford roadster instead of the usual delivery car. Frances says she found the trip very interesting and instructive but she felt as if she were visiting a battle field when they showed her the scenes of some past accidents.

Jamie Johnson, general salesman, is hobbling around these days with a broken bone in his ankle. He is so interested in his work that he is trying to get around on one leg.

Mr. Gillespie, who has been out in the field recently, getting acquainted, says he nearly lost his arm when he shook hands with so many friends of Oscar Page at Romeo.

It is beginning to look as if Mr. Jos. Pattison, our agent at Lansing, who has many friends throughout this entire organization, has the banner as a trainer of new "B" station agents. The last three stations we have opened up in Ingham county, namely, Bath, Dimondale and Okemos, have had ex-Lansing tankwagon drivers appointed as agents. They are M. Hiatt, M. Fair and L. Devereaux, respectively and all are "dyed in the wool" S. O. Company boosters for the FULL LINE.

FARGO, N. D.

Assistant Manager Raupagh is again back at his desk after a short vacation. Mr. Raupagh brought back some very fine fish, as well as some very fine fish stories.

A successful fishing trip is reported by Chief Clerk Carnine and Assistant Clerk Asleson at Lake Pelican.

Mr. S. K. Severson, agent at Sahl, N. D., was called to his former home at New Richmond, Minn., to attend the funeral of his father. Mr. Severson, we wish to extend to you our sympathy.

Another bride! Miss Martha Nelson, of the chief clerk's office. We are unable to get particulars as to the wedding, Miss Martha being rather reticent.

The girls of the office are practicing several nights each week on the well known art of playing baseball. From the progress they are making, it is evident that they will soon give the boys a good battle. This may be a good feature for the next Standard Oil picnic.

Mr. Louis Meyerle, "appendixless," but feeling fine, is again back on the job.

It is usually the girls, but here is a young man gone wrong. Mr. Harvey Gerties, of the stock department, announces the approach of his marriage.

As a salesman, Miss Helen McComb is sure there. While enjoying a vacation at her home at Barnesville, Minn., she sold ten coupon books. Good work, Miss McComb.

Grand Forks, N. D., calls our attention to the fact that Service Station No. 138 sold the largest number of coupon books during the recent drive. Grand Forks, we would like to have a picture of your station, as well as attendants.

Scotty Ferguson, warehouse foreman of Grand Forks, is rather chesty these days, he having just received his citizenship papers.

Mrs. Ragna Ronning, of the stenographic department, has resigned.

Three starts and three wins! That is the record of the Standard Oil baseball team. Fitted out in nifty new suits, which, by the way. were paid for by popular subscription among the employees, the boys have been playing a snappy brand of ball. Manager Cook is grabbing everything behind the bat, and has the runners "nailed" to the bags at all times. Captain Scott and Teitz, pitchers, are making opposing batters look like bushers. Lundy on first is grabbing them all, and is sure hitting the apple. Jesten Simmet, Frederickson and Torgerson have been taking care of the balance of the infield in fine shape, with Sten, Westmiller, Grimsgaard and Steiner grabbing everything that comes to the outer guards.

Oscar Ingberg, agent at Hendrum, Minn., was a Fargo visitor during the past month.

Salesman L. C. Ladner has been transferred from the Cando field to the Warren field. Sales at Warren should take a jump.

Assistant Manager Raupagh and Salesman Ebeltoft are noted for always being on the alert for something new, be it business or pleasure, but Chief Clerk Carnine reports a new one on these boys. While the three were making a trip up in the Indian Territory, Mr. Carnine, who had retired early (bet he was dead tired from being out the night before), heard Nick and our worthy assistant manager tiptoeing into the room just after the cuckoo had "cuckooed" twice. Upon demanding an explanation, he found, after some little difficulty, that they had been playing an old Indian game called "Moccasin." It seems that the principle of this game is about the same as the old American "shell" game. Mr. Raupagh had an armful of Indian junk, and Nick claimed a deed to the lake. It is evident that the boys beat the Indian at his own game. With these two individuals working together, our sympathy certainly goes out to the Redskins.

EVERY CLERK A SALESMAN is surely a fine slogan, and we hope that in time it will truly apply to all Standard Oil people. While the Fargo office will not, at the present, boast of 100% along that line, we surely have one clerk who is a salesman. Mr. Jake Stahl, of the stock department, was out motoring with a friend, who being in need of gas, "drove in" to the first convenient service station. Jake was somewhat annoyed when this proved to be a competitive station, but biding his time and in a diplomatic way, began to expound the good and superior qualities of Red Crown and Polarine. Result was that this party, who happened to be the head of a large organization, signed up for twenty $25.00 coupon books for immediate delivery. While we all may not be able to make such a scoop as Friend Jake, I dare say that hardly a week, or even a day passes, but what an opportunity presents itself to each and every one of us to speak a good word for our products. We should read, prepare, and thoroughly sell ourselves on Standard Oil products—then not pass up such an opportunity. Remember, we are all stockholders.

Jake Stahl's good work along the line of EVERY CLERK A SALESMAN started the ball rolling at Fargo. A meeting was called, at which Messrs. Raupagh, Hathaway, and Smith made short speeches. They did not insist, but pleaded and urged that each employee be a salesman. A record is to be kept of what each employee accomplishes. With the large number of people employed, the sale of Standard Oil products should increase.

The Stanogram, a news letter issued by the marketing department, has created a great deal of interest among agents and salesmen as to comparative sales, and the issue of same is looked forward to with interest each week by the entire division.

Miss Clara Lunau, popular comptometer operator, is leaving us. We have been unable to get definite information, but it is rumored that she is about to take up the duties of a housewife.

Shorty Velline, of the check department, is again back at his desk, after having submitted to a serious operation.

Mabel Foy vows that General Clerk Burleigh is more finicky than the fair sex, he havng what he calls a "summer watch fob." That sure is a new one, Dully.

Salesman Edgar was a Fargo visitor during the past month, taking in the Shrine convention.

M. A. Draper was recently transferred from our Douglas station to Van Hook, succeeding Ray LaRock, who resigned. Mr. Knute L. Johnson will fill the position of agent at Douglas.

Mr. Paul T. Vaaler has taken over the Hillsboro field.

Mr. R. B. Wimer, service station collector at Grand Forks, greatly helped to keep interest at its height during the recent coupon drive with many a snappy cartoon.

General Clerk Erdel, together with Armond DuGord, also of the Fargo office, are making an extended tour of the Old World. They will visit England, France, Norway, Germany, Italy, and numerous other countries.

A new Standard Oil member, Robert H. Graham, agent at Watford, N. D., announces the arrival of a nine-pound baby girl. The young lady has been named Roberta Kathleen. Salesman Sherman also states that Mr. Graham is making all his quotas on Polarine, Mica, and other Standard Oil products.

Messrs. Stefferud and Westmiller have been out over the territory a great deal during the past month.

Mr. C. C. Merry is our new agent at Taylor, N. D., succeeding C. C. Wittmeyer, who resigned. We welcome you, Mr. Merry.

It is rumored that Mr. Ed. Laing, agent at Wildrose, will soon be a benedict. We have been unable to get particulars, or the young lady's name, but will endeavor to do so for the next issue.

Mr. Bill Thomas, minus his tonsils, is again back on the job.

Manager F. I. Packard and Assistant Manager P. A. Raupagh, on their return from a trip to the home office recently, have tried, and have succeeded, in getting everyone inrerested and excited about winning the Red Crown Banner. Ye scribe predicts that this will be accomplished.

Manager F. I. Packard just returned from an automobile trip principally through Minnesota territory, visiting Detroit, Thief River Falls, Crookston, Grand Forks, and numerous "B" Stations enroute. He reports the crop prospects are fine, and that every S. O. Co. man seems to be up on his toes and coming.

Fargo's loss, Washington's gain—Milton Ebeltoft, formerly of the stock department, Fargo office, having left for the latter point to help Mr. Weeks, Secretary of the Interior. Milton will be greatly missed, not only in his work, but in the social life of the Company as well, he having always taken a very active part in all social activities—at the time of departure holding the office of Social Club president.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

On the morning of May 23rd, Mr. Harry Winterburn, mechanic at Kalamazoo station, entered the office with a smile from ear to ear and upon being asked the reason, he replied, "I forgot the cigars boys, but it is a 10-pound girl." Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Winterburn, may she be all you wish her to be.

Interesting reports are bound to come in. A well rounded report came in on the morning of June 29th with the following notation, "Not only this but also married on the 24th to Miss Leanore Kenney of East Jordan We say, 'Just another girl gone to the Dickens.' " Mr. D. W. Dickens, agent at Boyne City, sent the report to this office. We wish you all the happiness in the world, Mr. and Mrs. Dickens.

Please don't ask Mr. S. N. Marsh, agent at the Kalamazoo station, how many trout he caught on the morning of May 1st, as the above mentioned party does not believe in handling the "truth" carelessly. Kindly wait until after June 16th, at which time the bass season opened, before asking any fish questions.

Mr. James McCauley, who was seriously ill with pneumonia, has fully recovered and is back at the warehouse again.

The home of Mrs. Anna Gardner, of Petoskey, was the scene of a pretty wedding on June 16th, when her daughter Lila Belle Gardner became the wife of Mr. William Martz. Marguerites and snapdragons, in artistic bouquets, adorned the rooms of the Gardner home. The bride wore a gown of white crepe and a corsage of pink sweet peas and for-get-me-nots. Mr. and Mrs. Martz left for a short trip and upon their return will reside in Petoskey. Mr. Martz is salesman in the Northern Division. Congratulations, Bill.

After the storm comes the peaceful quiet. So it is in the Grand Rapids office, after the turmoil of moving horses and planks. The painting is completed and the office very attractive in its new tan "Dress."

Mr. Willis D. Miller, Mr. Jay D. Fry and Mr. Claude Streeter are our new agents at Hartford, Mendon and Lowell, respectively. Welcome to the family, boys; let's go over the top on sales.

Strange letters will find their way into the office, and ofttimes it takes real talent to decipher the hieroglyphics: Last fall I starded op a little bussenes and I am selling your Gasoline, Carosin and Polarine. I ave ben asking Mr.——— for some sings to odvertise. I don't know ef he askt you for tem already. Hef you stil god som sings kindly send me som as hed is a nice location her wher whi leve ryd an main roads." The signs were sent.

The Standard Oil Company baseball team at Kalamazoo has finished its spring training, and is now on the field showing up some of the best teams around that neck of the woods. The remark has been made by onlookers of the games that Red Crown gasoline also has its effect on the SOCO baseball team, as all they notice is Pep-Pep-Pep.

And then the Grand Rapids baseball team says, "they have to show us." Why, they have beaten the Sticky Fly Paper team a number of times—however, they have failed to report the outcome with other teams. How about it, boys? Did you get the cigars?

They will take their fling at the poor unprotected bald-headed men, will they? Jimmy Price (Red-headed—"Red" for short) came into the office one

day and said, "Where is your hair, Bob?" Bob Carlisle (bald)—"Oh, they offered me some of your kind and I refused."

We welcome the Misses Gladys Corwin, comptometer operator, and Dora Walters, also Mr. Clare Stegman, who have joined the checking department crew. We also welcome back Oscar Johnson in the stock department. Oscar left us temporarily to attend school at Washington, D. C. George Pyle is also back in the sales department.

And now we'll have a "Line about" Mr. C. Linebough of Barryton, Michigan. While conversing with one of the SOCO representatives he was very interested in talking about going fishing, but at the same time he was shining up a revolver. What do you do, Mr. Linebough, coax them to the top of the water and then shoot? Please let us know if that procedure is successful, because they don't always bite around here either.

Ed Beyers is a very successful fisherman. He came in the lunchroom one day (before June 15th) and said he caught a 16-inch bass, but put it back again because it was out of season for bass fishing. Since then he has had nothing but mosquito bites. If bass could tell tales, what would that 16-inch bass say?

Carl Cobb has come up in life—from the basement, where he was office boy, to the second floor, where he is now working in the checking department.

And now Gertrude Krynsen of the Ediphone room has had her curly locks cut, bringing the number of bobbed-hair damsels to three in the Grand Rapids office.

HURON, S. D.

Our Edgemont, S. D., agent writing re-numbered equipment barrels says: "I have found three concrete mixers, which I think were equipment barrels at one time and I also found one barrel which was being used as a moonshine still, but the number plate had been removed."

Kohnke, the new station examiner, likes the country west of Redfield, but ask him about the hotels.

Miss Oaks is leaving the service of the company, she says because of ill health, but we think she wants to get nearer Sioux Falls.

Mrs. Busse has resigned her position and while we shall miss her, she says ahe still lives out on Tenth street.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Miss Elizabeth Dashiell, stenog to traffic and better known as the secretary of the peppery Polarine Social Club, sprang the surprise of the century for these parts by a sudden non-appearance for duty on the morning of July 3. For a very good reason—she done got "hitched up" unbeknownst to us folks, which makes it more than sudden and about cheats Miss Elizabeth out of the customary set of dishes—or ought to—for such a scandalous way to over-ride our curiosity. From all accounts the other half of the "knot" is Gordon Ames, an agricultarist near Greensburg—as was advertised by a sparkler and predicted in this column months ago.

When Bill Gegerich tried to start a new fad in headgear, the limit was not reached as Charles Lucas, city salesman, tops off Bill's novel act by featuring a "straw" turned down behind instead of in front. Next!

This division is rapidly stacking up a choice assortment of champions and near-champions. George Austermiller, Madison agent, has shown his heels to so many checker shovers as to be almost invincible, while James Harvey, our 24-cylinder office boy, is a near-Kramer on a long route bike race.

But folks, shake with a real champ. W. H. (Billy) Reed, of the stock department. Over a gruell-grind of fifty-four holes divided between three local golf courses, Bill copped the Indianapolis City championship from a field of seventy-two of the local "shinney" sharks. Reed's total of 233 is the best gross score ever made in a city tournament here, and included birdies on six of the fifty-four holes. An idea of his class can be gleaned from the fact that par for the three courses totals 224, and the new champion was but nine over this for the entire "hike." Any SOCO golf bug who thinks he is good—tell it to Bill!

Ott Whittlen, side-kick to shipping clerk Fred Miller, is in disfavor. It seems Fred found a swell fishing place, but he made the terrible mistake of talking too much, with the result that Ott beat him to the fish by an over-night start on the next week end. Result, the "hole" was fished dry when Miller got there.

C. F. Hamilton evidently is a supporter of the Lakes-to-Ohio waterway project, but he carried his dream a little too far by driving his truck up the canal to find out whether it was navigable. That will be about enough out of you, Ham, for some time to come.

Bill Anderson says Roy Tolliver told him that there was a new addition to the Terre Haute agent's family—a girl. Bill says to give him a slam. What's the use; wait a few months and the young daughter will be slamming Roy with all kinds of handy articles—if we know our baby history. (Yes, Harsh, but what *do you* know about baby history? —Ed.)

Suffering from the intense July heat, C. O. Huffer, circuit driver, took a load of gas ('xcuses, Red Crown, of course) to Broad Ripple on an order for Lawrence. Only a difference of about ten miles in nearly opposite directions.

Al (Speedy) Shotwell, stationery room despot, is back from a vacation spent around Lookout Mountain, Tenn. While Al was high and dry, the six months' supply came in, so growls his co-worker, Joseph Simko.

B. E. (Doc) Jenkins, creditman, is hiding behind a new pair of shell rimmed specs. Aw, come on out, Doc; we all know who it is!

Service may mean a lot, sometimes, so thinks Phil Worthen, our "small" 285-pound utility service station attendant. His latest act about wins him the cement cuff buttons as he requests. While spinning the pump handle at Connersville last week, Philip discovered that some one had parked a Ford in front of the air-post, due to the usual Saturday night crowd. As the machine was protected with one of these log chain devises around the front wheel, it did look bad for SOCO 100% service, but not long to our hero Phil, for he didn't do a darn thing but pick up the front end of that machine and treat it like a wheelbarrow.

Agent Instructor E. V. Brannan announces the stork's visit to his home. The youngster was to be called William Burton but it so happened she wasn't that kind of a boy.

W. A. Anderson, soup of automotive power, whatever that means, was all set for a lot of scintilating the other Saturday and had his white shoes all frescoed up; then a clumsy clown around the office stepped all over Bill's shine. Tougha the luck, Bill.

A case of being on the job cropped out the other Saturday afternoon, when the quartermaster at Fort Benjamin Harrison called up and ordered 6000 gallons of Red Crown to be delivered at once. Due to the snappy work of Myrtle Clark, switchboard operator, T. W. Superintendent, V. S. Buckner and the quintet of drivers who dropped their routes, the gallonage was delivered to the Fort, some fifteen miles away, and the trucks all back to the plant before six o'clock, less than five hours after the order was phoned.

JOLIET, ILL.

In case of an electrical storm putting out the lights in the office, Joliet need not fear, as we have a "Sun" of our very own. Will Davis, new addition to the stock department, is it. The reflection from his dome is blinding. Someone suggests hair restorer, Will.

Still they fall—regardless of age. Ask Al. Scheidt about the pocketbook he tried to pick up—and didn't.

Anyone looking for a good light housekeeper? Service Station Attendant Clarence Tousley, at Sterling, is getting to be quite a cook since his wife went to the country.

Mr. Herbie Wagon, that dashing, good looking chap, is now wearing his white duck summer suit. Stay away from Joliet, Herbert, as "ice cream suits" are very attractive to the eyes—(of the police).

It is the understanding in Kewanee that prohibition has been in effect for some time, but as our friends, Mr. Jim Connell and Mr. Andy Peter Bennett, have taken to drinking Finol as a luxury, would ask that some of us take up a popular subscription and buy them a gallon of "Northside Hootch."

Bert Ingold advises that fish do not bite out along the Desplaines near Troy. Aren't you a trifle mixed up, Bert? Or, did you use the wrong kind of bait?

District Superintendent George Ball and family, and Jimmie Arthur, credit man and family, are sojourning along the banks of the beautiful Du Page river at Electric Park, Plainfield.

Arthur Larson, he of the Roamer fame, receives daily letters from Lemont, Ill. What have you to say for yourself, Artha?

And what is so rare as those days of June—we would like to know. On June 12, Agent T. E. Larson, of Leland, Ill., surprised the entire Joliet field by getting married. The bride, we understand, is quite some bookkeeper and will, no doubt, assist Truman with his daily reports.

Agent F. Ruder of Herscher has also deserted the ranks of the happy and single.

The deed is done, folks, P. D. Nease has stepped off. We knew it was coming, but it was rather a jolt any way.

Fred Erickson, garage foreman, was married Wednesday, June 28, to a young lady from Plainfield.

And—that isn't all about Plainfield, either, for Orrin Smith, bookkeeper, has announced his marriage to Miss Anna E. Gates, in Chicago, on January 14, 1922. They are living in Plainfield. That was a hard blow, Orrin, as all the girls thought you were still single.

The office bunch received the thrill that comes once in a lifetime upon perusing the morning paper, Sunday, June 11, to note that Elmer Campbell, that innocent, quiet, little boy in the cashier's cage, had slipped a fast one over on them and had been married Saturday afternoon to Miss Elda Morse. The wedding took place in Aurora, Ill.

The following are three new additions to the Stanolind family: An 8½-pound boy, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. McDonnell. Mr. McDonnell, or "Pop," is our service station attendant at Sterling. Driver Hanrick, at Kewanee, announces proudly that his son is a heavyweight. How do you like walking the floor, Mr. Hamrick? Twelve is rather a good start for "Sonny." Another boy, 10 pounds in weight, whose dad is C. Wachendorf, Minooka agent, was born June 24.

Mary is of the opinion that the warehouse is going to go into the "GOOD LUCK" business.

Hughie Boyle, clerk at the warehouse, made a flying trip to Chicago, Wednesday evening, June 21, on the 6:15. Hugh says "only a little card party." We know different. How about Logan Square, Hughie?

J. D. Barnes is happy once more. We note the smile which returned and letters coming in regular from someone in Freeport.

Mary wants to know, Sall, if you got all your information from the two young ladies you had at the Orpheum several times in the past. BUNK!

We thought John Howard Connors had a fit the other day when he dashed into the office, but the excitement was caused by John Sontag's new straw hat. Don't buy any more new ones, John, it causes too much excitement.

We are glad to hear that Mrs. Sahs, wife of our Woodstock driver, is getting along nicely and hope that she will soon be back on the job cooking apples for "Sahs."

Mr. Fay, agent at McHenry, recently bought a pet pig for his family. How long it will be a pet no one knows but Mrs. Fay. We were invited to a spareribs and sauer kraut dinner this fall, so the pig will be a pet for a few months only unless Harry trains it to be a watchdog. It was named Harry Harris Harrison for the time being. Later its name will be "MUD."

Recently the American Legion held a carnival at Harvard. They admired the beauty of our service station grounds enough to lay planks over all the grass in the evening to keep off the funmakers. You've got to hand it to the boys there; it is the beauty spot of the town.

Agent Porter, at St. Charles, says that the locusts are so thick in his town that once a day the city cleans the sidewalks under the trees with a snow plow.

W. J. DeGroat gets the cut glass icepick for giving service to the sick. See L. O. B. for further particulars.

We are all glad to learn that "Shorty" Baker, former agent at Manteno, is picking up in strength and health in his new work as attendant at Service Station 74, Kankakee.

There is always something doing at Elgin. This time it is a lawn party held at the home of Stake Truck Driver Lester Guptail, Thursday evening, June 15. Everyone had a great time, especially when the strawberry shortcake was passed around.

E. W. Greb, salesman-agent at Freeport, surely is an early bird. He claims to have gone to bed at 9 p. m. on the night of June 26, rising at 1 a. m. to travel to Joliet to attend the salesman's meeting.

C. M. Brown, 04 clerk, met with a painful accident while trying to stop the electric fan with his finger. The fan did a neat job of clipping off a finger nail and cutting his finger. Safety First, hereafter, Brownie.

J. Davis has purchased a new saxaphone and would appreciate playing a few selections at future entertainments.

Miss Lillian Lundberg is a new addition to the checking department, and is taking Joe Horan Yack's place. Joe has retired to the kitchen, with good intentions to settle down.

We are pleased to hear that Mr. G. L. Sauer, service station attendant at Polo, who has been laid up with tonsilitis, is again back on the job.

Mr. N. R. Grimshaw recently paid a visit to the Joliet office.

A new way to secure new customers is being practiced by Driver M. Hartzell at Dixon, Ill. Recently Mr. Hartzell's truck got stuck in the mud in front of a farmhouse. The farmer living in this house was a competitor's customer. Mr. Hartzell, while waiting for assistance, stepped up to visit the farmer. The farmer's wife was busy washing and Mr. Hartzell made quite a hit when he took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves and insisted upon turning the washing machine and helping to hand out the clothes. We are informed that said farmer is one of Mr. Hartzell's steady customers since then. Hartzell says just to show that S. O. Co. employees always are ready to assist anyone. Perhaps he was looking for a future companion.

We extend our sympathies to Mr. M. Clausen, tank wagon driver at DeKalb, on the death of his mother recently.

DO YOU REMEMBER WAY BACK

In 1902, when Pete Radigan was "following the ponies?" Pete is just as good now at buying cars as he was in trading horses.

In 1905, when J. S. Connell rode that old bay mare from Sterling to Freeport and then rode back to Sterling on a sharp back mule, and when Mgr. Smith asked him to ride the mule back to Sterling, 40 miles, what did Jim tell Smith? We know, but it won't pass the censor.

In 1905, when Roy Prussing sold 100% of the oil that was used in and around DeKalb?

KANSAS CITY, MO.

The office force unites in hoping for a speedy recovery for Mrs. E. A. Wetmore, who is in a critical condition at this time, resulting from an operation. By the time this goes to press we trust that she will have fully recovered.

J. C. Meunier, stock department, resigns July 1. He will spend the summer in the Ozarks where Harold Bell Wright wrote his famous "Shepherd of the Hills" story.

George Williams, also of the stock department, will resign July 1 to go to New York, where he has accepted a position under his brother.

Mr. Bomford returned to Chicago the latter part of May after having spent considerable time in the hospital here. The employees were disappointed in not getting to see him againb efore leaving, but we hope we will have the pleasure of seeing him soon again.

Things happen fast in Rollie Plymton's young life. He got married a short time ago and a still shorter time ago was transferred to the station examiner's department. What more could happen to a feller? And still he doesn't get mad. Wonderful composure, that.

Earl Boughan was transferred to the iron barrel department, which is under the supervision or jurisdiction, rather, of Joe Parsons, the man who like Alexander, of vaudevillian fame, knows all, sees all and tells all. And man, he spreads a most mean line—talked himself into getting married even. Take a tip, Earl, and stuff your ears with cotton.

J. C. Dawson and Olaf Olson have swapped jobs, Olaf being now connected with the tank car department and Dawson with the supply department.

The following vacationers returned the last of May to the confines of the workhouse: Jack Harris, tanned and sunburned almost beyond recognition; Howard Houston, we don't know where he spent it but he looks well spent; Clint Meunier, lazy and possessing anything but ambition; also Leon Fagala.

Howard Houston was transferred from the sales writing department to the stock department. Just in time for Form 24, Howard. You'll like it; the first 40 years are the worst.

Joe Wilhelm returned from a vacation at Elk Springs, Ark., situated in the Ozarks below Joplin. Man, talk about sunburn; Joe's face wasn't nothing much else but—it looked somewhat similar to Sarah Cook Berry's when she blushes.

J. S. Moore, order desk, spent the week end at Sedalia with home folks.

Jesse Belle Latimer was transferred to the sales writing department. Jack Gephart please note and be guided accordingly.

We hoped for some news from the outside but our hopes didn't materialize. After begging, pleading, cajoling and urging we give up. With this issue of the Stanolind Record the Kansas City correspondent passes into obscurity, which may tend to give the news items an opportunity to grow in volume as well as quality, but it's an easier task to try to raise the dead to life. Wake up, K. C., the war's over!

LA CROSSE, WIS.

On June 30, we had a big meeting of district superintendents, salesmen, agents, and agent instructors. Mr. R. G. Stewart, assistant general manager, gave a forceful, inspiring, and constructive talk on Sales Science. Mr. Stewart also announced the transfer of our manager, Mr. J. H. Lambert, to an important position in the home office at Chicago; also the appointment of Mr. J. G. Lannin as acting manager at La Crosse. During the time Mr. Lambert was with us we learned to admire him. We wish he could have remained with us longer, for his courtly manners and absolutely fair and reasonable stand at all times have given us much inspiration and determination to play the game for all that is in it—and play it fair. We are very glad to welcome Mr. Lannin into our midst, and assure him our heartiest cooperation.

One of the queer pranks played by the recent windstorms involves our Chippewa Falls agent, Guy Hutchinson. Mr. Hutchinson spent Friday night, June 16, with his son at their fishing shanty at Lake Wissota. The wind during the night picked up the building and after moving it about 25 feet laid it down again on its side, depositing Mr. Hutchinson's garage on top of it. Guy shook himself to see if he was still alive and after breaking out a window sash, crawled out. He then remembered the boy was still inside and crawled back in and found him rolled up in the bedding fast asleep. Some sleeper!

Saturday evening, June 17, about 6:30, a small tornado swept through the country about a mile south of Allen, completely demolishing the barn of our Allen agent, Frank Kronenberg. His Reo truck was in the driveway and it suffered the loss of the cab from falling wreckage.

Mr. Martin Steinbring has accepted the position of truck salesman at Menomonie, Wis., station.

Cochrane station is now handled as a relay out of Alma, by our Alma agent, Mr. Norman Guenther.

Theodore Thorson, attendant at S. S. 36, La Crosse, has just returned from a trip to Sioux City, Iowa, where he, with twenty-four other prominent La Crosse citizens, all singers of note, that is singers who sing by note, attended a convention held by the Norwegian Singing Society of America. He is too hoarse to speak, but he admits being awake twenty-three of every twenty-four hours while there. Although many of the singers present were doctors who could write their own prescriptions, Ted says that those from La Crosse were the only ones that didn't do it.

Mr. J. L. Carter, who underwent an operation at Rochester recently, is recuperating very rapidly.

Mr. C. W. L. Kolbe is our new agent at Kenyon, succeeding Mr. S. E. Anderson, who resigned last week.

Mr. Paul J. Sandard has taken over the Standard Oil Company agency at Blooming Prairie, Minn., succeeding Mr. O. E. Hobbs.

Mr. W. E. Lewis succeeds Mr. L. Ackerman as Standard Oil agent at Pine Island, Minn. Mr. Ackerman has gone back to farming.

On June 15, Mr. Earl J. Swords resigned from the employ of the Standard Oil Company. He entered the employ of the company in October, 1909, and has held various positions in the La Crosse office. At the time of his resignation he was head of the stock department. He was presented with a gold Eversharp and a fountain pen as a token of remembrance by his friends and fellow-employees. He is succeeded by Mr. Helmar Johnson, also of the stock department, and we wish them both every success in their new undertakings.

Mr. C. L. Renwick, the obliging service station attendant at No. 52, Austin, Minn., was missed for one day about June 1. It develops he had driven to Winona and gotten himself a wife. We did not learn her name but know it now. We wish Mr. and Mrs. Renwick all the joys of a long and a happy life.

Let's see, how shall we express it? Oh, there's no use trying. Fact is, that the La Crosse folks had one regular, honest-to-goodness good time at their annual picnic at Myrick Park on June 25. (Is your photog sick?—Ed.) With three games of indoor baseball, three-legged races, sack races, nail driving, contests (by the ladies), fat men and lean men races, etc., the day was replete with just plain, everyday fun. Much praise is due the committee in charge for the splendid work they did in arranging the contests, lemonade, ice cream, peanuts, 'n everything. It was an all day affair, the last game of indoor having wound up at eight o'clock. We were very pleasantly surprised to have a delegation from our Eau Claire station motor down for the picnic. Come again, folks. We're always glad to see you.

From the Chippewa Falls newspaper: A Studebaker car was discovered on fire while taking oil and gasoline at the Standard Oil station Sunday afternoon. Sufficient smoke was emitting from the interior of the car to give the impression that a ten-story barn filled with hay was being consumed. Arthur Perrenaud, high school athlete, who brought many an honor to the football team, and who is now our attendant at S. S. 109, at Chippewa Falls, was active and made quick work of the fire with an extinguisher. The car was able to proceed on its way.

On June 3, Lawrence Anderson, construction man, was married to a young lady from Knapp, Wis. They have our best wishes for a long and happy wedded life.

George Hauswirth, attendant at S. S. 319, La Crosse, is the proud owner of a new Ford car.

We regret to report the death of Victor Rhodes' sister, who passed away at a local hospital after a three days' illness on June 11. Our deepest sympathy is extended to Victor and the family.

MANKATO, MINN.

We regret to record the death of Mrs. Monson, mother of H. A. Monson, former manager of the Mankato division, and now manager at Des Moines. The sympathy of the entire Mankato division is extended to Mr. Monson in his hour of sadness.

John F. Krier arrived at the office a trifle late the other day wearing a proud grin and bearing cigars and candy. The new arrival is a fine little girl and we all congratulate the Krier family.

We are informed that A. M. Quinn, our agent at St. Clair, has decided to take another step in Masonry, having been elected to receive the Royal Arch in Blue Earth Chapter, Mankato. We will all be there to see Andy travel.

G. M. Bergman, order clerk, took unto himself a Ford, so now he and the Missus are rumbling right along.

The Red Crown Kittenball team continued to fight a winning battle in the Mankato City League. H. B. McCarl, check department, was elected captain and is guiding the bunch over the rough spots in fine shape. McCarl wields a wicked south paw and strikes terror into the hearts of opposing batsmen.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Mr. Elmer Arentson, Birnamwood agent, had his jaw broken recently in a ball game. The jaw was set at eight in the evening, on Sunday, and Mr. Arentson was out on the job bright and early again Monday morning. And he made it one of his record days, too!

Mr. E. R. Marsden said the other day that he refrains from eating pork, due to some funny ideas of people away back in his family. This is the first time we ever heard of friction between pork and an Irishman.

Agent R. A. Wells, of Fox Lake, favored the Milwaukee office with a visit on the 19th.

Mr. Erving Eckert, attendant at S. S. 105, Racine, was married to Miss Marie Melik of Racine on Wednesday, May 30. Our best wishes are extended both.

Mr. A. E. Heldt, salesman, had a narrow escape from death when the car in which he was driving near Hartford, was struck by a Buick, throwing his car into the ditch, pinning Mr. Heldt beneath. However, we are pleased to report that Mr. Heldt was not seriously injured and is getting along nicely.

Mr. A. C. Hartman is again back in the marketing game, recently being appointed agent at Madison. We all wish you much success in this new field.

Mr. F. R. Tiffany, formerly driver at Beloit, has joined our sales force; likewise, Mr. W. H. Hegelmeyer, who was agent at Deerfield. We also welcome Mr. Wm. X. Roche, B. L. Thanrow and Harvey R. Ziebell to our marketing department, and we wish these new salesmen well in the sales game.

Mr. R. G. Stewart, assistant general manager, spent a few days in the Milwaukee division the latter part of June, and with Mr. Lang and Mr. Hatmaker, of Chicago, made a flying trip through the northern part of the field.

Mr. J. B. Graham, home office auditor, completed the annual audit at this station the latter part of

June. We enjoyed your visit, Mr. Graham. Come again.

J. D. O'Meara has been transferred from the office to station examiner. No regular office hours, now, Joe.

We have heard some very complimentary remarks from customers regarding courteous service received at our service stations. We're proud of our service station attendants. Watch our sales grow!

We would recommend that Mr. A. J. Hutchinson, lubricating engineer, place a bell on his portfolio, as we understand it walked away from the lobby of the Sherman House. It evidently did not meet expectation, as it returned O. K. a few days later.

Mr. C. W. Staab is our newly appointed agent at Beaver Dam and we wish Mr. Staab much success in his new field.

We are sorry to report the death of Mr. O. W. Giese, former driver at Wausau; also Mr. J. F. Huebner, former service station attendant at Oconomowoc.

If any big league happens to be in need of a most efficient umpire, we refer them to Mr. A. J. Hutchinson, our lubricating engineer, who has served so well on our garage team.

Our sales promoters, Hanson, Sheehan and Ouellette, are sure hot-footing it around the field lately and we have already noticed the results in sales.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

The annual meeting and election of officers of the Red Crown Social Club was held June 13. The new officers are: President, Hugh Moshier; vice-president, Mary Gleason; secretary, Clarice McCarthy, and treasurer, Flora Napier. They are all live wires and a progressive administration is ahead of us.

On June 15 a farewell dinner was given by sixteen girls of the office to Miss Florence Green, whose marriage will take place this month. The dinner was a complete surprise to Miss Green. The entertainment was furnished by Misses Marion Olson and Mary Gleason. Miss Olson sang and Miss Gleason danced. Miss Green was presented with a handsome silver remembrance of the Knickerbocker pattern by her friends. Florence has been with us four years and we hate to see her go.

Mr. Wood, service station attendant at Portland and Lake, claims he caught an 8½-pound pickerel in Lake Calhoun. If all of us hadn't fished in Lake Calhoun we might believe him.

In a recent kittenball game Tom Keenan substituted for a regular player. A ball was hit at Tom in the field and Tom collided with the right fielder while backing up to catch the ball. Still Tom tries to make us believe he is a good player.

Bob Williams, service station truck driver, had a finger bitten by a pig on his brother-in-law's farm. Get Bob to tell you how it happened.

R. E. Sidman recently went to Duluth to a wedding and returned three days behind schedule. This might mean that another wedding is on the cards.

Mrs. Noyes visited her sister at Birmingham, Ala. Mrs. Noyes says the cotton crop looks good.

O. A. Loberg, agent, Cokato, spends Sunday and Wednesday evenings in Litchfield. Oscar, she's there!

Before we went to press Jerry Freeman called up and told us that C. B. Searles, S. S. attendant, 237, St. Paul, had just hung up the phone and informed Freeman that he was now a father. It is a girl and Searles is going to call her Cylvalette.

Hughes is our new agent at Cambridge. Welcome, William.

Strayed or Stolen: A little boy about the size of a man. He was wearing his father's pants and shoes, when last seen was headed for St. Cloud in a Chevrolet.

D. J. Hazelton, agent, Park Rapids, worked all night to complete rush deliveries. That boy is a bear for work.

Paul C. Demmons, agent at Staples, recently made the remark that if he could get a Standard Oil station he would get married. We gave him a station; now it is up to him to get the girl. (If Manager Cochran will send certain pictures he promised us long ago, we'll give Demmons a gallery to choose from.—Ed.)

M. J. Larson, agent, Granite Falls, owns a 1910 Ford and was recently arrested for speeding. Red Crown did it.

Carl Freyberg says he does not wear gray clothes because they do not match his complexion. We would like to see Carl in a suit that does.

Margaret, the little daughter of H. L. Filer, agent at Kerkhoven, is getting along nicely since her operation.

Mr. E. B. Johnston, salesman, bought a solid gold chain. What for Johnston?

Lindner, service station attendant, Willmar, recently found a pocketbook containing $95.00, which he returned to the owner. Incidentally he got a new Red Crown customer.

Jack Dwyer, agent, Tintah, has eight fine children and Jack admits they look like their mother.

L. C. Rademacher, St. Paul salesman, reports a new boy, weighing 7 pounds. Rademacher, we call you a good citizen.

Ethel, the little daughter of Rae M. Taylor, our agent at Glenwood, was recently run over by a truck, but we are very glad to say that she is recovering.

C. W. Kizer, salesman, was married May 6. May good luck be with you both.

Ogel Halverson, agent at Brooten, claims that he has the reddest hair in the division. Jim Bullard, step forward!

There is a report circulating in the western part of the state that Henry W. Schultz, our agent at Paynesville, is to be married soon. We will keep a detective on this and as soon as anything happens we will make the announcement.

Editor of the Stanolind Record: Some interest-pictures for the next issue. The girls are to be entertained at a slumber party given by Cecil Thomas on June 26. No men allowed. Well, it's July 10 now and no pix yet. Hurry!—Ed.)

Connolly wants to know how the girls get a square meal in their round lunch boxes. Ask Mr. Vincent.

A. M. Boughton, S. S. attendant, 418, claims to have caught a 5-pound bass weighing 9½ pounds. Inasmuch as he did this before the bass season opened he threw back the evidence.

Damkroger is still wearing those long shoes.

At a Scandinavian picnic in Wisconsin a few weeks ago, Oscar P. Morken drank 27 cups of coffee, and after the doctor left he was feeling fairly good.

Salesman Ness now speaks six languages. Ask Ness how he learned them.

Wrinch, the salesman, is studying dramatic art. Oh, you Wrinchy!

Rask, the salesman, has cut out cigarettes. They were stunting his growth.

Geo. Day won the Municipal Golf Championship at the Stanolind Links. George soaks 'em, believe me.

Doc. Davidson has a new straw hat which covers the skating rink nicely.

Tim Shea is now on the sales force, which strengthens the Irish contingent.

Mike Knoll, agent, Hastings, and husband of Mrs. Mike Knoll, bought a Ford sedan. Mike takes the family out evenings.

From all indications there will be one deer less traveling the northern woods next winter, for it's rumored that Pete Gould has already taken out his old blunderbus and shined it up preparatory to the great hunt.

Pat Flaherty, our "used to was" barn man, has to content himself talking to the barrels since all the horses have been replaced by motor trucks.

We are thinking seriously of taking up a collection among the boys. What for? Why to get Foley a new pipe.

Joe Tauscheck says he never again will leave the West Side. Why not, Joe?

Bobbie Schreiner still contends Farmington should have credit for those books. All right, Bob, all right!

Mr. Fortner is back on the territory after an illness of five weeks. We are glad to see you well again, Charlie.

Oscar Wallem, Dawson service station attendant, is now back on the job after being sick over a month with pneumonia. We can vouch that he is in good health now and Oscar is the champion watermelon eater of the world.

PEORIA, ILL.

Oliver Hurst, our hustling and efficient mail desk director for some time past, has been rewarded with promotion to the sales department. Congratulations, Oliver, and keep on going!

J. W. Murray, attendant at S. S. No. 132, Pacific and McClure streets, recently took unto himself a new Ford. Brother Murray courageously ventured into the outlying rural districts in said Henry, and as the shades of night came on, brought into play his new spot light. The latter inadvertently flickered across the face of an on-coming motorist who proved to be a town constable, and our unlucky fellow worker was promptly halted and booked—on a charge of speeding. Murray can hardly explain this as he was proceeding at a most funereal pace, not having as yet mastered the intricacies of his mount. However, he feels himself lucky to be once more outside the clutches of the law.

The young ladies of the Peoria office hied themselves to Rome, Illinois, on the banks of the classic Illinois, on June 9 and 10 for a week-end outing. Reports as to the success of the expedition are most glowing, although we are obliged to depend upon verbal evidences. (Dear Ed: Please do not insert any caustic inquiry regarding pictures. Lots of them were taken, but out of due regard for the feelings of the members of the party, this being a stag affair, and having, at all times, a boundless respect for the Board of Censorship, publication is witheld). [Seeing is believing. Back up your excuse with proof.—Ed.]

Attendant R. L. Seats at S. S. No. 152, Clinton, Illinois, recently bobbed into prominence through some quick rescue work performed on the car of a customer who drove into his station for gasoline with smoke issuing from his car. Attendant Seats twice directed the customer's attention to this fact, and finally prevailed upon him to make an investigation. The car was found to be on fire, and flames were quickly extinguished with the hand fire extinguisher kept at the station for just such emergencies. It is hardly necessary to state that the customer was deeply impressed with the quality of service rendered by our representative, and he is now a regular purchaser of nothing but Standard products for his car.

The Peoria division baseball team, officially known as the "RED CROWNS," continues to perform satisfactorily for the edification of the rooters. Results during June: June 3—Red Crowns, 11; Morgan Paint Co., 5. June 10—Red Crowns, 4; Cazenovia, 8 (played at Cazenovia). June 17—Red Crowns, 11; Larkin Company, 8. June 24—Red Crowns, 11; Altorforer Bros., 10. Contests during the past month have been marked by exceptionally heavy hitting. Lyle Rogy, recent southpaw addition to the pitching staff, has proven a winner to date and has added considerable strength to that department. With Rogy and Eberle working in mid-season form, and the redoubtable Mishey in the offing for emergencies, the Crowns are well fortified as to hurlers. No word has as yet been received from our friendly enemies in the adjoining branches, such as Joliet, Davenport, Decatur, etc., but we have a hunch that before the season is over we will collide with these aggregations. Here's hoping.

Hannah Ahrends, Kathryn Lyons and Catherine Adams went swimming the other evening at Central Park Pool. The first mentioned young lady, intending to demonstrate her qualifications as a mermaid, announced her intention of diving courageously in—and did so. Unhappily, she left her mouth open, and the flood of sulphur water struck terror to the heart of the young lady. A heart-rending appeal for help echoed throughout the park. They pulled Hannah from the water to find that she had swallowed about a cupful. Reason—our dimunitive steno. had selected three feet of water for her plunge.

Ask Christine about that mole.

SAGINAW, MICH.

Recently a report came to the Saginaw office from our Caro agent, Andy Goodell, that his dog had chewed up an 090 book. Business going to the dogs, as it were.

Miss Hazel Wardell, check desk clerk, left the employ of the company on June 1, and on June 7 was married to Mr. Chas. E. Guntrem, of Baltimore, Md. She was presented with an electric percolator and outfit by the office employees. Paul Black has been assigned to do the work she formerly did, but no one can take her place. (Baltimore papers please copy.)

The sympathy of the Saginaw division is extended to Bruce MacDonald, equipment superintendent, in the death of his mother, on June 8.

On Saturday, June 24, Mark Theobold, salesman, entered upon a matrimonial career with Miss Frances McGonigal, of Saginaw. Their wedding tour included Toronto and other eastern cities. Here's good luck to you, Mr. and Mrs. Theobald.

On Saturday, July 1, Miss Emily Egeler, of Bay City, became the bride of Warren R. Vanderbeck, of the refined oil and gasoline department. Congratulations.

We extend our sympathy to John Mathewson, of the Bay City office, in the death of his mother, who died June 18, after a lingering illness.

A fine new baby girl weighing six pounds arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Richter, Bay City, on

June 9, 1922. Bill, who is our genial salesman for Bay City, W. S., had a hard time convincing the boys of the fact, we are told.

Miss Eleanor Gase, comptometer operator, left the employ of the company on July 18 to become the bride of Mr. Edward Roelofs, of Flint, Michigan. They will make their home in Flint.

Two Ford coupes have been added to our happy family. One is possessed by Harold Bendien, record clerk, and the other by Albert Lindberg, of the Saginaw machine shop. Now girls, Harold is married, so there's no chance there, but let us whisper a word in your ear: Albert is single and unannexed.

Jas. Phillion, of the Saginaw plant, failed to arrive at work on June 30, and inquiry developed that he became the father of a baby boy that morning. That would keep anyone away from their daily labor.

At the present time the Standard Oil Company baseball team of the Saginaw Commercial league is tied with the Schust company for first place, both teams having won all their games to date. We reckon that when we meet the Schust team in a game, they're going to be in second place.

Last week we advertised in the Saginaw "Blatter," requesting the services of a telephone operator, and while the advertisement represented an investment of $1.80, the clerks all had $4.00 seats to an impromptu style show. The office was literally besieged with would-be operators. They approached by the front and back stairs, and the fire-escape, and wandered about the office like Alice in Wonderland. Someone must have spread the news that there are a few single clerks in the office; hence the stampede.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA

HOORAY! Sioux City was awarded the banner, highest increase on sales for the month of MAY. Almost the first time out, and it's a dandy. Our slogan is "Let's Keep It," and with the increased efforts of agents and salesmen, who were the boys to send us over the top, it will take a little good work to get it away.

It is with regret that we report Dell Perry, one of our fellow workers, as called to the great beyond. June 17 he drove the truck into the yard, walked home and as soon as he reached the door succumbed to heart failure. He was employed by the Standard Oil Company for the past fifteen years, part of the time acting as agent at Madison, and the balance as truck driver out of Sioux City. He was a faithful worker, giving his best efforts to the company and he was a true friend.

The ball game between the Polarines Heavy (warehouse, machine shop and city drivers) and the Red Crown Boosters (office bunch) was some game. The score was 13 to 4 in favor of the office and yet no part of the game lacked enthusiasm. Cashier Goebel proved to be the real star, batting and fielding 100%. The credit department was well represented with Van Ordstrand behind the bat. His hitting was close behind Goebel's. Blanchard of the Polarines Heavy pitched a real game but lacked support. Abrahamson, pitching for the Red Crown Boosters, went good until the fourth inning, when he weakened with a sore arm and was relieved by Hagy, who let the Heavies down with one hit for the remainder of the game. Assistant Chief Clerk Peterson was there for press note mention, he excelling on base running. Pete says he's going to anchor his shirt down for the next game. Sheets, Manger and Hutchins proved the real stars for the Polarines Heavy. We are in hopes that Managers Dyer and Berthelson can get their teams together again, yet Dyer is looking to other organizations with an established reputation. Mankato, Huron or Des Moines might make us an offer.

It was a real treat to see Mabel Miller flit around the office again and some of us old timers scurried for pin boxes, knowing as of old that "what goes up must come down again," the pins never failing to come down when Mabel is near. About the same time, Mrs. Wood (formerly Fern Edwards), Pearl Engelbretson and Jim Rodey drifted in, bringing back to us that altho they now have other interests, yet there is still a good feeling for the Standard Oil.

The Pleasure Bent Club held its first dance at Sioux City with flattering results. This organization is founded by the warehouse boys who expect to purchase a small piece of ground, erect a shack and have some regular times, and the office folks are just wondering when they will get a bid out.

George Sheets of the warehouse is the champion pie eater of this division. Just ask Mrs. Cowles; she'll tell you about it. Don't blame you a bit George. It's mighty good pie, we'll say.

'S matter, girls? Going to let 'em all get away? Jimmy Shea, our accommodating truck driver, is the latest to step into the office with a big box of candy and tell us that he was married. Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Shea.

A policeman wended his way into the accounting department, said a few words to the chief clerk and together they wandered to the center of the room where Cashier Goebel happened to be for the moment. Walt glanced up, looked around, but no chance for escape. "CASHIER," said the officer, "I would like to buy a coupon book." Ain't it a grand and glorious feeling? What do you say, Walt?

Bill Young enjoyed a few days at Minneapolis, looking up at the tall buildings and taking in the picture shows. Was out to see Minnetonka, and oh! the fish stories that he brought back. Never in the world could believe 'em. We've just gotta see the fish.

Mr. Dyer, our chief clerk, reports from his trip up thru Sioux Falls, Dell Rapids and back by the Cherokee route that the country looks fine, crops in good condition, oats coming along nicely and sees no reason why we shouldn't get good results.

Manager Thayer and Assistant Manager Leonard attended the general managers' meeting at Minneapolis addressed by Assistant General Manager Stewart. Mr. Stewart returned with them, remaining in the city a couple of hours going over points of interest and filling stations in prospect.

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

May 1, Stewart Chaffin, who has been superintendent of the central district with headquarters at St. Joseph, was transferred to the new District 4. All the territory embraced in District 4 comes out of the former western district which was covered by Superintendent G. W. Bowen. Mr. Chaffin feels that he is by no means a stranger as he made the district he is now covering for a number of years when specialty salesman. His headquarters will be Norton, Kansas, which Stewart says is the snappiest little town in the short grass. Mr. Chaffin reports on his introductory trip that sod houses are a thing of the past and that cattle bones no longer bleach on the broad prairie. In fact, the highways are all

improved, land fenced and the district populated by the best people on earth. He also has a bunch of cracker-jack salesmen and agents. Watch District 4 roll 'em up!

During the winter drouth "Babe" Hotchkiss, Atwood, Kansas, agent, made several trips to "The River." Mr. Hotchkiss always visited St. Joseph headquarters going or coming.

"Red," otherwise known as Mr. F. A. Manning, agent, Almena, Kansas, recently abandoned the checkered career of a bachelor and eloped to Smith Center, Kansas, where he married Miss Irene Thomas, of Norton, Kansas, at the residence of agent Cliff Starbuck. Mr. Manning believes in keeping all of his dealings strictly in the S. O. family. Mr. Cliff Starbuck, Smith Center agent, won a pair of pants on this transcation, but we have not learned the full particulars.

Mr. John Starrett, Goodland, Kansas, agent, is so popular among the legionnaires that they are about to make him candidate for county office. We hope that John will continue to devote his talents to selling Red Crown gasoline as his term of office with the company will be just as long as he makes it, whereas a county officer is usually seeking new pasture in a few years.

Assistant Service Station Attendant G. A. Theimer, Colby, had the misfortune to have one of his children recently very ill at Lathrop hospital, Norton, Kansas. At last reports the child was progressing nicely and we hope that it will soon be back to normal condition.

Geo. Thompson, Phillipsburg agent, whose wife went on a visit to Iowa some time ago, would like to make a two weeks' vacation trip to bring the Mrs. back and see the old home folks, but has decided to remain at his post as he says that business is too good to abandon.

Mr. Durward Haines, former assistant at the Phillipsburg agency, has been promoted to agent, Lebanon, Kansas.

Salesman Billy Sarvis does not have the reputation of spending much time at his headquarters. He has been working the outskirts of his territory, particularly at Selden and Logan, Kansas, the last few months. Billy says that these towns are far enough apart so that he does not get his dates mixed.

Cliff Starbuck, who has been agent at Smith Center ever since we can remember, only has 86 two-barrel tanks on hand, but Cliff says the way he is digging into the pile they will not last much longer than the Fourth of July. Cliff ropes them right on his truck and the rural trade won't let him bring them back to town.

Owing to the volume of business done by Agent Sherman Peters, Kanorado, it was recently necessary to enlarge his warehouse and put in other facilities for handling the business. It is our understanding that Mrs. Peters, who stays at the plant while Mr. Peters is gone and never lets a prospect get away, is largely responsible for the business.

Superintendent Bowen, Stewart Chaffin's predecessor in District No. 4, was recently bidding the boys goodby, feeling very much grieved that he was losing the best part of his old district.

Assistant Attendent Ora Mustoe has decided to remain at the Norton service station during the summer so that he can continue his services, as in the past, this winter while attending high school. Ora is anxious not only to acquire a scholastic education but to have had the benefit of several years business experience as well when he has finished high school.

Heinie Reichard has a fine namesake in the way of a pup which he sent Salesman Sarvis at Norton.

Salesman Clyde F. Finley, of the Smith Center territory, who used to be a member of the "Bull Gang" at the Casper refinery, is doing nicely.

Several of the agents in District No. 4 are putting headlights on their trucks and are purchasing additional motor equipment to take care of the business during the rush season. The business is a 24-hour-a-day proposition during the harvest season.

Now that Chief Clerk Bode has a new flivver he expects to motor this summer to District No. 4, seeking a blonde.

W. A. Hahn, Jennings agent, has also contracted the matrimonial fever, but we have not learned the name of the bride. From the way the boys in District No. 4 are getting into the harness it will not be necessary to import any girls from the east.

Evidently Mr. Cameron had a chill when Mr. Coldsnow entered the room, because he immediately buzzed for Schall.

Miss Lillian Cavey entertained a number of S. O. Co. girls at her home Thursday evening, June 15, in honor of Miss Martha Frances Grimes, who is to be married the latter part of the month. Miss Grimes received a great many beautiful gifts and everybody had a good time. Ask Grace about the black eye.

Does anyone know about the mysterious club that has been formed in the office? As far as we know the only members are Mr. Bayne, Mr. Meyers, Mr. Orr, Mr. Seeley Brown and Mr. Pasternak. The members of the initiation committee are Mrs. Chaffin, Miss Grimes, and Miss Mulford, and their methods are unique to say the least.

Mary and Ed both took their vacation at the same time, but we were all disappointed.

Likewise Kirk and Thelma. Thelma came back to the office wearing a fraternity pin.

Mr. Bode would qualify as a movie comedian. He carriers a "mean" tray. They tell us there is one drug store on South Tenth that puts a "kick" in the "cokes."

E. H. Clark is now looking after construction work in this field, as our former construction superintendent, A. J. Brooks, has been transferred to the Kansas City field.

Neva is getting in a class with Mary and Thelma —at least we see her at the Electric every time we're there, with the same hat salesman.

Cleo Brown is taking a well-earned vacation— for Cleo says it is the first vacation he has ever had in his life.

Waller Young and Heinie Reichard are singing the praises of our new municipal golf course.

Harper Lindsay swallowed his cud of Parowax the other day. Thank goodness it was surgical wax and was medicated.

We all sympathize with Earl Michel, service station attendant at Fifty-eight, in his recent bereavement, the loss of his wife.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Quite a few of the boys have been stepping up during the past month. Mr. H. C. Koob, formerly agent instructor in District Superintendent Ewing's field, is now salesman with headquarters at Versailles, Mo. J. J. Selle, formerly agent instructor in District Superintendent Hoeller's field, is now salesman with headquarters at Farmington, Mo. Mr. Greene, formerly agent at Caruthersville, Mo., is now junior salesman in District Superintendent

Hoeller's field. Mr. Bill Zipp, formerly of the order department, St. Louis office, is now automobile salesman in the city of St. Louis.

We are sorry to learn that our genial automobile salesman, Mr. Percy Gash, of St. Louis, is in the hospital for an operation for appendicitis. We surely wish Percy a speedy recovery.

Mr. Bill Estes, our tall handsome mechanic at Springfield, Mo., had an accident during the past week which will lay him for the next couple of weeks. Mr. Bill Rassmussen of the St. Louis shop is working in Springfield until Bill Estes recovers. We wish Bill a speedy receovery.

Mr. N. H. Shields has been added to the St. Louis sales force as a specialty salesman. We take this opportunity of welcoming Mr. Shields to the Stanolind family.

Our lubricating engineer, Mr. H. S. Schoknecht, fell off a street car the other day and sprained his back. He is barely able to walk.

Our entire field has been so busy fighting for business that everyone neglected to send in news items for the Record to their correspondent.

The St. Louis Browns are well on their way to winning the American league pennant and the St. Louis organization is fighting just as hard to win the Red Crown Banner. Between the Browns and SOCO we are going to make this a BIG year for St. Louis. (If your salesmen hit the ball like Sisler, we're betting on you.—Ed.)

The St. Louis organization enjoyed a visit from Mr. Ball during the month. Mr. Ball made a field trip with Mr. Robinson, manager; Mr. Bemis, assistant manager, and other members of the organization, and experienced some of Missouri's rotten roads. The Big Dorris became firmly stuck in the mud one evening right in sight of the state capitol, outside of Jefferson City, Mo. The car was finally extracted at 2 A. M.

SOUTH BEND, IND.

Mr. J. M. Fisher, the fisherman, has moved to his cottage at Lake James and he has advised us that the fish are biting good and herewith extends an invitation to the South Bend office for a week-end enjoyment. He states you can either swim or fish.

Mr. C. A. Balyeat, warehouse man at Elkhart, couldn't stand the noise in the city and has moved his family to the country where they can live on the fruits of their labor.

V. L. Condgon, of S. S. 774, Elkhart, seems to like the water fairly well as every spare moment during the summer months is spent in a canoe or fishing on the banks of the St. Joe River. Last week he reported a big catch although he failed to advise us what kind of fish it was that he caught.

D. R. Wright of No. 774, Elkhart, is a co-worker with Mr. Condgon in all things as he to has proven to be a genuine fisherman. The season just opened up a short time ago and he wanted to be the first one on the lake so he went out at 12 o'clock midnight. We saw him just after he came in, but failed to find even a small sucker.

John James, night watchman at Elkhart, is a thorough gardener; in fact he became so enthused that he thought it advisable to go into the business, this being the season for handing in his resignation. Drive over with a load, John, we all like fresh vegetables.

Mr. G. W. Noel is the latest newcomer in the Elkhart organization, he having accepted a position as night watchman.

Mr. E. F. Lorenze, of S. S. 730, Elkhart, has felt for a long time that he needed a closed car and we see he has it now, having traded his old Ford touring car for a brand new Ford sedan. Gee! How times do change.

Carl George Buyer is the new attendant for S. S. 793, Elkhart. My but he's a big man; he fairly scares them into buying Red Crown and Polarine. I understand Bixler is expecting a big increase at this station. It takes a big man for a big job.

Our efficient clerk, Mr. R. D. Love, of Elkhart, gets the fishing fever every time he hears of anybody catching a nice string at some lake. He immediately beats it out to that very lake that evening, but up to date he has not even been successful in borrowing a string of fish to have his picture taken.

Mr. C. O. Reynolds, our hustling agent at Goshen, is so happy these days that we couldn't resist the temptation of asking him what had happened. A big broad smile came across his face and he replied: "A new baby born Saturday, June 1, 1922." Their first, so no wonder.

Mr. R. W. George, our hustling agent at Howe, believes in doing things right and fast. We only recently transferred him to Howe as agent and in order to make the organization complete he advised the district superintendent that after fighting the battles alone for two months it would be necessary to send special tankwagon men to Howe for a couple of days. Upon inquiring into the matter we found that he was married under date of June 15, to one of the home girls. From the description we have of the girl, although we have not seen her, we feel that he will be well taken care of, especially during sickness. She's a nurse.

Mr. L A DuVal was recently transferred from a service station at Elkhart to the lone service station at Goshen. He decided that it was too lonesome for him to continue alone, this being the reason for his making a hurried trip to his old home town of Harlan, Ind. He advised us that it is the town of the sweetest girls in the world, and we saw him coming back to Goshen with two grips, one in each hand, a girl by his side, shoes, signs, and everything, married. Congratulations.

Mr. P. A. Moulder applied for a position on Standard Oil Company ball team. He was given his first trial Saturday, June 24. He didn't do so bad—only fanned once, sprained ankle, and while doing an acrobatic act catching a fly, skinned one arm. If he lives, we may put him on regular.

K. K. Secrist, service station attendant at Fort Wayne, is the proud father of a 10-pound bouncing baby boy.

W. H. Borchelt, salesman, took upon himself the yoke of matrimony on June 11. Hilda B. Koeneman was the girl. Congratulations, Wallie!

Lester Hug says it's getting so the cost of tires isn't as bad as the cost of locks to keep them from being stolen.

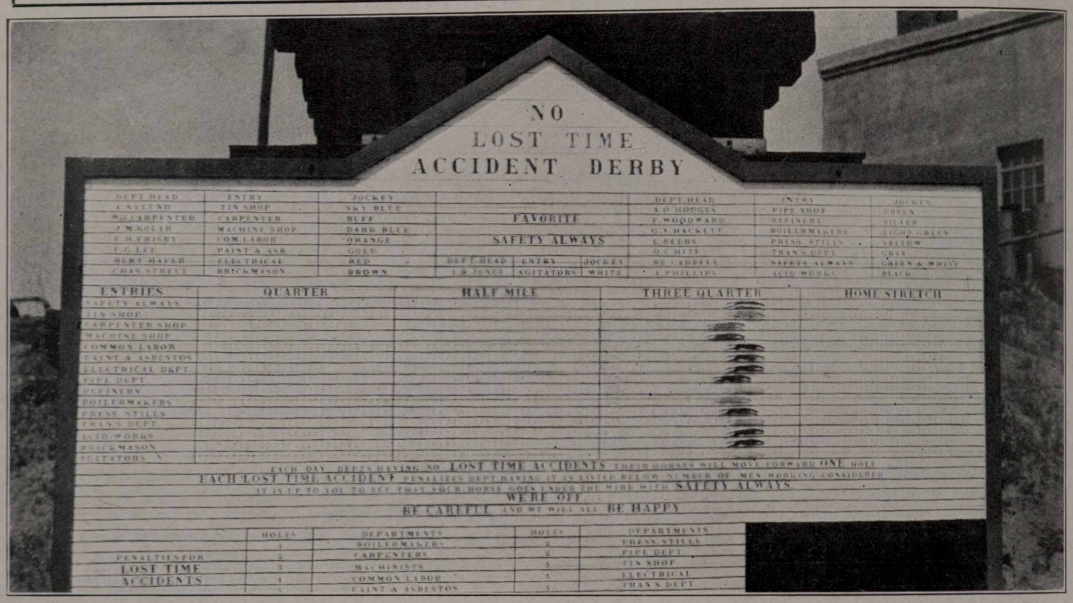
District Superintendent Bill Condon and Agent Mel Swank of South Bend attended the prize fight at Michigan City on the Fourth. The police were not notified.

Russell Gillis, our new assistant chief clerk, says that while he has a lot of worries, his idea of a pessimist is a fellow who worries about the coal strike this kind of weather.

Bessie Jordan resigned her position to accept a partnership in the Goff-Jordan Company of South Bend. The ceremony took place July 3 and Bessie is now known as Mrs. Goff.

They Don't Go Calling on Saturday. Salesman

NOVEL SAFETY "DERBY" AT SUGAR CREEK



Sugar Creek, Mo.—The above picture shows "Doc" McCoy's novel accident score board. Each department has a horse running in the race, and the employees seem to be very enthusiastic about the outcome of the derby. It has created a great deal of competition between the departments, each department trying their best to win. The results of this competition are showing up in our accident score.

B. V. Force and Agent F. X. Schubert are still in the market to take your orders for Polarine oils and Polarine grease, but you can find them at the company's service station on Saturdays only. winding up Lizzie's and putting in the Red Crown gasoline.

Eyesight Failed Him. Paul Van Dame said to Billy Smith, "if it hadn't been for that girl with the short skirt on, I wouldn't of had the accident last Sunday, which cost me a new fender on my Ford touring car."

Earl Kamtzer, our drayman, while driving downtown was getting ready to turn to his left, and held his arm out for the signal when a fellow who was crossing the street reached for his hand and said "How are you?" Earl says he is going to get one of the new arrow signals to drop when you turn, for fear some day a friend of his will want to shake hands and pull him out of the seat, but we don't think that is possible, because he would make a good match for "Strangler" Lewis, heavyweight wrestler.

* * *

In a crowded omnibus a stout woman vainly endeavored to get her fare out of the pocket of her cloak, which was tightly buttoned as a precaution against pickpockets.

After she had been working in vain for some minutes, a gentleman seated on her right said: "Please allow me to pay your fare."

The lady declined and re-commenced her attacks on the pocket.

After these had continued for some little time her fellow-passenger said: "You really must let me pay your fare. You already have undone my suspenders three times."

This chap sat in a fashionable coiffeur's shop with his little daughter, while his wife was having a marcel wave put in her hair.

The little daughter, as she played about, patted her father's bald head and said in a loud voice that all the ladies who were getting waved could hear:

"No waves for you, Daddy—you're all beach."
—*New York Central.*

* * *

A colored soldier at the parcel post window of a northern camp surprised the official with the following request:

"Ah wants to inshuah this 'ere package, 'kase Ah wants me gal in Florida to get it shuah."

"What does the package contain?" asked the clerk.

"Dat's a shoe-box full ob snow, Boss and Ah'm mighty anxious foh Car'line to get it, kase she's done neveh seen no snow befo'."

* * *

During a city election in New York a bunch of trained repeaters marched into an East Side polling place.

"What name?" inquired the election clerk of the leader, who was red-haired and freckled and had a black eye. The voter glanced down at a slip of paper in his hand.

'Isidore Mendelheim," he said.

"That's not your real name and you know it!" said a suspicious challenger for a reform ticket.

"It is me name," said the repeater, "and I'm goin' to vote under it—see?"

From down the line came a voice:

"Don't let that guy bluff you, Casey. Soitinly your name is Mendelheim!"

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Indiana)

General Sales Department

ALLAN JACKSON, *Vice-President*

T. J. THOMPSON, *General Manager*

Assistant General Managers

JOHN L. CARTER, Northern Division
R. G. STEWART, Central Division
N. R. GRIMSHAW, Eastern Division
AMOS BALL, Western Division

Lubricating Department

B. T. THOMPSON, *General Manager*

C. O. WILSON, *Assistant General Manager*

Asphalt Department

F. P. ALLEN, *Manager*

Branch Offices

CHICAGO, ILL.
H. A. LEWIS, *Manager*
C. F. HATMAKER, *Assistant Manager*

DAVENPORT, IOWA
GEO. M. WHELAN, *Manager*
C. W. FLANAGAN, *Assistant Manager*

DECATUR, ILL.
T. B. CLIFFORD, *Manager*
JOHN H. BUDDE, *Assistant Manager*

DES MOINES, IOWA
H. A. MONSON, *Manager*
J. N. ELKERT, *Assistant Manager*

DETROIT, MICH.
H. R. COCHRAN, *Manager*
H. H. KEATING, *Assistant Manager*

DULUTH, MINN.
I. J. SHIELDS, *Manager*
G. E. WEBB, *Assistant Manager*

EVANSVILLE, IND.
W. J. LANG, *Manager*
EWALD BRAUNS, *Assistant Manager*

FARGO, N. D.
F. I. PACKARD, *Manager*
P. A. RAUPAGH, *Assistant Manager*

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.
J. C. MARSHALL, *Manager*
R. F. MCCONNELL, *Assistant Manager*

HURON, S. D.
A. H. DODSLEY, *Manager*
C. L. BAILEY, *Assistant Manager*

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
E. P. GALBREATH, *Manager*
H. E. BRUCE, *Assistant Manager*

JOLIET, ILL.
E. E. MORTON, *Manager*
CARL MONSON, *Assistant Manager*

KANSAS CITY, MO.
H. C. GRIFFIN, *Manager*
J. W. WILSON, *Assistant Manager*

LA CROSSE, WIS.
J. G. LANNIN, *Manager*
J. E. MONEGAN, *Assistant Manager*

MANKATO, MINN.
M. H. CHESBROUGH, *Manager*
JOHN BEATON, *Assistant Manager*

MILWAUKEE, WIS.
T. H. LANG, *Manager*
IVAN PRATHER, *Assistant Manager*

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
F. L. COCHRAN, *Manager*
W. H. BROWN, *Assistant Manager*

PEORIA, ILL.
J. R. COLEMAN, *Manager*
G. F. PHILLIPS, *Assistant Manager*

QUINCY, ILL.
A. L. MARTIN, *Manager*
T. P. JONES, *Assistant Manager*

SAGINAW, MICH.
L. J. THOMPSON, *Manager*
E. R. SOOP, *Assistant Manager*

ST. JOSEPH, MO.
L. W. CAMERON, *Manager*
T. V. WARREN, *Assistant Manager*

ST. LOUIS, MO.
A. P. ROBINSON, *Manager*
H. J. BEMIS, *Assistant Manager*

SIOUX CITY, IOWA
D. B. THAYER, *Manager*
B. F. LEONARD, *Assistant Manager*

SOUTH BEND, IND.
D. L. GUILFOYLE, *Manager*
E. P. WARREN, *Assistant Manager*

WICHITA, KAS.
P. J. QUINLAN, *Manager*
W. C. VAN HORNE, *Assistant Manager*

For Better Citizens Better Service

TO promote the safety first movement, the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) has created within its own organization 24 separate and distinct inquisitorial bodies to investigate accidents involving Company motor equipment.

These bodies are called "Safety Courts."

The primary purpose of these courts is to reduce the hazard of automobile accidents on the public highway. This is directly in line with the policy of the Company to help the employee to a better understanding of his obligation to his fellow citizens.

The Court meets weekly and before it must appear any employee, whether manager or truck driver, who has been involved in an accident during the preceding week. The employee comes into court as defendant with his immediate superior as his attorney. The Chairman of the Safety Council is the judge. Other members of the Council serve as jurors.

When the investigation shows that the employee has been guilty of carelessness in observing traffic laws, penalties are fixed and punishment assessed by the jury. The punishment is often as novel as the plan itself. For instance, a truck driver recently convicted of carelessness was removed from his position and sentenced to work for two weeks in the Company warehouse as a common laborer.

The plan is in operation throughout the 11 Middle Western States served by the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) and has been responsible for reducing automobile accidents approximately 50 percent.

The spirit which pervades the "Safety Court" is to inspire employees with a sense of their responsibility to the community. As in the case of the Annuity System, which gives the employee a feeling of security regarding his future, and in the case of the Stock Investment Plan to promote the desire to save, the "Safety Court" has as its object the making of better and more responsible citizens who will render continuous and greater service to society.

The Standard Oil Company (Indiana) is continually studying methods for improved service through adjusting its organization to the constantly changing needs of the people of the Middle West.

Standard Oil Company
(*Indiana*)

910 So. Michigan Ave. **Chicago, Ill.**

NEWMAN MONROE CO., CHICAGO

STANOLIND RECORD

Vol. 3 SEPTEMBER 1922 No. 11

JOHN C. COMPTON

Published for the Employees by the

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(INDIANA)

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STANOLIND
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Publication Office: 910 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago

Vol. 3 SEPTEMBER No. 11

S. O. A. A. BRAND PUT ON CASPER TO STAY

Most Stupendous Fourth of July Celebration in History of Wyoming's Great Oil City, Put on by Standard Oil Athletic and Recreation Association of the Casper Works, Proves Gigantic Success

The Standard Oil Athletic and Recreation Association of the Casper works has put its brand on Casper. The Fourth of July celebration held under its auspices proved to be the most stupendous and popular event of its kind ever staged in Wyoming's great oil city.

Broncho busting and other violent sports of the wild west were happily mingled on the program with the less strenuous games of the effete east. (Whiting please note the "effete.")

From the flash of the gun which started the first race at 9:30 in the morning, until late that night when the flare of the last skyrocket died in the heavens and brought to an end the most "stupendous, blazing, dazzling, most blinding and most beautiful fireworks display ever set off in the Rocky Mountain region"—we quote from the program—the day was replete with joy and excitement.

Though it cost $1,841 to stage the celebration, financially it was a success, as receipts were $2,110, leaving $269 for the Association's treasury.

Only one event occurred to mar the day. Casper's highly touted Polarines went down to defeat before the war clubs of little Greybull; score 5 to 4.

A fast and furious hair-pulling contest with two ladies as principals, though unadvertised, proved the greatest hit of the day. With hair scattered all over the place, the battle sure was a sight to behold. It was for blood and almost spoiled the four-round boxing exhibition between Harvey Perkins and Spike Murphy. Harvey and Spike put up a hot battle, and kept everybody interested, but they didn't have the enthusiasm displayed by the ladies. To these two fair ones the Casper S. O. A. A. extends its gratitude.

Besides the boxing, hair-pulling and fireworks, the program included horse racing, motorcycle racing, rodeo stunts and track and field events. The Standard Oil band and the Kiltie band played throughout the day and evening. Young Master Stewart captivated the audience with his Highland Fling, as did Jean Mignolet with his diabola outfit. Next to the hair-pulling, however, the great feature of the day was Don's ballyhoo before and after each event.

Marshals of the day were Chief Pyrotechnician Bill Tolhurst and Bob Heinze and Pitt Covert, in charge of fairground events.

Allsman, of Plant No. 3, scored the highest number of points in the various contests and won the $50 merchandise order in addition to the prizes for the individual events in which he proved victor.

The events, winners and prizes follow:

50-YARD DASH

1st —Erickson, No. 3 plant, $18.00 fishing pole.
2nd—Gilbert, No. 3 plant, $5.00 theatre pass book.
3rd—Eastman, No. 3 plant, necktie.
Time, 5-35 seconds.

SHOT PUT

1st —Eastman, No. 3 plant, electric grill.
2nd—Warkley, No. 3 plant, $5.00 theatre pass book.
3rd—Hanson, No. 3 plant.
Distance, 38 feet 4 inches.

HIGH JUMP

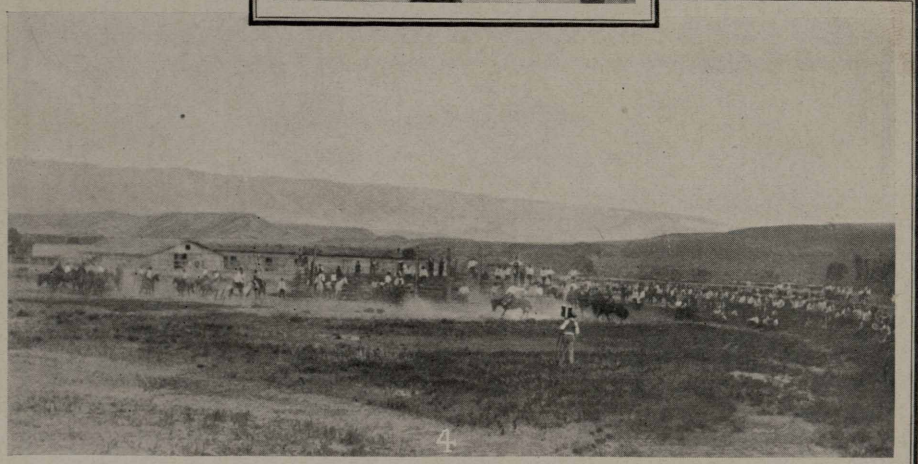
1st —Allsman, No. 1 plant, one pair of shoes.
2nd—Haggard, No. 3 plant, $4.00 dress shirt.
3rd—Kirk, No. 1 plant.
Height, 5 feet 1 inch.

(Continued on Page 7)

HORSE RACES, BAGPIPES AND EVERYTHING

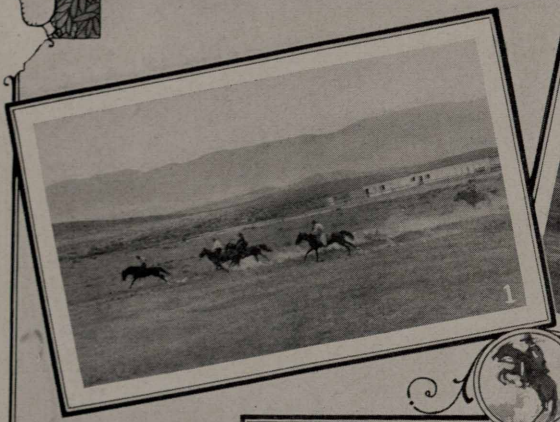
Casper Standard Oil Stampede. No. 1—One of the hits of the day was the Scotch Kilty Band, composed of Master Thomas Stewart, Gregg Stewart, Ronald McDonald, Robert Stewart, Robert Little, Alex Law, Robert Campbell. No. 2—Man racing a horse; Warkley is rounding stake ahead of Galletly on our pet "Blacky." No. 3—In the home stretch with young Master McDonald riding a close second.

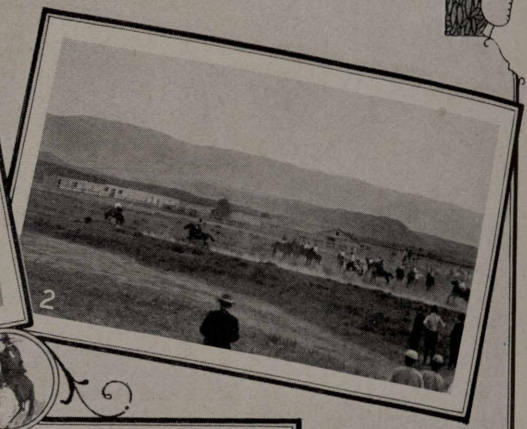
WHOOPEE! RIDE HIM COWBOY!



Casper Standard Oil Stampede. No. 1—Allen spearing the rings. No. 2—Holden, the Scotch cavalryman, reaching for a ring. No. 3—Whoopee! Ride him, cowboy! No. 4—Powder River! Let 'er buck!

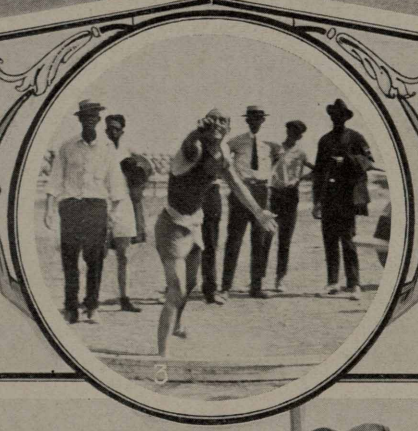
$100 WAS FIRST PRIZE FOR THIS

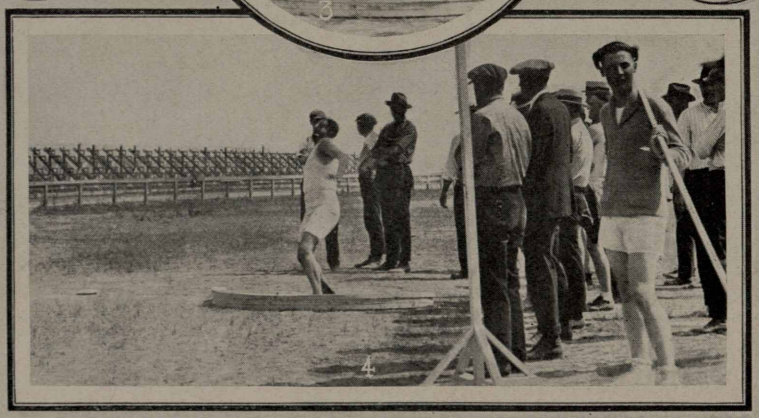




Casper Standard Oil Stampede. No. 1—Zowie! That cowboy sure is getting a fast ride. No. 2—It looks like jerking leather. No. 3—Rusty didn't like Cowboy Hazzard on his back so threw him out there in the dust. No. 4—Cowboy Mansell is staying on $100 worth; he won first prize.

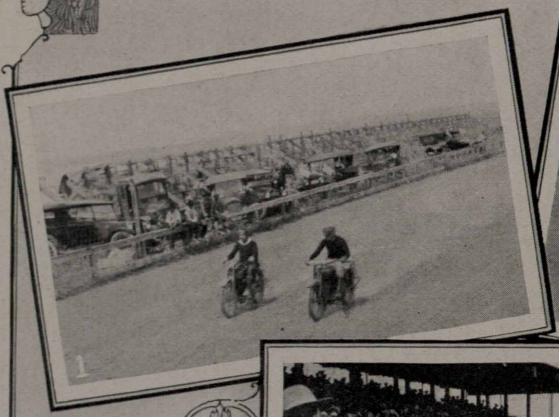
EMULATING THE ANCIENT GREEKS

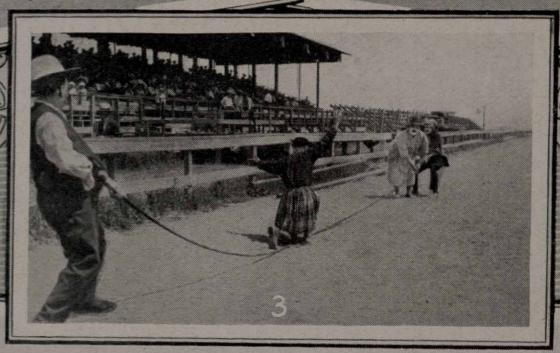




Casper Standard Oil Stampede. No. 1—Elkington gracefully tossing the platter. No. 2—No, this isn't a recently discovered statue of Venus; it's just a weak attempt of the photog to catch up with Allsman's speed in hurling the discus. No. 3—Eastman putting all he has behind the shot. No. 4—Warkley trying to make us believe he is the strongest man.

THEY HAD STUNTS OF EVERY KIND





Casper Standard Oil Stampede. No. 1—Speed Ideen and Red Carlisle lining up for their five-mile race. No. 2—Jack Tracy, the Australian cowboy, cuts paper with a blacksnake whip instead of scissors, while Princess Sunshine, full-blood Cherokee, holds the paper in her dainty hand. No. 3—McGuire doing a tightrope act for Jack Caterall's special benefit. No. 4—A bunch of fat men trying to hurry up: Rock Purdue, Johnson, McMahon, Oscar Smith, Warkley, McGuire, Archie Kennedy, Anderson.

FIRST JOINT GENERAL COMMITTEE, LARAMIE WORKS

Though the Industrial Relations Plan was placed in effect at the Laramie (Wyoming) works several months ago, the Stanolind Record had some difficulty obtaining a photograph of this, the first Joint General Committee of the Laramie works. Whether the members were too bashful to face the camera, or whether the camera quit when it got a glimpse of them, we don't know; we'll have to let our readers guess. Whatever it was, reports from Laramie indicate that they comprise a live-wire committee. Left to right: A. W. McAllister, elected representative; F. O. Blair, appointed representative; John L. Robay, appointed representative; Ed. L. Wood, elected representative.

Casper Stampede

(Continued from Page 1)

440-YARD DASH

1st —Kirkpatrick, No. 3 plant, $10.00 fishing pole.
2nd—Guimont, No. 3 plant, one pair of shoes or puttees.
Time, 57 1-5 seconds.

DISCUS THROW

1st —Allsman, No. 3 plant, one hat.
2nd—Eastman, No. 3 plant, thermos bottle.
3rd—Elkington, No. 1 plant.
Distance, 93 feet 3½ inches.

MAN AND HORSE RACE

1st —Hathaway, No. 3 plant, $10.00 in cash.
2nd—Warkley, No. 3 plant, $5.00 theatre pass book.

100-YARD DASH

1st —Gilbert, No. 3 plant, $22.00 Eastman folding kodak.
2nd—Allsman, No. 3 plant, $5.00 theatre pass book.
3rd—Erickson, No. 3 plant, necktie.
Time, 10 3-5 seconds.

RUNNING BROAD JUMP

1st —Allsman, No. 1 plant, one pair $10.00 Crossett shoes.
2nd—Allsman, No. 3 plant, $5.00 wings and motor-meter.
3rd—Erickenbacker.
Distance, 20 feet 11½ inches.

RING RACES (Horses)

1st —Moye, No. 3 plant, one box Osmundo cigars.
2nd—Holden, No. 3 plant, one $5.00 theatre pass book.

TUG OF WAR

No. 3 plant, one case of Budweiser, one box of cigars.

STANDING BROAD JUMP

1st —Erickenbacker, No. 1 plant, wool bathing suit.
2nd—Eastman, No. 3 plant, one lunch kit.
Distance, 9 feet 7½ inches.

220-YARD DASH

1st —Allsman, No. 3 plant, $15.00 merchandise order.
2nd—Gilbert, No. 3 plant, folding camp table.

WE GATHER THAT HE ROLLS HIS OWN

St. Joseph, Mo.—Mr. Vern Wray, salesman in District No. 1, shown here in the role of a "Flapper Salesman," stands as well with his trade as he does with the ladies in his territory, which is saying a whole lot.

3rd—Erickson, No. 3 plant, $5.00 theatre pass book.
Time, 24 seconds.

BARREL RACE (Horses)

1st —Simpson, one case 48 cans Van Camp's tomato soup.
2nd—Galletly, $5.00 cash prize.
3rd—Young Steed, $5.00 merchandise order.

POTATO RACE (Horses)

1st —Hazzard, $10.00 cash prize.
2nd—Whitmore and Simpson, one Perfecto shirt.

3/8-MILE HORSE RACE

1st —Aplett, $25.00 merchandise order.
2nd—Housley, driving gloves.
3rd—Moye.

QUARTER-MILE HORSE RACE

1st —Galletly, one case of grape juice.
2nd—Allen, cow puncher's hat.
3rd—McDonald, $5.00 cash prize.

FANCY HORSES (Five Paces)

1st —T. S. Cooke, $5.00 merchandise order.
2nd—McDonald and Galletly tied.

880-YARD DASH

1st —Guimont, No. 3 plant, Florsheim shoes.
2nd—Dowler, No. 1 plant, silk B. V. D.'s.
3rd—Taylor, No. 1 plant, $5.00 theatre pass book.
Time, 2 minutes 20 seconds.

880-YARD RELAY

No. 3 plant, Gilbert, Guimont, Erickson and Eastman, 4 5-lb. boxes candy.

LADIES' RACE, 1/4 MILE

1st —Mrs. Leonard, $10.00 merchandise order.
2nd—Mrs. McDowel, lady's mountain boots.
3rd—Mrs. Parody, large bottle Mary Garden perfume.
4th—Mrs. Smith, silk hose.

HORSESHOE TOURNAMENT

1st —Stevenson, $5.00 merchandise order.
2nd—Chapman, lunch kit.

HALF-MILE HORSE RACE

1st —Moye, $20.00 gold piece.
2nd—Housley, $20.00 bridle.
3rd—Galletly, $5.00 theatre pass book.

FIVE-MILE MOTORCYCLE RACE

1st —Ideen, $30.00 cash prize.
2nd—Red Carlisle, $15.00 cash prize.

BUCKING HORSES

1st —Mansell, $100.00 cash prize.
2nd—Tubbs, $25.00 cash prize.

BAREBACK RIDING

Tubbs, Hazzard and Manzell.

WILD STEER RIDING

1st —Tubbs, $30.00 cash prize.

HALF-MILE HORSE RACE

1st —E. Porter, $25.00 cash prize.
2nd—MacDonald, $25.00 merchandise order.
3rd—Appleseth

(Additional pictures of Casper Stampede on Pages 32 and 33)

THE NAIAD OF THE SUNSET

"At the witching hour of sunset, the water sprite comes forth to play in golden dappled waters"—that's the way they'd write it in the movies, and the movies never showed a more charming naiad of the sunset than our own Florence Johnston, of the traffic department, home office. Once in awhile we receive a photograph which is a real work of art. We think this is one, don't you?

GIVES HIS BLOOD

There have been many stories in the daily newspapers concerning people who have risked their lives by giving their blood to save the lives of others through blood transfusion, but so far none of them has reported the case of our own Walter Hanson, of the Chicago sales division. Walter's sister was desperately ill for some time and doctors practically despaired of her recovery. The only hope was blood transfusion, and Walter and his two brothers submitted to the operation to save their sister's life. We understand Walter has undergone the ordeal six times. Mr. Hanson and his brothers are certainly to be congratulated for their courage and generous love for their sister, and we are pleased to know that they will be rewarded as Miss Hanson is rapidly improving.

* * *

Make Your Stock Pay Dividends!

MR. JACKSON MARRIES

New York, Aug. 3.—The marriage of Mr. Allan Jackson, of Chicago, a director and vice-president of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), and Mrs. Mildred Chilleen Roe, a daughter of Oliver Chilleen, took place this afternoon in the Marble Collegiate church, successor to the first church erected in America, the Rev. Dr. D. J. Burrell officiating.

A wedding dinner followed in one of the private dining rooms of the Hotel Ambassador, where the bride has been living for several months. Mr. and Mrs. Jackson will make a honeymoon trip by motor through the White mountains. They will make their home in Chicago.

Through the Stanolind Record the entire Stanolind family extends its congratulations and best wishes to our popular fifth vice-president and his bride.

The following, written by Raymond C. Colliver, service station man in the Chicago sales division, expresses his conception of the comprehensive service our employees confer upon the public. In the opinion of the Stanolind Record, his article is worthy of being clipped and placed on the desk of every service station worker.

COURTESY
A THING OF THE PAST?

Not so with the Standard Oil Company (Indiana). We have decided to give you the best service and courtesy that money and loyalty can buy.

When you enter a Standard Oil station we want you to feel at home. We are spending time and money that you may have this feeling.

At every service station your greeting will be the same. The men mean the salutation, because they are putting their heart and soul in the work. They like their work and also realize that *you* are the *boss*.

Special service for the ladies! Does your wife or daughter have to perform the unladylike task of filling radiator or tires? Not at a Standard Oil station!

If ever there is anything wrong on your car, our men will be sure to notice it. They are ever on the watch for your needs. Little things like the fan belt slipping off—when our attendant puts oil in your motor he will see it.

If you need water he will remind you; if you need air, every station is equipped with a tire gauge.

Get acquainted with our system! Trade where you know your patronage will command respect.

We certainly think the public is entitled to courtesy and service, besides the quality which they are paying for.

If you are operating a large fleet of trucks and it is necessary to keep a check on them, we have two ways of doing it for you, i. e.: our coupon books and our receipt to your driver.

And right now, when the motorist is traveling in strange lands, he does not like to have large sums of money on his person. A coupon book will settle that, made out to his license number only.

Are you getting all your dollar can buy, or are you just spending it? At any of our service stations you get a dollar in quality plus whatever you think service and courtesy are worth.

Our employees are glad to serve you. Please do not embarrass them by offering them tips.

They have made it part of their duty to become familiar with all the roads in and out of their vicinity. Do not hesitate to ask a Standard Oil man for directions; you can be sure of accuracy. Every station has an auto map.

When you drive into a Standard Oil station and ask if you need Polarine Oil, our men will tell you the truth. If you need it, you get it; if not, you don't.

We don't want to impair the power of your motor by floating it in oil; neither do we want you to burn out your bearings.

We do not pay our employees for being courteous. They realize they will profit by your continual patronage.

Courtesy costs us nothing, our employees nothing—and you the same.

But! Just the same it is priceless—it cannot be bought.

The oil of politeness costs nothing; it helps him who pours and him upon whom it is poured.

Politeness and cheerfulness are the oils that keep the bearings of good business in order. And it costs nothing.

And also the oil for your car. Our men know the right grade of oil for every car; they are never in doubt.

Notice the neatness of our men. Of course they are just as neat in all the work done on your car.

THEY CAME FROM THIRTY MILES AROUND

The Southern division of the Peoria field put one over on the other divisions by holding an outing of its own. Standard Oilers came from thirty miles around, and even farther, for a lot of folks from Peoria, hearing Mrs. Charles F. Eberle, wife of the district superintendent, was in charge of the chow committee, motored down to get a square meal for once in their lives. Here's the chow gang rarin' to go, with Salesman "Runt" Britt and Dave Lemmel, our giant Petersburg agent, putting on a study in contrasts.

TO ALL EMPLOYEES, CHICAGO SALES DIVISION

It is only in times of stress, such as existed when the transportation system in Chicago was suspended, that the true worth of an organization can be measured.

In all my experiences I have never known an emergency that was so capably handled. The entire personnel of the Chicago Sales Division are, I think, deserving of great credit for the work they did in maintaining this company's reputation for efficient service at any time, at any place and under any condition. I want you to know that your intelligent, enthusiastic loyalty is appreciated.

I am taking this means of thanking you for the cooperation you gave during those days of stress.

H. A. LEWIS,
Manager, Chicago Sales Division.

WHEN CHICAGO HAD ITS TRACTION STRIKE

1

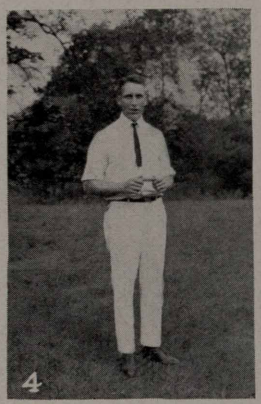
2

In addition to its other troubles, the Chicago sales department was entrusted with the duty of transporting office employees of that division, as well as employees in the home office, to and from their homes in company trucks. Mr. Bamberger, Mr. Larson and Mr. Blix collaborated as truck dispatchers and traffic cops. Photographs show trucks being loaded on Ninth street.

HAIL, HAIL, THE GANG'S ALL HERE!

The strike began to pall upon Chicago along about the third and fourth days, but Standard Oil Company (Indiana) folks remained happy to the end, their tender toes saved by the efficient motor transportation provided by the company. During the strike, office hours were 8:30 to 11:55, 12:25 to 4:30.

A FINE DAY AND A FINE CROWD



Though it threatened to rain, all the Whiting foremen and their families started for the picnic regardless and were rewarded by having the day develop into an ideal one for their picnic. No. 1—Crowd watching Romeo and Juliet. No. 2—The score was 23 to 20. No. 3—Very appreciative audience watching Charlie Patten, prima donna of classical dancers. No. 4—Fred Kuehnke, mouth harp artist extraordinary.

WHITING FOREMEN HOLD GREATEST PICNIC

By W. N. BERCAW, *Industrial Relations Director, Whiting Works*

Arrangements were completed for the first picnic of the Whiting Works Foremen's Fellowship Club, to be held at the Thornton forest preserve, Sunday, July 30. Athletes had trained, actors had rehearsed, musicians had practiced, and dancers (oh! those esthetic damsels!) had continued their regular duties unperturbed. The Thornton forest preserve had been selected as the place. Transportation had been arranged for the five hundred who were going, and baskets were filled to overflowing with most everything a picknicker desires but should not eat, or (get this, some of you birds) drink.

Considering the completeness of arrangements, you can imagine the anxiety of those who turned their "heaven eyes" heavenwards, trusting all the while that there they would see no signs of rain. But it seemed that their faith was to be tested, for skies seemed to be primed for a never-ending flood. A look of contempt crept into those "heaven eyes" and courageously the picnic party started on its way. Completely baffled, the skies unprimed themselves and produced a perfect day for the occasion.

The party had hardly arrived until the races were on. Both spectators and contestants were thrilled, for finishes were close and beautiful prizes were awarded the winners.

A test of capacity was then made and thanks to the providers, most everyone had enough left for the evening meal.

Immediately after luncheon horseshoe games were played. Bill Bartels, pipe shop foreman, and Al Brittain, brickmason foreman, coming out victors. An interesting exhibition game was played between Walter Beach, runner-up in the S. O. A. A. final singles, and Jack Prentice, clean-up foreman. Jack cleaned him up 21-20.

The big show started at 2:30. Ably led by their conductor, Morgan L. Eastman, the Standard Oil Company Concert Band assisted the stunts to go off with a bang.

Ed. Harmon, carpenter foreman, as Romeo, and Herman Thiessen, as Juliet, made a decided hit giving the love scene from Romeo and Juliet. They were beautifully robed in clothing of Shakespearean design and gave the audience a real thrill when Thiessen fell out of the balcony.

Grace, beauty and other things were displayed in the next act, which included the Spanish dance by Harry Rolph and the classical dance by Charles Patten. Rounds of applause greeted these men as they expertly aroused the passions of their audience. As to who was the best will never be decided, for it was admitted that the beautiful figure of Harry was offset by the snappy eyes and grace of Charley. If Charley had only shaved under the arms it would have been a walk-away.

Fred. Kuehnke surprised his audience by the beautiful music he played on the mouth harp.

A. D. Campbell, D. F. Purdy, Fred. Weigel, Bert Johnston and Joe Wickersham, of the band, did themselves proud as "jazz babies."

Band music, community singing and an interesting talk by Mr. J. W. Curry completed this part of the program.

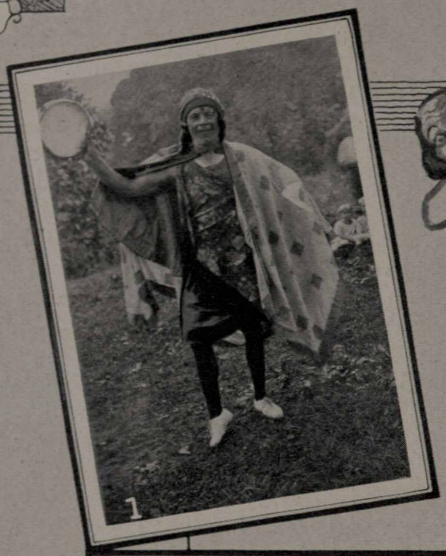
Accompanied by the band, Mr. H. F. Glair sang beautifully Tosti's "Good-bye," and for an encore, "There's a Long, Long Trail."

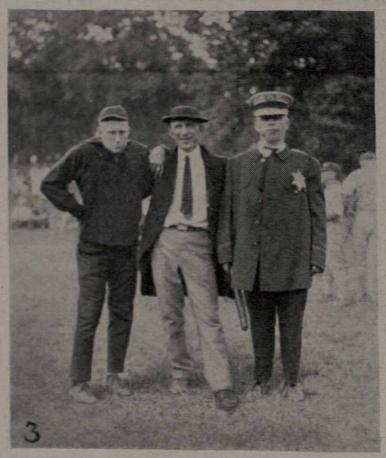
The next was a ball game and it was a game for blood. The process and specialty departments foremen played as Lightning Renowns, and the mechanical department foremen played as Polarine Speedsters. The Speedsters had the better of the argument until the Renowns put on a bunting rally in the fifth inning, which gave them twelve runs. The final result was Lightning Renowns, 23; Polarine Speedsters, 20.

The leavings were then eaten and the crowd left for home, tired but acknowledging that they had benefited by the day's recreation.

(*Continued on Page 18*)

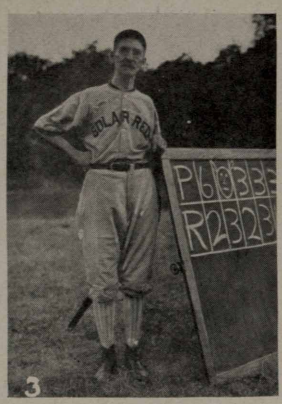
WHITING IMMORTALS OF THESPIAN ART

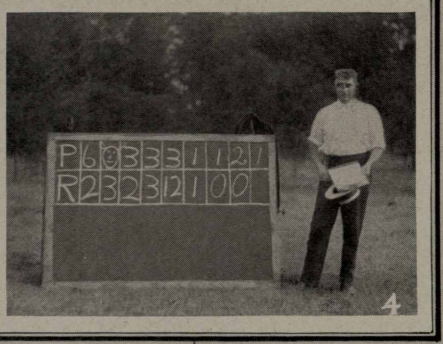




Aesthetic dancing, the balcony scene from Romeo and Juliet and an imitation baseball game—read the score in other columns and you'll see why we label it "imitation"—featured the first grand picnic and outing of the Whiting Works Foremen's Fellowship Club. No. 1—Harry Rolph as the Spanish dancer. No. 2—Charles Patten, classical dancer. No. 3—Pete Dolbier, umps, William Eggers, base umps, and Harry Rolph, as "Keystone cop." No. 4—Ed Harmon as Romeo, Herman Thiessen as Juliet. Juliet furnished the sensation of the day when she fell out of the balcony during one of Romeo's most lovesick flights.

BEST OF THE COMICS WAS THE BALL GAME





No. 1—The Lightning Renowns, who defeated Polarine Speedsters, 23 to 20. Left to right, top row: E. J. Shaeffer, P. O. Van Deweer, O. E. Bransky, P. D. Dolbeer, W. N. Bercaw, N. E. Emerson, W. O. Walker, N. E. Miller; lower row: Jim Burton, Henry Ehlert, Harry Rolph, Harry F. Glair, D. J. Paskwietz, John Melvin. No. 2—Polarine Speedsters. Left to right, top row: Herman Thiessen, Joe Nielsen, P. D. Dolbeer, George Moffett, Charles Patten; lower row: Fred Ehlers, Julius Kinsock, Don Daegling, Ray Walker, Ed Harmon. No. 3—Nick Miller, superintendent of the acid works and lightning left fielder of the Lightning Renowns. No. 4—The ball game was no joke to Al Brittain, who had to keep score.

WHITING FOREMEN

(*Continued from Page 15*)

The Whiting Works Foremen's Fellowship Club has for one of its objectives the creation of closer friendship among those who work together and it is the general belief that a day of this kind helps to bring about this relationship which will benefit both men and company.

USES SEMDAC

In a letter asking that he be placed on the mailing list to receive the Stanolind Record, the Rev. Charles E. Trueblood, pastor of the Plymouth Congregational Church, Watervliet, Mich., and for eight years pastor of the Congregational Church at Whiting, Ind., says:

"I just discovered something that may be of value to your readers: While answering an emergency call, I was compelled to drive over a road where road oil had just been placed without any covering. The result was my new sedan was covered with road oil. The problem was to remove the oil without damaging the paint, and after trying several other mixtures without success, I bought a can of 'Semdac', which not only removed the tar without damage to the paint but gave the car a very fine polish while doing so."

ANNUITANTS

Two more veteran employees have recently been placed on the annuity payroll, according to an announcement by Mr. E. G. Seubert, secretary-treasurer and fourth vice-president. They are:

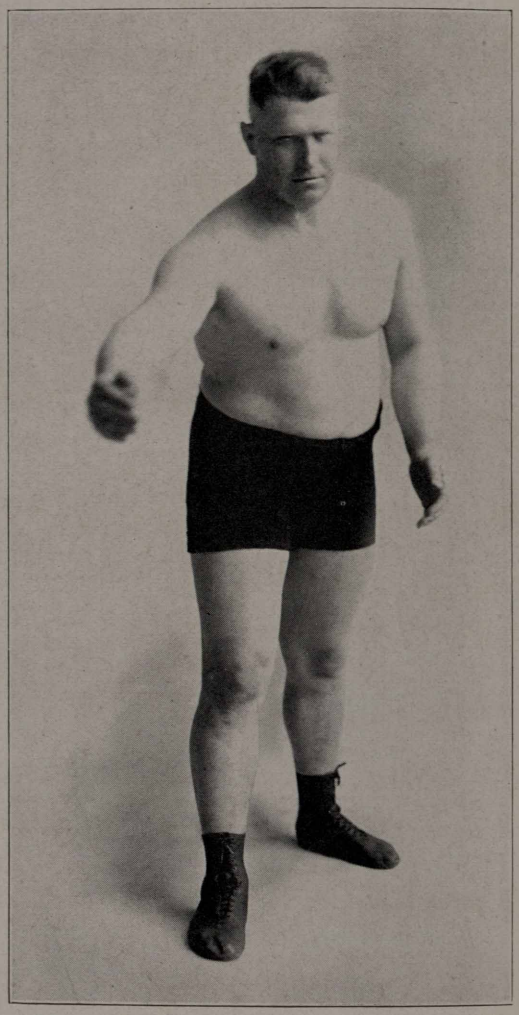
Mrs. Lewis G. Johnson, 4569 Oakenwald avenue, Chicago; formerly stenographer in the Chicago office; with company 27 years and 7 months.

James C. Worden, 407 Cleveland avenue, Whiting; formerly carpenter at Whiting; with company 27 years and 2 months.

* * *

What are YOU doing to make YOUR stock pay dividends?

CHALLENGE



Kansas City, Mo.—Walter L. Creason, agent at Kearney, Mo., in addition to being a good agent is a wrestler of no mean ability. He herewith challenges any bona fide employee of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) to a finish match. Any said employee who desires to have his shoulders pinned to the mat in record time will be accommodated if he will notify Mr. H. C. Griffin, manager, Kansas City division. Creason weights 225 pounds and is 5 feet 11 inches in height.

NEW J. G. C. MEMBER

Alex Wayo, of the still cleaning department, has replaced Howard Deveney on the Joint General Committee of the Whiting works, Mr. Deveney having left the company's service.

HEY, MINNEAPOLIS, BRING ON YOUR MARTONICK

Peoria, Ill.—We play baseball down here, and when the umps calls out, "Rogy pitching for the Red Crowns," shivers chase themselves up and down the spines of our opponents and the game is as good as over. Sixty-three strikeouts and only five bases on balls in ten games is his record, while as to the team—it's the sensation of local amateur circles. It leads the Commercial League with twelve won and two lost. Team batting average is .378. Left to right: Stevenson, l. f.; Heimeschoff, o. f. and c.; Rogy, p.; Eberle, ss.; McCready, 1 b. (mgr.); Suttie, r. f.; Cole, c.; Barnes, 2 b. (capt.); Wollett, o. f.; Johnston, l. f.; Buck, c. f.; Rose, clouting third sacker, was absent when this was taken.

Pat to Mike: "Did you hear that England was going to set Ireland free?"

Mike: "They are?"

Pat: "Yes."

Mike: "And we don't have to fight any longer for it?"

Pat: "No."

Mike: "Ain't that just like the dirty English?"

* * *

"Hiram," said Mrs. Corntossel, "Oklahoma has lost over a half million dollars because crows were at the corn."

"Them folks seem to have more than their share of trouble with the animal kingdom. It's only a little while since we heard about how wild cats was playin' havoc with the oil."

"I speak four languages," proudly boasted the door man of a hotel in Rome to an American guest. Yes, four—Italian, French, English and American."

"But English and American are the same," protested the guest.

"Not at all," replied the man. "If an Englishman should come up now, I should talk like this: 'Oh, I say, what extraordinarily shocking weather we're having! I dare say there'll be a bit of it ahead.' But when you came up I was just getting ready to say: 'For the love o'Mike! *Some* day, ain't it? Guess this is the second flood, all right.'"

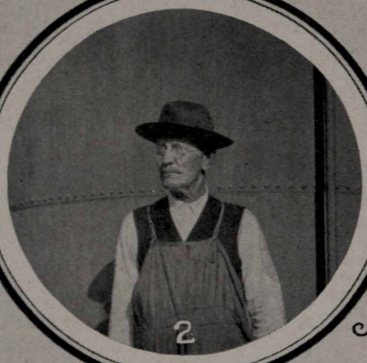
* * *

If you want to know the man who keeps you from accomplishing things, if you want to know what holds you back, if you want to know where to fix the blame, get a looking-glass and look into it carefully.—*A. F. Sheldon.*

ANNUAL J. G. C. CONFERENCE AT CHICAGO

As we go to press, Mr. J. W. Curry, director of Industrial Relations, begs permission to violate our deadline rules by inserting the announcement that the annual conference of all elected and appointed representatives from Whiting, Wood River, Sugar Creek, Casper, Laramie and Greybull will be held in the Florentine room of the Congress hotel, Chicago, Monday, September 18.

Pictorial News of Wood River



No. 1—Seems they took an awful lot of equipment to catch such small fish, did John Dooling, assistant refrigeration engineer; Charlie Zweig, foreman of press house, and Tommy Stahoviak, refrigeration engineer. No. 2—John Bustine, one of our most trustworthy and conscientious employees, who works in the carpenter department. He is an energetic Safety man and is a member of Safety Committee No. 8. During 24 years of service with the Knickerbocker Ice Company, he superintended erection of three of the largest icehouses in the world. Once erected an icehouse around ice that had been piled, in a successful attempt to save the ice. Later took up homesteading in Canada and then headed an irrigation project for the Canadian Pacific Railway. Became affiliated with Standard Oil Company (Indiana) in 1914. No. 3—No one will question that P. J. (Paddy) Harmon has cause for contentment. Here are three little Harmons who make Paddy happy: Mary Alice, age 5; Eileen, age 9; Daniel James, age 4 months. Before her marriage Mrs. Harmon was Miss Nora Halloran, daughter of Daniel Halloran, one of this company's oldest employees, who came to Wood River from Whiting when this plant was started. Daniel James is named after the "Old Reliable."

MR. JOHN C. COMPTON

The Stanolind Record takes pleasure in being able to print on its outside cover the portrait of one more man who has risen from the ranks to a responsible position, and who, moreover, has played an important part in making the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) the successful organization it is today.

On our cover, in a characteristic pose, appears the photograph of Mr. John C. Compton, member of the company's Manufacturing Committee, in general charge of the lubricating plant at Whiting, and veteran employee of forty-four years' service.

When anyone is seeking information on a point connected with the early history of the company, and all other sources of information have failed, they are advised: "Go ask John Compton. He can tell you."

Mr. Compton first entered the oil game as an employee of Corrigan & Co., Cleveland, Ohio, in 1873. He was then 22 years of age. Five years later he joined the Standard Oil Company, which then had its headquarters at Cleveland. He was in charge of the wax department there, and assistant to Mr. A. M. McGregor. In 1896 he was transferred to Whiting and Chicago.

Mr. Compton is particularly known throughout the company for two things: his knowledge of greases and lubricating oils, and his numerous desks. He is reputed to operate more desks at the Whiting refinery and Chicago office than any other employee in history.

Mr. Compton has always enjoyed his work, and his hundreds of friends throughout the organization join the Stanolind Record in wishing him many more years of such happiness.

HE HAS A WAY

Grand Rapids, Mich.—James Spearow, agent at Sturgis, sure has a way with the ladies. In one day he sold, delivered and collected for ninety-one one-gallon cans of Semdac Liquid Gloss. He is shown here explaining the merits of his product to a dainty little housewife.

CASPER ATHLETICS

The Standard Oil Athletic and Recreation Association of the Casper works on July 24 had a bank balance of $141.35, cash amounting to $174.44 and bills receivable of $157.73, making total assets of $473.52, according to the report of R. V. Heinze and Fred. J. Leschinsky, of the auditing committee. Receipts were: Baseball, $369.55; dance, $348.95; Fourth of July celebration, $2,110.70; contributions, $1,085.87. Disbursements were: Baseball, $1,691.57; dance, $169.92; Fourth of July celebration, $1,841.92; miscellaneous, $70.31.

EGGERS LEADS GUNMEN

By A. D. Buchanan

In spite of the threatening weather, twenty-four Standard Oil Company employees faced the traps in Whiting Park in the afternoon of July 16. To half that number the experience was an entirely new one, which accounts for many of the seemingly low scores. Several of the shooters had never pulled the trigger of a shotgun, and the very fact that they succeeded in breaking any of the regulation 50-yard targets at unknown angles speaks well for their adaptability to this line of sport. But what the new shooters lacked in experience they more than made up in enthusiasm and we predict some very much improved scores before the tournament is ended.

Clarence Eggers, of the tin shop, hit a pace right from the jump that will make the other Class A shooters hurry to catch him. Should any of the appended scores provoke a smile, the joyous one is cordially invited to step over to the traps in Whiting Park and demonstrate his ability at busting the elusive clays.

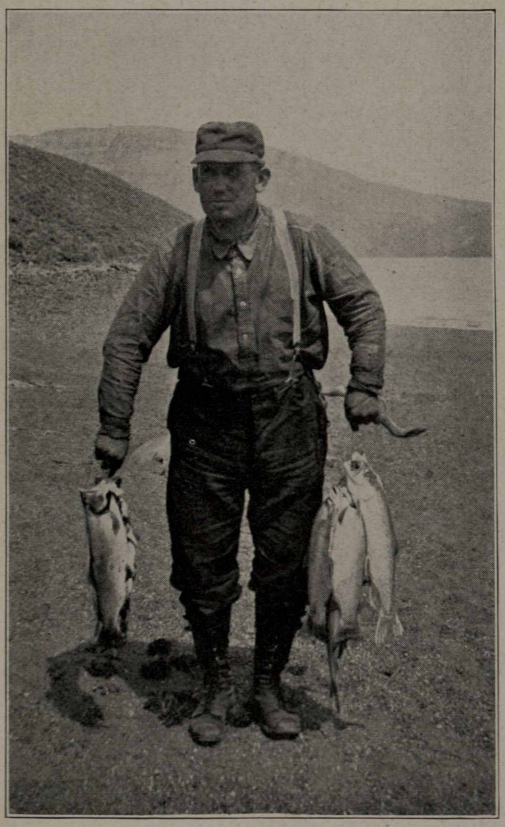
The scores are as follows:

	25 Shots	50 Shots
Clarence Eggers		45
August Ollrich		40
John E. Moore		28
Earl Moore		22
Frank Cherry		22
J. B. Spence		17
C. J. Schroeder		16
W. G. Kiger	23	
A. D. Buchanan	21	
Herman Vater	18	
L. N. Dunning	18	
Geo. Butcher	17	
Chas. Carrette	14	
Chris Wonnecott	14	
Fred Schultz	13	
Wm. Bachi	13	
Dave Beavan	11	
Al. Poppen	9	
L. J. Buchanan	9	
Roy Welsby	9	
Steve Kovach	3	
Ed. Watskin	2	
E. Gilbeng	2	
F. Banks	2	

The contest will close September 3, with shoots on August 6 and August 20. One hundred targets will be shot in strings of twenty-five at a 16-yard rise, no more than

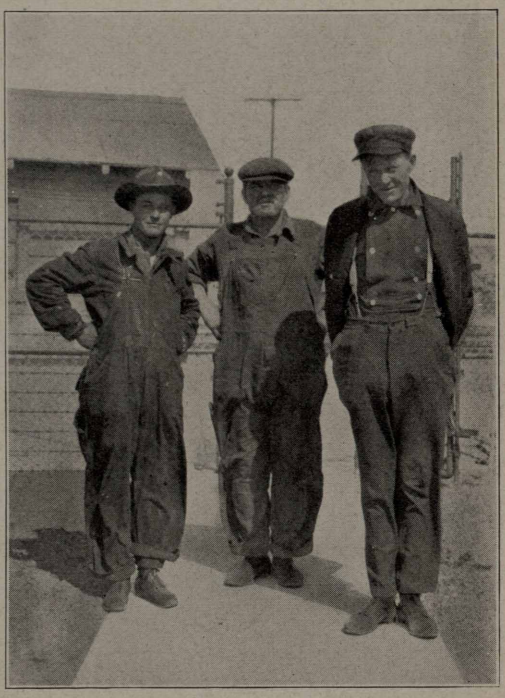
two strings per man allowed on one day. Any person employed at the Whiting plant is eligible to compete and a liberal sum has been set aside by the S. O. A. A. to pay for targets and trophies. All targets thrown will be without cost to the shooters and all practice targets will be thrown at the regular price to club members, 1½ cents each. Three handsome trophies will be awarded under the Lewis class system and merchandise certificates redeemable at Whiting stores will be given to every man who breaks a target. The 12-gauge shotgun is used exclusively. Members of the trapshooting committee in charge of the event are A. D. Buchanan, A. Ollrich and L. N. Dunning.

TROUT



Greybull Works.—Leroy Anchors, foreman of the machine shop, with a fair day's catch at Shoshoni Dam. All trout and fine eating.

GREYBULL BRAVES



Greybull, Wyo.—Roy Ludington, pipefitter in charge of repairs and secretary of our J. G. C.; P. J. Newton, fitter in construction department; Ed. P. Landers, leader of pipe department and Elks lodge and recently elected Mayor of our fair city.

* * *

A woman, wearing an anxious expression, called at an insurance office one morning.

"I understand," she said, "that for $5 I can insure my house for $1000."

"Yes," replied the agent, "that is right."

"And," continued the woman, anxiously, "do you make inquiries as to the origin of the fire?"

"Certainly," was the prompt reply.

"Oh!" and she turned to leave the office. "I thought there was a catch in it somewhere."—*The Lumberman.*

* * *

An Atlanta husband, having offended, came home the evening of the quarrel with a parcel under his arm.

"Darling," he said to his wife, "look here. I've got something here for the person I love best in all the world."

She came forward with a shrug.

"Humph. What is it?" she said. "A box of stogies?"—*Sharples News.*

* * *

"Is your husband a good provider, Dinah?"

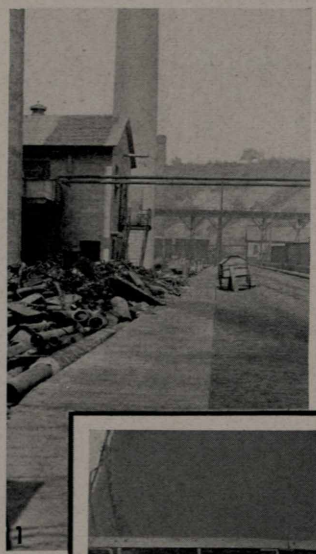
"Yessum, he's a good providah all right, but I'se allus skeered dat niggah's gwine er git caught at it."—*O. E. R. Bulletin.*

On Saturday, July 15, Fargo folks had another grand and glorious picnic. Here they are.

PICTORIAL NEWS OF FARGO FIELD

No. 1—Perfections and Red Crowns, who battled at annual picnic, with Umpire Packard, who didn't look so cool after the game. No. 2—Ina Henderson, Mable Foy and Ann Wynand enjoying themselves at Detroit lake. No. 3—Miss Barbara Genevieve Smith, of Detroit, Mich., with her grandpa, otherwise known as F. I. Packard. No. 4—Mrs. Carl Green, wife of our agent at Thief River Falls, Minn., and her two beautiful children.

Brought to Light



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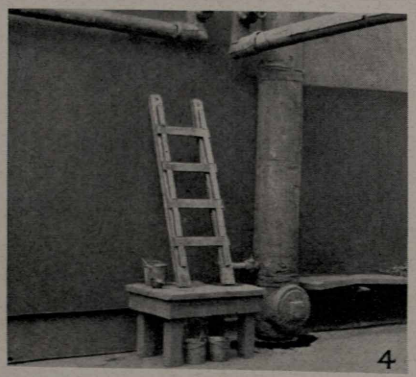

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No. 1—This is not the salvage yard. I know you thought it was when you first looked at it. Really, we don't allow it to look like this all the time. However, you must admit it might be a hard place for night workers to get around with any safety.

No. 2—And here is another one. We might as well show them both and get it over, for it is rather painful to us. How would you like to run a line of fire hose through here when you were in a hurry to put a fire out on the stills?

No. 3—Honest, "Doc," do they really do this? That was our first question, but we found it's all too true. St. Peter has the gates wide open, old man. You will sure have a chance to walk in if you sit there many times.

No. 4—Although the first three were brought to light at Sugar Creek, we cannot blame them for this one. Whiting is guilty of this fine piece of amateur carpentry. I wonder if the man who made this thought it was a safe ladder when he nailed those cleats between the steps? He cut it rather short, but the bench helps out. There are less painful ways to commit suicide, but none more sure.

Submitted by
C. W. Smith, *Director Safety Division*
Industrial Relations Department
and
H. B. McCoy, *Safety Director,*
Sugar Creek Works

Safety First

KICKING THE OLD BUM OUT FOR KEEPS

Note: The sales division of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) is now engaged in a ninety-day no lost time accident campaign

One month ago the Safety department of the sales division inaugurated a ninety-day no lost time accident campaign. It is regretted that the score of the first thirty days was not completed at the time when this article went to press, but preliminary reports indicate that there is going to be strenuous competition for the three silver cups, and that as a result of this competition quite a number of Standard Oil employees are going to be kept out of cemeteries and hospitals.

While no definite data can yet be given on the ninety-day campaign, the Safety department is proud to inform the Stanolind Record readers that it is already in a position to show an appreciable reduction in the total number of accidents for this year as compared with the total for last year. This demonstrates what cooperation and constant vigilance by all employees can do. Constant vigilance is necessary to keep Carelessness out, but if we can keep him out for ninety days, we can keep him out permanently.—F. C. Singleton, Safety Director, Sales Department.

Standard Oil Company Concert Band of Whiting Works, one of the hits of the day in Chicago's Pageant of Progress parade, passing company offices at 910 South Michigan Avenue, followed by float advertising Red Crown Gasoline and Polarine Oils. Director Eastman and his players sure made the crowds on the sidewalks of the world's most imposing street sit up and take notice.

NEW BAND STAND FOR WOOD RIVER

A new band stand has been dedicated in Wood River which is an expression of the regard citizens of Wood River have for the fine work of the Standard Oil Refinery Band.

Under the training of the director, Mr. T. S. Stocker, the band has made such progress that it is now considered one of the best musical organizations in this part of Illinois (only a correspondent's modesty keeps us from calling it the best), and for a long time the people of Wood River have felt that a good band stand should be erected in a location that would enable more people to hear the concerts and give the band boys a better place to hang their hats while giving the concerts.

The City Park was the location selected for the new stand. Now this particular park is one of the best protected parks on the banks of the Mississippi, sand burrs being so numerous and of such fine quality that dogs are seldom seen to venture thereon, and never the same dog twice; even stout-hearted children do not make "Dutch corners" on this park. The erection of the band stand not only marked a spirit of whole-hearted cooperation in community effort and appreciation for the Red Crown Band, but it may also mean that this will encourage other plans to beautify the park.

The erection of the stand was under the direction of H. H. Clark, Val Reis and T. S. Stocker. It is a very ornamental structure, octagonal in shape, and painted white. When all the lights are turned on and the boys are tuning up on" Mendelssohn's figure in F" or "The March to Col. Stewart," the effects on the eye and the ear are delightful. The stand is 24 feet wide, the floor level is 8 feet above the ground and the lower part is finished so that it can be used to serve refreshments. It is being used this season by the churches and fraternal organizations to sell refreshments during the concerts. The materials used were furnished at cost by the three Wood River lumber companies and the Kienstra Bros. Fuel and Supply Co. Material was paid for by a gift of $250.00 from the city and $250.00 from the Retail Merchants Association. For the labor cost, $220.00 was donated by the Wood River Contractors Association and $58.00 by the following individuals: Ed. Enloe, Dennis Kehne, George Underwood, Ed. Haebke, John Bollhorst and John Buttrey. The wiring was donated by C. G. Werner, the painting by C. E. Ballard and the foundation work was donated by J. R. Williams. Cinder walks, leading to the stand from the streets, were put in by the city.

The new stand was dedicated Thursday evening, July 20, when the Red Crown band presented a fine program and the Standard Oil Octette made its first appearance. These concerts have been continued at weekly intervals by the band and they have proven very popular, not only to the people of Wood River, but to many who attended from other towns.

* * *

Every salesman knows that his work is not always up to the mark. It is not in the nature of things for man to be always at his best. Too often, however, the cause is in himself or the result of a night before.

* * *

Teacher: "What are the four seasons?"
Johnny: "Pepper, salt, vinegar and mustard."
—*Science and Invention.*

* * *

"Who's the swell guy you was just talking to?" asked Tony the bootblack.

"Aw, him and me's worked together for years," answered Micky, the newsboy. "He's the editor of one of me papers."—*American Legion Weekly.*

* * *

Judge: "Where did the automobile hit you?"
Rastus: "Well, Judge, If I'd been carrying a license number it would have been busted into a thousand pieces."

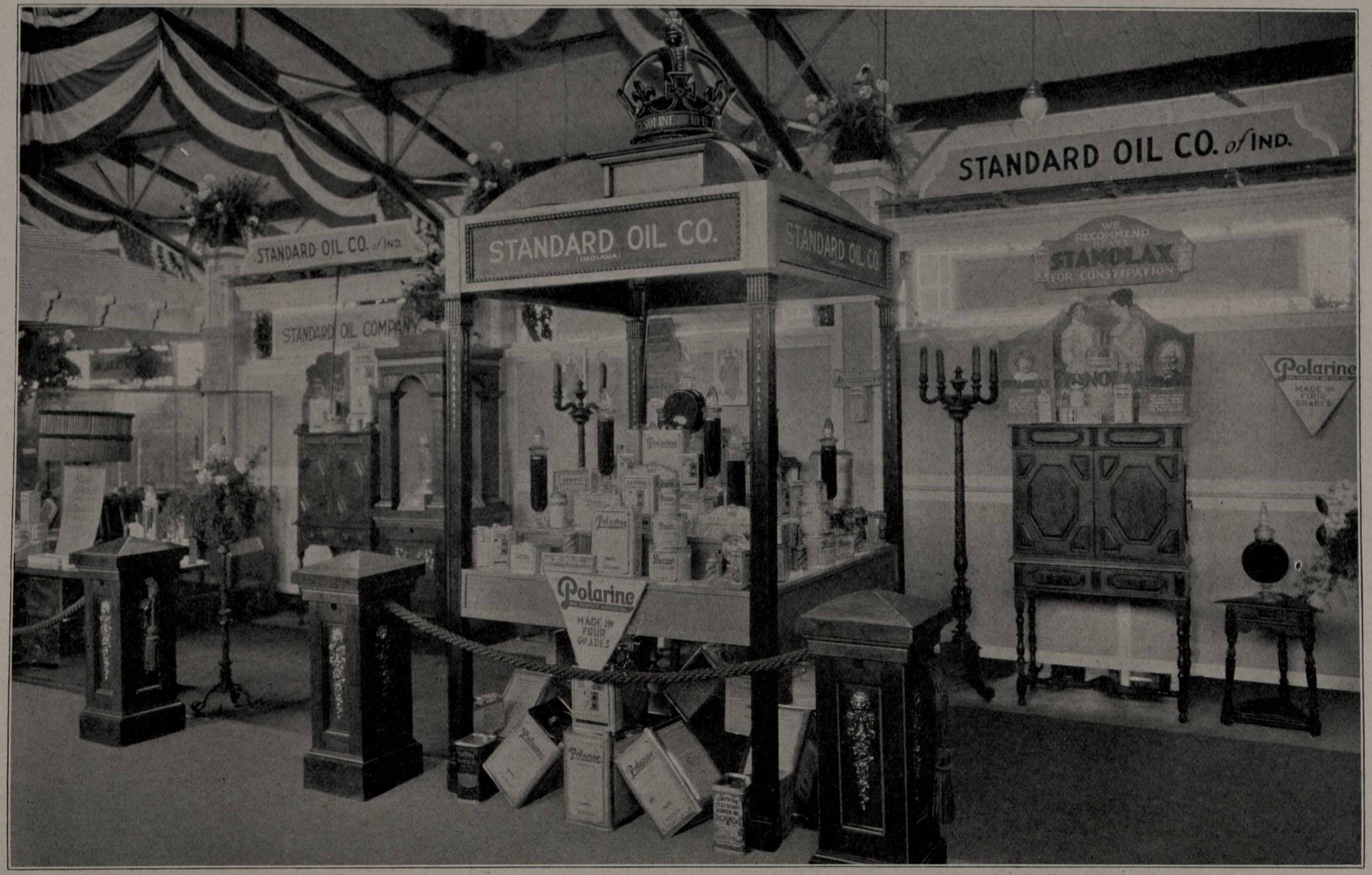
* * *

"It's just as wrong to gamble when you win as when you lose."

"Yassah," asserted Mr. Erastus. "De immorality is jes' as great, but de inconvenience ain't."

* * *

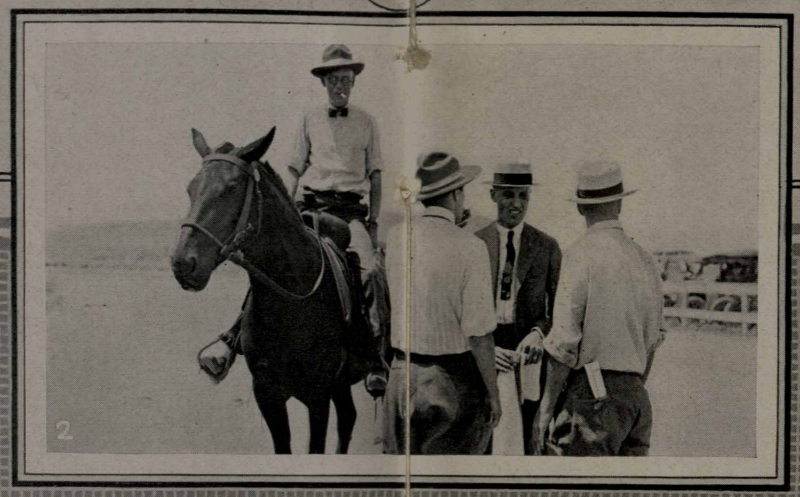
Give me the man who can hold on when others let go; who pushes ahead when others turn back; who stiffens up when others weaken; who advances when others retreat; who knows no such word as "can't" or "give up;" and I will show you a man who will win in the end, no matter who opposes him, no matter what obstacles confront him.—*O. S. Marden.*



Standard Oil Company (Indiana) at Chicago's Pageant of Progress, Municipal Pier. The center piece, surmounted by the Red Crown, is flooded with light, all shelves being of glass with powerful electric globes beneath. As this is an interior picture, it was impossible to show the illumination. The Red Crown above is made to revolve by a small motor.

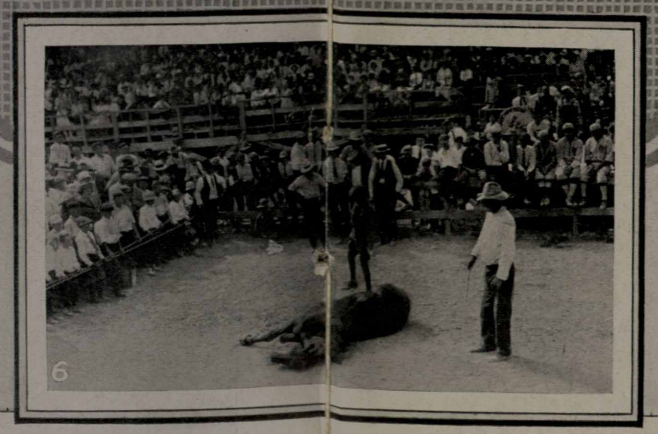
Mr. Orson Combs, of the advertising department, is responsible for this beautiful and highly effective display. It advertises the full line, but instead of all products being bunched in a jumble, he has so arranged it that each product "stands out" and catches the customer's eye. Similar decorations are being used at state fairs this year.

STANDARD OIL STAMPEDE AT CASPER



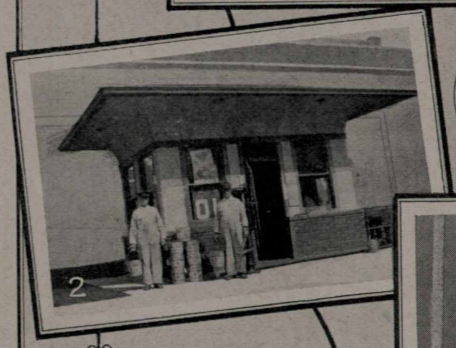
No. 1—Allsman in running broad jump. No. 2—Dan Beers, Doc Paulus, R. Heinze and Ames, officials, by gum! No. 3—Erickson trying to look like greased lightning in 50-yard dash. No. 4—Anderson, McGuire, Johnson and McMahon kept the kids as well as grown-ups shouting with glee.

No. 5—The Heavies from Plant Three challenge the world; they are shown here winning from pick-up team which substituted for team from Plant One, the team that lost because it failed to show up. No. 6—Master McDonald and his Pa putting Trixie, their champion trick horse, thru some stunts. No. 7—They're off in half-mile free-for-all!



SERVICE STATION MICA SALESMEN

1



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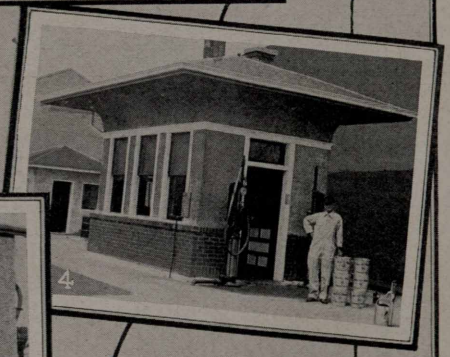

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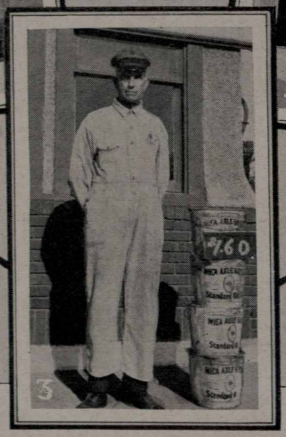

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Des Moines, Iowa.—These service station men have all sold over one hundred 25-pound pails of Mica Axle Grease, and are going strong on Polarine. They never failed yet in what they set out to do, and Des Moines is proud of them. No. 1—Attendant F. L. (Colonel) Brown, Guthrie Center, Iowa, 2,805 pounds. Incidentally, the local paper at Guthrie Center had this to say: "F. L. Brown, the Standard Oil Company agent, following his custom, has the grounds surrounding the station in a veritable flower garden. It is one of the beauty spots of our little city." No. 2—Attendant G. Smotenberg and Assistant Attendant J. Q. Van Vark, Pella, Iowa, 3,375 pounds. No. 3—Attendant E. A. Morris, Jefferson, Iowa, 2,875 pounds. No. 4—Attendant W. O. Davies, Knoxville, Iowa, 3,500 pounds.

DES MOINES FIRST PICNIC, BIG SUCCESS

The first annual picnic of the Des Moines Standard Oil Red Crown Social Club, held at Riverview Park, Saturday, July 22, was one whale of a success. No. 1—Tug-of-war between office and warehouse men. No need to say who won—everybody knows who does the heavy work. No. 2—Married men's race. No. 3—Manager H. A. Monson was assigned to the job of taking care of the kids and was kept busy riding the merry-go-round, roller coaster and whip. It was hard to tell who enjoyed it most, the kids or Mr. Monson. No. 4—Fat men's race. Left to right: N. H. Beaman, W. R. Clark, F. A. Sackett, Walt Beier, Walter Sopher. Chief Clerk Beaman won.

WATER POLO AT DES MOINES PICNIC

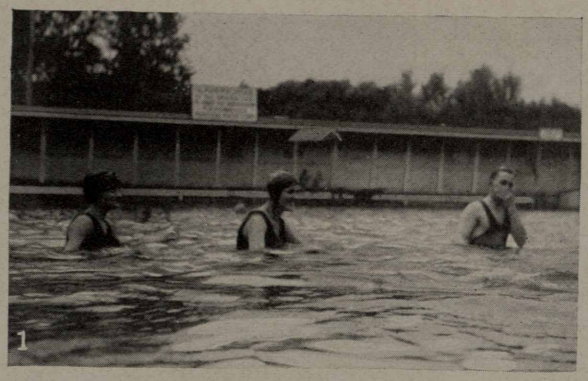
1

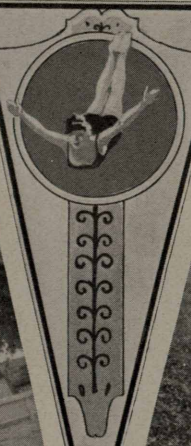
2

3

The water polo game was a riot of fun. Assistant Chief Clerk Ross claims his team won. No. 1—An exciting moment in water polo game. No. 2—Some of the players. No. 3—Friendly enemies, after the polo game. Lower row: George Wallace, Mildred Allen, Paul Larson, Earl Akers, Eleanor Stafford. Second row: S. Burken, Ray Norton, Elton Mann, John Williams, W. E. Swygard. Third row: G. Galbraith, Ted Galbraith. Above, Margaret Forrester.

THEY REALLY SWIM AT DES MOINES

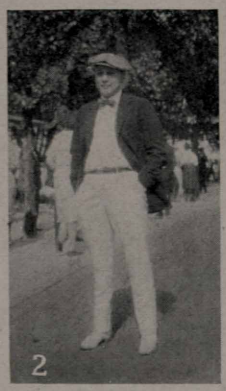




No. 1—Miss Allen, Miss Stafford and Paul Larson, who was in all the pictures with the girls. Someone seems to have just splashed some water in his face. No. 2—The girls had a glorious time sliding down the slide to see which one could make the biggest splash when she hit the water. Here we have Miss Forrester, Miss Allen and Miss Stafford. No. 3—Bobbie Thelen, son of Jack, payroll clerk, with Walter Baker sneaking in on the picture.

S.O. PROMINENT IN WHITING JULY 4th

1



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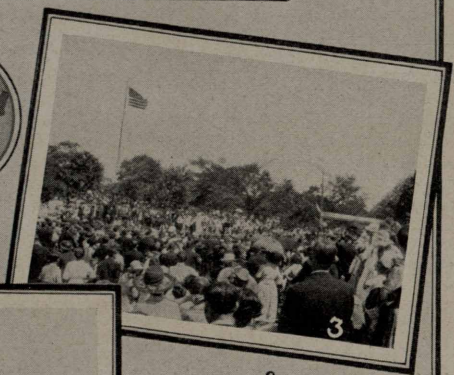
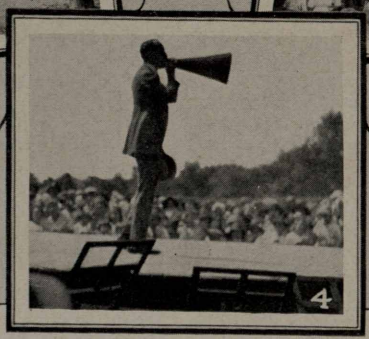
Standard Oil Company (Indiana) employees and organizations played a prominent part in the big Fourth of July celebration held under auspices of the Whiting American Legion. The company band helped greatly to make the day a success and Morgan L. Eastman, our band director, appeared to the Whiting public in a new role when he successfully led the thousands who were gathered at the park in community singing. The American Legion is to be congratulated on the success of the celebration. No. 1—American Legion members passing reviewing stand, followed by the Standard Oil Company Concert Band. No. 2—Mayor Walter E. Schrage of Whiting. No. 3—Morgan L. Eastman, director of the S. O. Band, was one of the hits of the day as leader of the community singing.

THOUSANDS IN JULY 4th CELEBRATION





No. 1—American girls' dance. No. 2—The bathing beach was a popular place. No. 3—View of crowd in Whiting Park. No. 4—D. J. Parkin, manager, Community Service, Whiting, acting as announcer. He is all right, but if we'd been doing it we would have retained Harry Glair and saved the cost of a megaphone.

WHITING, IND.

C. W. Smith, Safety Director, sent his little girl to the grocery for cookies, tea, lemons and veal loaf. She returned with one can of peas, two loaves of bread, two pints of milk and one-half pound of bacon. How do you account for this? It happens in the best regulated families.

The smile on the face of Miss Susie Popovich, of the candle factory, very nearly equals the brightness of a large sparkler recently noticed on her hand. Who is the lucky man, Susie?

Jimmie LaPert escorted his" harem," consisting of about 12 girls from the white oil department, to a beach supper at the sand dunes recently. Jimmie says he had the best time of all, and aside from being chief chaperon, he was also a life saver when one of the damsels almost fell in, nearly soaking her knickers. Upon reaching home late that evening, James was heard to solemnly whisper, "Never again."

Bill Stover is demonstrating the fact that this is the time fish stories are in vogue.

Louis Wohrle and a party of friends motored to Starved Rock over the 4th.

Latest addition to the white oil department is a speed demoness. Just watch Miss Sophie Riwalski some evening when she drives off in the trusty Hudson.

Don Daegling, machine shop office manager, spent a very enjoyable vacation right at home in Whiting with his intended bride-to-be occupying an adjoining cushioned seat in Don's "Little red chariot," while he sat at the wheel in a blissful state of mind. Some of the less interesting sports that he took great pleasure in were golfing, fishing in Wolf river, catching bullheads, perch and everything, and telling some old fish stories about the fine catches he made. (Of course he always came home after dark. That is why no one had a chance to see his string of fish.)

Mr. F. Minsberg, machine shop superintendent, also reported a fine time spent on his vacation. Although he was reluctant to disclose where or how he spent his time, he certainly looked fine on his return, all smiling and happy and full of pep.

The machine shop boys are sorry to hear of the illness of Al Bumhour, who is very popular and well liked by all who know him. He has not been working for several weeks at this writing, having been under the doctor's care in the meantime. His recent trip to California was one factor, proving a rather strenuous trip in view of the heat and the territory covered by him in the short period of his vacation. Here's hoping he'll be with us again at this publication.

Another track meet held at Calumet Park on July 23rd, C. J. Schroeder and Fred Kuehnke again reported their star victories of the one-mile race and pull-up respectively. Both anticipate working for high place at the next meet. Geo. Brunner has also taken part in this meet, coming out with a fine average.

V. J. McTague, who until June 29th has been in charge of the machine shop tool-room, is leaving the shop now, having been transferred to No. 3 compressor house as assistant engineer. Bill Byers of the machine shop is also leaving with McTague to take the position of engineer of No. 3 house. Keep those compressors running, boys; we need the air.

Frank Staucit, machinist, is the proud daddy of a big baby boy, born July 27th. He shares the pleasure with his wife, who before their marriage was employed at the candle factory office. Congratulations to the whole family, Frank.

Clyde Willet is the new extra man at air compressor station at the power house. Clyde hails from the machine shop and will show his new associates what machine shop pep really is.

Billy Kinane is breaking in a new Ford touring car. Why he got a new one is most puzzling to the machine shop boys, especially in view of the fact that he sold his old machine, which must have been a good Ford because he collected $100.13 on it.

Joe Schaefer couldn't bear the suspense any longer so he took a vacation to go to Moline, Illinois, to bring his sweetie home, who is enjoying her vacation out there. Of course that Ford sedan will carry them both back, but in order that "she" may safely resume her position on the sixth floor at 910 So. Michigan Avenue on her return, Joe was warned beforehand not to forget to apply less pressure to that accelerator pedal, as he is usually in the habit of forgetting his speed when "in company," and naturally his foot becomes heavy when his Ford is crowded out of his mind by other thoughts of greater interest. Come back to earth, Joe, and hear the birds sing.

A. C. Wade, machinist, has recently returned from a trip to Canada where he enjoyed himself greatly, judging by the snappy cards that were received from him by his friends. There is no end to the interesting incidents which he relates to the machine shop boys.

Loyd Buchanan, student at the University of Illinois, is spending his vacation very profitably in the machine shop drumming up for another busy year at school.

Fred Kahl, popular East Side man, and foreman of outside machinists at Whiting works, spent most of his vacation in his trustworthy and efficient Paige sedan. He is a very busy man and gave but little opportunity to extensive discussion of his trip to Niagara Falls, but it is known at least that his Paige treated him fine throughout the entire trip. Buffalo and Detroit were but a few of his interesting stops. Fred certainly gave every indication of having had a good time by his hale and hearty appearance.

Elven Dees, one of the Whiting high school boys, is working at the machine shop office during the summer vacation months. One who has spent much time in the office soon becomes accustomed to the hum of electric motors and machinery, but since the arrival of Elven, a new noise was indistinctly audible to the ear of the experienced listener. Upon tracing this strange noise down after days of mystery and perplexity, it was discovered that young Dees was the originator, who firmly insisted that he was humming and singing because he felt happy. Does anybody contemplate organizing an opera? Dees consented to sing soprano for solo selections requiring a mixed voice, providing, however, that a substantial salary accompanied such a contract. No sheet music is necessary, as he originates his own music, and furthermore, standard instruments are out of harmony with his patented scale of tune.

WOOD RIVER, ILL.

Some time ago No. 4 house crude stills would not make the time the other stills were making. No. 1 house coke stills were on a thirty-eight hour schedule and No. 4 still was always behind until one night Stillman Amil Brummer connected two rifle oil-burners under one side of the still. It

wasn't a very handsome job, but that double burner delivered the goods and kept No. 4 still in line. The repair gang has since remodeled the burner and it is still on the job.

Small platforms in front and benches behind, for bolts, have solved the problem of keeping bolt buckets and tools off the walks in the front and rear of the crude stills. With C. F. Hall on the job, and winning more every day the cooperation of the men on the stills, safety, neatness and a more orderly arrangement are everywhere apparent.

The mechanical department is overhauling No. 1 crane. This is the first locomotive crane on the job at Wood River, and it would be interesting to know how much coal it has unloaded. Assuredly the coal strike would not worry the plant if that coal were on hand now.

Lloyd Payne of the Lab was shaking hands with old friends at Metropolis recently, and just think of it, girls, a flapper vamped him while on the train and even went so far as to give him her address. No wonder he wears the smile that won't come off.

Myrtle Exton of the telephone exchange has been transferred to Mr. Buck's office and we have two new operators, Misses Virginia Freeman and Estella Lee, but as both of these young ladies are wearing sparklers, we can't say just how long they will be with us.

Henry Rench made an attempt to kidnap Stillman Paul Haller some time back with very poor success. Paul's better half was on the lookout and gave chase, bringing the affair to a very sudden ending. Desperado Henry lives on one of the Little City Farms. Goodbye, Henry.

Tom Treador, one of our crane men has a flivver that took four men to push to the plant. Tom, you are expecting too much of the flivver. Try a little Red Crown, they won't run on sparkling water.

Lyle Manbeck and Mr. E. Endicott spent tne Fourth of July at Arlington, Mo., in the Ozarks. Since that time many other employees of the refinery have made their vacation trips to the Ozarks. These mountains are a short drive from Wood River, and while they may not be so high or so numerous as the mountains mentioned by Casper and other places of the Rocky Mountain division, they are proving mighty popular with folks here.

Mrs. Ollie Lemmon, wife of Ollie Lemmon, veteran saxophone player of the Red Crown Band, was the lucky winner of a capital prize of $100 in a lot drawing contest held recently at Wood River. Ollie says he is thinking of going into the real estate business.

Tim Van Camp's eyes are improving. It is interesting to hear "Uncle Tim" talk about bobbed hair and short skirts and everything else he sees.

Fred Gerl complains that his friends invite him out for a ride after they see he is going to work.

And why does Chas. Wiggins object to everyone knowing the size of the boots he wears?

Albert Hall, after spending three days fishing without getting a bite, paid a dollar and sixty cents for a silver hook and landed a ten-pound catfish. Do you believe in the jinx now?

Things that are heard in the Lab each day
Would make you drive your cares away.
Each with a smile and cheery word,
'Tis the best bunch you ever heard.
Mr. Buck, the "boss," is full of pep
And certainly makes all the others step.
Mr. Stamper is next in line,
Stalls not a minute of his time.
Hugh, Loyd and Lester do their work
And never grumble, fuss or shirk.
Then in the office, we have three
Of the prettiest girls you ever did see.
Mrytle, Kathleen and Marie,
Full of fun and jollity.
At the distillation table as you pass
You will see Teresa and Helen working fast,
Rushing their dailies through
So they can run experimentals too.
The girls on the switchboard are superfine,
Ready to answer calls any time.
Quick with service, courteous and gay
Are Edna, Virginia and May.
We have told you of each one in our laboratory,
And think it a very pretty story.
For the S. O. C. we do our best
To make it better than all the rest.

How things will happen. It is rumored our big and almighty Henry Schnauffer maketh much over the loss of a certain pair of gloves and the periodic disappearance of his bicycle. The gloves were thoughtlessly laid on the table in the Industrial Relations room while C. F. Hall and Charley Shook were present, and suspicion rests upon Lyle Manbeck for the loss at certain times of the bicycle. It does seem as if something ought to be done, but the loss of our Safety director and the boss of the filling racks, together with an assistant engineer, seems an awful price to pay. (Any safety director who would try to pester a man of Henry's size hasn't learned the first essential of how to keep well and deserves all he gets. You have our permission, Henry, go get him.—Ed.)

Oscar Crews spent his vacation getting back to nature. He went only forty miles to find this nature. Said he got out far enough to find them taking in the sidewalks at night. He "put up" in a cottage loaned by Dr. Pence. During his absence, Horace Gladden, son of the lubricating works superintendent, A. E. Gladden, did the work in an excellent and earnest fashion. We expect to see Horace with his feet under the manager's desk some day.

Charley Huber's story about the wild grape hunt and the Nymphs found in Vaughn's woods, sounds about as wild as Curley Andrews' story. Curley had driven several dusty miles and finally discovered a patch that produced five bushels. On the way home he met some friends who persuaded him the fruit was not grapes but some vile and poisonous berry. Curley thereupon dumped the grapes and after his departure the kind friends made away with the berries. Looks like a case of sour grapes.

Boilermaker Dave McCann picked nine gallons of blackberries and when asked how many quarts his wife canned, said there were about sixty-three. The boys at the shop are wondering where he go them. They must be the kind that swell up.

Some of the facts of a recent turtle hunt are missing, but this much is known: Rex Hamilton, Paddy McMannus and Bill Yenny were in a party that went to a place beyond Kemper, and upon their arrival it was discovered that Paddy had become so excited while getting two quarts of elderberry out of the cellar without his wife seeing him that he forgot to get the turtle hooks. The party started at noon and made thirty-five miles in about five hours. Paddy was given the job of making the coffee and after boiling the pot for a half hour, said he couldn't make it. It was discovered he had forgotten to use any coffee. Yenny was so sick from chigger bites

that he was forced to lay off one day and said the reason the others could work was that they were so full of elderberry the chiggers would fall off as soon as they made a landing.

Mr. Montgomery, of the paraffine department, went on a fishing trip with his father-in-law. They used live bait but caught no fish. Returning home the bait not used was put in a tub in the cellar and it is said Montgomery feeds them every day. "You'll be a big fish bye and bye."

Messrs. Kocher and Zweig spent part of their vacation fishing. Both made good records. Kocher's daily high was 23, while Mr. Zweig made a record of 22.

Can you beat Dave Maxwell's record for picking blackberries? Twelve quarts in fifteen minutes.

George Lang grew some fine sweet corn and about the time it was ready for the Sunday dinner, a cow got in the patch and ate the corn. Must have been good. Now George is getting his cowboy outfit together and assures us he will start a butcher shop when he finds that cow.

The "Clean Up Campaign" runs astray at times. John Eaton was enjoying a "thirty-two" off at Fillmore, his old home. Now John carries a big jug of water in his car on week days to water his tomato plants which grow some distance from his home. The jug happened to be in his car when he came to work. John doesn't enjoy being told a policeman came in to search the car.

Have you heard about Emery Hunt's big surprise? It's coming. The pump room at No. 4 crude house went afire the other day and the heat and smoke thawed Emery out. But he speaks of it in whispers. He is going to make ten gallons of elderberry blossom, light, white, non-intoxicating wine to be used as medicine for his children. He has secured two five-gallon casks from the Wood River bottling works. Incidentally in his boyish eagerness, Emery grazed the door of the bottling works as he started away, tore a fender off his car and the door off the hinges. But it is a secret and everyone smiles. He went to St. Louis to see a ball game. Said our Browns won 25-0, then he remembered it was 25 pounds of raisins he bought. Emery is nervous, fidgity and he can't keeps till. But it's a secret. Mum's the word.

Floyd Wallace and Clare Burroughs, both employed at the filling racks, have declared their intention of resigning their positions with the S. O. Co., resignations to take effect about the middle of September. Both Floyd and Clare have enrolled as freshies at the University of Illinois for the coming year.

Several employees of the Standard Oil Company recently grasped an opportunity presented them to learn to perform on roller skates. Several of the young ladies from the laboratory have accepted the positions of brooms. Most every evening one or more of them sweeps the floor of the rink from one end to the other. Of course when the ladies started (to try) to skate, others of the older class attempted this also. Not the least conspicuous among these was no other than George Thompson, our venerable J. P. George did fairly well as long as he could hold on to the railing. Another who tried was J. W. Sloat, assistant foreman of the racks. Bill did excellently as long as his gyroscope (tongue) worked all right. He ended up with a skinned knee and a few splinters in his tongue.

Most everyone has seen that advertisement reading "Grape Nuts, there is a reason." If there is a reason will someone please tell us why C. F. Hall bought a five-passenger machine. It has been said that he is going to run opposition to the car line and haul school teachers to South Wood River this fall.

Would someone please enlighten us on the subject? A short while back the iron railing around the Wood River school was painted. The job was finished about 4 p. m. About 8 p. m. a couple walked by the school and on finding a nice shady spot, did what any other couple would have done under those same conditions—sat down. On arising, of course, the paint being black and the young lady's dress being white, the story got before the eyes of the public. Now suspicions point toward the Lab. Of course none of the young ladies in the Lab would sit down in a shady place, even if they were with a nice young fellow. But we care little about that. The greatest question in our mind is "Who were they?"

About the new car Tom Point is sporting. Some of his friends say it is a sign of prosperity, while others insist it is a sure sign of calamity.

Edgar Hannold spent some time prospecting for elderberry blossoms. It was Edgar's idea to have them located and then when they were ready, to make a grand rush with Bill Obermiller's truck and get the lion's share.

The acid works reporter tells of a new arrival there named A. Vinyard and about Stillman Carson killing a 3-foot snake. We wonder if the arrival of Mr. Vinyard had anything to do with that snake story?

Richard Kennedy, formerly stillman at No. 6 house pressure stills, resigned his position in July and purchased a grocery store. We are glad to know the store is proving a success and hope his work as a groceryman will be as successful as his work while with the refinery.

The new park at East Alton was opened with a fine concert by the Red Crown Band. This makes two parks opened by the band this summer, the other being the Wood River Park.

We have all heard of how new paint is used over old paint to "cover the surface and save all" and have even heard of new socks being put over an old pair as the weather becomes colder, but now come the engineers with a plan to renew the old water line by putting a new jacket on it. The old water line was constructed in 1907. It is a 40-inch steel pipe, 2,000 feet in length, reaching from the refinery to the river. It was installed as a suction line, the power being furnished by pumps inside the refinery. The old line having rusted so that leaks developed which caused the line to breath at the wrong place, thereby losing much of its suction power, it was necessary to repair the line. This was done by covering the old line with a reinforced concrete jacket capable of standing a pressure of 60 pounds to the square inch. If the old pipe should rust completely away, the jacket will become the pipe line. Centrifugal pumps are installed at the intake driven by two electric motors of 600 H. P and the line becomes a discharge line for these pumps. If anything should happen to the pumps or the electric power should be off for some time, the pumps in the refinery can be used, and the line, for the time being, would become a suction line. The new system installed will be capable of delivering 35,000,000 gallons in 24 hours.

There are many kinds of races in the human race. We have a "fat man's race" in the Alton-Wood River community and our jovial boilermaker foreman, Wm. Meisner, has been crowned king of the race, and as a further mark of respect a pair of fine trousers were given Mr. Meisner. The following article is taken from the Alton Times: "Mr.

Meisner had a walk-away for the fat man's prize. He measures only 54 inches in the waist, 30 inches in seam, with a 52-inch chest, 5 feet 8½ inches in height, and tips the scales at the modest weight of 325 pounds. Mr. Meisner's closest competitors for the fat man's prize were Mr. John Tonsor, waist 51, and Mr. R. Nicholson, waist 50. For all of Mr. Meisner's weight he is a very active man and holds a responsible position as foreman in a local plant. He is invited to call for his pair of fine trousers."

The city of Wood River and the Wood River refinery are named after a stream discovered by Jacques Marquette, French Jesuit missionary, in the year 1673, and the stream was called Wood River on account of the heavy growth of timber in that region. The river, at one time, was very important from the fact that it drained a large and fertile territory, has become of no value on that account because of the great drainage canals that have been recently constructed. However, plans have been made which will make it valuable to the Wood River refinery as a great natural reservoir, insuring an adequate water supply at all times. On account of the silt deposited by the waters of the Mississippi river, the channel is nearly filled and a dredging company has been employed to deepen the channel. Power for this work will be taken from a high-tension line that passes near the refinery, leading to St. Louis from the great dam at Keokuk, Iowa. So the same water that has carried silt to fill the Wood River channel, will furnish power to remove that same deposit. It is a case of river clean river.

Blackberry season in Wood River this year brought forth tales as wonderful as any fisherman's yarn. Here is how one started.

Henry Rench—"Say, Star, how many berries did you get yesterday?"

Star Oulson—"I don't know. Got my dinner bucket full. How much would you say it held?"

Henry—"I guess you could say about five gallons."

Helen—"Myrtle, did you see anything of my ice tea glass?"

Helen—"No, I didn't and I can't find mine. Where do you suppose they are?"

Kathleen—"Girls, why don't you ask Teresa about them? She might know where they are, for this morning she told me she made blackberry jelly last night.

Helen—"Oh, well, if that is the case we will just be quiet and maybe we will learn the secret. Ask Bill."

Bees as "blue law" enforcement officers and three reports of same.—Three piscatorial fans, Bill Cook, Baron Munchausen (alias Tuley), and Matthew Freeman went out on a recent Sabbath to pursue their favorite sport. Mr. Cook, with pride still vaunting itself over the possession of his freak Ford, was to act as chauffeur. When the trio, with Cook's calliope and fishing tacking were four blocks off Whitelaw Avenue, one block from the U. B. church, a swarm of bees settled just under the top of the car. Our friends, with three "self-starters" in perfect working condition, were not slothful in vacating their seats. The Ford, left without a guiding hand at the wheel, slipped into one of the numerous holes along the street and there "Lizzie" and the bees stayed until an all-wise grandmother living near telephoned Geo. Buck, who snatched a lunch basket from a fellow worker and rushed to the rescue. As he neared the place of invasion, he beat vociferously on the bucket (which he had thoughtfully preemptied by consumption on his way out) and thus led the swarm to his house. This publicity turned the three from their evil intentions Cook contends that the condition of the street was responsible for his car loosening all its joints and making such a noise that it would attract a swarm of bees and that the city is to blame for their ill luck.

Matt Freeman and Albert Hall, our two English Tommies, went fishing and made a record of landing German carp. They caught 35, several of which weighed more than two pounds. While attempting to land a big one, bigger than any brought home, Albert leaned back in the boat and the line broke, causing the boat to rock, and Matt fell out. In attempting to regain his place, he turned the boat over and Albert went into the water. Luckily their string of fish was securely tied to the boat and were saved. How these two fishermen righted the boat, saved the fish and caught more after all that, is only to be imagined, but they are from the first division, you know.

It takes the monotony out of shift work once in a while to have a helper explain how he is going to beat a doctor's time and cop the widow. No doubt some critics will want all the names and details. They will be furnished on request. Just address the first division.

William Trayband has a new daughter to make his dwelling a real home and he has started out in a very sensible way to provide for the little stranger by selling that money-consuming Ford.

Judge Parker and Amil Brummer piloted their families to Bunker Hill the Fourth of July to see the horse races. Amil enjoyed himself immensely and nothing marred his pleasure. But the Judge bet some native of Bunker Hill a dollar that a certain horse would win, and the Judge picked the right horse. However, later in the day the loser advised the Judge that he needed his lost dollar. He further declared that, if the Judge didn't refund it, there would be a dead man around town. Finally the Judge returned the dollar, but only with the assurance that if he found the loser betting or drinking any more, business would pick up.

While making a return trip from St. Louis, Walter Heidman's machine collided with another junk wagon. No one was seriously injured, but the fenders of Walter's car look like dishpans and a horse was frightened into nervous prostration. "Bill Miller" was in the crowd.

The Schuler boys had a misunderstanding with a horse about the right of way on the State road. Their motorcycle turned over. Both boys were shaken up and suffered minor bruises.

John Campbell is back with the band after a vacation of several weeks, during which he was recuperating from lung trouble. We look for a big improvement in the band.

William Marrs traded a cow for a Ford because the cow kicked at milking time, thereby causing William to swear and lose his religion. Now the Ford is doing the same thing. Guess the Ford will have to go too.

"Shorty" Barnhorn, George Nelson and Sam Sanders were out on a big blackberry hunt. They got five gallons of berries apiece. Shorty had an exciting experience with a a ferocious bull. In fact he was frightfully gored by a splinter which tore the seat of his trousers as he jumped a rail fence. George Nelson killed a rattlesnake that had six rattles and a beer-bottle top. Sam Sanders noted down the location of all the elderberry bushes as he passed.

Louis Mansholtz takes especial pride in everything with which he is connected. For instance, No. 6 house is the best of all the crude houses, his Ford the best of all the Ford family, and Ninth street is the best street in town. In fact that street is so good that Louis fenced in about seven feet of it with a hedge. The case will be tested soon to find out which is the strongest, the hedge or the village of Wood River.

The Safety score will never be complete so long as only one of two men "looks out." Everybody must be on the lookout. The man above to see that he drops things on no one; the man below to see that nothing drops on him.

Bert Smith and Amiel Brummer have designed a good "Safety" for crude stills. It is on the order of top plate fittings with groove and ridge, the groove being packed with asbestos packing. While the ordinary safety needs grinding frequently, this one has been in use for several months and has not needed attention in that time.

A recent order forbids employees of one department using bulbs and other supplies of other departments. Men will have to be educated in this inter-department business before such practices will be discontinued. As long as the idea prevails that "it all goes to one place," we will never have discipline and fairness between the different departments.

James Green, Chas. Baker, Chas. Sweig and T. Poeling, with the assistance of Jule Kocher, have launched the good ship "SOONER" and have made the maiden voyage. Good luck to the crew of the "SOONER." Now don't try standing on a slippery log when you crank her up. This is good advice, as Mr. Endicott will testify.

Employees, through the Stanolind Record, extend their sympathy to Joe Bund in the loss of his father.

Steve Mikolia liked the location of his former home very much, so he has built a fine new brick house as near the old location as possible.

Bass Miller had a narrow escape from drowning recently while on his way to work. He was crossing the square at the city hall in Alton and as he came near the watering trough, someone called to him, which caused him to turn his head, meanwhile his feet kept moving, and shortly Bass landed where most bass feel at home; but there was no evidence this Bass felt much at home if the motion of his feet, which were the only thing visible, was an indication of his feelings. The life saver from the Mineral Springs Hotel and a pulmotor were rushed to the rescue but were not needed. Guess we will have to build a fence for that trough.

One of the big boats stuck on the sand bar at Alton and they sent for two old time pilots, Charley Beasley and Richard Dawson, to get them off and out into the channel. It is said that Charley and Richard have piloted many a schooner across a rough bar and there never was anything lost.

Some of the Stanolind Record readers are complaining that there is no news about the gun club. This is no fault of the magazine. The only news that has ever been handed in is about a bet of one dollar lost by Haller to Durham and a bet of two dollars lost to Durham by Kocher, and since both of these bets remain unpaid, the item could hardly be classed as news. Will some gunner shoot news for a change? Of course we don't expect we are in any danger of being shot by those making the low scores.

SUGAR CREEK, MO.

NOTICE TO BATHERS AT McCOY LAKE: Instructor Pete Akers is on the job giving lessons. Since Pete has taken the job, they have had to build barbed wire fences around the lake, and the place looks like the home of the flappers.

Alvis Smith may be married, but he's still the same old boy. He has to have a new rifle or shotgun every so often.

John Wirtman, crack amateur trapshot at the Sugar Creek refinery, recently out shot the professionals at a local trapshooting field.

Mrs. Rose Pitzer was the only merchant in in Sugar Creek to handle Red Crown gasoline (or any other gasoline for that matter), for a long time. But a new garage opened up recently and the management installed a gasoline pump and also handled Red Crown. Mrs. Pitzer wasn't going to let a competitor get any of her trade, so she installed one of the most approved types of visible pumps, and when the various signs and glass drums are lighted it beckons as a veritable oasis to all the thirsty flivers, Stutzs (one Stutz in Sugar Creek), etc.

"Well! ain't this a free country?" said I— Joseph Hattey to the judge.

Someone ran into Walter Doll's new Ford and battered up one of the fenders. The criminal then drove away without being apprehended.

While on his vacation our friend I— Joseph Hattey had the pleasure of a stroll to the station with the chief of police of Independence. He reports a very "instructive" visit and says he will not disturb anyone's peace again.

John Sutton, Sid Buford, John Pavala and John Kroll, four of our most enthusiastic devotees of Izaak Walton (imagine connecting old Izaak with catfish fishing), "motored" to the far famed city of Rantoul, Kansas, and spent a delightful week fishing in the Marais des Cygnes river. Every evening since their return we have been entertained with stories of their wondrous catches (if their arms had been a little longer they would have broken the record). But here's the peculiar part—they took a perfectly good kodak along, but didn't take a single picture.

We have heard of many perfect attendance records, but the record of our cashier, Bert Stover, surpasses them all. Mr. Stover has been at his desk every morning for the past seven or eight years, with the exception of the period of his annual vacation.

The race in the Standard Oil Baseball league has narrowed down to the Pressure Stills and the Pipe Department, it looks as if one of these teams will finish the season at the top of the league. But come on, Boilermakers and Tower Stills; show your stuff.

Sad but true, Mr. John Shipley has left the services of the company, and has moved his family to St. Louis, where he expects to make his home. We won't hang a crepe on the mechanical office door, but if it wasn't for B. F. Miller it would certainly be necessary.

Col. Bob Wetmore is taking a much needed vacation—back to his boyhood stamping grounds around Cleveland, Ohio.

The question is: When will Bert Wesner get his sidewalk finished?

J. O. X 3 Ball Hinde is of a jealous disposition. Somebody brought George Thompson a bouquet of posies. Jim saw them and rushedi nto Mr. Thompson's office all hard boiled, inquiring who brought

them, as he did not think it was right because he had the exclusive privilege.

Al Abi White says everybody has a goat. "Hoos yourn?"

Roy H. Butler, of the pipe department, is back from a month's vacation spent in Colorado. He says that Pike's Peak is still there.

Mrs. Graham, who was for many years chief cook and bottle washer at "Doc" McCoy's crumb house, deserted the "old nest" the other day. Her place is being aptly filled by Mrs. Lulu Belangee, of Fairmount.

Bert Hudspeth and John Waller, two of our most excellent pipe fitters, have their vacation worries over for another year. John didn't stray far from Sugar Creek and therefore enjoyed his vacation, but Bert while touring the surrounding country in his car, got stuck in the mud and spent the best part of his vacation getting out.

Charley Street and his King 8 have just returned from Colorado. Charley says that he had one grand and glorious time, only those nights were sure cold. Wonder how he'll stand our sweltering nights now?

Jesse Reeder has gone back to his old boarding house again. Jess has been having considerable trouble of late with his "innards." According to the stories circulated and the peculiar antics indulged in by Jesse, it is not so much the stomach as the heart that is bothering him. Jesse recently came to work with his left ear all chewed up and during the day called up "Maggie" to tell her that no one had noticed it yet. If "Maggie" keeps it up, we will have a regular "Jiggs" in our midst.

We don't know whether it means anything or not, but as soon as Wally Hodge quit managing the pipe department's baseball team, they started winning. What is it, another case of Blues vs. Otto Knabe?

Sugar Creek has started a new custom; they have quit burying their dead and are letting them walk around on the streets.

Professor E. J. Cox, O. F., has decided to play ball with the boilermakers the "balance of the season."

John "Shorty" Burns and Garnett "Mutt" Fleischman, two of A. O. Hodges' proteges, have been transferred to the tin shop to help out Alex Nylund.

George Hackett's car has broken down again; this is the 999,951st time.

Tony Phillips, the wild baseball fan who takes in all the games at Mount Washington, got real excited at the last game and chewed up one perfectly good twist of Granger in less than three minutes. He failed to look where he was expectorating and soiled a certain lady's new white dress. There is some talk of a lawsuit; anyway Tony hasn't been back since.

We have with us again Mr. Winthrop Williams, who is giving a hand in the mechanical office as draftsman. Have you noticed his little "baseball" mustache (nine on each side)—kinda out of place in Sugar Creek, but on account of his being an old employee, we will have to let him get by with it.

CASH PAID FOR OLD CARS—ANY CONDITION. See Emmit E. Lewis, secretary to Professor A. S. Hurt, Industrial Relations building. You tell 'em; we sell 'em.

It only took one "Stanolind Slam" to make F. G. Lee discard his old "track-coverer;" we wonder if this item will get that old threadbare,weather-beaten, too little, bleached out cap he is now making us gaze on. We wouldn't say anything about Frank's clothes, but we know he has better ones, and we have to take this means of getting him to wear them.

Albert Starks, of the filling racks, has been laying off for some time because of a very bad cold. He is getting much better and we expect him back soon.

Because of so much competition, the corn whiskey "dealers" in Sugar Creek have started a price war. At present it is quoted at two dollars per quart, and the market is declining rapidly.

Another succumbs to the deadly radio bug! The other day we saw Charley Freeman in deep consultation with Clay Hensley, Harry Roth and a few other of the radio "experts."

A. F. White says that Vernon Hancock is his "goat."

Owing to the high cost of a merchant's license in Sugar Creek, the Band's Confectionery has discontinued doing business, causing a great deal of grief among the office boys, as the lock on the storeroom was not fool proof.

Kenneth Jacques is back at his old stand in the storehouse, after a two weeks' vacation spent in and near Independence. Jake says he gained four pounds, but it will take about eighty-four to bring him back to normal.

Wally Hodge, pipe department baseball manager, is looking for a trained nurse to take care of a good pair of pitchers. He says that he has already ordered a case of Eagle Brand; still he seems to think this isn't enough and wants a nurse. We heartily agree with the manager after seeing the last game they played. Even Tony Phillips says Wally is right, so we must all get busy and come to Wally's rescue.

Frank Diesko reports that some of the criminally inclined urchins of Sugar Creek have been making raids on his peach orchard. Our advice to you, Frank—a good heavy load of mustard seed.

The main office is about to lose its "Human Phonograph." McLean is leaving the services of the company in the near future. Says he is going to try his luck as a salesman.

Roy Peck has returned from his vacation, building a concrete sidewalk in front of his residence. Some vacation.

Jesse P. Reeder hasn't got married yet.

The much touted battle between Virg Caldwell and "Swede" Nielson has been postponed indefinitely, because of the cold—feet.

Leo Walker, one of our disciples of Morpheus, doesn't like the labor gang and as a result our report of men working totals only 734 instead of 735.

Farmer Frisby and his son were the opposing pitchers in a baseball game played at the Standard Park recently. Of course the "old man" got beat. The feature of the game was the rotten playing on both sides.

NOTICE TO ALL HORSESHOE PITCHERS: We take this means of advising all the horseshoe pitchers of the Standard Oil Company that Geo. V. Hackett, boilermaker foreman at Sugar Creek works, threw two ringers in three games of horseshoes played recently between Tony Phillips and himself. The feat was witnessed by his second, F. G. Lee, and also Tony's second, Mr. Alex Nylund. This makes a total of four ringers for George this season, with F. H. Frisby close on his heels with three, but one of Frisby's was around the peg with corks up, so we can only give him two and one-half ringers. Tony Phillips has an awful time getting a partner in the games on account of Tony's shoes going too far and they get tired of chasing them.

As a suggestion, Tony's partner might stretch a wire between the pegs and Tony could send his shoes back to his partner by placing them on the wire. In this way his partner would not get so tired chasing them and it would also save time. Who said Tony brought this game back from the old country?

Frank Brixey, of the pipe department, who has been sick, has laid off for an indefinite period.

The Standard Oil Band gave an exceptionally good concert in Independence the evening of July 29th. It was so well liked that they have been asked to give the concerts regularly.

The following is dedicated to the memory of those who have passed beyond. The employees who have suffered loss recently are Joe Stimac, Guy Wiseman, Ernest Dickey, G. W. Thompson, Maurice Ressler and Max Duckworth:

The Grim Reaper's scythe has taken toll
Of loved ones from our family fold.
We know their souls are enjoying bliss
Infinitely higher than in this
World of strife, of suffering and pain,
And we feel assured we'll meet again
In that better land, no more to roam,
When the Still Small Voice calls us, too, home.

As we toil below, both day and night,
And we do our best with all our might,
And sense the gloom of that Light gone out,
And we feel the urge to turn about,
We, too, strive to gain joy unalloyed,
To still the pangs of an aching void;
We know the worth of their company
And extend to you our sympathy.

We know the value of time well spent;
That time given here is only lent
To make us come thru like burnished gold,
That we too might enter the Shepherd's fold.
We all must bow to our Maker's will,
Purging our dross like coke in a still.
Having gone thru the Refiner's fire,
We will welcome the call to "Come Higher."

Roy L. McMains, our most enthusiastic baseball fan, still has an unbroken record; he hasn't missed a game at the Standard Park this season. At the present time Roy is collecting railway guides and timetables, and is doping out the best route to take in his annual trip to Pa and Ma in New Mexico.

Dick Storer is spending his vacation in Okoboji, Iowa. (How can anyone spend a vacation in a town with a name like that?) E. L. Rolfs is working in Dick's place at the present time, but as soon as Storer returns, Rolfs leaves for Detroit, Mich., where he will purchase a new Dodge coupe and drive it through, stopping off at Chicago for a short time. Man! How we envy him this trip.

Fred Easter is the proud father of an eight and one-half pound baby boy, born the morning of July 19th, 1922.

Mr. F. H. Frisby enjoyed the company of his sister-in-law, Nany Arthur Welch, and brother-in-law, Bedford Welch, who visited him from Stanton, Powell County, Kentucky. Mr. Frisby took his annual vacation while they were here.

CASPER, WYO.

Doc Roberts, tower still foreman, is the owner of a seven-passenger Nash car.

Geo. Knight, stillman at No. 11 rec. house press stills, has blood poisoning in his left hand from shooting firecrackers the 4th of July.

Lewis Harrison, fireman at No. 3 house tower stills, is back home after spending two weeks in the hospital. From our last report he is doing fine.

D. H. McCune, steam still helper, and E. R. Pelky, press still fireman, have left the service of the company.

T. P. McGuire, steam stillman, has been transferred to the heavy reducer, and Fred Curry, heavy reducer stillman, has been transferred to steam stills.

Jos. Kennedy, helper at No. 13 press stills receiving house, is still on the sick list—off about four weeks now.

C. M. McAndrews, Chas, Jones, Cliff Johnson, F. A. Carparan, Con Cox, Wm. Reever, Joe Holt, Chris Lund, L. R. Bundy, Tom Mulaney, Elmer Branson, all from the refinery department, are back to work after spending two weeks' vacation in different parts of the country.

Lester McGrath, pumper helper at No. 2 pump house, has left the service of the company.

Walter Soules, our able cartoonist, has left the service of the company.

Lou Mathias, fireman at No. 1 boiler house, is driving overland to Oregon on his vacation.

Bill Freriehr, tower still foreman, is spending his vacation with his parents in Kansas.

James John of the paint department has been promoted to boilermaker helper.

C. J. Harrington of paint department has been transferred to the pipe department.

Vergil Davis of the yard office claims to have 11 feet of castor oil standing in casing in his test well on his homestead.

We see Bill Eads is again sporting around in a recently purchased car—this time it is a Velie Six.

Eugene Dexter and wife and little son Arthur, left July 8 on a three-week trip back to the old home—Whiting, Ind.

P. J. McGinn of the paint department is enjoying a two-weeks vacation fishing in the mountains.

Fred Fredlund of the garage department slipped quietly away to Fort Collins, Colo., and persuaded Miss Vera Frazier, a teacher in one of the public schools, to change her name without changing her initials. They left immediately on their honeymoon of two weeks in the Big Horn Mountains, returning to Casper July 11. They will be at home after the 15th in the lovely new seven-room modern house at 1236 South Cedar street. Cigars were plentiful and good.

Lou Mathias of boiler house No. 1, accompanied by his wife and Miss Vera Almquist of Omaha, left on July 1 for a 30-day automobile tour through Yellowstone Park, Seattle, Wash., then back by the southern route through Nevada and Colorado. Some trip, we say!

George Weber of the paint department, ran out of gasoline and walked seven miles to borrow a gallon—this was at 12:30 a. m. He claims he left town with plenty, but it was of too high gravity—wonder where he got it, must have had it shipped in from Nebraska.

We see John Cates is again on the job in the boiler department. Well! Old familiar faces always look good.

Roy Hawley of the boiler department caught one of a sage hen's brood. The old girl being much peeved, turned and ran at him in a very savage way; he dropped the chicken and said: "I would not have run if I had not have left my gun in the Lizzie." Moral: Always tote your gun when in the wilds of Wyoming.

E. C. Johnson, stillman at Glenrock, demonstrated his ability at running something else besides pressure stills. Taking in the races at Sweetwater the 4th and 5th, he captured several prizes—two of them for the wild horse races held on each day. Johnson was formerly fireman at No. 1 plant.

Frank L. Riley, helper at No. 2 house, No. 1 plant, has become a politician. Riley has announced himself as candidate for county clerk, subject to the will of the voters at the primary election August 22, 1922.

Floyd McDowell, pumper at No. 1 pump house, expects to leave next month for a two weeks' visit with relatives in the East.

R. P. Deadlow, treater at No. 1 plant, is wising himself upon modern warfare at Ft. Douglas, Utah, for two weeks.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Everett Beck, on July 19, a nine-pound boy. Mr. Beck is employed at the machine shop.

George Woods of the storehouse was off duty a few days on account of an infected eye. Wah's the matter, George? "Too many box cars?"

Victor Gehr, inside helper at No. 4 receiving house, is sporting around in a new 5-passenger Maxwell.

Vacations being in order, Chemist Melin is homesteading, and "Kid" Larson is resting up, as is Timekeeper Wilson.

Thomas Mullaney, helper No. 2 receiving house, tower stills, reports two good weeks spent in Butte, Mont.

Oscar DeVault, pumper at Mo. 2 pump house, No. 1 Plant, resigned his position and has left for California, where he expects to make his future residence. Clifford Johnson, pumper helper, succeeds DeVault as pumper at No. 2.

Cliff Johnson has returned from a trip East, visiting friends and relatives in Chicago and Iowa and Nebraska points. He said the vacation did him worlds of good and that he feels for fit another graveyard shift.

In John Glendenning's opinion, the best part of our Fourth of July celebration was the performance of the Scotch Kiltie Bagpipe Band.

Bob Turnbull should have been permitted to enter his Chevrolet in the bucking contest, because according to all reports, he would have easily copped the prize.

We were delighted to have Mr. Chamberlain drop in at the treating plant for a short visit while up from Glenrock, July 7th.

Dan Santo, stillman, has opened a filling station at the end of CY Avenue. Good luck to you in your new venture, Dan.

"Kid" Patrick, the lightweight fireman from over the river, came back from his Fourth of July boxing engagement at Red Lodge, Mont., considerable messed up. Pat came out second best.

Bill Matson said he couldn't play with the S. O. Band on the Fourth because in cleaning his saxophone the night before he put it out of tune and was unable to remedy it. It would have been all right, Bill—you could have just as well played. Nobody would have blamed it on the instrument.

John Leonard Carlson fell off the side of a hill and into the creek when out on a picnic the Fourth. Some hill! Yes, and SOME picnic.

Carl Meline and R. V. Davis are fencing their summer farms. Carl tells us that he has a dandy place for a creek on his homestead if there was only some water in it.

E. D. Davis had a sort of an informal introduction to the police judge. Ed promised to be good hereafter.

A recent newspaper article came out in big head lines:

"Manager Cooke Forms Center of Photograph in Standard Magazine." The article explains that T. S. is a great lover of horseflesh, that he shows rare judgment in his choice and that he always was an enthusiastic rider of horses, having the Renown II as his pet in Chicago, Ill. Mr. Cooke's Renown II is resting peacefully on its dry dock in No. 3 plant chemical warehouse. This for the edification of a certain newspaper reporter.

Mr. J. A. Carroll, Jr., auditor of the Midwest Refining Company, field division, has passed the C. P. A. examination in the state of Colorado. Since Jim worked in the Chicago office, his many friends will be pleased to learn about his success.

We are unable to learn all about it, but Etelka's right eye and Bob Witter's left eye were blackened somehow at about the same time.

Black eyes seem to be quite popular these days, but we do think they are most unbecoming to some of our blonds—Roger Crawford, for instance.

Lucille has returned from a most pleasant trip in Denver, and we must say she looks sweeter than ever.

Andy seems quite prosperous these days—in addition to his new bees, he also sports a new Dodge.

Adeline returned from a vacation trip to Denver —not broke, however, for she has a Ford coupe. It appears that from now on, Adeline, you are going to be very popular.

Our pleasant Margaret Smith has returned to work once again. We are all glad to have you back, Margaret, and hope illness will not absent you from our circle soon again.

Mrs. Warren reported a most pleasant trip to Black Hills over the Fourth, in spite of the fact that the first night was spent in the Hotel Essex a la Mud Hole.

John Rouse was again hailed before Judge Murray. Rather than to argue with the judge, he left 10 and departed. Don Smith likewise. Dear Editor: Will these men be allowed to deduct this fine from their income tax? (How do we know? We've never been pinched.—Ed.)

Wm. T. Tolhurst and family spent a few days in Lander, Wyo. Bill reports a good time as far as it went, and has promised himself another trip. (Be a good boy, Bill, and no doubt you can go again.)

"Mutter" Klose of Whiting is visiting at Trowe's. She will stay for several weeks. Accompanying her are Brudder and Doris Jane, also known by everyone in the old home town.

Dr. and Mrs. Paulus returned to Whiting for a visit. We know they are having a very fine time.

Lo and behold! No. 3 plant has a new and imposing edifice. The gray structure trimmed in white is situated on the south bank of the North Platte, where the tide ebbs and flows at regular intervals. The Industrial Railroad crosses the river at this point; hence the sludge crew have claimed it. They have dubbed it "Riverview Station." The B. S. Express sends trains by every 35 minutes. However, the real purpose of the beautiful building is to house the executive and office forces of the acid works.

Since officiating in a judicial capacity during the 4th of July celebration, our own Dr. Paulus is known as the Judge. Hail to thee, Judge!

The Rocky Mountain scout, Silent Dan, took Cal Smith, Neil Thomas, Ray Conklin and Doc

Hook to the Big Horns on a fishing trip, July 23. They all came back July 24 with plenty of fish, and stories, etc. Best of all, they surely enjoyed the ride. See Hook for details.

Jeff Johnson is now working at the steam refined separators.

Everybody knows T. S. enjoyed himself on the 4th. Our hardest job was keeping R. M. A. off the field of play. He tried to get into every event. We didn't want him to get hurt so we kept the megaphone pointed his way quite a bit.

Don Smith enjoyed the special event in the grandstand. Anyway, he seems to like to tell about it right often.

Geo. Obermeyer is on his vacation. We miss him considerably. He copies most of these news items prior to sending them to the editor.

GREYBULL, WYO.

H. E. Williamson, helper at No. 2 house, is able to perform his duties again, after a layoff caused by rheumatism.

Mr. and Mrs. Forrest Larson announce the arrival of a new 9-pound baby girl. We are glad to learn that both mother and baby are doing nicely, although Forrest has not quite gotten back to normal yet.

Bartie Bentley is spending his vacation in "Sunshine Basin."

Mrs. Troy Majors and children of Winnett, Mont., are visiting with friends here.

Mr. Truesdell resigned recently and left for his home in the New England states.

J. H. Williams, still cleaner, was off duty a few days because of a felon on his finger.

Ed. Heckmann is absent from work. Ed. had his arm badly injured in an automobile accident.

Byrl Perkins and family enjoyed a trip through Yellowstone Park recently.

Geo. Patterson spent a happy two weeks visiting old friends (and some new ones) in Cody and Thermopolis.

J. E. Robertson left recently for a two weeks outing in the mountains near Cody.

Fred Lockard, Mrs. Anna Lockard and Miss Anna Perry enjoyed a trip through the Park recently.

Many surprising incidents and changes have recorded themselves in the history of Big Horn county, but none that equals the late revolution in the shipping room of Greybull Plant No. 2. Cars were being lost, reports were coming back, and continual exhibitions of flustrations and absent-mindedness were shown. At last it seemed that the cause and solution had been found. We expected normalcy to reign supreme when Miss Marie Pritchett became Mrs. Forrest Fisher, and it did, for a short time. The congratulations over, the excitement passed, but cars continued to lose themselves. Our suspicions were centered when one day a car was routed through Minnesota, and Judson U. Kemmer, the car clerk, asked for a day off. It developed that our suspicions were well founded, for notwithstanding his scarcity of hair, he buckled on his armor of glory, won through continued successes in the fields of battle, politics, stage, and social and fraternal activities, together with his two years Wyoming training, invaded the stronghold of St. Charles, Minn., and succeeded in capturing the heart and hand of Miss Nessie Miller. To these two happy couples we heartily wish long joy and happiness, and to the shipping room the calm and quietude it deserves after its revolutionary period. But we fear the bee has not yet stopped buzzing, as we hear him faintly around the chair of Leroy Joyce. Who knows?

On July 21, 1888, a child was born into this world who was destined to become a man of note and importance in the annals of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), even at the refinery at Greybull, Wyo., Plant No. 2. And he grew to stalwart manhood, being known among his fellows as Bill Hovis, and entered in the roll of the company as chief gauger, and the most learned of his kind. Now as Hovis progressed, and the Company prospered through the labor of his hands, he acquired the habit of inflicting painful punishment upon the birthdays of his fellow men, even by the use of boards and clubs did he set upon his brothers. And it became known through the plant that he wielded a mighty paddle, and the men did quake in fear against the coming of their birthdays and the onslaught of Bill Hovis. It came to pass that as July 21 neared the surface of the calendar pad, that the men rose up in a body, yea even a score of those who had tasted the sting of the paddle clamored for justice. And they were led by even such men as Monty Fletcher, general foreman, and Gary Whitney, his able assistant. And war was waged in the hills, the fleeing Bill was pursued, captured and imprisoned, yea even was he locked within the chambers of the laboratory, where he could view the preparations for his punishment. And he saw the men come, bringing with them boards, and clubs of various lengths and widths, and fear entered his heart as he saw them prepare the instruments for his torture. With the completion of the preparations, he was released, and between two stalwart men was he led forth, yea even into the inner room was he led in quivering anticipation of the punishment that awaited him. But behold! The boards supported a bounteous spread of cake, ice cream, dainties and fruits of the land. And they did eat and make merry; even unto nightfall did they celebrate. Now the men go about in quietude of spirit, for they no longer fear the lapse of time and the coming of birthdays. The former invincible Hovis is now humble and gentle, for he is conquered; yea even by the kindness of his brothers has he come to forget his cave man ways.

HOME OFFICE, CHICAGO

Johnny Wyand, the "Boy Wonder" of the cost department, also the star pitcher of the Washington Colts, is thinking seriously of leaving home and joining a southern baseball team. Better stay home, Johnny, until you are over the stage of asking mother if supper is ready.

Richard Pheifer, our well known bellhop and stationery boy, is becoming a slugger in the noon game at Grant Park. He still enjoys his four strike-outs each game, but will soon cut it down to three per. He hopes to keep his good form, as Peggy may come out some day to see him perform. More power to you, Richard.

Fred Tamblyn and John Jordan of the distribution department, Fifth floor, spent their vacations on the golf links, practising for the next Stanolind tournament. Good luck to you, boys. 'Tis better to play a tournament with the old clubs than a lead pencil anyhow.

We have two red heads in the distribution department now, Kollman and Garner. When they get their heads together we think the sun radiates from the Fifth floor.

Martin Lundquist, of the Fifth floor, spent his

vacation galavantin' through Estes Park. Ho! hum! its tough to be poor.

John Jaeger, of the Fifth floor, was laid up recently with an infection caused by bumping his shin. John spent the layoff in the Passavant hospital, but declares he'd rather be here at the old grindstone.

Did you get a card from Ingie? We presume you all know that Miss Ingrid Rummelhoff of the Fifth floor spent her vacation in the wilds of Wisconsin. She was in the water so much that she became water-logged and weighs about ten pounds more than when she left. Only fifty-two more weeks, Ingrid, and you can go again.

Some of you boys on the Fifth floor who don't like to work a night occasionally, should make the acquaintance of Lew Yocum. He worked so many nights on inventory that when it was over, the first evening he arrived home on time his commanding officer wouldn't let him in. She didn't know him.

FAVORITE EXPRESSIONS:

H. H. Akers—*Now here's the story.*
W. A. King—*Well that's all wrong.*
A. A. Johnston—*Now listen, Tom.*
Mrs. E. D. Gillette—*Oh! for goodness sake.*
T. W. Cahill—*Oh, h—l!*
G. J. Sammons—*Gosh blinkety, blank, blank, blank!*
W. W. Holton—*Just an hour more.*
E. T. Duffy—*How do they get that way?*
Miss Irene Colby—*Oh! how silly.*
L. A. Rohan—*Look at that.*
E. C. Daly—*What's that bird talking about?*
J. E. Hecht—*This letter will be your authority.*
Miss Elvera Nelson—*Oh! ye gods.*

Five bells and everybody saying "Good night," with C. E. Markey in the midst of sending out telegrams. But it takes more than that to get him excited.

Mr. R. H. Breckman found the city too confining so has taken his bride of a few months and moved to Lombard.

Mr. J. E. Hamming has to stand for a lot of kidding these days. He has a beautiful swollen left eye. He says it isn't a black eye; a bee just lit on it. Were you looking for your honey, Joe, and got stung?

Hail, hail, the gang's all here! We are certainly glad to have our old friends John Bowes and Jimmy Reehoff back with us again. Nothing like working for the Standard Oil, is there?

Since the Stanolind golf tournament Messrs. W. E. Blodgett and L. A. Rohan have joined the golf enthusiasts. Messrs. E. F. Larson and John Bell have been teaching them the intricacies of the game. It's nothing to be on the golf course at 6:30 on a Sunday morning, returning home at nine at night, but oh! you 8:30 Monday morning.

R. H. L. would head this item "Looks as though he remained in the lady's lap." Mr. E. T. Duffy on board a Jackson Park "L" one Saturday noon hanging tenaciously to a strap. The car gave a sudden lurch, the strap broke and precipitated friend Duffy right into a lady's lap. His face colored, he tipped his hat and said "Excuse me." Was he sorry? Oh! no. Happy as could be.

We were surely disappointed when we finally realized that Miss Gertrude Carey was only going as far as St. Thomas, Ontario, when on her vacation. With all the preparations and talking about the trip we surely thought we would be receiving cards from China.

We are losing Mr. G. J. Sammons and Mr. H. C. Eckhardt. Ray Schmakowski is succeeding Mr. Eckhardt as chief of the filing department. Us boys envy you, Ray, as you surely have some nice little playmate, Miss E. B. Pierson, assisting you in your new duties.

Mr. H. H. Akers is making a strenuous effort to revive the supper list, but it can't be done nohow. Them days is gone forever.

Mr. E. R. Essery has unanimously decided that his six months baby boy is far superior to any baby in the world, to which Mr. E. Bobleter has taken decided exception, stating, "My baby girl has him 'skun' a million ways." Ed., you had better bring some pictures. Some of us are from Indiana. Pictures Mr. Essery has shown made us conclude this little boy is some Kewpie.

Mrs. C. C. Erickson resigned her position July 15th. She is a full fledged medium and will carry on her work in this direction as inclination dictates. However, something tells us that she will try matrimony once more.

Miss Mary Norton lives at the Y. W. C. A. The official staff of this institution believes that after a girl has lived there three years she ought to be well enough acquainted with Chicago to look elsewhere for a room. Miss Norton was telling this to her beau one evening (oh, yes, she was in Chicago only a few weeks when she met him) and said she would have a couple of years more to live there. He told her he did not think it would be that long and now she is wearing his diamond ring. And then they say woman does not propose. Mrs. Erickson told her some time ago that before the tomatoes were ripe she would be engaged. (Does this mean Miss Norton or Mrs. Erickson?) Mr. L. J. Schallerer won't have anybody calling him 'Louie' now. Employment department, please page another nice stenographer.

Mr. H. J. Bomford, our efficiency man, has been unable to attend to business for some time because of ill health. When in the hospital he was called on by swarms of the fairer sex, not speaking of the numerous men who called to see him. You see he is a very popular S. O. man. He now lives with Mr. J. A. Reynolds, assistant auditor, and they are good company for each other. Harry cheers up Jerry and Jerry cheers up Harry. Don't you get sick again, Harry, for we miss your Irish brogue and your song—"Roamin' in the Gloamin'."

Bert Hawkins, the "Daredevil Pilot," drove Oscar Lubin's Ford to Sterling, Ill., and back—all in two days. Can you beat it?

A chance for you bachelors of the 6th floor. Miss Ross has plenty of money—enough to call long distance from Clinton, Iowa, to say that she couldn't be down to work on time.

Oscar Luben was "cock-of-the-walk" for two weeks while Bert Hawkins spent his vacation at Fox Lake.

Colonel Weiss, returned from his vacation, says he gained 10 pounds and that all the locusts are now gone from Downers Grove.

When a man calls his sweetheart in Chicago from Evanston, things begin to look serious—how about that, Ernie Vollriede?

Listen, folks, what overtime does to a level-headed man: It happened in a swell restaurant on Michigan Avenue, corner Roosevelt Road. Doc. Coulter got into a dispute with a traveling salesman as to how the word "believe" was spelled. Doc. said it was spelled "beleive" and of course the salesman knew different. Doc. offered to cover all the money this salesman would put up that he

(Doc.) was right. Then the salesman pulled out a wad of bills big enough to choke an elephant. When poor Doc. spied the roll he said, "After paying for this swell feed, and my carfare home, I'll have a quarter left. Do you want to bet that?"

In the little rural village of Glen Ellyn, Ill., they have a band. At a recent concert, having just finished a vigorous but not overly harmonious selection, they sank back in their seats, perspiring, and Elmer Harland, of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) purchasing department, and clarinet tooter in said band, asked hoarsely:

"What's the next one?"

"The Maiden's Prayer," answered the leader, consulting his program.

"Good Lord," ejaculated Elmer, "I just played that!"

CHICAGO SALES DIVISION

W. S. (Winfield Scott) Louttit is noted for his number of bright sayings. Just recently, while discussing the Irish Athletic try-outs for their Olympic games, Win was heard to remark, "I wonder how the Irish marks compare with the German marks?" He lives in Oak Park, which may account for his getting that way.

Once more the home office has taken one of our best workers. This time J. A. Gutgsell has been picked. Good luck to you, John.

To fill Mr. Gutgsell's vacancy, it was necessary to draft R. O. Larson, cashier, from Rogers Park. (Rogers Park develops good men—we should know, as five years of our existence was spent there, and we'll admit we are good). Bill Eickenberg, coupon book king, will now count the jitneys at Rogers Park while Ralph Rummelhoff, of the well known Rummelhoff family, has assumed Bill's duties. Some change!

The annual picnic of the Chicago Garage Owners Association, held Tuesday, July 18, at Dellwood Park, again was attended by a number of representatives of the Standard Oil Company. As usual, we took home a number of the prizes, the most notable being that won by Mrs. Geo. Mirsch, wife of our "crack" garage salesman, who showed that her husband wasn't the only one who could speed up when she captured the ladies' shoe race with ease. In the men's sack race Harry Blix hopped his way to an easy win. (Ask him what his prize was.) We have several fat men as garage salesmen but, they showed they were speedy when Roy Halling was first and John Looby second in the fat men's race. Ross Smith and Jeff Connor also ran. We hardly had the nerve to tell about the ball game as the regular members of the Association certainly did avenge the defeat of last year by whaling the team of the associate members something like 24 to 5. Blix and Mirsch, of the Standard Oil Company, tried their luck at pitching for the associate members, but did not last long. It must be said that the support received was by no means of the best. (The correspondent is making his own excuses.) Manager Hatmaker was very disappointed over the poor showing and it now looks as though he will recruit a team for next year, à la New York.

The street car strike has its many bright lights. For instance, if Chief Clerk Bamberger should ever need to, he will easily qualify as a traffic cop or bus starter at the depot. His experience has been acquired at the Ninth street entrance both morning and evening.

Bill Tiede and Ed. Cameron are not waiting for New Years to make resolutions, as they have fully resolved never again to dress up as Indians for a parade. Hard luck was with them as the float on which they were to ride broke down before the parade even started. While waiting for repairs, Bill Tiede, being a regular "Injun," was asked many questions by the children in the neighborhood. Once more, boys, never again!

While looking for news for this Record, we noticed that Miss Sonderbye was not doing much work. This was so unusual we asked what was the trouble. She said that the beautiful bow tie her boss, "Hap" Pearson, had on distracted her attention. Better come down to somber colors, Hap, if you want your steno to work.

Slipping it over on the employees, Miss Ruth Smith, as we know her, calmly announced that she was married last November to Mr. John O'Connor. We certainly gave her credit for keeping it a secret so long and wonder how many boys in the office who have tried to flirt with her feel now. We do feel that Husband John was taking chances leaving her down here amongst the many would-be "he-flappers."

Henry Hoyt has been doing the Finnegan act by leaving the company and coming back again within two days. It was with regret that the boys in the bookkeeping department heard he would have to go to Montana with his wife, who has been ailing. At the last moment Mrs. Hoyt's mother was able to accompany her and so we have friend "Hank" back with us again. Here's hoping Mrs. Hoyt gets well soon and is able to return. (We heard Hoyt say that he could not stand it much longer without her.)

Harry Schuette will be leaving on his vacation and we understand will, as usual, give the girls at Paw Paw Lake a treat. Treat 'em rough, Harry, but be sure you come back with your single blessedness.

Frank Houlihan, erstwhile general assistant in the bookkeeping department, we note is now a full-fledged bookkeeper. Kinda gettin' up in the world, eh, Frank, especially when you are on one of those high chairs.

The street car strike is responsible for more than one thing, as we understand a certain party in the bookkeeping department and his stenographer have become quite friendly, he being fortunate in having a machine and being able to bring the young lady to and from work. We hope the rumor that his stenographer was going to leave soon is not true, as we are sure it would break this young gentleman's heart.

Not finding much news and not receiving full cooperation, Ye Correspondent must clutter these columns with news regarding himself. So if you want some real live news, better send it in. Anyway, Harry Blix reports that he is no longer confined to the town of Lombard. Having served time there for two and one-half months, he has now been paroled to Brookfield on the C. B. & Q. route, where he has built himself a bungalow out in the fresh air near the woods. He is not inviting everyone out there at the present time, but hopes, as things become more settled, to have several excursions for his friends to that wonderful place. Don't crowd, but wait your turn.

Old Doc Yak's No. 348 recently was willed to a member of the Standard Oil Company family, namely Wallie Knorst, tank truck chauffeur at Rogers Park. If anyone wishes to get a glimpse of the old relic it is on exhibition at Rogers Park Sta-

tion from 7:00 A. M. to 5:30 P. M. daily, except Sunday.

Fred Fisher, chief clerk at Rogers Park, spent his vacation touring the country in his Reo. We understand quite a lot of territory was covered, among the most interesting points being Rogers Park, Evanston, Oak Park and Forest Park. Fred must have been afraid of getting too far away from home, in event his Reo went on a strike.

We wonder why Ray Muno, who holds the fort for us at Evanston, returned so quickly from his proposed cross-country trip. We understand he had intended making a cross-country tour in his Moon, but notice he was back within two days after starting; also that he isn't even driving around the city. Tell us all about it, Ray.

Radiogram received from Washington Heights (communication with this section has just been established): Arnold Wenzinger reports his Ford lost, strayed, or stolen. His heart is broken, as he had intended using same on his vacation trip to Wisconsin. Vacation has been spoiled, but Arnold will appreciate hearing news about his beloved automobile.

DES MOINES, IOWA

Preceding our first annual picnic July 22, the married men challenged the single men of the office and warehouse to a ball game. Ben Fuller was chaser captain for the married men and Paul Groom for the single. Each team thought that it would be a snap and that the score would be a runaway for one side or the other. To everyone's surprise the game was a hotly contested affair and the single men left the ball park with the long end of a two to one score.

Our friends from Dubuque who joined us a little more than a year ago must have found since coming here that "Home, Sweet Home" is one beautiful phrase and to our regret some of them can no longer withstand the temptation of returning. The most recent is Miss Irma Oswald, who was honored by a farewell party, attended by a few of her closest friends in this city. Jack Thelen acted as host to Irma and her friends at his home, Saturday evening, July 29.

Miss Cleaves, the demon "392" scribe, has appeared to be so downcast at times that we fear for her health and about the time we think she's "gone," along comes a special delivery letter, postmarked "Minneapolis" and she's jake for another short while.

"Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow,
And although this may be a slam
We think him rather slow."

S'fact, she waits for him morning, night and noon at our own front door. What's the matter, Mary, is he just plain stupid?

Mr. Eberhart, our erstwhile hero on many different occasions, was motoring, accompanied by a few of his friends, to Dexter Field Park on the morning of the Fourth. Passing a farm they noticed the summer kitchen, in the rear of the farm dwelling, was in flames. Their immediate efforts aided in saving the home from destruction. Another example of regular honest-to-goodness S. O. Company spirit and service.

Our assistant chief clerk's wife, Mrs. Ross, is spending a vacation with her mother in Kansas City. According to the temporary bachelor's program, housework and dish-washing comes every Saturday night. His view is that the song which begins thusly: "The wife's gone to the country, Hooray! Hooray!" is meant only for the Victrola and not for actual life. As the cartoons interpret—"It's a beautiful song, but it doesn't mean a thing."

Official bulletin issued by Col. R. W. Stewart, Chairman of the Board of Directors, tells us that John G. Lannin, formerly of Des Moines, has been made acting manager at La Crosse, Wis. The scores of friends that Mr. Lannin has in this office and throughout the field are pulling hard for him and wish him good luck in his new field of work.

In the "Boost Hiland Park" and the "Motor Trades Bureau" parades, S. O. Co. has been represented with stake and tank trucks. The stake trucks transported a jazz band and a few of our best singers. "I'll tell the world and they told the world" that S. O. Co. was right on the job. The trucks were beautifully decorated, tank trucks shined, due to the efforts of plenty of elbow grease and Semdac.

"Thru those little glasses of mine" is a ditty often repeated in the office and there are several who wished they had them when Miss Allen promenaded along the Riverview Park bathing beach in her green bathing suit, picnic day.

Earl Akers has been transferred from check desk to stock department. Miss Valentine, take note.

Howard Jackson, 11 years in service with the Standard Oil Company, resigned to take a position as assistant cashier in the bank at Rippey, Iowa. The Des Moines office wishes Mr. Jackson all success in his new position.

L. A. Day, general salesman, Des Moines field, was recently transferred to head station examiner at Wichita. Good luck, Loran; hope you'll like Wichita.

DETROIT, MICH.

We are informed that Mrs. R. G. Blakeley, wife of our thread cutting specialist, made an engagement to meet her husband downtown a short time ago, and when she arrived at the appointed place, she naturally assumed that the Standard Oil Company car parked there belonged to her said husband and immediately took possession to await his appearance. Soon a stranger to Mrs. Blakeley approached her and was informed that she was waiting for her husband. The stranger said: "I think you are in the wrong car," but Mrs. Blakeley returned, "Well, I'm not." Just then a cop came along and started to find out the cause of the argument, when Mrs. Blakeley happened to spy her beloved a short distance away in his Ford. We would suggest that she learn the license of the car her husband drives, because all Fords look alike.

Can anyone tell why Mr. Miner carries that cute little powder puff in his grip? The next time he is sick and sends his grip of coupon books into the office he better have someone look through it first.

E. R. Lockwood, salesman at Lansing, announces the arrival of a son.

Leo Mattson, Lub. salesman at Jackson, is now back at work, after a seven days' siege of the quinsy.

We notice that since Charley Rapp took to wearing dark colored glasses, he pays more attention to his work than to the girls. It must be they all look more or less alike to him now.

When Mr. Knapp, the janitor, was cleaning up the six inches or more of mud on the basement floor where the sewer backed up after the last heavy rain we had, we heard him make this remark: "This street is the one that ought to be named 'Clay'."

Mr. Engelson, radiator repairman at Clay Ave. garage, is leaving our service to go back to Sweden, his native country. We regret to see him go but wish him all the happiness in the world.

Miss Frances Votrobeck has just returned from an automobile trip through northern Michigan. She says that due to the kindness of Mr. R. F. McConnell, now assistant manager at Grand Rapids, who advised them what route to follow, they enjoyed 1100 miles of the prettiest scenery she ever saw.

We have often wondered why Francis McCloskey, stenographer in the S. S. Dept., is always so willing to work overtime, but the reason was found out when we had to stay one night and write this news for the Stanolind Record. We happened to look out of the window and there he was out in the street talking to two pretty girls in the neighborhood.

It would seem as if the powers of observation should be developed by the men around the Detroit office. One of the girls in an effort to save herself some work, asked about eight different people what was the warning on the cards in their automobiles and none of them could tell her, so she had to look through her files.

Mrs. Patterson, wife of District Supt. E. F. Patterson, who has recently undergone a serious operation for tumor, is gaining satisfactorily.

J. B. Palmerlee, civil engineer, had the misfortune of losing his hat a few days ago when it blew off his head. The automobile driving behind him ran over it. It's too bad it wasn't a little later in the season.

When C. J. Knapp, equipment superintendent, and L. W. Markowsky, superintendent garage, ordered motor boats for their summer resort this spring, they should have ordered ice boats as the boat companies have just commenced work on them.

We all extend our sympathy to Salesman McKimmon in the death of his father, August 1.

Rumors have been floated just recently of some new stunts which Mr. Gatlin (champion acrobat), superintendent at Clay Ave., pulled off last winter; but the porch was slippery and Mr. Gatlin descended from the porch to the ground in no time. We imagine he bounced from one step to another. Anyway, no injury occurred so it was a pretty clever stunt for a 250-pounder, wasn't it?

If Walter Pierson, on the order desk, got as much exercise the rest of the week as he does on Saturday afternoons running up and down stairs to the various departments answering the telephone, he would soon be as slender and sylph-like as Tom Lannin or Louis Bartz.

Mr. Leonard Olzewski, painter at Clay Ave. garage, has just recently married a Flint girl. We hope she won't get homesick in Detroit and will soon get acquainted with the rest of the Standard Oil family.

"Bill" Doney, clerk in the S. S. Dept., found out a short time ago what efficient police we have in Detroit and environs. It was necessary for him to drive around to several stations after midnight and leave notices regarding the price change which came in after the office was closed; and at several places he was halted by the police and made to demonstrate his errand.

Cyril Turo, clerk in the Lansing office, has resigned his position to accept one in the Michigan Employment Institution for the Blind at Saginaw. We wish him success.

Louis Oemig, New Haven agent, is the proud father of a 6½-pound baby girl, born July 16. Mr. Oemig is sorry to say that his daughter can't drive a tank wagon but we are wondering what women won't try nowadays, since they are wearing "knickers."

A few weeks ago "Bill" O'Mara and Fred Zahn had an exciting ride in an aeroplane at Morrow Field, but we are informed confidentially that Mr. O'Mara was unable to eat anything for a week following the ride. But even at that, it didn't make him lose his enthusiasm and he says he is going to sell his automobile and buy an aeroplane. We presume he thinks no one will steal it when he leaves it parked, which was the fate of his other car.

The mother of Chas. Rahn, warehouse superintendent, Lansing, has been confined to a hospital in Toledo for several weeks, suffering from tumor. We hope she will soon improve.

Our John W. McCaskey, auto mechanic, has recently been transferred from Adrian to Detroit. We are very glad that he is back with usa t Detroit, although we know the friends he made at Adrian will miss him.

We would like to wager that Jos. Pattison, agent, Lansing, hates to see Mr. Cochran entering his office, because he wants everything unusual he sees and a stream of interesting placards always follows his visits where "the boss" has evidently had them tear them off the walls of the Lansing office, because we noticed the marks from the thumb tacks.

LANSING

Got 'er all clean, Fred?

We wish to announce, oh! no, not the stork, but that smiling Fred, our gauger, is shining considerable with his new Overland sedan.

Where were we when they gave them Packards away with Henry Ford's name on, Todd?—HUH?

Better have her send you home early next time, Sanders.

Cy, our good-natured bookkeeper, is a second Ralph Murphy of speedway fame, it is feared. Better be careful, Ralph.

Bet we don't know who he is, Bessie.

Del wants to know why a certain gauger goes home the back way Saturday nights?

Where did you come from Scully, Chicago? We always heard Chicago was rather breezy, but we know it was noted for pedigree bunk. Attention, Home Office, I apologize.

Del, our city driver, reports he is thinking seriously of purchasing an alarm clock for a certain S. S. attendant. Better sleep longer, Del.

Shoen, it is reported, is taking reducing lessons. Luck to you, Ed.

Bob McConkey, service station attendant at 156, is very popular with the ladies, it seems.

Treadwell is making quite a Polarine record. We wish you much uccess, Herbert.

EVANSVILLE, IND.

Standard Oil of Indiana stock ought to begin paying increased dividends as the result of a stranger's activity in Oakland City, Indiana, a few days ago. This stranger entered the town and with a knowing wink led numerous thirsty ones to some quiet nook where he produced a bottle of colorless fluid supposedly direct from the moonshine stills of Kentucky. After a few hours he had accumulated a neat little pile of money and

disappeared. It was only a short while until the secret had leaked all over town and many were the laughs at the expense of those who had purchased; for what they had bought for white mule was really nothing but gasoline mixed with water and camphor. C. E. Mauck, the agent, says he had a hard time alibi-ing himself into the clear.

A. J. Hartlein: "Miss Bowles, what kind of a bathing suit are you going to wear at the beach this evening?"

Helen Bowles: "Not any—! Oh, I mean I'm not going in the water."

In explaining his first accident since riding a bicycle, Harold Berges perpetrated the following: "Well, I saw that either the car was going to hit me or I was going to hit the woman, so I hit the woman." Harold is still trying to explain that slip to the girls who happened to hear him.

Another ad for Stanolind Cleaners' Naphtha. Running out of gasoline the other day with only five minutes left to reach the office on time, Harold Guthrie, chief clerk, managed to borrow a gallon of Cleaners' Naphtha at Mr. Bailey's house and with this he came right on to work.

Have we another romance in our midst? This query comes to the correspondent from a number of different sources. It seems that on more than one occasion and in more than one place, handsome Julie DeTreville has been beaming under the smiles of our very quiet and business-like Miss Helfrich. We can't but admire the taste of each.

Jake Brust, our Shelburn agent, sells so much Semdac, Finol and other specialty goods that Sub-station Examiner Stadler is making all kinds of excuses for not checking this station, owing to the amount of work listing the sale of these case goods. Stadler suggests that Mr. Brust buy a small trailer for his truck and build tracks on the trailer in tiers so that he might display his specialty goods to better advantage.

T. D. Crosier, our new agent at Metropolis, Illinois, has our sincere sympathy in the recent loss of his wife's mother.

Ray Butterworth says there are ledgers and ledgers. Ray was going to help the stock men get out inventory one night, until he opened the book they gave him to balance. It happened to be the Evansville pound ledger, and after one look at the first page Ray picked up his hat and went home.

If our wife ever goes on a vacation we know where we are going if we lose a button or get a bad rent in our clothes. That will be straight to Service Station 165, Evansville, to our old friend, Louis Stock. Stock must be fully equipped to render any such service we might need, for the other day we noticed that he was pinning 090 tickets together with needles. We'll say that Louis certainly renders service to his customers.

Walter Glesige celebrated his birthday July 21 by a dinner party. Gus Bader says the dinner was some feed, but he couldn't tell us how old Glesige is. Is it as bad as that, Walter?

It was with extreme regret that members of the Standard Oil family learned of the death of Thomas Loudermilk's father at Vincennes. We extend him our sincere sympathy.

C. A. Dark, of Boonville, Ind., wants to know how this is for one sale to a farmer: A 10-gallon jacket can, two 110-gallon resale barrels, two lock lever faucets, cases of 4001, 4100, 807, 8-ounce Finol, and 10 gallons of Polarine Heavy. Come on, you other agents! Give us one to beat this!

Several people want to know whether Verla Grant spent her vacation in Russia, since she has come back wearing that—well, you needn't laugh at the correspondent, he hasn't heard anyone else name it either.

What happened to Dutch Glesige on the C. & E. I. train while going out to take inventory? Ssh! Not so loud.

The checking department is unanimous in wishing that young man in Chicago would write more regularly to Lois Powers. A few days without a letter and the department is in an anxious state. Aren't the blues terrible?

At this writing the Finol Cubs, representing the upstairs office at Evansville, have made it two straight in their series with the Stanolax Sluggers, composed of the lower office, the salesmen, service station attendants and the garage and warehouse. The first of these games went to the Cubs by the score of seven to four and in the second game they hammered out a victory to the tune of twenty-two to five. Despite this fact the Sluggers are still up and going and have hopes of evening the series in the next two games by materially strengthening their lineup.

The funny part of the series is that in two scrub games played after each of the regular scheduled ones, the Sluggers have beaten the Cubs. It is doubtless this which has kept their courage up and given them the determination to attempt a comeback. Whether the Cubs are merely stringing them along to keep them in spirits, the next few games will tell. Both the games have been fast and full of feature fielding. Although errors figured largely in the first game, these were mostly eliminated in the second, especially on the part of the Cubs, who seem to have built up a well balanced and efficient machine.

FARGO, N. D.

Saturday, July 15, saw another of those popular Standard Oil Company family picnics. The weather was great, the program excellent. The first attraction—and it sure was some attraction—was a snappy three-inning ball game between the PERFECTION and RED CROWN Bloomer Girls. The former, captained by Jewel Solie "Huggins," were on the long end of an eleven to twelve score. Miss Ina Henderson "McGraw," captain of the losers, offers no alibi, but just says, "Wait until next year." The Babe Ruths of the day were Emma Reep and Mable Winterberg, the latter getting a real home run with the bases loaded. Ann Zalensky pitched such a whale of a game that the married men wanted to sign her up, but the single men were aching to get at Scotty, and objected. Limited space will not allow us to do justice to all of the girls, but we're here to tell you that they played real ball, and we will back them to the limit against any team in the land. Manager Packard and Assistant Manager Raupagh were booked to handle this game, but Mr. Raupagh, who evidently figured discretion the better part of valor, could not be found at the call of "Play Ball!" Mr. Packard was right up behind the bat calling them off in real league style. While there were several near-riots, the ump was right there at the finish—considering that many a man has a hard time pleasing one woman, we feel that Mr. Packard did well with eighteen.

The next event, a three-inning ball game between the Wife Beaters and the Wife Hunters, was billed as a walkaway for the former, but without the aid of Jack Beaton, last year's ump, they were forced to take not only a beating, but a shut-out. Jeston, on

the mound for the Singles, pitched a fine game. Bill Scott did the heaving for the married birds and got by in fine style until his fellow-salesman, Reetz, touched him up for a homer. Mr. Hathaway is still wondering how Ump Hagen counts to three. We believe that H. H. H. had only two strikes, but Ump Hagen did so well generally that even his victim did not protest very strongly. Cook, with visions of Cobb's crown before him, made a great steal of third, but was somewhat disconcerted when he found that station already inhabited.

Several foot races brought out a snappy field of spud merchants. Nick Ebeltoft and Burleigh showed considerable speed for the first few hops in the fat men's race, but must have burned out a bearing, for they never finished.

The pie eating contest ended in a tie between District Superintendent Lawrence and Salesman Lee, both tucking away the last berry at the exact hour of five. Hank Green and Scotty, the other two contestants, enjoyed the pie so much that they licked their chops after each bite, and were still eating when the crowd left. After smelling the pie, all were hungry, and were pleased to find Mrs. Gerties and her many able assistants right on hand to pass out hot dog sandwiches, coffee, cake, ice cream and numerous other delicacies which go to make up a real picnic dinner.

During the dinner hour, Roy Dunbar entertained with his homemade radio outfit. Numerous concerts were picked up and enjoyed very much. Upon tapping the Minot wire we heard D. C's. gentle voice saying, "I'd like to be there, but got to sell Polarine." To top off a real day all assembled at the office to enjoy a dancing party. This event was looked after by Lester Brubaker. It is therefore needless to comment as to its success. After swinging them around for three hours all went home somewhat tired, but happy, voting the day just passed one of the best in the history of the club.

Much credit for the success of the party is due to the efficient manner in which arrangements were made by our good president, Mr. Hathaway, and I know that all members want to sincerely thank him and the management for the real good time enjoyed.

District Superintendent Lawrence recently underwent an operation for appendicitis. Early reports are that he is getting along fine. We know that if Mr. Lawrence shows the same fight on the sick bed that he does in the field, he will soon be back on his feet.

Mr. J. P. Beaton, formerly of the Fargo office, now assistant manager, Mankato division, favored us with a visit during the past month. It sure seemed like old times to have Mr. Beaton with us again.

Mr. E. C. Dreblow, our rustling agent at Fertile, Minnesota, reports the arrival of an eight-pound baby boy at his home. He states that the Standard Oil Company may rest assured that it will soon have a new booster, as the baby is already saying "Da Da" and is working on the word POLARINE.

On July 4, District Superintendent Dood and Salesman Ebeltoft demonstrated that they could do real work as well as sell goods. These two gents spent practically the entire Fourth helping take care of the rush at the Detroit service station. Not much of a celebration for the boys, but still there is a lot of satisfaction in work well done.

Assistant Manager Raupagh, who has quite an eye for beauty, vows that Chief Clerk Carnine should have been an agent for the Ziegfeld Follies instead of chief clerk. (What! Is there really a bathing beach at Fargo?—Ed.)

J. E. Gustafson, salesman in the Baudette field, is back at work after two weeks' illness.

Reports covering the six months stock inventory, Fargo division, were on their way to Chicago on the evening of the eighth. Far be it from us to talk about ourselves, but we believe the above to be a record, and until such time as we hear from some other division claiming a better record, we are going to consider Roy Kraemer and his assistant stock jugglers the champion inventory takers of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana).

Clark Ward, the smiling service station attendant at Station 91, is the proud father of a ten-pound baby boy.

The Fargo office force has been enjoying the candy and cigars on the latest wedding—that of Mrs. Martha Nelson, of the chief clerk's office, and A. Stoutler, which occurred at Detroit, Minnesota, on June 19. Mr. and Mrs. Stoutler spent a two weeks' honeymoon at Lake Itasca, but are now at home to their many friends at 1110 Tenth Avenue, North Dakota. We extend to them the best of wishes for a long and happy married life.

Mrs. Homer Sands and baby returned from a visit in Minneapolis and other eastern points.

Salesman W. C. Scott, and Temen Hanson, Louis Torgerson, Jerome Stalheim, Gust Rheault, T. S. Grimsgaard, and L. J. Fladseth, of the Fargo office, attended the National Guard encampment at Devils Lake during the past month.

C. R. Ewald, of the order department, is enjoying a visit from his father, mother, and sister, who came overland from Iowa.

An order was recently written by our Mr. I. R. Olson, calling for seven postholes, knocked down. We understand Sam Oswald looked for the holes for over a week.

Mr. C. H. Dragart, new salesman, is reported to be "some there" on the violin. Music has its charms, and if he cannot talk them into it he may play them into placing their name on the dotted line.

The following have been added to the Standard Oil Company family: Ralph Koen, Alamo, N. D., Lee Turner, Sterling, N. D., Henry H. Dvorak, Pisek, N. D., Chas. E. White, Borup, Minn., O. T. Schoberg, Sanish, N. D., Earl D. Dougherty, Moorhead, Minn., Selmer Flom, Parshall, N. D., Steve McGhee, Waubun, Minn., Emanuel Rapske, Dresden, N. D., A. M. Stegen, Fergus Falls, Minn., Chas. G. Topping, Fargo, N. D., Everett E. Metcalf, East Grand Forks, Minn., John C. Fankhanel, Baker, Minn., Elroy F. Schultz, Hillsboro, N. D., Selmer Lotvedt, Selmer Berg, Reynolds, N. D., John Victor Locken, Sabin, Minn., C. O. Radin, Carrington, N. D., Ben Zbytovsky, Crary, N. D., Ralph E. Gleason, Forest River, N. D., John H. Haaland, Perley, Minn., Erick O. Dahken, York, N. D., Harold O. Haugen, Des Lacs, N. D., Axel Swanson, Horace, N. D., Clayton G. Simon, Thompson, N. D., J. E. Allguire, Cayuga, N. D., Chas. N. Vincent, Havelock, N. D. We are glad to have you with us.

Salesman A. L. Pierson, formerly of the Granville field, has now taken charge of the Fergus Falls field, succeeding Mr. Miners, who resigned.

Mr. A. F. Riebe now has charge of our Velva, N. D., station, succeeding Felix A. Semrau, who was transferred to operate our stations at Balfour and Bergen. Mr. Riebe will operate our Voltaire and Velva stations.

Messrs. Ted Bowser, Bill Thomas and E. O. Swanson purchased a jitney and have started on an

extended trip with the intention of eventually landing at the Golden Gate, California.

Mr. Edward C. Lang, who is a new man with the company, has taken up the duties of salesman in the Cando field.

A large number of Fargo office girls visited Detroit lake, spending the week-end at the new Business Women's Club.

Mr. W. O. Dixon, general superintendent of motor equipment, spent a few days at the Fargo office during the past month.

Mr. R. H. Reed, of the Chicago office, recently paid us a visit in the capacity of efficiency expert, he having temporarily taken the place of H. J. Bomford, who has been ill.

Don Morrison, night watchman, suffered a bad fall during the past month, which resulted in a broken nose. While the accident was very painful, Don says that the "old smeller" is coming along fine and will soon be as good as ever. We hope so.

Mrs. Bayard, formerly Miss Mary Frank, spent a few days in the city visiting with her sister, Ruth Alice Frank.

Paul Tehelka, of the U. T. L. department, is proving to be a second Jake Stahl when it comes to selling coupon books.

Mr. H. O. Reetz, formerly of the office, is now in charge of the Wahpeton territory.

Mrs. R. H. Dodd, wife of District Superintendent Dodd, and baby spent a week in the city visiting Fargo friends.

During the past month the regular semi-annual business meeting of the Standard Oil Social Club was held. Short talks were given by Manager Packard and Assistant Manager Raupagh, after which election of officers was held with the following Result:

Mr. H. H. Hathaway.... *President.*
Ruth Alice Frank..... *Vice-President*
Marvyl Larson..... *Secretary-Treasurer*
H. H. Cook and
Paul Thomas..... *Executive Committee*

We wonder who is riding in the Dodge roadster since Grace Lane has gone to Minot.

Mr. H. H. Hathaway, of the sales promotion department, has spent considerable time in the field during the past month, boosting the sales of RED CROWN GASOLINE and PERFECTION.

Mr. B. L. Smith, of the sales deparment, Fargo office, visited Valley City with our new salesman, C. H. Dragart, putting him next to the ropes.

Miss Florence Berget has joined our stenographic force.

Mr. H. O. Prichard, our agent at Gardner, North Dakota, has installed a radio outfit. Mr. Prichard recently heard a concert from New York.

Mr. Paul C. Thomas' family is spending the summer at the lakes.

Mr. J. G. Gotto, credit man, has spent the greater part of the past month out in the field obtaining credit information first-handed.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH

"Iowa" has been moved. Mr. I. O. Way has been promoted from service station attendant to city salesman at Battle Creek.

SOCO Service—everywhere at all times. There was a fire within a block of the service station in Traverse City, of which Albert Peck is attendant. The fire truck was about to turn the corner, when a little tot of about three years ran out into the street. Mr. Peck, seeing the danger she was in, ran into the street, grabbed the child and carried her to safety a fraction of a second before the machine went by.

We extend our heartfelt sympathy to the family of Lenore Gillis, whose father passed away on July 3, after a lingering illness.

Mr. Chas. Iden has been promoted from driver to service station instructor at Battle Creek.

Russell Gustke, warehouse clerk at Battle Creek, won a decision, also several new teeth, via 8 rounds before the American Legion Club. An uppercut, knocking out a few teeth, is nothing in your young life, is it Mr. Gustke? Winning a decision isn't much; what was the prize?

On July 9, Mr. A. P. Richards, agent at Bronson, lost his best friend, his mother. We extend our sympathy to the bereaved ones.

Mr. Peter Beukema, for a number of years a bookkeeper in the Grand Rapids office, has resigned his position, having purchased a meat market at Dorr, Mich. "Pete" thinks he can better make both ends "meet" in that business. Good luck to you, Pete.

Marie Theis went to her home town, Montague, for the week end. On her return trip to Grand Rapids on July 9, she figured in a wreck. To avoid a head-on collision the engineer put on the brakes a little too quickly, which tipped the coaches. Marie escaped unharmed, but badly shaken up. She doesn't want it to happen again; it was altogether too near a deep ditch to make it interesting. That was your chance, Marie, for a thriller to see if you were eligible for the movies.

Our Galien station handles Perfection good enough to run a car on. Recently our warehouse there was broken into at night and the tank wagon drained of 15 gallons of Perfection. Indications were that they had filled their car, as the bucket, partly full, was found standing near where they had driven up. Agent Clyde Swank kept an eye open for a stalled car. However, he found none, so they must have gotten away with it.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Davis are the proud parents of an 8-pound son born on July 23, 1922. Mr. Davis is motor truck driver at Battle Creek. Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Davis.

Several employees from the Grand Rapids office, warehouse and garage had a good evening's entertainment on July 26, when they went to Grandville to see the SOCO ball team get trimmed to the tune of 5 to 0 by the Grandville Terrors in a twilight game of 7 innings. We will have to grant the boys a little excuse, inasmuch as only half the team was there, amateurs being used for fill-ins. A nice picnic lunch of sandwiches, pickles, olives, wafers, lemonade, etc., was enjoyed, the exciting game following not interfering with digestion at all. Everyone had a good time and are going again on August 2, when the SOCO team plays Hudsonville. The boys say next time they are going to wash off the mica more thoroughly, so the ball won't slip so easily.

Mr. Frank Bragg, of the marketing department, is the proud daddy of Ardith Leone, born July 16. Something to "brag" about.

Miss Mildred Quimby, comptometer operator for the past six years, is leaving us on August 5, to leap into the sea of matrimony "in the near future." She hasn't as yet divulged the date on which she is to become Mrs. Glenn Burkhardt. Here's wishing you all the luck in the world, Milly. It will seem strange, when we can't say, "Take the

sheets to Milly to be added." You'll probably be ironing sheets now.

Miss Theresa Amborski had the misfortune to break her wrist, in getting off the bleachers at the SOCO-Grandville game. Here's for a speedy recovery, Tess.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Our two leading frog hunters by day and pipefitters by night (or whichever it is) are often taken for brothers, due no doubt to a similarity of noses, or as some dictionaries have it, "projecting vents." For better indentification purposes, this duo were tagged when quite young as Frank Wiseman and Joseph Neal.

Ben W. Wright, Columbus service station 162, was a caller at the Indianapolis office. Probably looking for inside information on how to win a Semdac hat. In fact he caught the traction car home with his mind fully made up to win said "lid."

Rollie Stern, Noblesville service station 162, who was recently married, neglected to furnish this column with the name of the blushing bride. It is hoped the new Mrs. S., when she learns of this serious oversight, will use a rollingpin the way it was intended by all leading almanac jokes—even if it is one of these safety first varieties (glass).

The new service station at Broad Ripple was almost opened the other week, when W. F. Simon started in on Monday by forgetting about everything on the calender and staging a thrilling climax at the end by losing the pumphandle keys. Still, as we go to press, it so turns out that John McCallian had the keys safely stored in his garage at home and was trying to have us make W. F. the goat on this deal.

O. S. (Semdac) Dodd, M. T. driver at Winchester, was so absorbed in demonstrating hisf avorite product on a farmer's parlor chair that a playful pup took advantage of O. S.'s extended speech-making to chew up the t. w. 090 book. Mr. Dodd was certainly in deep water, with a sale all set and no book to write it in.

R. F. Gardner, Terre Haute service station 133, figures he has a steady job in sight, if only to fire the furnace (if there is any coal) and wipe the dishes (if there is anything to eat), being as the inimitable Chick is going to trot in double harness dating somewhere from October. This is still a secret idea of Chick's, but like all secrets, everyone of his acquaintances knows all about it.

District Superintendent Glenn Whitesell, over Richmond way, certainly has been feeding taffy to high and low in his district and environs, without mercy, too. His favorite trick for ever so long has been to cunningly solicit flattering remarks about the neat appearance of his highly polished, rattleless four-cylinder hill climber and dust eater. As the pilot of the best looking Ford in the field, he has been going big as a balloon. However, it develops, much to the "soup's" annoyance, that if he had a few more "A" stations in his territory the roadster would rival the sun for spick and spanness, for his favorite recreation has been to induce m. t. drivers, warehousemen and clerks at these "lub." stations to find the rattles, change the tires, point the hose, sling the sponge, rub the Semdac, etc., etc. LESS FORTUNATE SOCO TOURISTS who are their own hostlers have ordered a thorough investigation.

Mr. W. C. Cheesebro, our former manager, was a caller at the Indianapolis office on July 6. Looking fit as a fiddle, he was—said the Stanolind Record was the best magazine in the world. (He is a discerning critic.—Ed.)

Ray Fleming, new agent at Union City, has joined "the" family for better; Ray says nothing doing on the worse.

It was with much misgiving that our elongated civil engineer and service station designer was trusted on such a long steamcar trip as that to Detroit, having in mind the many train sharks and confidence men that he might fall prey to. With a parting admonishment to beware of goldbrick peddlers, etc., he was sent to our Union station to entrain. To make a long story shorter, as Herr Editor claims he needs the space, our tourist forgot for one sad moment to keep a good firm grasp on his "telescope," so while enthralled with the elegance of the art glass in the depot skylights, one of these passenger station rats stole his satchel from right under said Vernon J. Gasper's feet. We kinda figure the grip thief didn't take much of a chance, as Gasper is so tall the snatcher could make a good getaway before the victim could look down. Mourned among the loss were three silk shirts, toothbrush, and two hairbrushes. (What's the idea of *two* hairbrushes, anyhow?)

C. Loomis, Morristown agent, when last seen was waving a check that he claimed was only a scrap of paper. Clem says someone is always taking the joy out of life. Cheer up, they are not all bad, Clem.

Grover Coverdale, lately installed as agent at Bargersville, says to keep your eyes on his station as he intends to "step on the accelerator."

William Cleaver, veteran of our warehousemen, has the sympathy of the entire force in the loss of his son, George, who was electrocuted while installing a transformer at one of the local lighting plants. The young man was nineteen years of age, and had been working his way through college, with the intention of taking an advanced course in electrical engineering.

L. W. (Zeeke) Shewalter, who lives out in the sticks and decorates 363 Long in the stock department, reports a strenuous time. The first morning he ran two miles to connect with the trolley—got it by a hair; then the very next morning he hot-footed the same two miles to miss his "boat" by a hair.

Yes, these headquarters sports a garage, but nothing ever seems to happen, not even accidents, which makes it fine for the Safety man but tough on the Stanolind Record; not that this column is crazy to annotate casualties. Maybe the gang is paralyzed, but that can't be, as noise in plenty is a daily occurrence.

As George Lewis, Anderson S. S. 134, plans to go to Saint Louie in early fall, he is coaching himself for a Semdac hat, which makes some competition for Ben Wright.

While on the Semdac hat subject, E. O. Carter, S. S. 178, Indianapolis, seems to have the system. Write or wire him; no charges for details.

They say it sounded like a storm coming up when Basil Robinson, S. S. 58, got a notice that he owed $8.50 worth of delinquent taxes. Yes, Basil, these assessors are real cunning; now ain't they?

John McGrath, utility service station man, will have to explain to quite a few of his friends now. It seems John was over at the new Union City station and some of the Randolph county jokers convinced him that the large walnut tree in the yard was a pear tree and had Mac gathering up green walnuts to bring home to can.

Roy Fullhart, Winchester agent, grieves because he was never mentioned in the Stanolind Record as having been transferred from Muncie. This column has a good alibi, as Roy moved at night, and our reporters only work during the day, and not many of them then.

Elmer Warrenburg has been promoted to the position as specialty salesman at service stations.

Howard Bruce didn't find the Quaker City of Richmond so slow, as his morning call at the hotel there the other night got him out with the chickens, therefore the much discussed daylight savings time enrolled one more opponent.

Among the newcomers to the service station list are: Broad Ripple, O. C. Gleichman and V. K. Harvey; Winchester, C. W. Wilson and V. G. Honeas; Union City, Chas. F. Folkerth.

Ray Kean evidently has 'em educated right at home. While he sedans up and down the avenue evenings, friend wife cuts the grass.

JOLIET, ILL.

Aha! Listen everybody. Better save your pennies! We expect to take up a collection shortly, as Miss McMillan was observed buying furniture at Leath's, Saturday afternoon. What does this mean, Mary?

Ann Swenson has just returned from the Swedish Convention at Long Lake and claims that she was the only roughneck up there.

Miss Pat Morrissey spent the week end at St. Louis, visiting her brother.

Milton Pearson decided to dictate a cylinder the other day during the absence of the big boss, Ann Swenson, and promptly got himself into trouble. Hereafter Ann says he can dictate all the check department letters.

We are glad to see Clifton Brown back with us again after being laid up for two weeks following a tonsil operation.

Mr. E. J. Hefner, agent at Magnolia, is the proud daddy of an eight-pound girl born July 9, and named Helen Waunita Hefner.

The third monthly gathering of the S. O. Co. employees at Elgin was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Tatge, near South Elgin. Indoor baseball, horseshoes and many other games were played. Invitations please, Elgin.

The first annual stag of Rockford S. O. Co. employees was held at Salesman Hub Hindricks' cottage on Rock River, June 21. D'ja have a good time, boys?

Agent P. D. Nease, at Rockford, is usually hard boiled about getting reports in on time, but the boys at Rockford are wondering why he didn't send in an accident report on his injured head.

E. B. Gray and family are spending the summer months camping along the Kankakee river.

Messrs. Hanna and Honomichl spent Sunday, July 9, fishing along the DuPage river. Somebody wants to know how many fish were caught in the rush.

Ray Nelson and Izzy Struckel have taken to playing tennis in the moonlight. Did you count the stars too, boys?

L. J. Davidson, salesman from Ottawa, spent Sunday, July 23, as a guest at the home of Miss Lillian Olander.

Bob Anderson has returned to work after an extended vacation. Bob's intentions were all right, but he stayed out in the sun too long and consequently didn't show up at the office. This is getting to be rather an annual occurrence, isn't it, Robert?

Axel Lindberg, mechanic, while traveling between Ottawa and La Salle, reports being held up by two men at Dimmit Hill, with instructions to hand over his "JACK". Up to date we have not learned the amount Axel coughed up, but J. S. Connell advises that the holdup men wanted his automobile jack.

J. C. Hardebeck, clerk in the marketing department, spent Sunday, July 16, with his family visiting relatives in Kankakee and Bradley, Ill.

An educational meeting was held in the Joliet office Saturday, July 21. The meeting was conducted by Mr. R. W. Carrington and the subject was "Simple Carburetion."

LA CROSSE, WIS.

On July 22 we were honored with a visit by Mr. T. J. Thompson, general manager, and on July 7 and 8, Mr. R. G. Stewart, assistant general manager, visited out office.

On July 3 Mr. J. H. Lambert, former manager, paid his farewell visit to the office and was greeted by the employees, who took advantage of the occasion to present him with a beautiful gold watch and chain. Mr. E. R. Remp delivered the presentation address, to which Mr. Lambert responded in his usual eloquent manner. Mr. Lambert has been transferred to the home office at Chicago and the employees of the entire La Crosse division unite in wishing him unlimited success in his new duties.

To Mr. J. G. Lannin, the new manager, we extend a hearty welcome, assure him of our cooperation, and trust he will find his work among us most pleasant and agreeable.

Mr. S. A. Thorsness, who has been laid up a couple of months on account of a broken arm, has gone to work at Service Station 123, Rochester.

Mr. L. Capelle, service station attendant at Service Station 123, Rochester, was married on July 18. Mr. Capelle and his bride left on an auto trip to Los Angeles. Good luck on your trip to the coast and on your journey through married life, Louis.

Mr. J. Jensen is the new service station attendant at No. 53, Rochester, filling the vacancy caused by Mr. Stolen, who was promoted to country salesman.

Bill Fuller has again joined the Stanolind family. Two years ago he was with us in the billing department. He is now juggling stock.

Oho! Lucile—why all the smiles? Oh! Gee! Girls, Don is here for four days.

Heard at a salesmen's meeting called June 30, Fred Blumrich (disgustedly): "I was called to a salesmen's meeting at La Crosse in June and didn't get home until July!" (Why?)

We note a party of four had an enjoyable trip home after five the other evening. First to North La Crosse and then to the south part of town. Now Mrs. Reubin wants an explanation! A-ha! Oh, Mamie!

The Social Club had a picnic at Myric Park. Eleven employees motored here from Eau Claire. There were races, ball games, and lots of ice cream, peanuts, pop and chewing gum. But one thing was lacking, and one of our Eau Claire salesmen solved it—he said "aren't there any girls working at the La Crosse office?" Now, girls, let's turn out 100% strong next time so our visitors will know we are here.

Fred Thorson has been promoted from service station attendant to country salesman. Good luck, Ted.

Mr. Chas. R. Lawton has accepted a salesmans' position with headquarters at Owen, Wisconsin.

Mr. Marshall Hanson, Eau Claire, and Harley La Vesseur, Chippewa Falls, are new salesmen in the northern district, started August 1.

Salesman E. W. Korn, Chippewa Falls, Wis., has resigned and is succeeded by W. H. Sandman, formerly located at Marshfield.

Mr. Nate De Long is now delivering Red Crown and Perfection at Chippewa Falls.

Leo Clancy is dispensing S. O. Co. service at No. 37, Eau Claire, and says the customers like it.

Ernest Gardin is the new agent at Colfax, Wis.

Chas. Rhode, an old Perfection dispenser at Eau Claire, is back on the job after a two weeks session with the flu. He doesn't quite fill out his clothes but says he is glad to be back.

No. 37, Eau Claire, has a new air compressor, one of the honest-to-goodness kind that starts and stops itself.

Franklin Thuss is making additional friends as attendant at No. 73, Marshfield.

EXTRA! Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Rickman, Wisconsin Rapids, Wis., report the arrival of a daughter on July 22. Now Bill has to work whether he wants to or not. Wonder if they will call her Polarine. Congratulations.

Oh, but listen! Wisconsin Rapids has nothing on La Crosse. We also can report an addition to our family. A young man, Warren Kenneth, who intends to stay, has arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Selbe. We also extend congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Selbo.

POOR HARRY! Harry Gleason, service station attendant at Winona, attended a river excursion on the Mississippi from Winona to La Crosse, Sunday, July 30. Ellen Woods, Frances Baronek, Blanch Gayman, Hazel Kickbush and Eulelia Zimmer, La Crosse office girls, attended the same excursion. This all took place on Sunday. Monday A. M. there was considerable disturbance in the office. Harry, can you tell us what it's all about?

The Standard Oil Company Indoor Team has again been organized and the boys are out with all kinds of pep and ginger. On July 17, they defeated the Nu Ten Team by a score of 11 to 7. On July 21 the Hackner Team suffered defeat in a close and exciting game, the final score being 7 to 6. Several games are now to be played in the near future and we hope to report several more victories in the next issue of the Stanolind Record.

MANKATO, MINN.

A wilder time than ever was promised at the Red Crown Club picnic at Sibley Park on Wednesday evening, July 18, and every promise was made good with some to spare. There were hot dogs and more hot dogs, watermelons, cake and heaps of other things, all concocted and dished up by Mrs. Anderson, ably assisted by Audrey Wood, "Swede" Olson and Leona Halvorson. After supper the married men proceeded to razoo the bachelors at kittenball to the merry tune of 15 to 5, at which the benedicts were aided and abetted by M. H. Chesbrough acting as umpire, who certainly called some groggy ones, as all good umpires do. The photographer gallantly took pictures although he knew that it was too dark and they wouldn't be any good. But you know how girls are! They've simply GOT to have their picture taken. The next wild session of the Red Crowners of Mankato will be on Noah's Ark dance pavilion on Lake Madison, which they will capture and put on a regular party. Tell you about Noah and his Ark in the next issue.

J. J. Meyer is a mighty proud three times daddy —three boys, the youngest being introduced to the world on July 25. We congratulate Joe on his boys and say that they'll have to be mighty good men to equal their dad.

Earl Johnson, stock department, journeyed to Owatonna on July 25 to attend a reunion of the 136th Infantry. Those boys get lonesome for some corned Willie and monkey meat once in awhile and then they hold a reunion.

Mr. C. W. Miller, who has been connected with our company for some time past as collector, has been transferred to the sales department and assigned to the Owatonna field. Every member of the Red Crown Club is hoping for C. W.'s success and extend best wishes.

Mr. F. J. Kahl lined up with us on July 1 and has been assigned to the Luverne field as salesman. We welcome Mr. Kahl to the Mankato organization.

Last week word went around the office and field that "Harry Orr is back," and it was but a few minutes until official information came to hand that Harry was back again in the ranks of the biggest and best company of them all. He is assigned to the entire division as a special tank wagon salesman and, believe us, we're glad to welcome Mr. Orr to Mankato.

E. Whitney recently hooked up with us in the capacity of service station attendant at No. 121, Fairmont. Things have been happening rapidly since he was installed and it looks as if 1922 quotas were going to defeat at No. 121.

About two weeks after the Albert Lea trip, some rapscallion spread the news around the division that Assistant Manager Beaton broke down on the way home. The trouble seemed to be in the timer, parts of which were finally located under the back seat.

Harold Anderson and Art Otto are with the Elks on the way to Atlantic City. Art traveled along to assist the cornet section of the band, but we are unable to figure out just where Wallie Anderson cuts in on this band proposition, although as a bass drummer in the Red Crown Corps we'll admit he is without a peer.

Invitations have been received for the Red Crown kittenball team to play at Owatonna, Pipestone, Marshall and Luverne. It commences to look as if the management would have to give the team a summer vacation to enable them to spend two months in demonstrating their prowess at these points in the Mankato division. That drum and bugle corps sure do some real Standard Oil Company boosting when the team journeys out of the city for a game.

We had some seven or eight pieces of decorated company equipment in the Independence Day parade at Mankato and received much favorable comment for the loyalty and spirit which prompted the management and other employees in turning out to help make the parade a success. We took some pictures of the S. O. Co. section, but presume that the editorial sanctum will be flooded with pictures of decorated trucks and therefore spare the editor the necessity of picking out the best ones.

We're telling the whole world that Saturday, September 23, will be SEMDAC DAY at the service stations in the Mankato division and that means SOME Semdac business if you will recollect our SEMDAC Day on St. Patrick's Day, when we boast that all records were broken. Watch us go on September 23!

R. W. Pinney, chief clerk, makes the bold statement that he is going to take the "Shrine" when Mr. Chesbrough does. At present writing it looks like a "Long, Long Trail" for "R. W." and if he wants to cross the hot sands of the desert we advise that he'd better start. We know of several who would be tickled to help him hang onto the rope.

The married folks of the office were treated to a delightful surprise when R. W. Pinney presented each of us with a great big head of regular "Duluth country" head-lettuce. Some time in the dim past Mr. Pinney came to Mankato from Duluth, but ever since arriving he has consistently claimed that Duluth head-lettuce had it on the world. After consuming our portion we'll emphatically agree and longingly wait for next season to roll around. Of course, we presume that this will be an annual event!

Winnebago! What memories that name conjures up in the fair young mind of Harry Lenertz, our manager's chauffeur! 'Twas in that fair city, so we hear, that Harry was smitten. 'Twas there that Cupid's dart did pierce Harry's hitherto invulnerable heart. Oh, cruel world—oh, keen regret, that it becomes not Harry's sweet duty to direct his chariot in the direction of Winnebago more often. All kidding aside—"Do you know that flapper's name, Harry?"

The many friends of "Bill" Taylor, attendant at Mankato Service Station No. 52, are welcoming him back on the job after an enforced absence of six weeks on account of sickness. His long stay at the hospital didn't impair that smile and the many patrons of No. 52 declare that the station now looks natural again. We're glad you're back, Bill. You're looking fine!

When the Minnesota National Guard went into camp at Lake City, A. A. Schmanski, attendant at Service Station No. 2, Owatonna, shouldered a gun and tramped away with the Owatonna boys. Ten days in camp isn't so bad in July.

Spencer Smith of the office has been elected Master Councilor of Sir Galahad Chapter, Order of DeMolay for Boys. Some honor for Spencer, and we'll say that Spencer is the right boy for the honor.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

We have recently opened a new station at Reedsville, with Mr. A. Wolf acting as our agent. We are very hopeful of a good business at this point under Mr. Wolf's supervision.

We are glad to have with us as our agents: Mr. Robert T. McCulloch at Deerfield, Mr. A. J. Shier at Gillett, Mr. J. C. Overbaugh at Hartland, and Mr. J. W. Hayes at Horicon.

We have missed Miss Amanda Froemming from our check department, but glad that she is convalescing so nicely.

Mr. W. R. Fish of the construction department announces it's a baby-grand and smiles all over. Congratulations.

Marion, whooping cough is bad on such big girls, but we are glad that it is all over and to have you with us again.

Yes, Chic, we know your appetite is always in good shape at noon, but, Mr. Evans, even that is not sufficient to fall upstairs for.

For a while we thought Miss Stanik was the girl who couldn't come back, but later learned a sprained ankle due to too vivacious a vacation was the cause. So glad it came out all right.

To the girls in the marketing department: Yes, we know that buttermilk is a dandy, refreshing drink and corsage bouquets look elegant on you, but couldn't you tell Mr. Wright about the girls upstairs? We like those things too.

Will it be or is it now? This is the question raised when gazing upon Evans McEachron, but those who are fortunate in sitting nearest him vouch that some day it will be. Try to find that new mustache.

Mr. Kraemer, of the iron barrel department, was much perturbed during his recent illness over the progress of the barrels in this division, but his able assistants put on the speed and kept them all rolling in good shape.

Another example of good nature getting the best of us. Thos. Sinclair, newly appointed to our sales force, thought the other fellow needed more of the road than he did and found himself riding in the ditch. Outside of the experience and slight bruises, Mr. Sinclair survived the incident most gallantly and came up smiling, all ready to increase the sales in his territory.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

On Wednesday evening, July 29, a farewell party was given by the office employees in honor of Mrs. Noyes at her home at Lake Calhoun. A picnic lunch was served, which was followed by swimming, dancing and other forms of entertainment, and a very enjoyable evening was spent by the 50 or more who attended. We all dislike very much to see "Noysey" leave us, and the Red Crown Social Club in particular loses one of its most active members.

Just to add perpetual motion to the rounds of pleasure, another twin dancing and swimming party was staged at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Bardell on Wednesday evening, July 26. We were all royally entertained, after the swim in Lake Nakomis, and when it comes to playing the role of hostess, we all remove our hats to Mr. and Mrs. Bardell. Dinner was served on the lawn, which was followed by a long session of dancing, the Anderson Twins, Cupie and Mark, furnishing the music, which was highly excellent for a two-cylinder orchestra.

Venus de Milo certainly would be disappointed if she could have gotten a slant at Miss Grossbusch, Miss Padelford, Miss Larson, Miss Paton and a few more of our office mermaids. (Photos?—Ed.) Harry Moran of the coupon book department did not attend either affair, his explanation being that business is so brisk at this time that his work requires 100% concentration. While we admire your will power, Harry, we are strongly of the opinion that this noble qualification is being developed at the expense of your education.

Has anybody noticed the classy curtains in Fred Leider's new "Lizzie?" We are all wondering who she is.

In the elimination games for the city championship of the Commercial Kittenball League, the undefeated Red Crowns continue to outclass their opponents at every play. The 4 to 0 victory over the strong Van Dusens adds to a list of shutouts that places our moundsman, Martonick, in the Walter Johnson class. With excellent fielding and hitting support the Minneapolis division expects to add another crown of supremacy at the final series for twin-city championship.

The educational work being carried on thru stereopticon lectures at various dealers is progressing very satisfactorily under the capable supervision of Mr. Neal S. Kingsley.

During the regular annual tour of the A. A. A. to Port Arthur, Canada, last week, Messrs, Quackenbush and Bullard represented the Standard Oil Co. and demonstrated the speed and power of Red Crown by pulling their less fortunate companions out of frequent mudholes.

We, a blonde and a brunette as representatives of the girls of the Minneapolis office, will admit that Mr. Christenson is some lady killer. It's all right, Chris, just as long as we know that you are married and have met your wife and think her fine.

Mary Gleason, one of our most popular girls, sprung a beautiful diamond ring in our faces a few weeks ago. If Mary blushes as prettily on her wedding day as she did the day she appeared with her ring, she will surely make a wonderful blushing bride. Mary won't tell us just what he said, but she admits that it was romantic, and we hope she will let us know when it is going to be.

Frank Becker, agent, Waconia, wants the names of those in the office who want a half of a hog this fall. Frank is going to kill twenty hogs. Don't push.

W. C. Little, agent, Young America, caught the eye of one of the girls in the office. You can have one guess.

Philip Prodoehl, agent, Renville, buys a new pair of shoes the first of each month. Why do you do that, Phil?

Say, John Lorentz, that was a real account you and Harold D. slipped over. Oh, yes, Ham was in on it, too.

Harold D. still has those long shoes. Oh, well!

J. A. Baikie, salesman, caddied for Harry Vardon in Scotland, years ago. J. A. can't play the game, however.

Mr. Hunt, how is "Sonny?"

O. A. Loberg, agent, Dassel, was in Mr. Cochran's office recently telling us what he was going to do. He got a cigar from F. L., which means he accomplished something.

Where's Mr. Cochran? In the country. Where's Mr. Brown? In the country. Where's Mr. Klebba? In the country.

Say, Soderberg, where did you get those shoulders?

The service station attendants in the Minneapolis division are stepping out, believe me.

Bob Walton is quite tickled over his twine oil contract. Who wouldn't be?

Eckman is the best promiser in the world. If he gave us all the news items he plans giving us, Minneapolis would occupy the entire magazine.

George (Diamond) Kemme rolls his own.

E. A. Hesse says he can distinguish a Packard single-six a half-mile away.

Frank Stutsman and Dickey are friends again, until we start bowling.

L. H. Hood wants to know when we are to have another dance.

James Ryan, service station attendant, Litchfield, is glad his station was robbed at night as long as it had to happen.

Davidson insists on being late. Come on now, Davey, a little speed. But that tank car stuff looks good, Dave, so we'll go easy on you.

Quackenbush knows how to drive an old car, but man, he makes you nervous. A man rode to Cambridge with him and for some reason returned alive.

PEORIA, ILL.

Shorty Johnson ambled into our sanctum t'other day, dropped his small person into a chair and announced that he was celebrating the thirty-first anniversary of his entering Standard Oil service. July 5, 1891, was the memorable occasion. Congratulations of the Peoria division are extended to our towering warehouse superintendent, with the ardent wish that he may linger to make it fifty-one.

Passing the newsstand at Main and Madison one balmy summer evening recently, we espied Assistant Manager Phillips loitering nearby. Returning thirty minutes later, same sight. Not curious, but why—oh, why?

Word from Springfield is to the effect that District Superintendent Eberle has selected Salesman Hanson as his assistant in putting over the Red Crown campaign. Russell hasn't bought a new hat, although our faithful reporter states that the present one is getting a trifle small.

For the best looking man and outfit, Peoria nominates Service Station Tank Truck Driver Freeman Hardy, equipped with Packard, new cap, flowing mustache and all. Come on, you matinee idols.

Agent Steider, of Metamora, surprised us the other day with a snapshot of his four pretty daughters. Joe is such a quiet chap, we never suspected him of heading such an attractive household. We should have more like him. (We hope to publish these later.—Ed.)

District Superintendent Caldwell reports from Bloomington that none of our representatives at that turbulent hamlet have been called as deputies—yet. If the worst comes, Harley, get us a picture of Everett Ritchey all dolled up with an automatic.

Stony silence from Galesburg this month. What's the matter, Messrs. Klarr and Lewis?

Attendant George Schmidt, at Service Station 8, Peoria, has been under the weather for some time, with a nasty attack of boils, which developed into blood poisoning. Patrons of the busy corner at Fulton and Monroe streets have missed George and his smile. Hurry back, old man. You're needed.

Miss Hultquist, typist par excellence of the lubricating department, gave us all a jolt recently when she appeared with a beautiful solitaire adorning the proper finger of the left hand. Who'd a thunk it, little Mary! Good luck and good wishes, but don't leave us yet. The lucky young man is Mr. Raymond Wyckoff.

Salesman Rainey Hinds, our debonair representative down Ashland way, gave the natives a start at Bloomington on the 14th, when he appeared arrayed so, so—shall we say gorgeously? Solomon in all his glory had nothing on Rainey. Belted coat, parti-colored kicks, hair slicked back, flowing tie 'n' everything. Oh, you Wallie Reid! Shades of Hollywood and location! (Battin says Hinds' wife washed his face, towed him into Peoria and bought him the outfit out of his cigarette money). Rainey was the sensation of the salesmen's meeting.

Third Baseman Eberle, of the Red Crowns, acquired four husky pieces of cake before departing for the diamond on Saturday, July 22. Then he went out and collected himself five hits in as many trips to the rubber. Good thing Pete ran out of cake. That's all that saved the ball game.

The Red Crowns, Peoria's baseball representatives, continue to lambast the earth with all other industrial aggregations in this vicinity. The boys have become the season's sensation in local amateur

circles, due principally to their terrific work with the stick, which has marked every game since the season opened, with perhaps one exception, and to the stellar performances of Lyle Rogy, southpaw pitcher extraordinary. The scorebook to date shows ten victories and two defeats, with every prospect for a continuance of the former. The team leads the newly formed Peoria Saturday Commercial League, having yet to be defeated in that circuit. In fact, no local club has as yet taken their measure, the two losses being sustained outside the city. Results since our last issue follow:

Red Crowns 11; Mackinaw 4 (At Mackinaw)
Red Crowns 12; Western Elec. Co. 7.
Red Crowns 20; Larkin Co. 10.
Red Crowns 21; Altorfer Bros. 3.

Rogy leads all pitchers with sixty-three strikeouts and only five bases on balls in six games. Opponents are learning to shiver when his name is announced.

Glowing accounts come drifting upstate of the Southern division picnic, which took place on June 18. The affair, sponsored by District Superintendent Eberle and his gang of indefatigables at Springfield, was staged in a grove some two miles from the city limits. Perfect weather favored the occasion, and the result was a gathering of all S. O. Co. representatives within a radius of thirty miles. We might make the figure larger, as a goodly number of the Peoria crew tooled their busses down the hard road to take part in the fun. Stunts of all kinds, interspersed with the usual quota of sensational "contests" enlivened the forenoon, thus preparing appetites for the big event of the day, the twelve o'clock spread. As for the latter, it beggars description. (We'll bet central Illinois medicos had a prosperous Monday.) After the dinner there was a ball game—for two innings, called by mutual consent, as a preventative to fatalities. A huge tarpaulin, spread beneath big shade trees, supported by an orchestra, piano and all, mounted on a Springfield stake truck, lured the picnickers, young and old, to "shake a wicked hoof". And they did. 'Twas a hard job to make 'em stop as the day drew to a close. That success of the affair was huge goes without saying. Much credit is due the originators of the idea, whose hard labor helped put things over in proper style. The Southern division can well afford to stick out its chest at Bloomington and Galesburg (to say nothing of Peoria), and remark "Show us".

Peoria office employees and acquaintances were treated to an unexpected surprise on July 15, with the announcement of the wedding of Miss Ethel Wertz, of the filing department, to Mr. Donald Folger. While rumors have been afloat for some time past regarding such action on the part of little Ethel, the culmination of the romance caught everyone unawares. The happy couple are at present located at 801 Spring street. The congratulations of the Peoria force were expressed in the form of a beautiful set of Nippon china. All extend to our diminutive fellow worker best wishes for the continuance of fair weather throughout the matrimonial voyage.

Missing for two years, Tank Wagon Driver Joe Kennell, Peoria, found Mr. Kataessaw.

Christine Vehyl (vulgarly known as "Slim"), is on a diet. Our reporter appends an account of the dieting one's program the other evening. Enters "Hot Dog" Parlor at 5:05 p. m. Orders only four hot canines, piece of pie, two cups of coffee and a bottle of soda. Then goes home and eats heavy supper, per instructions of Edna Fuller. Sure to fall away a ton by the end of the month.

When you go swimming, and get your back all sunburned, and it starts healing, and the tickling has you backed up against every protruding corner available, and a pretty girl comes round and helps you scratch—oh, ain't it a grand and glorious feelin'! That's it, Cletus. Thank Miss Alice like a little gentleman.

Did you hear all about Fitz and Eddie?

And yet they're always trying to kill the old axiom—"Age gives way to youth." We prefer to our cashier, recently seen on Main street late in the evening with a damsel of about fourteen summers.

Sport item in Peoria dailies: "Miss Jane Higgins of the Standard Oil Company office scored a victory over Miss Lucile Brown, Millikin University tennis champion, on the Glen Oak Courts. Scores: 6-3; 6-1; 6-1." Bring on that Lenglen female!

When it comes to a racket, leave it to Jane. (Action photo?—Ed.)

Left Fielder R. E. Stevenson, of the Red Crowns, and of the marketing department, Peoria office, is at present treading the earth lightly and with head held high. R. E. is now a proud daddy, Miss Donna June Stevenson arriving on Friday, July 21, weight 7½ pounds. The young lady and her mother are prospering, and we are given to understand that those stentorian lungs which R. E. demonstrates when the Ump calls a bad one, bid fair to become a family trait.

QUINCY, ILL.

Like two lost sheep that went astray and were glad to re-enter the fold, John Pott and Virgil Green, S. O. "Vets," again entered the service of the company, Pott as bookkeeper and Green as sub-station examiner.

Charles Wilson, M. T. driver at Mt. Sterling, Ill., does things that are different. The other day he sold one 25-pound pail of Mica axle grease to the agent of the Sinclair Refining Company, Mt. Sterling, Ill., also the agent of the Armould-Independent Oil Company, of that town. Can you beat it?

We wish to extend our sympathy to John O'Donnell in the loss of his mother, who died on July 29, after a lingering illness.

Byron Gaines is gone. We hope he hasn't left the company's employ permanently. (If so, "By," here's wishing you success in your new endeavor.)

To date, Ronald Bruce, the new warehouse clerk, has stayed clear of the Quincy office. We earnestly believe that Sir Bruce would visit us tomorrow if he knew how eager the office girls are to see him, an' ever'thing. (Bruce, why sleepest thou?)

The recent marriage of Miss Ruth Wittland, stenographer in the equipment department, to Mr. George Reckmeyer, came as a pleasant surprise to her many friends in the city, especially those among the Standard Oil office folk. Congratulations, Mrs. Reckmeyer. (Better late than never, huh?)

With mixed feelings of sorrow and pleasure we said farewell to Mr. Charles Lewers, who was transferred on July 3 to the Kansas City office where he is now serving in the capacity of sales manager. Mr. and Mrs. Lewers and small son have many friends in Quincy who regret their departure from the city, tho happy because of the splendid promotion given Mr. Lewers.

R. C. Boger is suing a scalp specialist in the local courts for failing to produce hair on his scalp after

being paid a liberal fee for same. Summer is the time for mo' hair suits, Boger, ole timer, saw we.

It's wonderful what this here radio will do, Henry Hardy says. Folks in our town were able to hear Jenny Screechem, Quincy's own soprano, singing, "Say it With Bricks." Righto, we shout.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA.

Salesman Kluthe reports the arrival of a nine-pound boy. Regular Standard Oil salesman, he says, and now K. B. is more than hustling over the territory, as it would never do to let the boy get ahead of his "dad" on the sale of Red Crown and Polarine.

Assistant Manager Leonard was recently called to Pelican Rapids, Minn., owing to the serious illness and death of his father. Our sincere sympathy is extended.

Mr. F. P. Allen, manager of the Road Oil department, of Chicago, was a recent caller at the Sioux City office.

J. G. Larmer, lubricating engineer, also spent a day with us. He now has his desk permanently located near the front entrance, and the girls are all wondering just what he is going to do in regard to a stenographer.

Lulu O'Keefe and Jeanette Harrington for some reason are inseparable. It's a little hard on a fellow, girls, especially if he only has four bits and it takes two of them for one ticket to the movie. Can't be helped, Ben; if you take one, you'll just have to take them both.

O. V. Lloyd, agent at Charter Oak, has a new baby girl, weight seven pounds. Says he thinks "the baby is going to be a good Standard Oiler, as she takes castor oil without batting an eye."

Marion Jones entertained several of the girls at her home, honoring Florence Evans, who is soon to leave for her new home in Canada. Florence has made many friends in the office who are sorry to have her leave.

Sioux Citians held another good time picnic at Grabe's Park. Ball game, picnic supper—and what a supper!—sandwiches of every description, watermelons, a dozen of 'em, and cakes of every make. The warehouse boys had the races in charge and they were swift ones, although the office bunch was not at all backward at carrying off the honors, Herman Ellerbush coming in ahead on the footrace. Now what do you know about that? Then there was the hurdle race, the carrier race, the banana race, and last but not least, the fat persons' race between Manager Thayer and Mabel Kelly. Mr. Thayer won, although Mabel tells us she let him beat her. Can you imagine? (Please stage this again for official photo.—Ed.) The Pleasure Bent Club, which is now completely organized with Ernie Compton as president, H. E. Kosier, secretary, and Nels Berthleson, treasurer, put on the evening's entertainment—a dance at the pavilion. Floors were slidy, music glidy, and when it comes to the dances—well, it's the Pleasure Bent Club for "our'n."

SOUTH BEND, IND.

Bessie Drone recently spent the week end in DeLong. Did we hear you say, Bessie, that a certain "Raymond" lived in DeLong?

It was rumored Lucy Marshall's "Al" is now in Michigan City, and now we know it to be a fact as special delivery letters come floating in the office about twice every day. "Ain't love grand!"

Carrie Livingston was seen last week eating in the main dining room at the Oliver, with two men. You are lucky to have two, Carrie; some of us can't even get one.

Has everyone noticed Gena Murphy's new black and white striped parasol? What do you think is the reason for all Gena's recent new finery?

Mrs. Goff, formerly Bessie Jordan, entertained eleven of the girls from the office, namely: Cora Ingram, Carrie Livingston, Emma Ireland, Lucy Marshall, Stella Ciesielski, Margaret Burns, Louise DeGroote, Gertrude Nyberg, Ellen Forslund, Ruth Chearhart, and Winnie Hogan. After the girls had eaten Bessie's cake and potato salad they knew how Bessie "got her man."

George Gale dined at the Y. M. C. A. the other day. He was not alone! No explanations from George are necessary.

Frank Tschida is on his vacation this week.

On Friday of last week Revere Staples was smiles all day; almost bubbling over with joy. And when he was asked as to the cause for all of it, he said: "The circus is in town." He was there, too, and all smiles. He also had his family with him; in all they took up about a whole row in the grandstand. He said he had the most fun, though, feeding the elephants peanuts.

Little Donald Baker went to see the circus parade a few days ago, accompanied by his mother. Through the whole exciting period he kept all his observations to himself until he reached home, and then he said to his father, "Daddy, you can't guess what I saw?"

Father—"Why no, son, what was it?"

Donald—"I saw elephants," then after a brief pause, "And they had two tails."

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

Mrs. Stewart Chaffin, now of Norton, Kan., writes that she has become a golf fiend, plays every evening right after six o'clock.

Where do they get it? Why can't Mark Thomas and George Herring pass each other without getting their feet all tangled up?

Harry Bear's wife has just returned from a six weeks' vacation.

ANOTHER MAN GONE WRONG. John Pilgram, traffic clerk, has taken unto himself a wife. They have furnished themselves a "cozy flat" and are at home at 2223 Felix street.

Grace Veregge is spending her vacation at Bean Lake, and Helen Bunkowski is going down Sunday to learn how to swim. We have heard there are some good teachers there. Let's all go, girls.

Just room for two under the shade of the umbrella tree on the front lawn these days—Harper and Gertrude. They have lost their chaperon lately. Ich is taking his vacation.

It has been suggested that we move our warehouse to Norton, Kan., so we will be able to supply the heavy demands we have had for samples from that point recently.

Found—Helen Bunkowski's vanity case in Frank Maloney's coat pocket. How come? Bobby says he must be trifling.

We understand that Neva Fuller is contemplating leaving the equipment department. She is wearing a brand new diamond these days.

Our Tracey agent reports making several deliveries in a rowboat, as his station was flooded recently when the river came out. Several other agents have encountered this same trouble in the past few weeks.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

A short while ago our friend, Ray Hotto, departed every Saturday afternoon for his club on the Meramec, but since meeting THE GIRL, the Meramec has no attraction for Ray, and on Monday morning instead of hearing all about the "Rotten Steps Club" the employees in the vicinity of the cage are treated to the whistling of "Love's Young Dream."

Our former co-worker, Helen Pausch, now Mrs. Boyd Predioux, made good her promise to demonstrate her ability as a housekeeper by entertaining the girls of the office at her home Sunday, July 9. We believe that Helen's mother had a hand in the preparing of some of the good things to eat, but anyway we give Helen due credit, her home was admired and approved by all, and judging from the plates going back for "seconds," the eats certainly were. Prizes were won by Katherine Harper and Helen Coughlin, articles which they can both make good use of, but we believe the judge who awarded the prizes must have "flunked" in natural history. The girls present were Katherine Armstrong, Emma Boeckman, Helen Coughlin, Dallas Felts, Sadie Gallagher, Katherine Harper, Elsie Hamburger, Margaret McCarthy, Johnny Schell and Thelma Thomure.

A recent issue of the Stanolind Record stated that Helen Coughlin, with others, had been pinched for speeding. Helen will find herself in this predicament for other causes unless she keeps her wits about her more. She was observed recently walking out of a restaurant without the formality of paying the check. It took the combined efforts of the cashier, head waitress and several others to attract her attention and bring her back to settle up. Helen has some appetite too; the E. O. C.'s can vouch for that, so the check must have been worth following up. Wonder what's on her mind.

Our chief clerk, S. D. Skinner, was heard to remark the other day, "I certainly would like to see my name, or my baby's picture or something about my family in the Stanolind Record." Won't some one please give the correspondent some news about Mr. Skinner so he won't be disappointed?

Don't know whether it's due to too much work or because of a new member of the fair sex being in the credit department, that our friend, Ed. Wittmond, seems to have lost his appetite. He has been seen departing for lunch rather late each day.

The St. Louis division tenders its sympathy to Mr. T. I. Stevinson, agent at Centralia, Mo., in the recent death of his wife.

After a district superintendent's meeting in St. Louis office, Monday, July 10, District Superintendents Ewing and Fitzgerald, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Bemis, spent a lovely evening at Forest Park Highlands. The only regret Mr. Ewing had was he missed the wonderful compressed air sight which was the cause of Mr. Fitzgerald being taken out of "Hilarity Hall" unconscious.

Mr. Sandberg, our purchasing clerk, is trying to overwork Joe Lanigan's chickens, as he comes down each day begging for more. He gives the old story his wife is indisposed, but we really believe he is distributing them among his neighbors.

Recently C. A. Ratz stayed after office hours in order to use the dictaphone, as he was a little afraid of being criticised if he used same during working hours, not being very familiar with the machine. Upon making connection with wall socket, he noticed a flash due to short circuit, causing him to forget letters he was to write, as he swears that flash came from a waste paper basket standing near.

We were glad to receive a card from our former fellow-employe C. D. Rowton, asking to be remembered to everyone in the office. Mr. Rowton is now a member of the firm of the Southwest Creamery Co. at Joplin, Mo. We extend our best wishes to "Chester" for his success in this new venture.

George Fothergill, tank wagon driver at main plant, recently buried his father. All fellow employes extend their sympathy.

All drivers of company cars recently received orders to carry a one-gallon can of Red Crown for emergency and to help any fellow driver who runs out of gas along the road. Looks like our superintendent of equipment, Joe Diekmann, thought it unnecessary for him to go to the trouble with the result that we received a phone call from him out in the county, telling us the same old story—out of gas. He is now trying to figure out how he can carry a barrel.

Two new salesmen have been added to the sales force in Southeast Missouri, Mr. J. J. Selle being promoted from agent instructor to salesman and Mr. J. J. Green from "A" station agent at Caruthersville to salesman. They are both surely climbing the ladder and we all hope they will meet with success in their new undertaking.

Mr. R. H. Jackson, our congenial station examiner, has been promoted to head station examiner in the St. Louis office. Mr. H. C. Paul succeeds Mr. Jackson. We all wish Mr. Jackson success in his new position.

The stock department held their annual outing one day in the middle of July at "Glen Crest Club" on the Meramec river. The club is about twenty-five miles from St. Louis and the road led through very beautiful parts of St. Louis county. Upon arriving at the club, it was decided first to stage an indoor baseball game on the outside. Mr. Louis Schmitt, the George Sisler of the crowd, starred at the pitching end of the game until his arm went back on him in the second inning. The next formation found us swimming on a gravel beach. The swim was followed with a big appetizing dinner. Peculiar thing, Harry Summers lost his appetite completely—about fifteen minutes after everyone else had finished. Perhaps Harry thought he was at the "Dinner Bell" where you pay 49 cents and eat all you can. After recovering from dinner, and after J. L. North had enjoyed listening to the Victrola records, a double-header cork-ball game was staged, the batteries being Frank Koecher and Bob Leeman vs. Milton Dischert and Harry Summers. It was an even break. Cotton Cowherd brought his fishing tackle along but had to abandon the idea due to the absence of bait in the vicinity, so instead he entertained everyone with stories of Kentucky. Later in the day, swimming was again in order. This time Joe Fritz entertained the bunch with his diving ability, or rather his ability to assimulate punishment. His first dive was exceedingly flat. His twenty subsequent dives were each flatter than the preceding one. Everyone hands it to Fritz for his nerve, so don't be surprised if you read in the paper that Joe Fritz made a successful dive from the Brooklyn Bridge. Mr. Campbell bumped his head on the top of the machine going over a bad part of the road on the way out and soiled his immaculate white duck trousers after he got there. Other than that there were no casualties. The

following day found the "would be" idle rich back at their work, some with sore arms, some with stiff backs, one with a stinging tummy, but all with a wonderful feeling of a good time just past and a willingness to hit the ball hard until the next annual outing.

WICHITA, KANSAS

Chenery Todd, warehouse, and John Akin, marketing department, gave a party the last week in July. One of the visiting members, L. J. Black, said that John did the talking for the whole bunch. Funny how these quiet fellows will blow off under "inspiration".

Will Kline, tank wagon driver, has a novel way of getting his house repaired. Rumor says that he invited a bunch of S. O. Co. lads down to his house recently to attend a "house warming"; he used a little diplomacy and persuaded the gang to "push the roof up" for him.

Bob Morris, order department, on July 27 happened to be out in a canoe in Riverside Park with a couple of Janes. Bob, in his usual entertaining way, was showing the girlies how far he could lean over without upsetting the canoe. Just as he was reaching for a pier as he passed under the Griffenstein Bridge, a cop yelled at him and Bob, startled, lost his balance and took a header. It took some tall talking by Bob to keep from explaining to the judge.

O. A. Martin, cashier, has just purchased a new Chandler chummy. He says he chased a jack rabbit from the Lawrence street bridge and made 102 miles an hour before the jack turned aside. Jack Sherrit, bookkeeper, overheard O. A. telling this one and asked the correspondent to please tell O. A. that he is a darned prevaricator as he himself drives a Stevens and no Chandler make can come up to the gait of a Stevens and that he never could get 102 miles out of his car. Too bad, fellows, some guy using Red Crown will pass both of you in an "Elizabeth" one of these sultry days.

Branaman, bookkeeper, has bought a new "Lincoln Pup" coupe. The traffic cop accuses him of passing the corner of Main and Douglas twenty-two times Saturday night, July 29, as "Brannie" had three girls in with him, the T. C. couldn't figure out whether he was trying to show off his new "catches" or the "Lincoln Pup".

Clyde Gaunt, check department, and Hazel Bledsoe, comptometer, expect to spend a few weeks in Colorado. They intend to drive through. Wonder if there is more to this trip than we have heard.

L. L. Daugherty, coupon clerk, spent part of his vacation in Ponca City visiting one of his many girl friends. Pretty serious, eh, Daugherty?

P. J. Lies, check department, is a "simp", according to Torline, his buddy. When Pete was confronted with this remarkable statement he affirmed that he would like to deny it but he had always found Torline's judgment good in the past.

The Standard Oil baseball team holds third place in the City League.

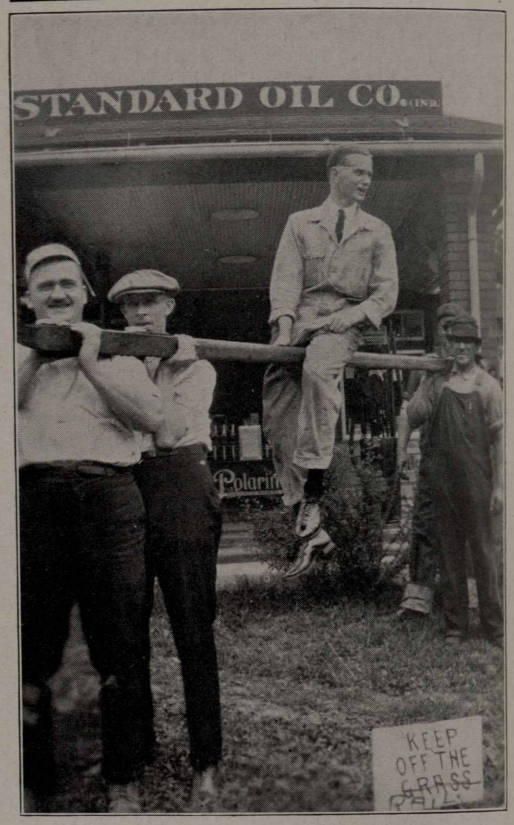
Mr. Amos Ball visited the Wichita office during July.

Dave Hayden, general clerk, advises us that because of the increase in his family he is selling his house and is buying a larger one.

H. A. Painter, equipment, has moved into his new brick house on South Clifton.

Iola Gibson has accepted the position of file clerk on the first floor.

HOOSIER RIDE



Indianapolis, Ind.—Whenever one of the Indianapolis Stanolind men gets married, he is treated to a ride like this. Martin Weise, attendant at S. S. 177, was one of the July grooms, the lucky girl being Miss Kathleen Bray. While the boys were giving Martin a ride 'round the block on the old wagon tongue, Kathleen phoned the station and left word she had burned the beans and Martin was outta luck for dinner. But, pooh! So long as Kathleen cooks them, Martin likes them anyhow.

When electric fans swish hot air, when handkerchiefs are as chiffon, when we all are thinking "heavenly" thoughts, we look around to see R. C. Muller with a perspiration bib decorating his neck and a woolen vest Turkish-bathing his ribs. Just a hint, Ralph—get your swimming suit out, winter's coming.

Maurice Spalding reports an eight-pound baby girl, Marjorie Jean, at his home.

Mr. J. T. Akin, L. J. Black, Pearl Hester, and C. Todd, bachelor employees, enjoyed a stag party last week in Mr. Todd's motor boat, "Eileen", and are planning another such trip in the near future. It was told some of the refreshments were dated 1906.

Note: We love the office folks, especially the girls, but really we would like to hear some gossip about agents, service station men, tank wagon men and salesmen of Wichita field. We have space for very few pictures but there is always room for a little gossip.—Ed.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Indiana)

General Sales Department

ALLAN JACKSON, *Vice-President*

T. J. THOMPSON, *General Manager*

Assistant General Managers

JOHN L. CARTER, Northern Division
R. G. STEWART, Central Division

N. R. GRIMSHAW, Eastern Division
AMOS BALL, Western Division

Lubricating Department

B. T. THOMPSON, *General Manager*

C. O. WILSON, *Assistant General Manager*

Asphalt Department

F. P. ALLEN, *Manager*

Branch Offices

CHICAGO, ILL.
H. A. LEWIS, *Manager*
C. F. HATMAKER, *Assistant Manager*

DAVENPORT, IOWA
GEO. M. WHELAN, *Manager*
C. W. FLANAGAN, *Assistant Manager*

DECATUR, ILL.
T. B. CLIFFORD, *Manager*
JOHN H. BUDDE, *Assistant Manager*

DES MOINES, IOWA
H. A. MONSON, *Manager*
J. N. ELKERT, *Assistant Manager*

DETROIT, MICH.
H. R. COCHRAN, *Manager*
H. H. KEATING, *Assistant Manager*

DULUTH, MINN.
I. J. SHIELDS, *Manager*
G. E. WEBB, *Assistant Manager*

EVANSVILLE, IND.
W. J. LANG, *Manager*
EWALD BRAUNS, *Assistant Manager*

FARGO, N. D.
F. I. PACKARD, *Manager*
P. A. RAUPAGH, *Assistant Manager*

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.
J. C. MARSHALL, *Manager*
R. F. MCCONNELL, *Assistant Manager*

HURON, S. D.
A. H. DODSLEY, *Manager*
C. L. BAILEY, *Assistant Manager*

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
E. P. GALBREATH, *Manager*
H. E. BRUCE, *Assistant Manager*

JOLIET, ILL.
E. E. MORTON, *Manager*
CARL MONSON, *Assistant Manager*

KANSAS CITY, MO.
H. C. GRIFFIN, *Manager*
J. W. WILSON, *Assistant Manager*

LA CROSSE, WIS.
J. G. LANNIN, *Manager*
J. E. MONEGAN, *Assistant Manager*

MANKATO, MINN.
M. H. CHESBROUGH, *Manager*
JOHN BEATON, *Assistant Manager*

MILWAUKEE, WIS.
T. H. LANG, *Manager*
IVAN PRATHER, *Assistant Manager*

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
F. L. COCHRAN, *Manager*
W. H. BROWN, *Assistant Manager*

PEORIA, ILL.
J. R. COLEMAN, *Manager*
G. F. PHILLIPS, *Assistant Manager*

QUINCY, ILL.
A. L. MARTIN, *Manager*
T. P. JONES, *Assistant Manager*

SAGINAW, MICH.
L. J. THOMPSON, *Manager*
E. R. SOOP, *Assistant Manager*

ST. JOSEPH, MO.
L. W. CAMERON, *Manager*
T. V. WARREN, *Assistant Manager*

ST. LOUIS, MO.
A. P. ROBINSON, *Manager*
H. J. BEMIS, *Assistant Manager*

SIOUX CITY, IOWA
D. B. THAYER, *Manager*
B. F. LEONARD, *Assistant Manager*

SOUTH BEND, IND.
D. L. GUILFOYLE, *Manager*
E. P. WARREN, *Assistant Manager*

WICHITA, KAS.
P. J. QUINLAN, *Manager*
W. C. VAN HORNE, *Assistant Manager*

Service Rendered by Co-operation

ONE of the most perfect forms of industrial service is that which results from co-operation between manufacturer and consumer.

Recognizing this, the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) has developed a service bureau headed by lubricating engineers of wide experience whose business it is to co-operate with designers, manufacturers and users of all types of machinery that they may get a maximum of correct lubrication at a minimum of cost.

In developing this service the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) had a two-fold motive—first that Standard Oil products shall render the utmost of service and second that the user shall get full value for the money he spends.

As a result of this service the customer finds it unnecessary to carry on costly experiments. The lubricating specialists of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) will, upon request, study his problems and tell him the exact oils and greases needed to insure correct lubrication of his machinery.

This highly specialized service is rendered without cost. It is one of the underlying principles of this Company that the customer must be given the benefit of our wide experience, that his lubricating costs per year may be as low as possible.

In the individual plants, large and small, which the lubricating engineers of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) have served, this principle is well recognized.

Plenty of oil does not necessarily mean good lubrication. Correct lubrication consists in applying the right oil in the right place, in the right way.

To enable its patrons to achieve correct lubrication is the business of the lubricating engineers of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana).

This lubrication service is but one of the many specialized ways in which the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) serves industry and hence serves society.

Standard Oil Company
(Indiana)

910 So. Michigan Ave. **Chicago, Ill.**

NEWMAN MONROE CO., CHICAGO

STANOLIND RECORD

Vol. 3 OCTOBER 1922 No. 12

WHITING S. O. A. A.
FIELD DAY

Published for the Employees by the

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(INDIANA)

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Indiana)

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STANOLIND
RECORD
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Vol. 3 OCTOBER No. 12

SAFETY REDUCES REFINERY ACCIDENTS 38 TO 80 PERCENT!

Wood River and Sugar Creek Head List With 80 Percent Reduction in Accidents Since 1920, While Whiting Shows Decrease of 78 Percent in Four Years, and Casper, 38 Percent Since 1920

When the Stanolind Record received a news item from Wood River a few months ago stating that refinery had gone a whole month with only one lost time accident, we sat up and took notice. But when, soon after, Sugar Creek reported itself in the same class, and Wood River then reported a month without any lost time accidents, we grabbed the telephone and demanded of Safety Smith what in the dickens his safety department was doing anyhow, and what figures did he have and would he prove them, et cetera, the result being that he promised to give us a detailed statement of the work of the department and the results accomplished. In the following article he has modestly waited till the very end to tell of results accomplished, but they were so astounding to us that we lifted them into the headline and placed an exclamation mark after them. And we felt like running exclamation marks across the entire top of the page!—EDITOR.

By C. W. SMITH, *Director Safety Division*
Industrial Relations Department
STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(INDIANA)

First steps toward organized safety work for the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) were taken by the Department Heads' Committee in Whiting in the spring of 1918. This committee recommended the promotion of various safety educational schemes, and changes in construction for the safety of workmen. It further recommended that a safety director be employed to supervise and promote safety activities. This recommendation was supported by the management and on July 8, 1918, the first safety director for the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) took up his duties at the Whiting refinery.

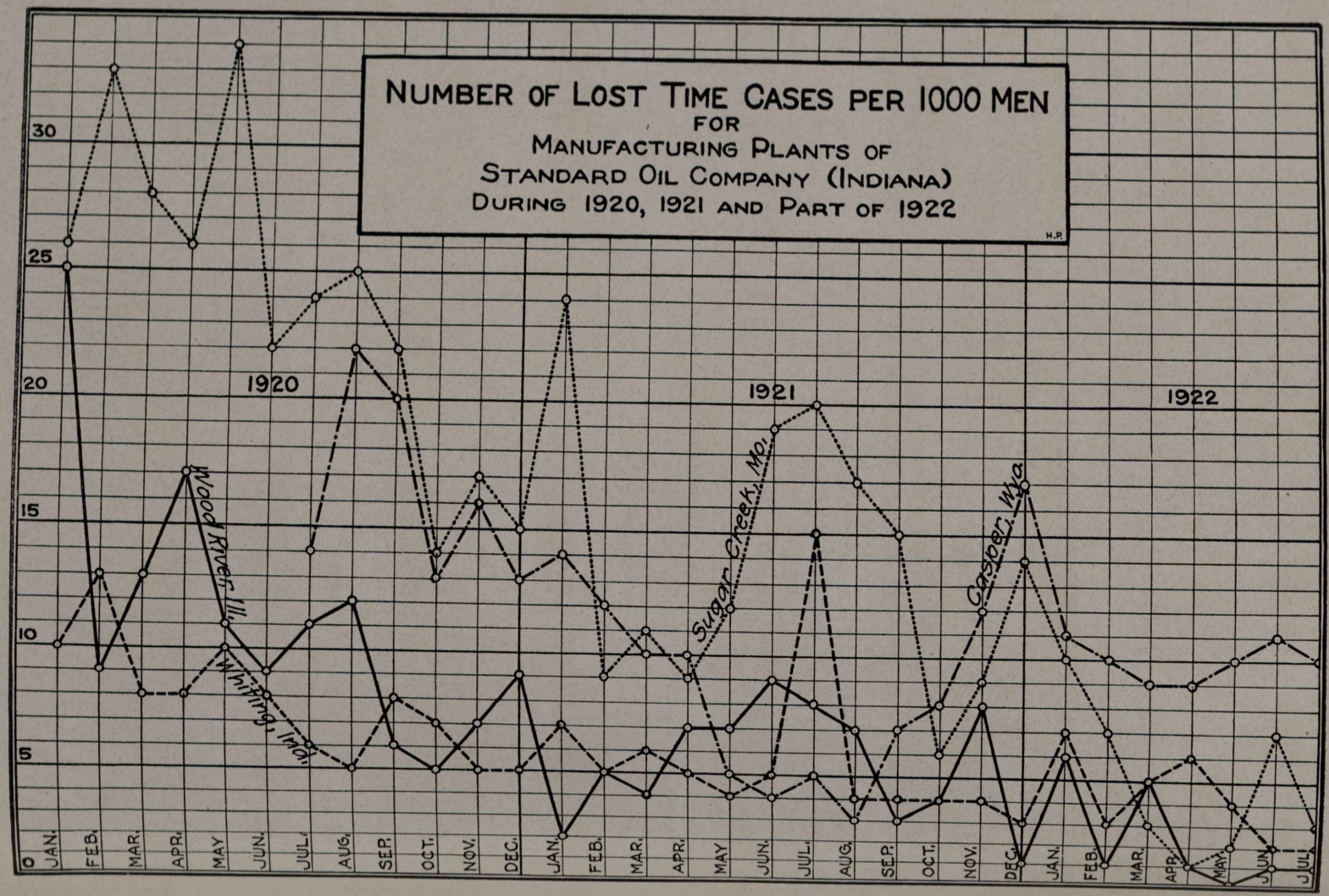
In beginning organized safety work, the safety department was confronted with the following facts:

1st. The average employee, regardless of his position, at first feels that safety is a work entirely separate from his daily round of duties. It is therefore, in his mind, additional work and an additional burden placed upon him.

2nd. To the majority of employees, safety means mechanical safeguarding.

3rd. The man on the job, if he can once be brought to think about the matter, is the man who knows where unsafe conditions exist. Furthermore, he is the man who can see from day to day any unsafe conditions which may arise.

In order to cope with these facts it was apparent that an educational scheme must be planned which would teach certain safety facts to employees. They must learn that safety is not an additional burden or work, but is an integral part of the daily work of every employee; that when an assignment to do work is given, the word "safely" is always to be added so the assignment should be "Do this work SAFELY"; not merely "Do this work". It was further known that, though mechanical safeguard-


NUMBER OF LOST TIME CASES PER 1000 MEN
FOR
MANUFACTURING PLANTS OF
STANDARD OIL COMPANY (INDIANA)
DURING 1920, 1921 AND PART OF 1922
H.P.
1920
1921
1922
Wood River, Ill.
Whiting, Ind.
Sugar Creek, Mo.
Casper, Wyo.
0
5
10
15
20
25
30
JAN.
FEB.
MAR.
APR.
MAY
JUN.
JUL.
AUG.
SEP.
OCT.
NOV.
DEC.
JAN.
FEB.
MAR.
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MAY
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JUL.
AUG.
SEP.
OCT.
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JAN.
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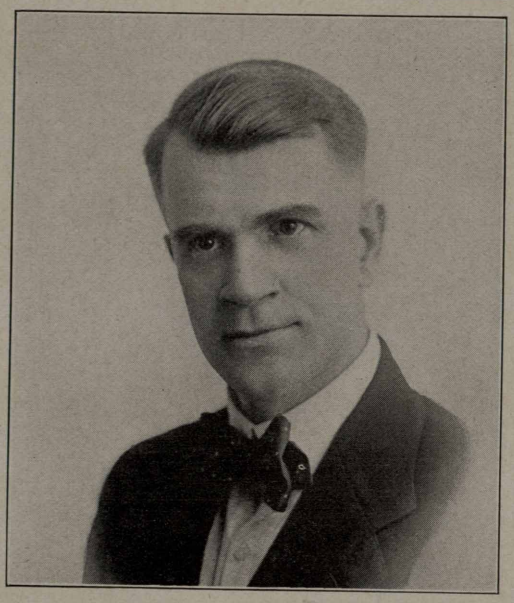
APR.
MAY
JUN.
JUL.

ing was extremely important, its importance was over-emphasized and that a very large percentage of the accidents then occurring were caused by inexperience, thoughtlessness, and, in rare cases, incompetency. Further, if the man on the job was the man who knew where unsafe conditions existed and could note when these unsafe conditions arose, he must be given free rein to express his thoughts on the subject and must be given a means whereby his ideas on the subject could be brought before the proper officials.

SAFETY SMITH



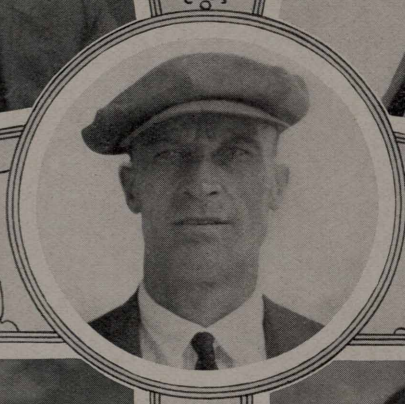
Educational activities were begun immediately. Like most new organizations, the safety department did not at first have the machinery or tools for developing proper safety educational activities. It had to create this machinery. The first step was to form committees to promote safety work. These were formed in every department. They were called departmental committees. The membership of the departmental committee consisted of the department head and two employees appointed by him. These departmental committees met every week with the safety director to discuss safety matters and to investigate and make recommendations on all safety suggestions which might have been given them by other employees during the week.

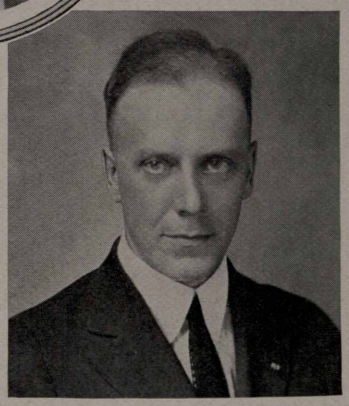
It was at this period of the history of the safety department that the safety director made liberal use of the typewriter, because the typewriter was at that time his only method of getting printed matter before the eyes of the employees. Through hundreds of letters to the safety committee members and to other employees, various phases of the safety subject were laid before them. Various movements of the safety department were explained in these letters. Everyone was taken into the confidence of the safety department and the employees were asked to help solve the problems which confronted it.

Suggestions came by scores and by hundreds. Almost all were found to be feasible and showed careful deliberation and thought on the part of the employees. During the first year of safety work, three thousand suggestions were made. Over 97 per cent of these were immediately accepted and executed by the safety department on the approval of the plant manager.

The nature of these suggestions very largely determined the course of the safety propaganda which followed. As has been said in the foregoing, the majority of employees, when organized safety work is first established, feel that mechanical safeguarding is the principal feature of the work. The employees of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) were no exception to this rule. It was found that these hundreds of suggestions were almost entirely suggestions regarding changes in construction and mechanical safeguarding. In looking over the accident list carefully and in all cases giving mechanical safeguarding the benefit of the doubt, it was found that only about 10 per cent of the accidents could possibly be due to the lack of a mechanical safeguard. What then was the real cause and what was to be done when this real cause was found? Be assured that the real cause was easy to find. But elimination of that cause has been that hard, never-ending fight which the safety department has waged for the last four years, the

Safety Lieutenants On Firing Line





No. 1—H. B. McCoy, safety director at Sugar Creek. No. 2—Fred Lau, safety director at Whiting. No. 3—R. A. Hartzell, safety director at Casper. No. 4—George W. Snyder, safety director at Greybull; also in charge of other divisions of Industrial Relations Department at that plant. No. 5—C. F. Hall, safety director at Wood River, and also director of industrial relations at that plant.

fight to safeguard employees from their own thoughtlessness or the thoughtlessness of others.

"Thoughtlessness," or unconcern about one's self or one's fellow beings, is a very fixed and natural habit with a large percentage of people. To a degree where thoughtlessness keeps a human begin happy and free from worry, it is probably a blessing to the human race. But when thoughtlessness reaches a point where so-called "accidents" are the result, then this habit is a menace, and especially is it a menace to the employees of industry. But habits are hard to change. If you have followed a certain course of action for many years, even though you may agree that another course of action is safer and better, you, when busy, are very likely to fall back into old ways and habits.

To discover all unsafe practices, to get the employees to recognize them as such, and to break unsafe habits and establish habits of safety, were problems confronting the department. The Safety Committees again played their part. These problems were taken up with them and explained to them. As a result, new types of suggestions were received. Suggestions regarding unsafe practices and methods of work were numerous.

Early in the history of organized safety work, all refineries of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) became members of the National Safety Council. From it was obtained its safety bulletin service. These bulletins portray how accidents have happened, or may happen if proper precaution is not taken, and these bulletins are now familiar objects to every employee of the Manufacturing division of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana). At Whiting, twenty-four bulletin boards were put up to display these safety bulletins and any other safety material which the safety department wished to put before the eyes of the employees. These boards were provided with electric lights so that by night or by day the employee could read the messages they displayed. Bulletin boards are now provided in all our refineries.

There are certain safety problems peculiar to our industry and it has been found desirable to augment the number of bulletins put out by the National Safety Council. Therefore, early in 1921, a series of bulletins of home manufacture was started. Pictures for these bulletins were taken on home ground and were exact reproductions of accidents that had taken place, near accidents, or unsafe practices that might result in serious injury, or portrayed ideal safety conditions. Many of these bulletins have been made, more are forthcoming. They were originally made up and printed at the Whiting plant. However, the other refineries are now entering into this work and pictures are being taken at the various refineries for this purpose.

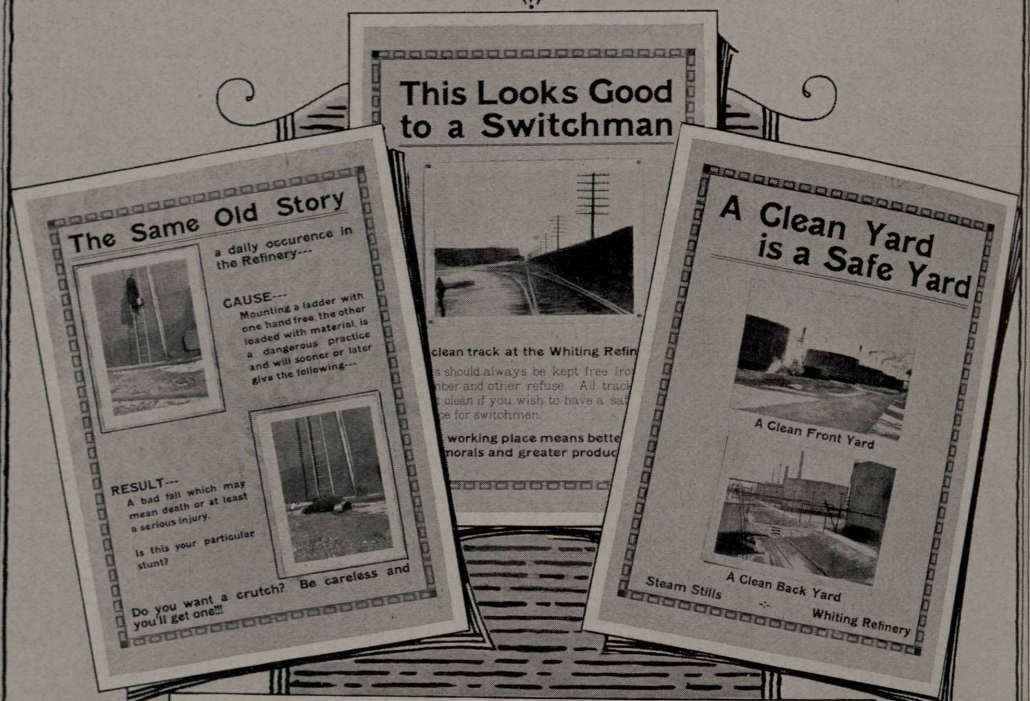
Many warning and danger signs have been used effectively. Recognizing that it is possible to have too many safety and warning signs in any manufacturing plant, caution has been used in selecting those most advantageous for safety work. All signs thought to have little or no appeal are eliminated, but certain electrical apparatus, railroad crossings, sharp curves in roadways, and cranes and locomotives are placarded with warning signs. Colors are standardized. Red and white are always used for danger signs and green and white for safety. As a result of using care in the distribution of signs, our refineries do not look like advertising mediums for a metal sign company and our employees do not see any sign which is not essential to their safety.

With the birth of the Department of Industrial Relations came a change in the safety department. It automatically became a division of the Department of Industrial Relations. It therefore seemed advisable to make certain changes in the safety organization so that it would conform more closely to the policies of the Industrial Relations department. The essential changes that were made concerned the membership of the safety committees and the clear outlining and defining of their duties. From then on the committees consisted of a certain number of representatives appointed by the representatives on the Joint General Committee and an equal number appointed by the management. Their duties were defined as follows:

1st. To make regular inspection of their

(Continued on Page 8)

Effective Posters Used at Whiting



PAY DAYS FOR 1922

They are important days to every one. They are more important if you do not miss a day's work. Accidents mean lean pay days for those who are injured. Co-operate with your Safety Committee men to make this a safe place.

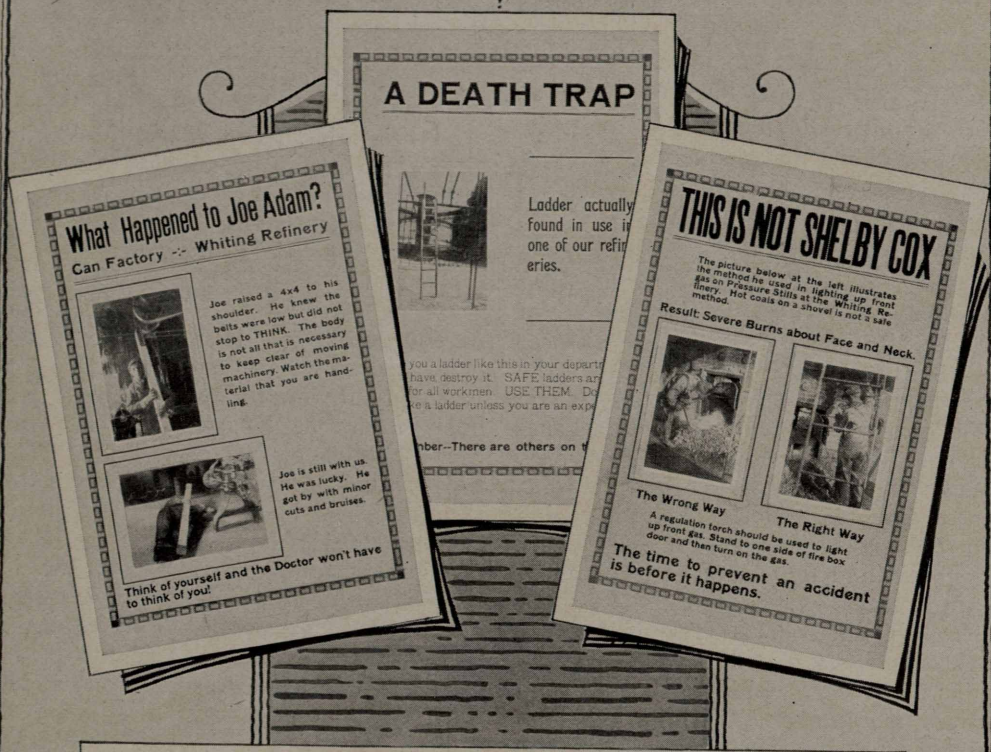
Your Safety Committee consists of:

DIVISION #2

1 F. W. Lau
2 Pat O'Connell
3 Percy Carter
4 Mike Shaffer
5 J. Spanier
6

Pay Roll Ends	PAY DAYS	Pay Roll Ends	PAY DAYS	Pay Roll Ends	PAY DAYS
Sunday Jan. 15	Thursday Jan. 19	Monday May 15	Friday May 19	Friday Sept. 15	Wednesday Sept. 20
Tuesday	Saturday	Wednesday	Monday	Saturday	Thursday

Posters Deal With Actual Events



HORSE PLAY FUN

Held At Wood River Refinery Boiler House, Sept. 26th, 1921

SEPTEMBER 26, 1921, William A. Ewing, an employee of the Wood River Refinery Boiler House, died from the fact that some employees decided to have a good time.

In order to have a good time compressd air, having the force of one hundred and twenty pounds pressure, was used. Remember, it was only joking, but during the joking the force of one hundred and twenty pounds was shot into the victim's intestines.

The rest of the story is an old one. After suffering untold misery, and after two operations at a local hospital had been performed, the employee who was the target of all the fun passed away. To-day a widow and two children, aged three and five years respectively, are left as a memorial to the good time that was had in the Boiler House.

(Continued from Page 5)

department, or sub-department on company time, for unsafe conditions and practices.

2nd. To receive suggestions from other employees and make proper report of the same.

3rd. To instruct and warn fellow employees regarding dangerous practices.

4th. To investigate all serious and near serious accidents and submit reports and recommendations on the same.

5th. To meet at least once each month.

This change in organization also made the sub-committee on Safety of the Joint General Committee the head committee of the organization, to which any subject could be appealed if it was the desire of the departmental safety committee.

The change in organization had a beneficial effect on safety work. The employees, through their representatives on the Joint General Committee, have a voice in saying who shall represent them on their safety committees and more interest is therefore shown in the work.

Through the suggestion system every employee plays a part in the safety organization. Every employee has several avenues of approach with his suggestion. He may hand it to his representative on the safety committee. He may mail it or give it to the safety director, or he may give it to his representative on the Joint General Committee. The last is just as effective a measure, but may take more time to get results, due to the fact that it is not as direct as the other avenues. It is safe to say that the suggestion system has done more than any other thing to make our safety work a success.

Safety problems which have been solved by the safety organization are far too numerous to mention here, but a few which have played an important part in the reduction of accidents are too important to omit. It should be kept in mind that these various activities pertain to the entire safety division and that these problems have been solved in all the refineries of this company.

Early in the safety campaign it was found that nearly 40 per cent of major injuries were eye injuries. It was found that goggles were supplied for certain classes of work, but were not always used. However, in some kinds of work where goggles would be a great protection they were not supplied. Goggle rules were extended to cover various kinds of work not formerly included and the rules were enforced rigidly, with the result that to-day less than two per cent of our major injuries are eye injuries. The safety division has given some care in its selection of types of goggles and has selected those which the employees themselves declared the most comfortable, providing they gave adequate protection.

During the early stages of the work there were numerous scaffold accidents. These, it was found, were not due to faulty construction but were the results of employees falling from scaffolds, or of objects falling from scaffolds on someone below. This type of accident has been almost eliminated through proper hand rails and toe boards. All the refineries have adopted the policy of requiring hand rails and toe boards on scaffold platforms which are twelve feet or more from the ground. In some cases this policy is carried out on scaffolds of less height, where the nature of the work makes such advisable.

Three years ago ladder accidents, either major or minor, were almost a daily occurrence. Today they are practically unheard of in any of the refineries of this company. Workmen from the mechanical department who were sent to different parts of the refinery to do various kinds of work would not find a satisfactory ladder at hand and would nail together an improvised one. These ladders were very seldom safe. If the workmen managed to "get by" without an accident they left the ladder for someone else to use who did not "get by". Ladder stations are now provided which carry ladders of various lengths built to safety specifications. These stations are convenient to all who need ladders. Ladder accidents are now a thing of the past. It has been many months since a defective ladder accident has occurred in any of the refineries. It is well worth noting that the ladder stations were the result of a suggestion by James

Burns, an employee of the pipe shop at Whiting.

In the refineries, at one time, many valves were hard to reach without the worker being placed in an unsafe position. This condition has been corrected. Walks to valves have been built, ladders have been put up to many and extension rods have been placed on some so that they can be operated from the walk. In some cases of overhead valves, chains have been used so that they can be operated from the ground.

These are mere samples of things that have been done, not by the safety department, but by the safety organization of which every employee is a member.

The history of safety work in the Whiting refinery as given in the first few paragraphs of this article is also the history of the safety work in all the refineries of this company. About the same problems have been presented and solved in all of them. Methods of attack have been about the same, with few exceptions.

June, 1920, saw another change in the safety organization. The safety work of all the refineries was placed under the supervision of one safety director. The advantage derived from this change has been clearly shown through the cooperation of the various refineries on safety work. The problems of one refinery have become the problems of all refineries until solved. When once a safety problem is solved by one refinery it is solved for all. Refineries, newly organized for safety work, have had the benefit of the experiences of the refineries which have had organized safety work for a longer period. Ideas for the furthering of good safety work may originate at any of the refineries. When once an idea is proven to be a good one, it is used by all the other refineries to advantage. The present organization is one of several units working upon the same problems and so closely united that all have the benefit of the thoughts and experiences of the entire organization.

Sugar Creek started its safety work on July 1, 1919, one year later than Whiting. Wood River began organized safety work September 17, 1919. Casper did not enter the field until July 1, 1920.

Although similar safety educational activities have been promoted in all of our refineries, the Wood River and Sugar Creek refineries have done several things which I feel deserve special mention. The score boards of Wood River and Sugar Creek have awakened great interest among the employees of these refineries. At Wood River the safety director has erected at the two main entrances, large boards which tell every day whether or not a department has had a perfect score, with no lost time injuries. A yellow square tells the story if some department has slipped during the day. Great disappointment is always expressed by the men going to and from work if they see a yellow square that day, opposite the name of their department. The employees of every department have fully determined that no yellow spots shall appear on their record. Their determination is proved by the fact that during the month of May not a single lost time accident occurred in the Wood River refinery. This was the first record of that kind ever made by any of the refineries of this company.

Fully as much interest is being shown in the auto racing board at Sugar Creek as in the score board at Wood River. This board is large and easy to see at some distance. Each department has its automobile. They race "neck to neck" until a department has a lost time case. None of them has lost much ground since the beginning of the race and it is the intention of the employees of the various departments that no ground shall be lost.

The safety director of Wood River mails to the employees each month the "Safety First" letter or pamphlet. This letter takes up various phases of the safety subject with the employees and gives information concerning the prevention of accidents, and points out the necessity of reporting to the First Aid room immediately after any minor injury is received.

A first aid room or hospital has been established at all of the refineries. The first aid room is a necessity to a successful safety department. One of the most important phases of safety work is the teaching of the fact that minor injuries must be

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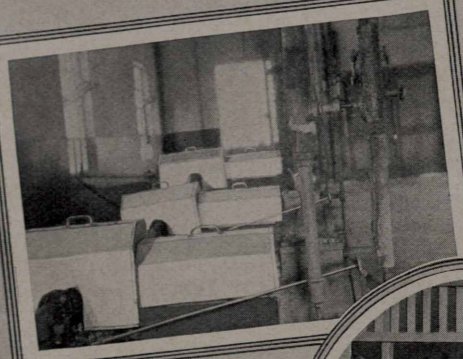
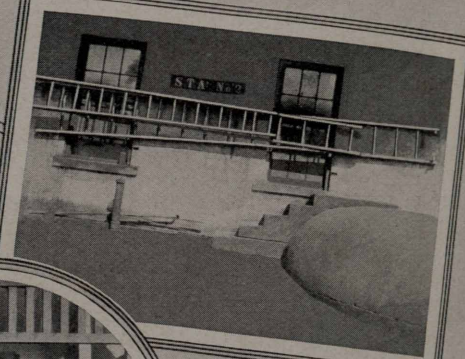
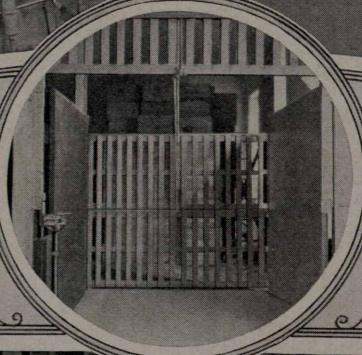
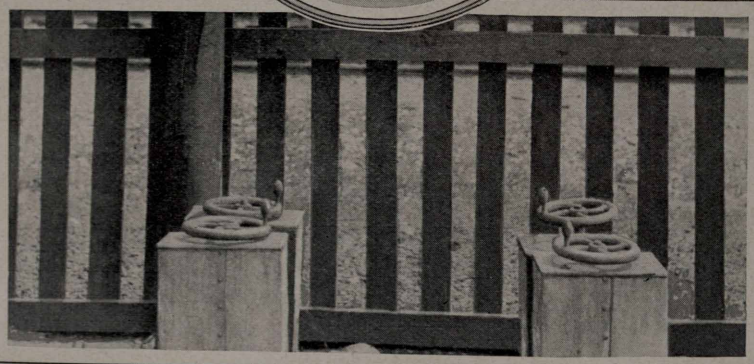
Mechanical Aids Supplement Propaganda



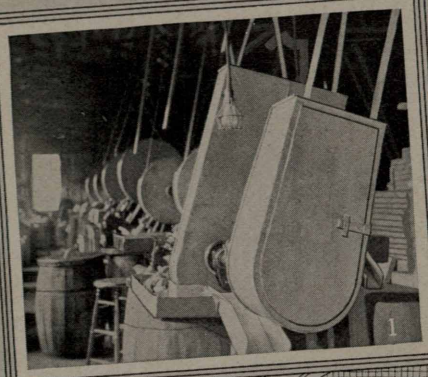


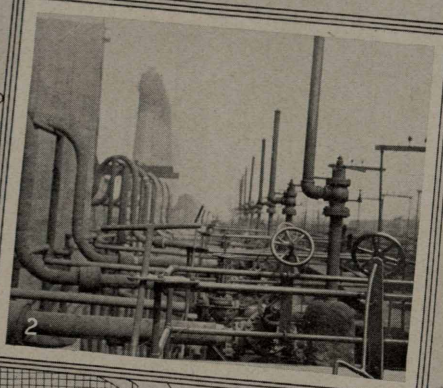


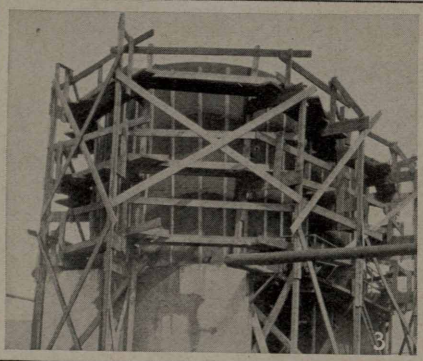


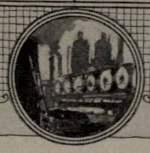
As Mr. Smith states, instilling the Safety idea into the mind of every employee is the most effective way of combating accidents, but mechanical devices are also important. Here are some of them: No. 1—Acid pumps are protected with suitable covers. No acid spray in this pump house. Note that the valve operating sample cock is several feet from where acid is drawn. No. 2—Ladder stations practically wiped out accidents formerly caused by defective ladders, often improvised. No. 3—Elevator gates can be opened only when the elevator is stopped at the floor level, the gates automatically locking when the elevator leaves the floor. Note the cable lock at the left. No one above can take the elevator away from the operator while he is unloading material. No. 4—Valves on acid lines about the plant are protected with suitable covers.

Making it Easier to Practice Safety



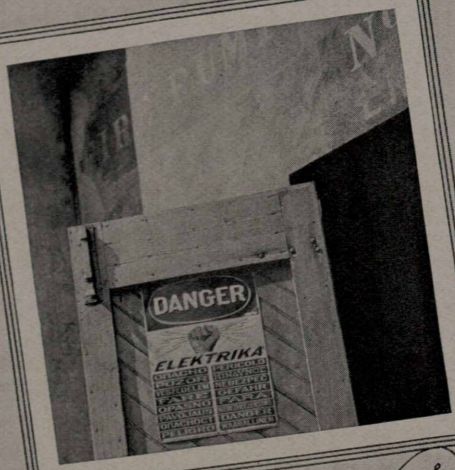


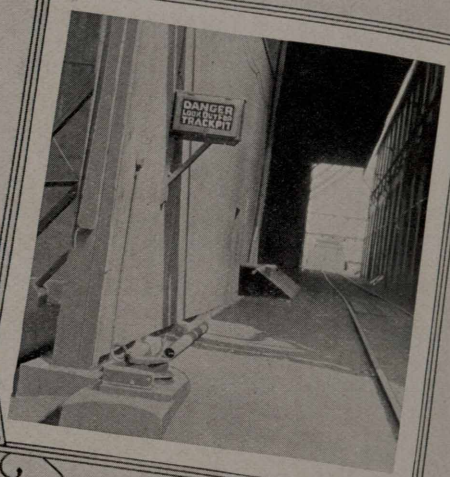


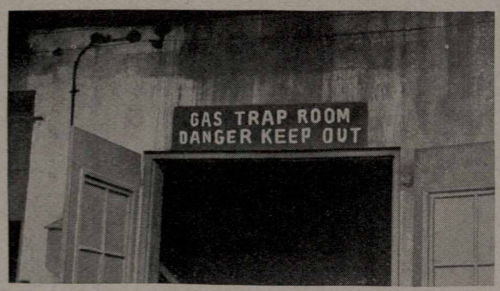


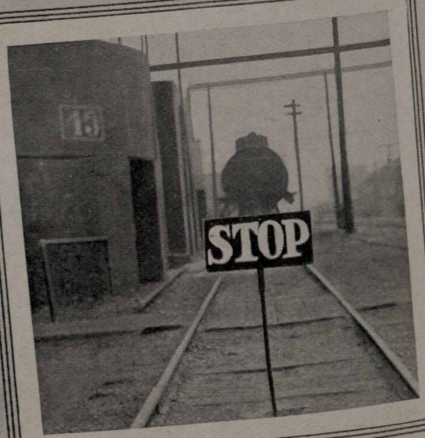
No. 1—All pulleys and belts are guarded to the height of six feet from the floor. All gears are guarded, no matter what height from the floor. No. 2—Extensions on valves bring operating point to walk. No climbing over handrails here. No. 3—Tank scaffold supplied with proper handrails and toe boards. No. 4—Emery wheel outside of building. Note guards over grinding wheels and the warning sign below. Also note safety switch at upper right, which is operated from outside the box.

Warning Signs Important in Safety Work

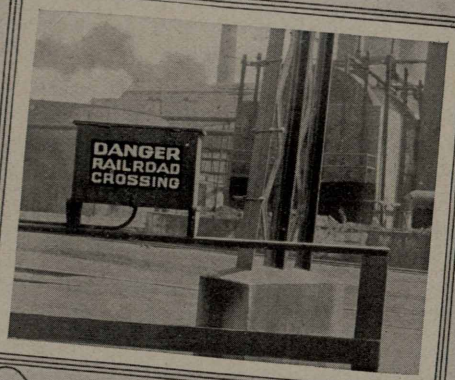


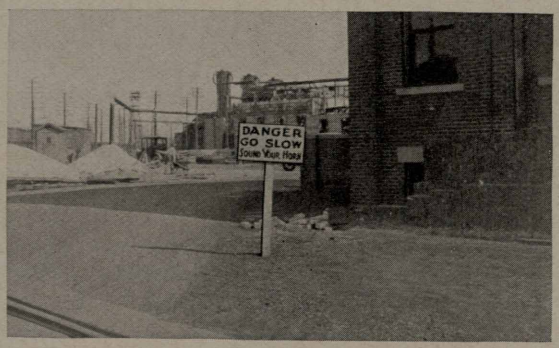


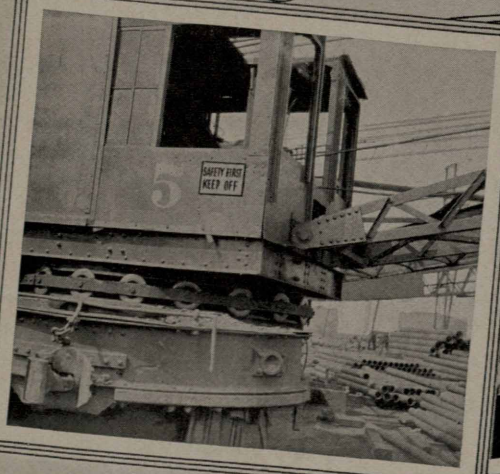


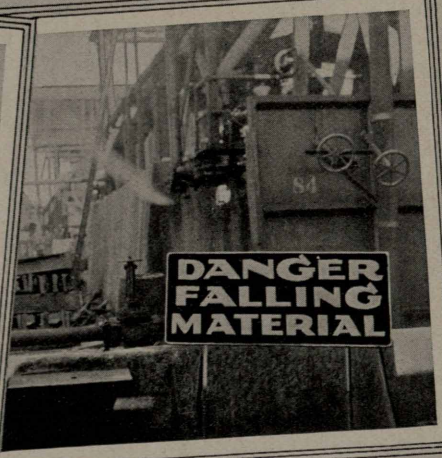


Placard Only Real Danger Spots









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properly taken care of to avoid their becoming major injuries. The first aid room is the most satisfactory method for the proper care of minor injuries. In charge of our first aid room there is always someone who thoroughly understands caring for the injured. It is a strict rule in all our refineries that an employee, when injured, no matter how minor the injury, must report to the first aid room immediately. Neglect of minor injuries has in the past caused a great deal of suffering. The Standard Oil Company (Indiana) has amply provided for all emergencies and the safety division has played a large part in getting employees to realize the necessity of prompt action in minor injury cases.

The Greybull, Wyoming, plant is the most recent to establish a first aid room. Greybull has promoted organized safety work during the last few months and has already shown its determination to do as well as any of the refineries, or even excel them. Greybull's spirit was shown in the fact that it turned in a perfect score for the month of June, having had no lost time injuries during the entire month and making a record which only Wood River has ever equalled at this writing. Laramie has not been forgotten in this great campaign of safety. Laramie, though smaller than the other refineries, will hereafter do its part in organized safety work, and has recently been organized toward that end.

Little has, as yet, been said about the results obtained through these various safety activities and of all things this is the most important. In this discussion it must be understood that injury cases are divided into major and minor injuries. Any injury is considered major which is serious enough to cause the injured person to lose eight hours or more from work. In the following discussion the word "accident" means a major accident.

Casper's average number of accidents per month, per thousand men employed, from July, 1920, the date of the beginning of their organized safety work, until the close of the year 1920, was sixteen. For the entire year of 1921 it was nine accidents per month per thousand men employed, or a decrease of 44 per cent in one year. What does this mean? It means that through the activities of the safety organization at Casper, for every hundred men injured during 1920, forty-four fewer men were injured during 1921. Was it worth while to you, employees and executives of Casper? Your answer need not be printed for we already know what it is. The first seven months of 1922 give Casper an average of ten accidents per month per thousand men employed. This is not quite as large a gain over the first year as was the year previous but is a gain over 1920 of 38 per cent.

Considering the length of time that Wood River has prosecuted organized safety work, it has made an almost startling reduction in accidents. Wood River, beginning the year of 1920 with January showing twenty-five accidents per thousand men employed, finished that year with an average of eleven accidents per month per thousand employees. During the year of 1921 they only averaged five accidents per month which was a reduction of 54 per cent over the average of the previous year. During this year to date, their average is slightly over two accidents per month per thousand men employed. This gives them a total reduction over the year 1920 of more than 80 per cent. This means to Wood River that during a certain period of time when previously 100 men were injured, now, during a similar period of time, only twenty men are injured, and Wood River is still continuing to reduce its number of accidents per month. Is this worth while? Every employee at Wood River, no matter what his duties are, will give you a very strong affirmative answer if you should ask such a question.

Sugar Creek's greatest reduction in accidents has come within the last few months. While Sugar Creek made an appreciable reduction in 1921 over 1920, 1922 to date has been their banner year. Sugar Creek started the year 1920 with the high point of twenty-six accidents per thousand men employed for the month of January. They ended the year of 1920 with an average per month of twenty-four. The entire year of 1921 gave them an average of fourteen per month, or a reduction of 42 per cent. To date this year

the number of accidents per month is a fraction less than five, which gives Sugar Creek a reduction since 1920 of more than 80 per cent. Is it worth while to save eighty men from injury out of every hundred that were once injured? We will let Sugar Creek answer this time.

The first safety records for Whiting began September 1918, but the safety department at Whiting had the opportunity of going back over old records kept by the compensation department and found that for one year (September, 1917, to August, 1918, inclusive) before organized safety work began, they had a total of 645 accidents, or an average of sixteen per thousand employees per month. At the end of 1920 when the totals of the other refineries were given, Whiting had averaged eight accidents per month, per thousand employees, and had made a decrease of 50 per cent. The average in Whiting during 1921 was six per thousand per month and for 1922 to date it is less than four per month, and Whiting, too, is still reducing its accidents. This means a reduction since the beginning of safety work of 78 per cent. Again we will ask, is it worth while? Whiting, is it worth while for you to have only twenty-two men injured during a period of time when once one hundred were injured? Is it worth your while, Mr. Employee? Is it worth all the effort you have put into the safety movement, or is it worth more than you have put into it? If it is worth more than you have put into it, what are you going to do for safety this year and next?

A few other points should be brought out in connection with these reductions. First, these reductions have been made during a period when more men were employed than at any other period of the history of this company and during a period when a considerable percentage of the men were new men, many of whom were shifting from industry to industry.

Second, the First Aid Hospital can not be considered as separate from the Safety Division as an agency in the reduction of accidents. During the first year of safety work in Whiting, the only plant where the records were available to the writer, as a result of the excellent work of the First Aid Hospital, fifteen fewer major infection cases developed than during the previous year, but in this connection it must also be noted that because of the safety campaign, the doctors had 232 fewer major accident cases to handle.

There is probably no portion of their daily work which our employees at the various refineries are more enthusiastic about than they are about safety. Have they not good reason to be enthusiastic? There is no portion of his work which touches the employee and his family more closely. The Manufacturing division has never given prizes or remuneration for safety suggestions. No prizes are needed for no man can desire a greater recompense than to know when he begins his work in the morning that everything possible is being done to insure that he will go home at night the same way he came to work, with his body free from injury. To that end we are working. Our goal is 100 per cent safety for all refineries. It is possible. We have had departments which thought it impossible to achieve 100 per cent in safety, yet they have made that percentage month after month. We have been told that it was impossible for a refinery to go a whole month without a lost time accident, yet some of our refineries have accomplished this. Many of you will tell us that it is impossible for all our refineries to go an entire month without one lost time accident, but that is the goal of the safety division. It will be done.

* * *

Ray—"What's the trouble between you and Smith?"

Jay—"Trouble! Why, when I arrived in town weary from travel and dying for a drink, I asked him to recommend me to a big-hearted doctor with some prescription blanks. And, he sent me to an osteopath."—*"Topics of the Day" Films.*

* * *

City Editor—"Did you take down all the speaker said?"

Cub Reporter—"No, but I have it all in my head."

City Editor—"Ah, I see you have it all in a nutshell."—*Portland Express.*

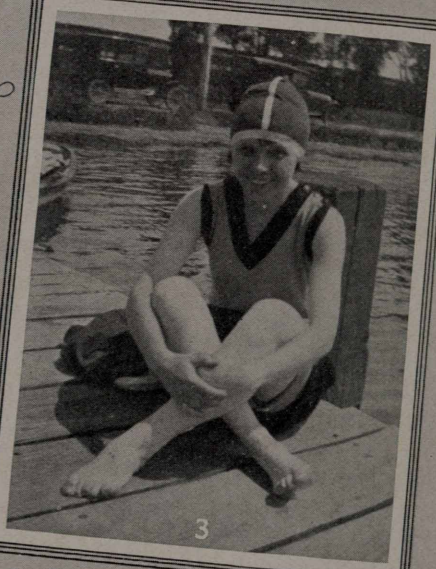
* * *

Old-timer—"I wish we could bring back the good old days."

Singleton—"Why, man, there were no good old days."

Old-timer—"Yes, there were for me. When I came home late nights then my wife beaned me with the broom; but when I come home late now she lands on me with the vacuum cleaner.—*Science and Invention.*

With The Home Office Camera Man



No. 1—Here is why A. Klein cannot play ball Saturday afternoons with the fellows—he prefers beach parties with the "Missis." No. 2—This is the reason Mr. E. Nelson of the cost department walks around with such a smile; the little fellow seems to have inherited said smile. No. 3—Miss Ingrid Rummelhoff, champion eater of the home office and tennis player extraordinary. She helped the home office beat Whiting in their annual tennis match. She is also considerable water sprite.

SOUTH BEND FIRST OVER TOP IN STOCK PURCHASE

South Bend, Ind., Editor Stanolind Record: Of course you will be interested to know that the South Bend division has attained the 100 per cent mark in purchase of stock under the Employees' Stock Purchase Plan. Every employee of the South Bend division who, having been with the company one year or longer, is eligible to buy stock under the Plan, is now enrolled on the list of subscribers.

We are careful readers of the Stanolind Record and do not remember having read of any other unit equaling this record. We believe we are the first major unit, either in the sales or manufacturing department, to reach the 100 per cent mark.

Our manager, Mr. D. L. Guilfoyle, is an enthusiast for this plan, and has repeatedly talked to the employees, both collectively and individually. He has been ably assisted by Assistant Manager E. P. Warren and J. J. Marcus, chief clerk, and enthusiastically assisted by all the heads of the departments, including district superintendents, in putting this over.

South Bend division feels that the employees have a great responsibility in exhibiting to the Board of Directors a wholehearted spirit of appreciation for permitting employees to become partners in the business on a plan that is so liberal in all of its terms.

We go a step farther: We feel that every other unit owes it to South Bend division to manifest this same spirit of cooperation to the end that we may encourage the Board of Directors to continue to institute further measures in line with the present plan.

South Bend would like to hear of more 100 percenters!

TO ALL EMPLOYEES

Referring to instructions in regard to leaves of absence:

Be advised that an employee on the Works payroll may be granted a leave of absence, without pay, by the local management without referring it to the Board of Directors and Trustees of the Employees' Stock Purchasing Plan, provided such leave of absence does not remove his name from the payroll for any complete period. If an employee asks for a leave of absence which does remove his name from the Works payroll for a complete period, such request must be referred to the Board of Directors and Trustees of the Employees' Stock Purchasing Plan. The Works payroll periods are from the 1st to the 15th, and from the 16th to the last day of the month, all dates inclusive.

An employee on the monthly payroll may, when a good cause is shown, be granted a leave of absence, with pay, by the local management for a period not to exceed six days or one working week. Where an employee on the monthly payroll requests a leave of absence for more than one week, either with or without pay, it will be necessary to request a leave of absence through the Directors and Trustees of the Employees' Stock Purchasing Plan.

E. G. Seubert, *Treasurer.*

NEAR-FAMINE IN WATER AT WOOD RIVER

Wood River Works.—Beginning of the work on Wood River channel, the first part of August, certainly started at the "psychological moment," for just as the good dredge St. Louis swung into position, the Mississippi had fallen so low that the mouth of Wood River resembled the path across the Red Sea when Moses led the favored few in the general direction of the Promised Land. But there was nothing very promising about this particular strip of dry land.

A Stanolind Record correspondent was told that if it was not possible to get water into the Wood River channel, there was danger of having to curtail refinery operations. The village of Wood River depends on the refinery for its water supply and the shortage necessitated the lowering of the pressure on the village water lines while an order was issued by the village officials that no sprinkling could be done except between the hours of 6 and 7 p. m. Two crude still houses and one pressure still house at the refinery were shut down and orders were given to use as little water as possible throughout the plant.

The other source of water supply is the electric wells in the refinery. These furnish water about 20 degrees cooler than the water taken from the river and therefore a smaller amount of this water is needed for cooling purposes. The normal width of the mouth of Wood River is about 200 feet but this had narrowed down to 15 feet, with the bottom of the channel in sight.

At that time an old "stern wheeler" had been placed in the mouth of the small Wood River channel and the wheel was being used to cause an artificial flow of water into the channel. We wish to make no reflections on the stern wheeler, Maenna, but it did seem a blessing that such a craft could be used to some good purpose. The old wheel had a score of paddles missing and the engine was wheezing like Fred Brett in hay fever time, but she certainly did noble work.

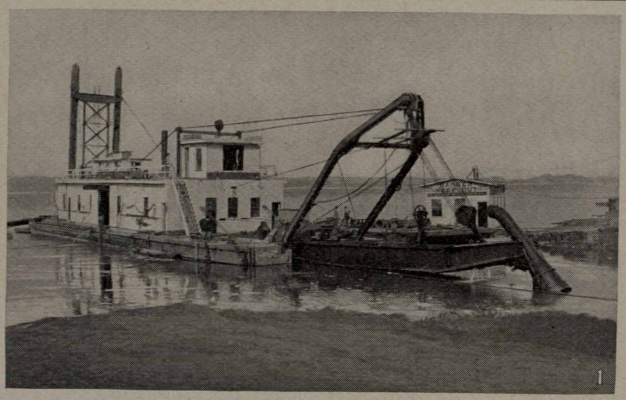
Aside from the fact that the work of dredging the channel is important on account of what it means to the refinery, it is interesting because the historic stream, Wood River, is being converted into a great natural reservoir, after having served for so long a time as a drainage system for the country about it, and because the job is one of considerable magnitude. Now we hope its purpose as a reservoir will be served to better advantage than it has served as a drainage canal, for it is a most dismal failure in that respect, as the early immigrants to the Wood River valley will testify. It is a stream of numerous turns and low banks that overflowed with each freshet.

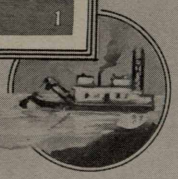
The length of Wood River from the mouth to the refinery intake pipes, is about 5000 feet. The Mississippi river is a very erratic stream and keeps a goodly number of government men busy sounding the channel to find where it really is. Almost over night the Father of Waters will change his channel and a boat plying the stream is likely to find the channel, used on the former trip, moved several hundred feet and sometimes it moves to the other side of the river. It is always hard to find. Not long ago the channel was on the Missouri side of the river, and today it is on the Illinois side, and the large boats pass not many feet from the mouth of Wood River. This may have a tendency to make the deposit of silt in the dead waters of Wood River, greater.

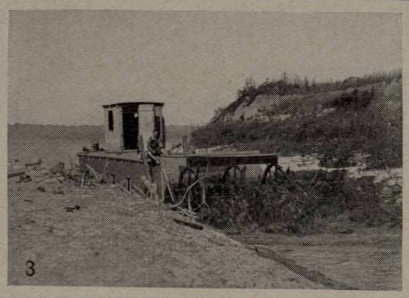
The dredging is being done by the Northern Dredge and Dock Co. We are told the dredge being used on this job is one of the most modern, operating on the river. It is electrically driven and has a compressed air system that furnishes the control. Two electrically driven air compressors furnish this power. The electric power is furnished by the Keokuk power dam and 13,200 volts come through the transformer. When a normal run is being made there is a suction pressure on the intake line of about 20 pounds and a

(Continued on Page 20)

Letting Some Water Into Wood River







The last time we visited Wood River we left convinced that there was at least one place in the United States which would never go completely dry, but we'll have to admit they had a narrow escape. The old Mississippi got tired of traveling the Missouri side and one night moved its channel over to the Illinois side, depositing a lot of silt at the mouth of Wood River. This, coupled with a low water period, left the water in Wood River lower than that in the Mississippi, threatening the water supply of our Wood River works as well as that of the village of Wood River. Water rations obtained in the village and at the refinery, two crude houses and one pressure still house were shut down. The old stern-wheeler shown in photo No. 3 kept up an artificial flow of water into Wood River, as shown in the picture, until the dredge St. Louis, shown in photo No. 1, got on the job. Photo No. 2 shows workmen excavating for water line from refinery to Wood River. In the background is the grandstand at the ball park, showing why Wood River has no baseball team this season. The story of Wood River's fall is told in full on the opposite page.

(Continued from Page 18)
pressure of 20 pounds on the discharge line. A six-inch water line forces water into the intake line to increase circulation and also forces water into the discharge line just back of the pump. The dredge pump has a five-foot opening and is driven by a motor capable of developing 1500 H. P. The discharge line is made up of sections of 20-inch pipe floated on pontoons. This line will discharge at a distance of 1000 feet from the dredge. Dredging can be done to a depth of 90 feet and 1000 yards can be removed per hour. The Wood River channel will be deepened about 30 feet. When completed, the refinery will have a reservoir 30 feet deep, at low water stage, a width ranging from 100 to 150 feet, and a length of about one mile.

ANNUITANTS

The Record regrets to report the death, on August 21, of Spencer M. Holman, one of our annuitants.

Henry A. Biesen, 437 Oliver street, Whiting, Ind., has been added to the list of annuitants. Mr. Biesen, with the company 31 years and two months, was employed as pumper and treater at Whiting.

David J. O'Connell, Box 36, Sugar Creek, Mo., has been added to the list of annuitants. Mr. O'Connell, with the company 23 years and 11 months, was night superintendent of the Sugar Creek refinery.

Mr. CARTER BACK

Everyone in the home office was highly delighted early in September when Mr. John L. Carter, assistant general manager in charge of the Northern division, sales department, returned to the office, looking greatly improved in health. He has gained thirty pounds and says he feels vastly improved. In view of his long illness, however, he will not at once assume his regular duties but will "take things easy" for awhile.

* * *

South Benders are determined to get a slice of S. O. dividends.

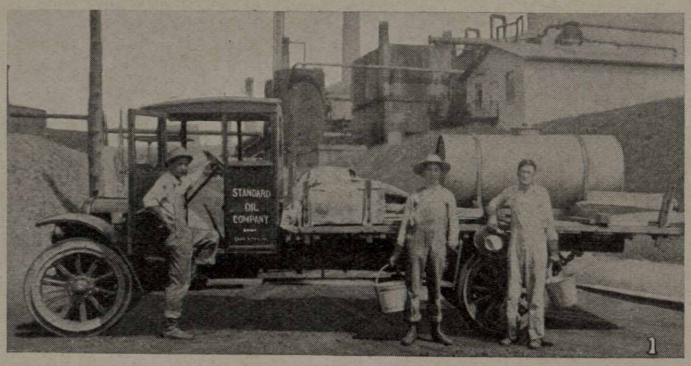
SMALLPOX AT WOOD RIVER

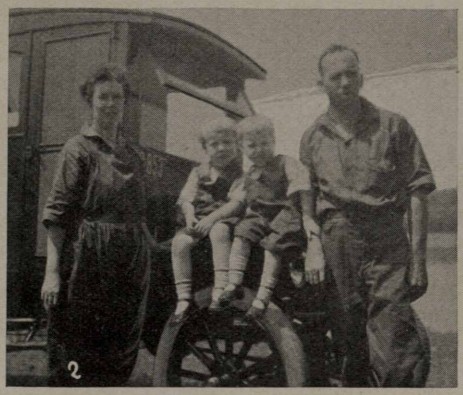
Immediate action was taken by the management of the Wood River refinery after a warning was received from officials of the State Board of Health, late in August, that an epidemic of smallpox was imminent in Wood River. The matter was called to the attention of the Joint General Committee, which made a recommendation that all employees of the company who had not been vaccinated within the past five years, or who had never had the smallpox, be vaccinated. The recommendation was approved and orders were issued at once concerning the time and place of vaccination.

The fact that the percentage of deaths among smallpox victims had been so great and that all who died had not been vaccinated, caused a whole-hearted cooperation among employees in taking this precautionary measure. Action, similar to that taken by the refinery officials, was taken by the local board of health the following day. The board of health ordered all children of school age to be vaccinated if they expected to attend school.

The Industrial Relations rooms were used as a place for the vaccination and four village physicians were employed to do the work. A large quantity of vaccine was ordered by the company and furnished without cost to employees and families. Nurses and the other help needed was put at the disposal of the physicians. "Doc" Flanagan was master of ceremonies. 1000 employees and such members of their families as desired, were vaccinated. In less than a week after the warning had been received, all employees, not on vacation, who could not show proper certificates, were vaccinated. The following days the usual salutation was: "How is your arm?" During the past year there have been 10,000 cases of smallpox in Illinois, with only 29 deaths, while in Wood River with only 10 cases, there have been four deaths. Lack of vaccination was responsible. Smallpox being a cold weather disease, the outlook was very serious and such prompt and stringent measures were the only safeguard against an epidemic.

The Water Wagon And Other Things





No. 1—At last, the justly famous water wagon! Missouri summers are hot and this truck and crew were kept busy quenching the thirst of employees of Sugar Creek refinery. No. 2—Layland Sheen and family en route from Sugar Creek to Greybull, Wyo. No. 3—Sidney Elson Buford, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. Buford, celebrates his fourth birthday with some of his little friends of Sugar Creek. They had games, cake, ice cream 'neverything. Master Buford is the little blond fellow in the lower center.

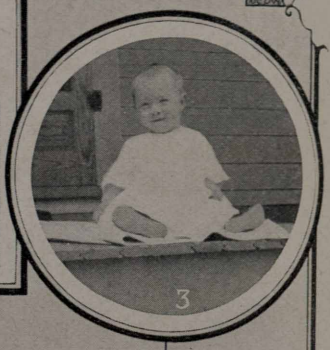
INSPIRATION FOR CHICAGO'S SALESMEN

Most everybody knows how Gus Lewis' sales folks have been hitting the high spots, and here is one of the reasons: Nothing is so soothing to tired nerves as beauty, nothing so invigorating as the exchange of a little persiflage with a little beauty, so Chicago salesmen, calling at the office, always leave happy and peppy. John Bamberger, Roy Bosworth and Harry Blix thought the Chicago division ought to share its luck with the rest of the family, so shooed the girls over to Grant Park and took their pictures. No. 1—Group photo of girls of Chicago sales division. No. 2—Lillian Barry, Marion Lutz, Loretta White, comptometer operators. No. 3—Margaret Murphy, Charlotte Bates, Evelyn Norris, Elizabeth Kinsman, Ada Olsen, Margaret Galvin, Alta Nelson, Ruth Wean, Gene Dodson, all stenographic department.

OH, CHICAGO IS A GRAND OLD TOWN!

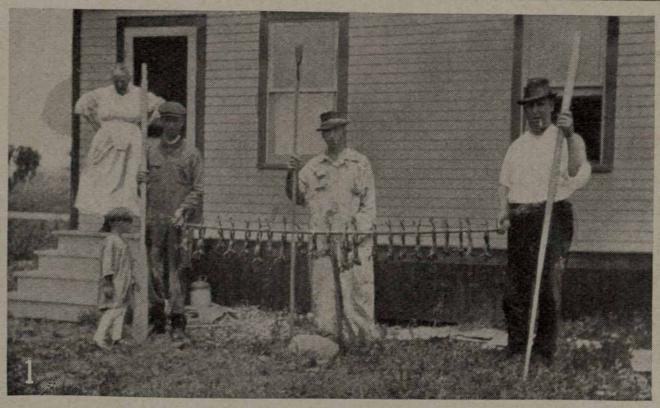
You agree with us, don't you, after looking at these Chicago sales division girls getting a whiff of the lake breeze in Chicago's great front yard? No. 1—Mary Van Velsor, F. Jansma, Ethel Trail, Clo Basnett, Dorothy Brown, Isabella Butcher, Mary Warde, Marie Beckham, Margaret Norton, Grace Frederickson, Blanche Young, Gertrude Hahn, billing, checking and orders. No. 2—Mary Manning, Luella Harper, Daisy Perfect, Thordis Sonderbye, Ella Gutzke, Jennie Rolph, Marion Lutz, Cora Cody, Lillian Russell, Nellie Bartlett, Goldie Freed, Helen Brown, Jessie Burr, credit and bookkeeping. No. 3—Cecelia Phelan, Cleo Emerson, Helen Wills, Coventry Platt, general.

PICTORIAL NEWS OF DETROIT FIELD



No. 1—Walter Etzler, the "Hercules" who drives Mr. Cochran's car. No. 2—Good-bye, Dobbin! The last horses in the Detroit field were sold in July. They were at the West Detroit plant. Henry Lloyd, their driver and friend, is in the wagon; A. N. Schneider, agent at West Detroit, standing beside them. No. 3—Kent Woodcox, Jr., age 6 months, son of General Salesman Vance Woodcox. No. 4—Tearing down old barn and other buildings at West Detroit to make some much needed improvements. Men in picture are employees at West Detroit plant.

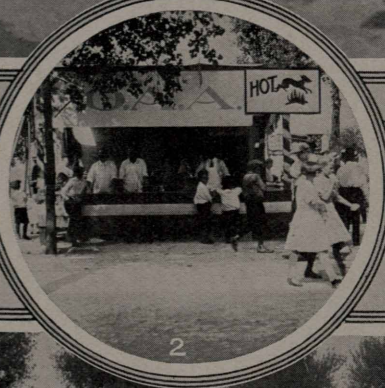
PICTORIAL NEWS OF DETROIT FIELD



No. 1—Mrs. Goniea, Sr., her grandson, and three stalwart sons, all employees of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), inspecting a fine catch of frogs. When this was taken, Ted Goniea was at work in the manufacturing department at River Rouge plant. Agent Schneider says the frogs were fine. No. 2—L. W. Anstess, head station examiner (the big fellow), his wife and Art Bailey, our agent at Pontiac, enjoying a week-end at Lake Orion. No. 3—Our dignified agent of Clay Avenue plant, Mr. William Gatlin. When he visited the summer home of Louis Markowsky, garage superintendent at Algonac, he tried to go back to the days of the "barefoot boy with cheek of tan"—but he was still unable to bend over and touch his toes.

At Whiting S.O.A.A. Field Day

1



2

3

No. 1—It was a hot day and the bathing beach was a popular place. No. 2—The kiddies were strong for the hot dog stand. No. 3—The finest band in Indiana and Chicago.

THIRD FIELD DAY AT WHITING ANOTHER SUCCESS

By W. N. Bercaw

There never was a more beautiful Labor Day than that of September 4, 1922, and may it be said that there never was a more appreciative group than that of the S. O. A. A., for it was the first climatically perfect day they ever had for the annual Field Day, which has become a firmly established institution at the Whiting Works.

Committees had been selected with care to arrange for the day which has gone down in history as the very successful Third Annual Field Day of the Standard Oil Athletic Association, Whiting Works.

One hundred and seventy-seven entries were received for the track and field events, boxers and wrestlers of note were engaged, trapshooters polished up their guns, horseshoe throwers were in trim, the band was prepared for what was termed last year as an "endurance test," dancing was slated for afternoon and evening, the Red Crowns were matched against a team of equal baseball skill, and concessions were there to care for every want of the crowd and incidentally to make money for the Athletic Association.

The track and field events were held on the ball diamond, which was roped off so that all spectators could see all events and still not interfere with the contestants. The following new records were established in these events: Ball throwing for distance: Pauline Kornidas broke the record of M. Dwan, which was 128 feet, by a mighty throw of 148 feet 9 inches.

The standing broad jump record of P. Jones, which was 9 feet 4¾ inches, was broken by Floyd Banks with a jump of 9 feet 5 inches.

In the shot-put, Ed Pond broke his former record of 33 feet 11 inches by a toss of 36 feet 11½ inches.

The 50-yard dash record of 6 1-5 seconds by Frank Schlatter was broken by H. Brown, who ran the distance in 6 seconds flat.

In the 50-yard dash for girls, the former record of 7 2-5 seconds by Susie Hanchar was broken by Julia Kubeck, whose time was 7 1-5 seconds.

Those who desire a knock-down, drag-out exhibition of boxing and wrestling were disappointed, for the contestants were so evenly matched that their exhibitions were interesting to all.

The band was appreciated more than ever before and Mr. Morgan L. Eastman, conductor, and the members of the band deserve much credit for the important part they played in making the day a real success.

The Association had four concessions on the grounds and the fellows who gave their time to putting them across are to be congratulated. Complete reports are not available, but it is estimated that over $1,500.00 was taken in, of which over $600.00 will be profit for the association.

The ball game between the Red Crowns and the Hammond Comets ended in a disagreement. The score was 4 to 3 in favor of the Red Crowns, when the umpire called a Hammond foul ball fair. When protested by the Red Crowns, the decision was changed and Hammond quit. The game was in the ninth inning, so the mammoth crowd which witnessed it felt that they had seen a real game, although it was regretted that it was not finished.

The day was started by the concession men at 6:30 A. M. and was finished by them at 12:00 P. M. During this period the crowd, which was conservatively estimated at five thousand, enjoyed a day of many interests. General opinion declares that the Third Annual Field Day of the S. O. A. A. was a success in every way.

Results of the various contests follow:

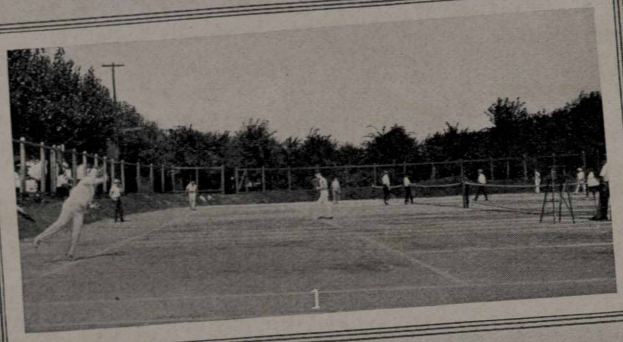
50-yard dash, men: H. Brown, Red Crowns, 1st, time, 6 seconds; William Thiesen, Polarines, 2nd; Fred Kuehnke, Red Crowns, 3d.

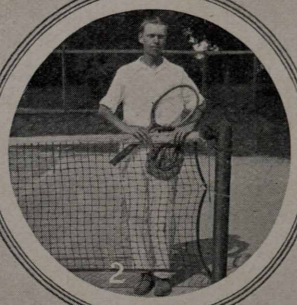
100-yard dash, men: H. Brown, Red Crowns, 1st, time 11 1-5 seconds; William Thiesen, Polarines, 2nd; Fred Kuehnke, Red Crowns, 3d.

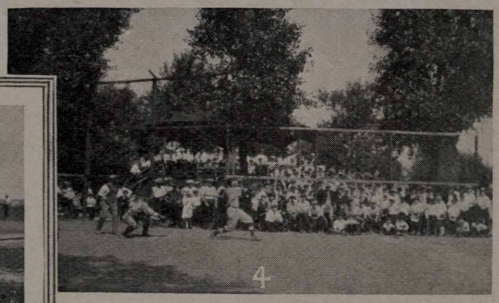
Standing broad jump: Floyd Banks, Red Crowns, 1st, distance, 9 feet, 5 inches; J. E. Moore

(*Continued on page 36*

For Those Who Demanded Speed





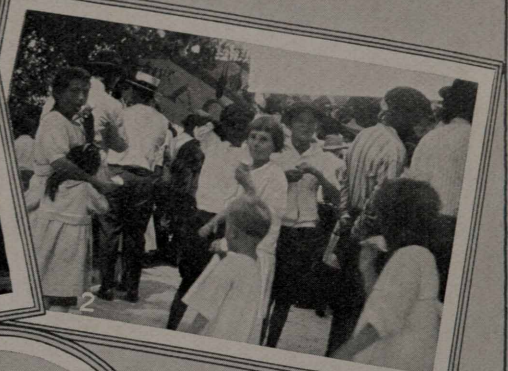


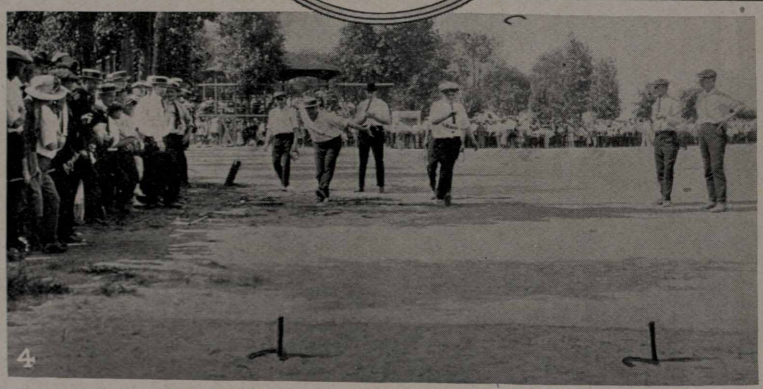
They had tennis, running races and baseball at Whiting's great field day. No. 1—The tennis tournament, with Brown, one of the stars, shown in action at extreme left. (He had to move faster than that when the Stanolind Record got after him on the same courts a few days later.) No. 2—Sowers, though young, is Whiting's best on the tennis courts. No. 3—Herbert Brown winning 100-yard dash for men, left to right: Brown, Floyd Banks, William Thiessen, second, Fred Kuehnke, third, Eddie Pond.. No. 4—Ellis batting.

The Girls Were Right On The Job

Whiting S. O. A. A. field day. No. 1—Some of the girl athletes, left to right: Elizabeth Fauth, Madelena Verrydt, Gladys Brown, Catherine Kraly, Julia Kubeck, Helen Leonard, Pauline Kornidas. No. 2—Throwing the ball for distance, left to right: Helen Leonard, second; Pauline Kornidas, first; Gladys Brown, third; Catherine Kraly. No. 3—Egg races contestants, left to right: Mary Lawler, Veronica Berdies, Anna Baumel, Beulah Stover.

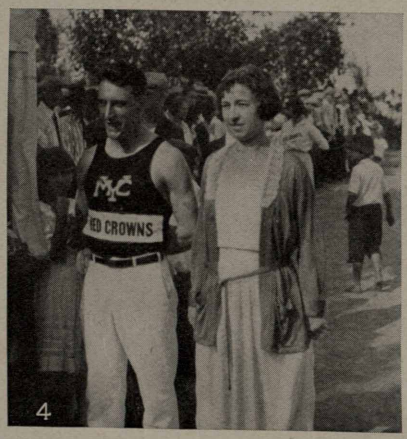
What The Camera Caught at Whiting





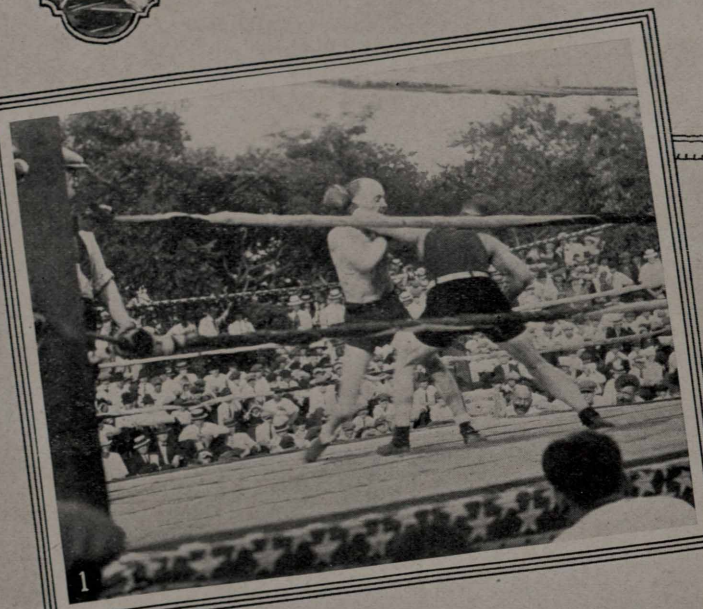
No. 1—The merry-go-round at the S. O. A. A. field day—some speed! No. 2—Umm-mm! Ice cream cones and everything! No. 3—Elwood C. Baker and George W. Lee of the company's police force. No. 4—Horseshoe contest, left to right: Mike Palikan, Frank Peters, Dr. R. H. Reeve, Joe Striczek, W. Beach, James Hanson.

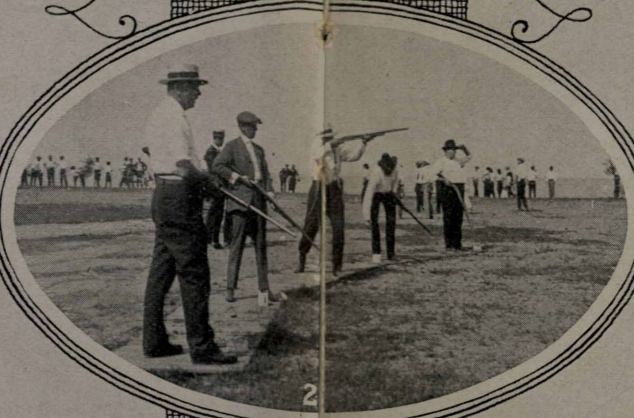
It Was a Big Day For Everybody

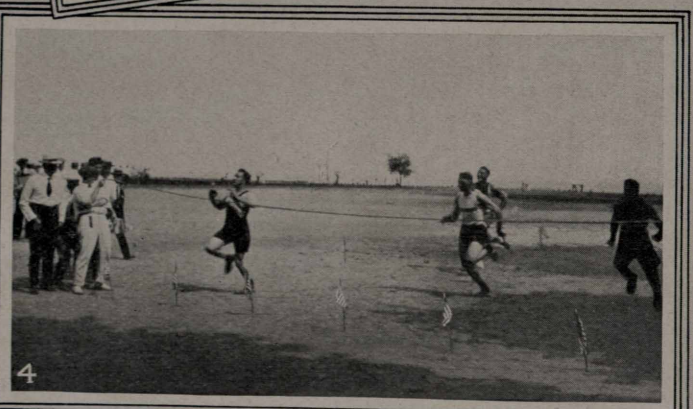


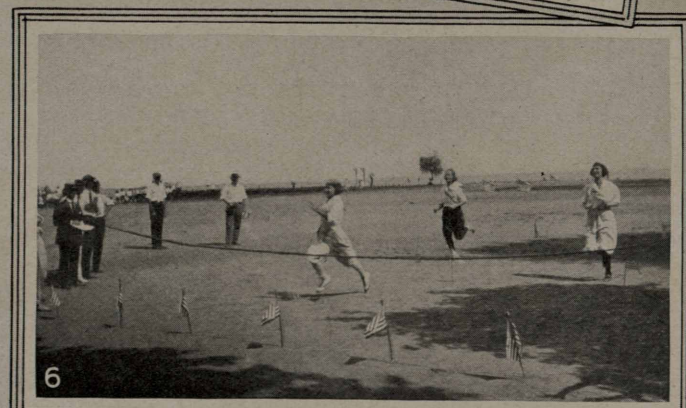
Whiting S. O. A. A. field day. No. 1—Left to right: Chief of Police C. H. Bruens, John E. Moore in high jump, Russ Wilkenson, Fred Kuehnke. No. 2—Shot put, 12 pounds, left to right: John C. Melvin, chairman of field day committee; George Brunner, third place; James Burke, second place; Eddie Pond, first. No. 3—Some of the Red Crowns who won the cup, left to right, standing: C. Johnson, John E. Moore, Herbert Brown, Fred Kuehnke; seated, James Burke, Floyd Banks, George Girard. No. 4—Fred Kuehnke and Beulah Stover, winners in egg race.

Varied Sports at Whiting Field Day







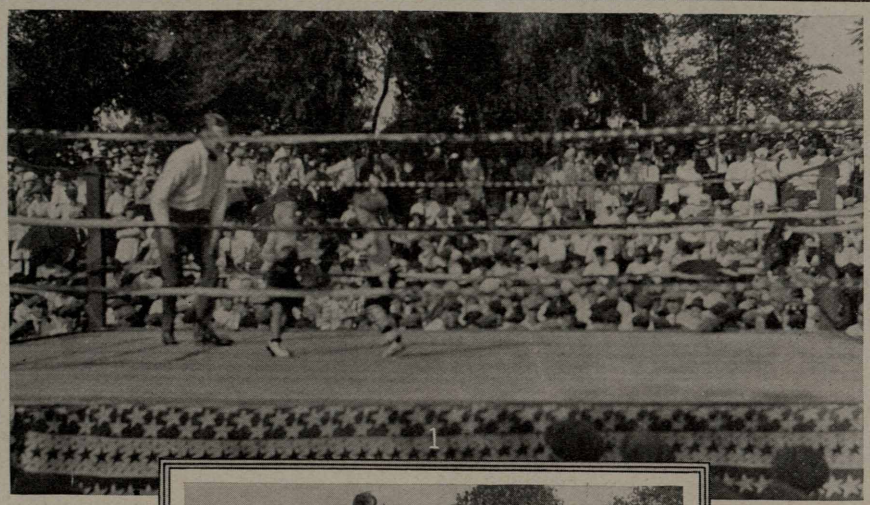


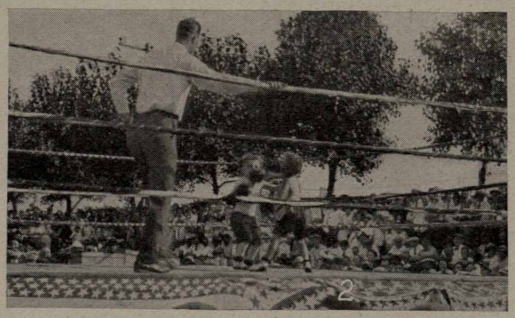
No. 1—Jimmy McGrath and Eddie Daly, weighing in at 120 pounds, fought to a draw. No. 2—Trap shooting contest, left to right: William Fuss, Frank Cherry, Jim Korczyk, unidentified, Henry Haman. No. 3—Pauline Kornidas hurling the ball. On the left, W. Sutherland and M. J. Hannon. No. 4—Finish of 50-yard dash, left to right: Herbert Brown, first; William Thiessen, second; Eddie Pond, Fred Kuehnke, third. No. 5—The ball game: Lawrence McClelland catching for Red Crowns. No. 6—Girls' 50-yard dash, left to right: Helen Leonard, second; Pauline Kornidas, Elizabeth Fauth, third. Julia Kubeck, winner, does not appear in picture.

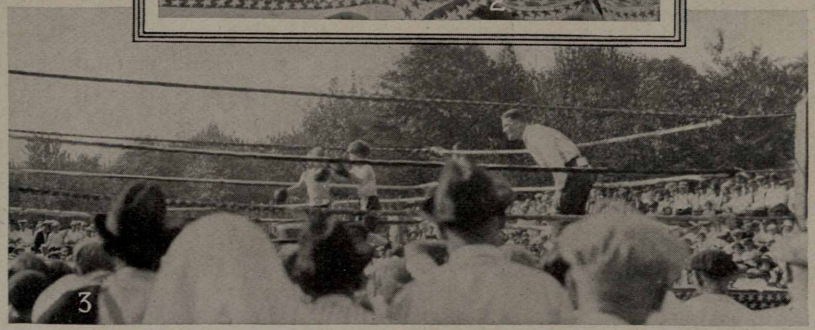
The Red Crowns Had The Pep

Whiting S. O. A. A. field day. The Red Crown team was first. No. 1—Eddie Pond of the Red Crowns won the shot put. No. 2—The winning Red Crown tug-of-war team. No. 3—J. E. Moore, of the Red Crowns, tied for first place in the high jump.

The 35-Pounders Were Favorites

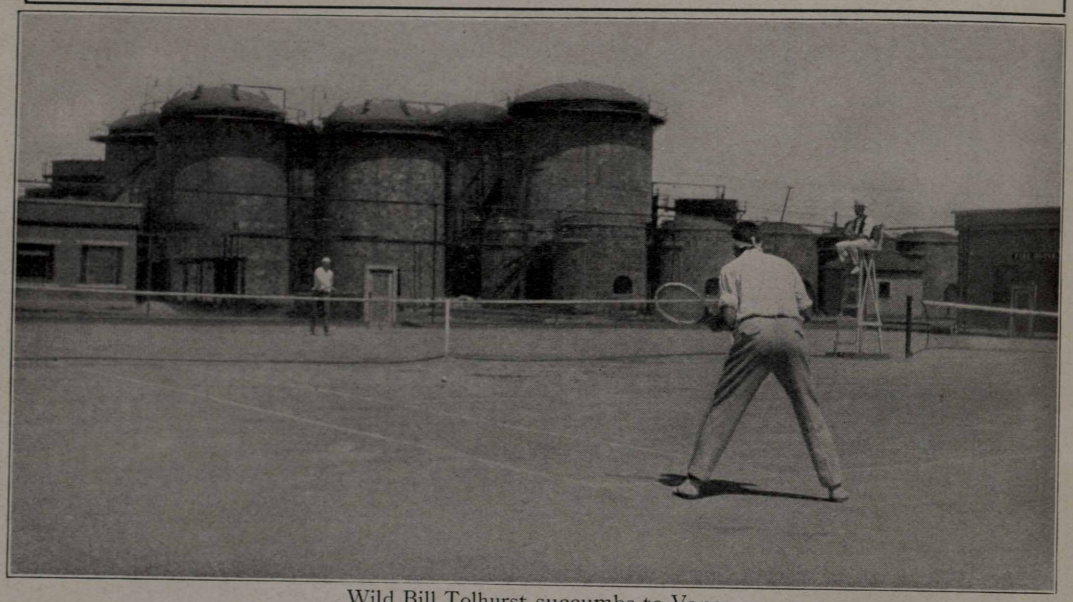






Whiting S. O. A. A. field day. Two boxing matches with kids as the principals were among the hits of the day. Nos. 1 and 2 show Harold Jensen and Willie Wargo, who weighed in at 35 pounds. No. 3 shows two older boys.

CASPER S. O. A. A. HOLDS STATE TENNIS CONTEST



Wild Bill Tolhurst succumbs to Vance.

The second annual Wyoming State Tennis Tournament was held July 29 to August 1, under the auspices of the Casper Standard Oil Athletic and Recreation Association, on the company courts at No. 3 plant.

The tournament opened with a total of over thirty entries from Wyoming, Colorado and Nebraska. The weather conditions were ideal, and each day brought out a large gallery of enthusiasts to witness the games.

W. H. Tolhurst, C. B. Pierce and J. C. Warkley were the players picked from the refinery to make the best showing. Tolhurst struck a snag in the first round and went down to defeat, George Vance, of Casper, winning the match, 6-2, 6-4.

Pierce met Warkley in the second round, and after a hard-fought match won, 7-5, 2-6, 6-1. Pierce was later eliminated by Dr. Mockett from Kimball, Neb.

Jack Catterall fell victim to Mr. Bass, one of his countrymen, from Lander.

Dr. Mockett and his team-mate, Claude L. Alden, were the most popular players in the tournament. They are real tennis players, and no finer sportsmen could be found anywhere. Dr. Mockett was eliminated in the semi-finals by Roderick Tower after a grilling five-set match. Claude Alden was defeated in a close match by Billy Rehr, Casper's star tennis player and former Standard Oil Company employee.

Rehr and Tower then fought it out for the singles championship, Rehr winning rather easily. Rehr and Tower also defeated Mockett and Alden in a close five-set match for the doubles championship.

Billy Rehr was winner of the Rocky Mountain championship at Denver two years ago.

Interest in tennis has received a great impetus at Casper, and is likely to become one of the most popular sports fostered by the Standard Oil Athletic and Recreation Association.

WHITING S. O. A. A.

(*Continued from page 27*)

Red Crowns, 2nd; James Burke, Red Crowns, 3d.

Running high jump: J. E. Moore, Red Crowns, and George Brunner, Perfections, tied for 1st, height 4 feet 10¾ inches; William Thiesen, Polarines, third. Points were split and on toss prize went to Moore.

Shot put, 12 pound: Ed Pond, Red Crowns, 1st,

distance 36 feet 11¾ inches; James Burke, Red Crowns, 2nd; George Brunner, Perfections, 3d.

Fungo hitting: W. Sutherland, Polarines, 1st, distance 291 ft.; C. Johnson, Red Crowns, 2nd; Ted James, Red Crowns, 3d.

Tug-of-war: Red Crowns, captained by M. McGowan and composed of G. Duybel, G. Bukvich, T. Klean, J. Bonich, Z. Yyor, A. C. Greiger, J. Vena, C. C. Kortokies, V. Seyns, O. George, M. Hobolich. This team won over a team picked from the spectators as no other division entered a team.

Egg race: Beulah Stover and Fred Kuejnke, Red Crowns, 1st; Anna Baumel and P. O. Vandeveer Perfections, 2nd; Mary Lawler and Orville Schlater, Polarines, 3d.

Horseshoe pitching: Frank Peters, Perfections, 1st, 50 points, 23 ringers; Frank Radloff, Polarines, 2nd, 41 points, 14 ringers. Doubles: Frank Peters and James Hansen, Perfections, 1st, 50 points, ringers by Peters 10, by Hansen II; Frank Radloff and Waldo Berger, 2nd, 37 points, ringers by Radloff 8, by Berger 4.

50-yard dash, girls: Julia Kubeck, Polarines, 1st, time 7 1-5 seconds; Helen Leonard, Polarines, 2nd; Elizabeth Fauth, Polarines, 3d.

Ball throwing for accuracy, girls: Catherine Kraly, Polarines, 1st; Pauline Kornidas, Polarines, 2nd; Gladys Brown, Polarines, 3d.

Ball throwing for distance, girls: Pauline Kornidas, Polarines, 1st, distance 148 feet 9 inches; Helen Leonard, Polarines, seconds; Gladys Brown, Polarines, 3d.

Totals, men: Red Crowns 47, Perfections 18, Polarines 1.

Totals, men: Red Crowns 47, Polarines 19, Perfections 18, Renowns 0; girls: Red Crowns 0 Polarines 27, Perfections 0, Renowns 0. Final team total: Red Crowns 47, Polarines 46, Perfections 18, Renowns 0.

The clay pigeon shoot, 50 targets, resulted in the following firsts, seconds and thirds in three classes:

Class A: H. F. Vater, 44; W. G. Kiger, 40; Ted James, 39.

Class B: William Bachi, 34; H. Haman, 31; C. Wonnacott, 30.

Class C: J. E. Moore, 35; Fred Berg, 24; Frank Cheny, 23.

DIRTY FACES

A balance of $17,976.91 in all funds on September 1, 1922, is shown in the monthly report of W. O. Walker, secretary, Whiting Mutual Benefit Association. Balance in all funds August 1 was $17,737.41. Receipts during August were $541.50; disbursements $302.00. Funds are invested as follows: Liberty bonds, $4,000.00; Whiting Savings & Loan Association stock, $5,463.63; Hammond city bonds, $5,000.00; savings account, Bank of Whiting, $2,337.77; War Savings Stamps, $361.86; checking account, $813.65. The association now has 1,303 members in good standing.

SYMPTOMS

Early symptoms of sickness are often slight; hence they easily pass unnoticed. Yet a slight trouble, easily checked in its early stages, may, if neglected, grow into a serious or even fatal disorder; just as a burning match, which anyone could extinguish instantly, may kindle a fire beyond the power of an entire city to control.

It is important, then, to notice even slight symptoms of sickness, first, in order to determine the nature of the trouble, and second, in order to institute treatment as early as possible. It is, however, hardly less important to observe symptoms accurately during the entire course of an illness. A patient's progress can be determined only by careful comparison between the present and past conditions.

In case of suspected illness, the safest plan is to send for a physician, for as a rule all the training and experience of a physician are required in order to decide what symptoms indicate, and to prescribe proper remedies. Diagnosis, or the process of determining the nature of illness from the symptoms observed, is often exceedingly difficult; it must take into consideration not one symptom only, but the presence or absence of a number of symtoms. Untrained persons who attempt to make diagnoses are frequently led astray by the fact that actual causes of trouble may be situated far from the place where symptoms are felt or observed. For instance, the real cause of headache may lie in a region far removed from the head; and so-called heart-burn, which is caused by disordered digestion, has nothing to do with the heart. Again, an early symptom of tuberculosis of the hip joint is pain under the knee; a mother is clearly not doing the best thing when she assumes that any pain in a joint means rheumatism, and therefore doses her suffering child with the medicine that "helped" his rheumatic grandfather. No untrained person is equipped to make a diagnosis, and still less to prescribe medicine or treatment.—*United States Public Health Service*

FIRST AID KITS FOR SALES DEPARTMENT

By F. C. SINGLETON, *Safety Director, Sales Department*

First-aid kits, as above illustrated, have been distributed throughout the entire Indiana field for the benefit of employees of the marketing division.

Wherever first-aid is given, both the patient and the person administering the first-aid must clearly understand that the dressing is temporary. The injury should be examined and re-dressed by a doctor at the earliest possible moment.

TO PREVENT INFECTION

One of the greatest values of first-aid is the prevention of infected injuries. State reports indicate that nearly 10 per cent of all workmen's compensation cases are due to infection. Infected injuries cause much pain and frequently result in amputation or even death. The amount of time lost is much greater than if the wound had not become infected.

To prevent infection it is necessary to secure immediate first aid, and all injuries, however small, must be reported and attended to at once. Nearly 3,000 of the above illustrated kits have been distributed among the salaried stations, and also in all the service stations. A steel-enameled sign, bearing the red cross and reading "First-Aid Room," is located in close proximity to the first-aid kit. Also a decalcomania sign is posted on the window of each service station and reads "First-Aid Station."

Each kit contains bandages, gauze, tape and iodine for cuts and bruises; also Stanolax for burns. Experience has taught that if a cut, bruise or sprain is neglected for over three days, something more serious is likely to develop. Therefore when an employee of this company has the misfortune to be injured, he is requested to get immediate first-aid treatment. An accident report must, in every case, be made out in the fullest detail.

CASPER POLARINES BOW TO EADS' ALL STARS

Plant No. 1 ball team, trying to look pleasant, with varying degrees of success. Left to right: Stroud, cf; Kirk, lf; Morris, p; Post, ss; Larson, rf; Hathaway, p; O'Leary, c; Konzen, 1b; Ellenwood, 3b; Fair, 2b; Scott, p; Bangert, utility; Post, manager.

The boys are handing out a snappy brand of baseball and deserve hearty support. They have played many a game replete with thrills and plays brilliant and otherwise; but the crowning event of the season was their contest with Bill Eads' All-Stars. All the fun began when the Umps called Bill out for bunting the ball, which the following will prove:

"You're out," says the Umps.

"No I ain't, old scout. And I ain't a-goin' to go out. We need three more to tie the score."

"Well," says the Umps to Roy, "hain't he out?"

"I dunno," says Roy, "I seen a play like that oncet at the Polo Grounds, but I disremember how it came out. I wouldn't call him out, though. 'Tain't safe. 'Safety First,' that's my motter. Gimme a chew, Andy; I lost mine when that girl climbed up the steps in the grandstand."

"Here's some Spearmint," says Andy. "That bird ain't out. That ain't no infield fly, and besides that, nobody never ketched it. He never hit the ball. Ask Bo."

"I never seen the play," says Bo. "Ask the scorekeeper, he seen it."

"No, he never," says Post, "he went after more paper for to keep the score on."

"Well," says Bo, "ask the Umps, maybe he seen it."

"I know he never seen it," says Scotty, "he don't never see nothing. That feller is out."

"Well, sir," says Don, "he may be out and he may not be out. A great deal of the evidence bears out my supposition that this man is a man of good intentions. He is married, quiet, peaceable and home-loving, so far as comes to my knowledge. His work seems to be satisfactory in many respects, I should say. However, I would hardly care to express a definite opinion. I would like to suggest that this matter be referred to the Sub-Committee on Conciliation. There is a faint possibility, however, that Mr. Konzen happened to look in that direction when the play was made, and may be in position to give us an opinion. What would be the extent of your decision, Mr. Konzen?"

"That big ox is out," says Slim, "and I'll bite anybody's ears off what says he ain't. I never seen such a rotten decision."

"Quit this here arguing," says the Umps, "let's play ball. I'm getting hungry. Batter up. Are you a-goin' to bat, Mr. Eads? How may strikes you got?"

"I ain't got none," says Bill, "I just come to bat."

"All right," says the Umps, "play ball."

And when Gleg was caught off third base, this choice bit followed:

Gleg says to Andy: "Say, did you see what them fellers done?"

Andy says: "Yeah, you make me sore. Didn't you know we need that score? What did you git off'n the base for?"

"I was goin' for a drink," says Gleg.

"Well," says Andy, "I'll tell the Umps. Hey, you big stiff," says Andy, "this here guy ain't out."

"Why not," says the Umps, "didn't 'I call him out?"

"Yeah," says Andy, "but he was goin' for a drink."

"Well," says the Umps, "he's out anyways for not invitin' me. Play ball."

And so forth. When the game finally ended, the score stood 14 to 10 in favor of Bill's All-Stars, but Post claims that while the scorekeeper was gone his assistant missed some six or seven tallies; so the game is to be played over in the near future. It should prove interesting and draw a record-breaking crowd.

SOME NOVELTIES APPEAR AMONG NEW BLOUSES

ALTHOUGH crepe de chine leads the lovely procession of materials used for making new fall blouses, it has some ambitious and attractive rivals in other exquisite fabrics. Its nearest of kin is crepe-back satin and wherever one goes it serves to introduce the other. But printed velette and duvetyn, in gay patterns, combined with crepe de chine, or occasionally with georgette, bring something new to fall blouses, and these ideas are sure to be amplified.

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One of the new style-points in blouses appears in the waistcoat effect, in which a vest in a contrasting color, or in a heavier weight material, is introduced in a blouse of crepe de chine or georgette. An example of this idea appears in the illustration. Duvetyn and georgette are also used in insets on plain materials and are combined with embroideries that serve to join them to the blouse gracefully. Braid embroidery, in bands, and other embroideries are lavished on the new blouses, but none of them is so highly regarded as bead embroidery, which is generously used everywhere. Tassels of silk, bead ornaments finished with bead fringe, chenille and narrow ribbon of embroidery, applique figures, cross-stitching, couching and chain-stitch braid embroidery serve to elaborate plain materials in designs for fall blouses.

Many sleeves are three-quarter length, but the long sleeve gathered into a cuff and the ample wing sleeve, hanging to the waist, are well represented. Many necks are collarless and finished with a border design in embroidery, especially in those blouses that open at one side. Others have collars turning back from V-shaped neck openings or falling only across the back. There are many advocates for all of these neck treatments.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

NEWLY ARRIVED SUITS FORECAST FALL FASHIONS

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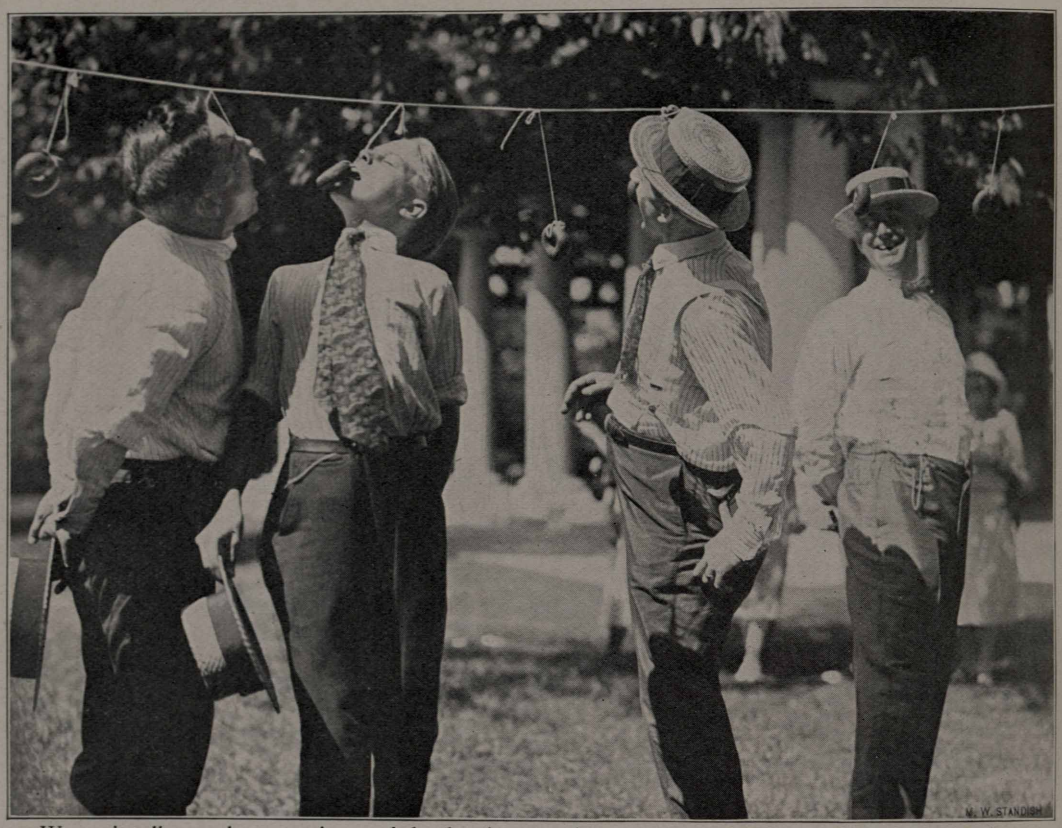
THE first suits for fall are making their debut, in variations of several promising styles that forecast the modes for fall. Anyone who must buy a suit in advance of the season may look them over and select whatever appeals to her good judgement, provided her choice is becoming, for it is the buyers who set the fashions.

One may safely generalize a little as to the styles, after a survey of the first arrivals. Skirts remain plain (the very short skirt is dead and buried), and they reveal only the ankles of their wearers. Coats are at least fingertip length and many of them are longer. They are so generally fur-bearing that one begins to feel uneasy for fear that it will take all the little animals in the world to provide skins for them. But reassuring news comes from Paris: that fashion center approves fabric-furs for trimming suits. They are beautiful, and some of them amazingly accurate imitations of natural furs. As a rule suit coats are considerably decorated; fur bandings, braids and embroideries contributing to their adornment.

The conservative and handsome suit pictured has a plain skirt reaching within eight inches of the floor and an extremely long coat with high collar and cuffs of fur. Its long, close-fitting sleeves indicate a return to the regulation coat sleeve in the severely tailored styles—but there are plenty of exceptions to this idea. The character of this suit is carried out by slit pockets at each side, and its plainness serves to emphasize the importance of three huge and handsome buttons that look so capable as a front fastening.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

"WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND"



We can't tell you who was winner of the doughnut eating contest at the Kansas City picnic, for the very good reason that said contest was never finished. On the extreme right in the above is Mr. C. A. Swoboda, salesman in the Kansas City division for the last thirty-five years.

Lady Jane—"Have you given the goldfish fresh water, Janet?"

Janet—"No, mum. They ain't finished the water I give 'em t'other day yet."—*Edinburgh Scotsman.*

* * *

Scatter your flowers as you go along, especially in the lives of those in whose gardens the flowers never bloomed. Nothing will give you greater satisfaction.

A pessimist closes an eye, wrinkles his face, draws up the corner of his mouth, and says, "It can't be done." An optimist has a face full of sunshine. He beams on you and says, "It can be done"—and then lets George do it. But a "pep-ti-mist" takes off his hat, rolls up his sleeves, goes to it, and does it.—*The Rotarian.*

* * *

Teacher—"Give examples of double negatives."

Student—"I don't know none."

* * *

Dink—"Have any luck in the poker game last night?"

Blink—"Yes, there was a doctor in the game and I won eight prescriptions."—*Loew's Weekly.*

Gentleman (consulting Directory): "Bookbinders-bookkeepers-booksellers-boots-bootmakers—"

Drug Store Clerk: "Maybe I can help you find what you're looking for."

Gentleman: "No use—I guess bootleggers aren't listed yet!"

* * *

Rastus: "Liza, what fo' you buy dat udder box of shoe blackin'?"

Liza: "Go on, nigga', dat ain't shoe blackin', dat's ma massage cream."

* * *

Half the victories of life come from a confident belief that one is going to win. The world has little use for the man who is continually down at the heels.

* * *

It is the man who persists in seeing his ideal, who ignores obstacles, absolutely refuses to see failure; who clings to his confidence in victory, that wins out.

* * *

The important thing in life is to have a great aim, and to possess aptitude and the perservance to attain it—*Goethe.*

"THE DAYS OF REAL SPORT"

One of the features of the recent picnic held by employees of the Kansas City division was the pop drinking contest, won by Miss Agnes Walker.

Do not go through life doing little things painfully when you were made to do great things grandly, happily.

* * *

Cats that don't catch mice are, as a rule, not kept for their beauty. Neither are salesmen kept on the payroll if they do not get orders. It is orders that count, not your appearance on dress parade.

* * *

"Honest, old man, you appear to be growing shorter."

"No wonder. Three times I've been let in on the ground floor of oil propositions with the usual results."—*Buffalo Express.*

* * *

Let a man get the idea that he is being wronged, or that everything is against him, and you cut his earning capacity in two.

* * *

"I want to go into the movies."

"Well, why don't you study for the movies, girlie?"

"Huh! Does it take study?"—*Louisville Courier Journal.*

Wouldn't this be a grand world to live in, if all the grafters and parasites could be converted and made to join the ranks of those who do things worth while?

* * *

Great designs are not accomplished without great enthusiasm. It is the inspiration of everything great, without it no man is to be feared, and with it none despised.—*Bovee.*

* * *

Old Lady—"Son, can you direct me to a bank?"

Boy—"Yessum, for a quarter."

Old Lady—"Isn't that a mighty high pay, my boy?"

Boy—"No, ma'am; not for a bank director."—*Success.*

* * *

Hobson—"Sir I am a self-made man."

Dobson—"Who interrupted you?"—*Tid-Bits.*

* * *

College Professor (in engineering class)—"What is a dry-dock?"

Student—"A physician who won't give out prescriptions."—"*Topics of the Day*" Films.

THIS GARDEN THE PRIDE OF WOOD RIVER

Wood River Works.—If a public benefactor is one who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, what must the poets say of folks who make grass grow where none ever grew before? In fact, Wood River, as folks recall its early days, was noted mainly for sand burrs so far as horticulture was concerned. The gentleman pictured above is our pleasant co-worker and still foreman, George Buck, widely known as a first class horticulturist and also as a bee cultivator. The garden, shown with heavily laden apple trees forming the background, shows what can be accomplished with sand. All it needs is a generous amount of fertilizer, a copious supply of water, and constant attention. Mr. Buck's smile is by no means artificial—it is not a "sun grin"—it is a smile caused by a reasonable pride. Even the neighbors take some pride in the garden.

WHITING, IND.

The Standard Oil Athletic Association has had a successful year promoting horseshoe tournaments at the Whiting Works. The year's activities, as far as the association is concerned, ended with the finals in the doubles tournament, which were won by Frank Peters and James Hanson of the boiler shop. The barrel house team, composed of Frank Radloff and Waldo F. Berger, furnished the opposition. In the first game, which was won by the boiler shop 50 to 40, Peters of the boiler shop made ten ringers, Hanson of the boiler shop eleven ringers, Radloff of the barrel house seven ringers, and Berger of the barrel house three ringers. In the second game, which the boiler shop won 50 to 33, Peters threw twelve ringers, Hanson eleven, Radloff seven and Berger eight. As a reward for reaching the finals in this tournament, the boiler shop men received beautiful gold watchchains as prizes and the barrel house men sets of gold cuff links and tie clasps. Although tournaments are over, the interest created by them is manifested throughout the works every noon hour when many games of horseshoes are being played by employees.

Shorty Hartman has resigned his position at the air compressor house at the machine shop by special request of his better adviser. Due to the excess of gas which he carried home in his clothes while working near the large gas engines, his wife said he "was already full enough of gas, but this is too much—must quit job." Shorty is now transferred to another department.

On August 19, C. J. Schroeder of the machine shop office had occasion to run several races during a field and track meet held at Ogden Park, Chicago, under auspices of the South Park Board of Commissioners. Entered in the one mile and one-half mile runs and representing Calumet Park of the East Side, he carried home six points, winning a silver medal for second place in the mile run with

formidable competition, and crossing the line fourth in the half-mile run in spite of a few handicaps. Geo. Brunner also made a fine showing for Calumet Park, being responsible for the winning of a four-man relay race, and jumping a height of five feet four inches in the running high jump.

"Mat" Locke, formerly from the machine shop, now working at the filter clay plant, spent his vacation at Bass Lake, Indiana, and on his return reported having caught a twenty-two pound bass. Residents of that district claim that no such fish was seen thereabouts since there was wet water in Bass Lake, but "Mat" persists that this was an old timer, and he caught it at night time while quite dark, having had the fish for supper that same evening. But mistakes will happen, especially in the absence of light and witnesses, so "Mat" promised to catch the mate to this bass next time he goes fishing out there, just to prove to unbelievers that he is right.

Occasion—S. O. Co. employees coming to work. Scene—Pennsylvania railroad coach. Time—7:40 A. M. Characters—Pat Crotty of the boiler shop, the joker; and Louie LeMarbe of the welding department, the jokee (?).

Curtain—Pat slips Louie's dinner pail from his seat but doesn't notice Louie watching from the corner of his eye, presuming him busy in conversation. The train stops at the Berry Lake gate and all S. O. men get off, including Pat with two dinner pails. Entering the gate the chief watchman requested information as to why the guilty look, accompanied by two pails, whereon Pat explained that one pail belonged to a sick friend for whom he was carrying it, and Louie arrived in time to witness the "explanation." Pat having satisfied the watchman, was just then intercepted by Louie, who relieved him of one bucket, thanking him for carrying it as far as he did. Pat expected to enjoy the joke all by himself, but Louie enjoyed it even more than Pat expected to. (Who was the joke on?)

Genevieve Prush of the can house celebrated her birthday August 7, but we don't know how many candles there were in the cake.

Jake Behrens has not sold his lot in Roseland yet.

For Sale: One perfectly good Empire Six auto, 1908 model. Apply Dimmock.

Sally Pospychalla, of the can house, has had her hair bobbed.

Mr. Jeff Mehalso sustained a bad scratch on his little finger recently. Six doctors and four nurses held him down while it was treated with iodine.

All the farmers at Hobart are at ease again and they have taken the locks off of their chicken coops. The reason for their precaution was that Bill Schilicty spent two weeks' vacation there.

Geo. Kirchoff says he was vamped on the boulevard the other day. He is now telling time by the sun and borrowing car fare.

While traveling in South Chicago, Walter Beach's Overland broke down. He called on the C. M. C. to pull him in. When the tow-car arrived, the driver asked him who pulled him that far. Better get Warshawsky before it is too late.

While at the picnic Julius Kensock, foreman of the welding shop, was elected to sell hot dogs. While handling one he was a little careless and one of them bit him. He has his whole gang welding muzzles for next year.

While spending his vacation at Streator, Ill., Geo. Kaminsky visited Starved Rock. He tells us the darned thing has a long while to go yet before it is starved.

While cranking his fliver the other evening, Geo. Paul had the misfortune to lose the crank and as yet has been unable to locate it. Look in the trees, George, it may be flying around.

While at the foremen's picnic, Julius Kensock went out to pick some flowers. He was rewarded with a large bunch of poison ivy which took effect on his hands. It is also reported that he stands while partaking of his meals.

While at the carnival the other evening, Frank Bronchick was seen to enter the tent of a Hindu fortune teller. He won't tell what he was told, but Frank is inquiring where he can buy a cheap baby carriage.

We all extend our sympathy to our reporter, Geo. Kaminsky, who had the misfortune to lose his mother. She was well known by all the boys of the welding shop and a friend to every one she ever knew. She leaves six children and a husband to mourn her.

"SPECIAL"

Lewis Kasper spent his vacation at Magician lake and to prove he caught the big ones he sent one home weighing twenty pounds. It proved to be salted mackerel. Lew says you can never send a woman to the store.

Louis Lemarb, heavy weight champion of the welding shop, would like to challenge any one not to exceed 300 pounds, to a lifting contest. He says he can carry two cars of carbide up the steps to the generators and at the same time eat a sandwich.

Ed Dust, the star welder of the welding shop, asked the foreman of the shop, Julius Kensock, what kind of noise does the break of day make.

During the Chicago street car strike, Mr. Billie Williams offered free rides to young ladies. Don't let the *wife* hear about this, Bill.

WIVES WANTED: Mr. Geo. (Slim) Kerchoff, the well known T. N. T. of the welding shop, and his best friends, Mike Elo and Tomatoes, better known at White City as the "Champ milker of a five-legged cow," not particular about height, weight, size or looks; for further information, see the reporter at the welding shop.

After spending two weeks at Milwaukee, Mr. Kensick claims that those days are not gone forever.

Mr. L. Lemarb and John White would like to know what is Prohibition and why everybody in the welding shop talks so much about it.

A TIP: To a certain gentleman from the welding shop, who wears one of Louis Bauhmal's Palm Beach suits. Have it dyed black and make us believe you have a new suit next summer.

Mr. Lewis Kasper of the welding shop is now the coming auto painter and trimmer of Whiting, the Oil City. He ought to be, said his helper—just look at my Saxon.

WOOD RIVER, ILL.

Fellow Mates and Gobs: The untamed and jovial Walter Heideman is joining his friends on the "turbulent sea of matrimony." He set sail for the voyage with Miss Ethel Buck, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Buck, as skipper. A trip was made to Kansas City and other places, on the honeymoon and the home port is located at 7th and Esther, Wood River. The boys wish Walter and his bride much happiness.

The main pump house now presents a very fine appearance after dark with its complete new lighting system. It is now an able rival of the sun.

Wm. Chalk, pumper at the paraffine works, says

Bernie Halloran isn't civil. Willie is an able reporter.

Election of a president for the Penning Avenue Amusement Club brought out many social aspirants. Matthew Freeman claims the office and Joe Jackson contests the claim. Several aspirants seek the office who do not live on the avenue. They are Lawrence Ragus, George Oetkin and Wm. Locke. Geo. Searcy also aspires.

Electrically equipped alarm bells have been installed in the ash tunnels, which makes it possible for men who are working there to be warned of danger and to retreat to safety.

The five old asphaltum stills just across the track from the crude stillmen's office have been dismantled and will soon be removed from their foundation. These stills have been in operation for a number of years and gave way to better arrangement. The products which they handled are now taken care of by the new pitch stills at the lubricating works. The large wooden building just west of the old stills which served as a storage for bulky material, such as asbestos, felt and barrels of asphaltum, has been torn down and a large pile of coal and a coal crusher now fills that space.

A neat addition to an oil burner is the equipping of a small still-gauge cock to drain off the water. Ben Purcell of No. 1 crude house originated the idea.

A campaign is on for clean locker rooms. It is a good move and should have the encouragement of every employee.

Happy Robertson found a fine dog in the plant the other day. It developed that Bill Obermiller brought the dog down to lose it.

Tim Van Camp and Bill Soliday are going to race on roller skates to see who will be extra still foreman.

A new electrically driven ash blower has been installed at No. 1 blower house. It is of the centrifugal fan type; is manufactured by the General Electric Co., and develops between 75 and 90 horsepower. It is far more neat, clean and compact than the old blower, which was steam driven. At the time of this writing the stills are on oil and the blower has not been tried out.

A meeting of the plant reporters was held recently and steps were taken to systematize the news getting. At the present time many of the employees want personal items, and the more jokes on each other, the better they like the Record. Occasionally someone becomes peeved at something in the items. This can better be taken care of by a confidential talk with your reporter. No reporter wants to offend anyone in the plant.

Shorty Barnhorn went to St. Louis the other day. Two new fenders, a new radiator and a few other accessories were all it took to put his Ford in shape again.

Curley Andrews, Fred Mutz and several small boys went blackberrying. The scene of operations was a wooded pasture in which was a bull so ferocious that even the owner was afraid to pick the berries there. After signing papers to the effect that the owner should not be responsible for the death or damage of any of the party, Curley led the advance into the bull's stonghold. The bull took an active interest in their presence when the pails were about half filled. Selecting Mutz on account of his great size, the bull charged. Mutz skillfully kept a tree between himself and the charging animal. After ramming the tree several times, the bull turned his attentions to Curley who repeated Mutz' tactics with more precipitation than the originator. Finally the bull saw the small boys and started after them but the boys beat him to the fence. In the meantime Curley and Mutz also escaped.

Homer Hopkins was seen cranking his Ford for about an hour. Examination by some of his friends showed that he was cranking it backwards.

One of Whitney's men wearing hip boots stooped to adjust them. While he was stooped over, Mike Manning, foreman of the bricklayers, rode along on his wheel and not expecting the man to stop, rammed into him. The front wheel of the bicycle went right between the man's legs. The onlookers laughed but Mike said "Y—— D——, why don't you put out your hand when you stop."

Al Juhlin returned from a two-week vacation in the Windy City with a choice assortment of stories and adventures. He says the water in Lake Michigan is just about the same as that in the Mississippi river. Some people dip it up in a bucket and some get theirs in a glass.

A. G. Smith lives in the northeast part of town and he usually goes in the west gate. It's a long way to Tipperary and Kentucky, too.

Mr. C. F. Hall is getting a few pointers in public speaking from Thomas Williamson of Edwardsville. We understand it was hard for Hall to control his emotion when Williamson addressed the G. A. R. at Alton, when he made flowery remarks about civic pride, the American flag and the G. A. R. Dr. Shane of Collinsville is also encouraging Hall.

Mr. Ed Nolte, of the pressure stills, takes this opportunity of thanking the boys of the pressure stills for the purse made up for him during the illness of himself and wife with smallpox. Mr. Nolte was under quarantine from the middle of July until late in September.

Miss Mary Brown, the laboratory stenographer, enjoyed a two weeks vacation at Piasa Chautauqua and invited all the laboratory girls to spend the week end with her. The invitation was accepted and the girls report a wonderful time.

Things we can't imagine: Miss Brown telling where she was last night. Lane without his mustache. R. F. Buck finding out where his cat went

Joe Wetstein of the carpenter department is nursing a pair of pets. Joe says they are boils.

Jack Clark, of the millwright department, was overcome with gas and foul air recently. Jack is better known as the "King Anchor Bolt Setter." We do not understand why. Jack, won't you explain?

Mr. Ben Wunderlich, one of the belt monkeys, was seen through the wind shield of a new Dodge. Fine for you, Ben, but how did you get rid of the old "threshing machine?"

Dave Maxwell and C. Mans of the saw filing shop spent a day across the river gathering "Possum Grapes." They claim the result will be jelly. 'Tis food for thought.

Wm. (Dad) Dickey, one of our fellow workers in the carpenter department, suffered a stroke of paralysis August 20th. Dad, all of us are hoping you will be able to be back with us in the near future.

As soon as A. Schwartz bought his new Ford, he moved to Alton. We wonder if he is afraid the Ford is subject to small pox.

Charley Beasley of the pressure stills, an old Spanish-American war vet., spent his vacation visiting the Old Soldiers' Home at Quincy. Picking out your bed, Charley?

Two ball teams have been organized at the plant,

one by Bill Kelly, known as the Elderberrys, and the other by C. Cason, know as the Dandelion Blossoms. Kelly's pitcher is Stormy Kane, known as the frog ball thrower because the ball has so many hops to it. W. Crocker will catch because he has held them for at least three weeks. Cason's pitcher is Jake Tremmel because he throws a nervous ball and Durham will catch him because he is good at throwing the bull. Cason says he has a barrel of stuff if he will let it out. All the boys hope he will open up.

Pete Corrigan and family visited Dave Maloney one night recently. Some of the neighbors thought Dave was having a lawn social when they saw all the children.

Some of the boys say "Big Bill" is getting so large that when they meet him on the sidewalk, they have to detour.

Here is the story of what happened to a beautiful girl who appeared in Wood River. It is told by using names of officials and foremen:

When a (Man bet) she was the prettiest girl in town; I said the same thing, but she said (I Jolly) her all the time. She was an all round athelete and entered a ladies race and got (Jule to Kocher). When she appeared for the race and the boys saw the woderful form she was in, it certainly did (Gladden) all their hearts. When the race started, she sure (Shook) her feet and the faster she ran, the (Wilder) she looked. Some of the boys thought she had lost her (Brett) but (Gus Weisenfelt) her pulse and said she was all right. She won the race and the minute she was declared winner (John Hallo ran) after her to congratulate her but some of the boys say he had a (Cason) her. He even tried to (Gainor) hand; so they sat down on an (Edi cott) and he tried to tell her how much he loved her and promised to take her bathing on the (Beach).

A very pleasant surprise came to "Uncle" Tim Van Camp the evening of August 14, while he was enjoying his evening stogy. A man drove up who proved to be a brother he had not seen since they were separated in West Virginia 28 years before. The family had been separated by the death of the mother. Brother Joseph is located at Indianapolis and is employed as foreman for the Roberts Dairy Co. When they compared facts, it was found that both were interested in the same company, Tim being busy refining Standard Oil and Joseph using a considerable quanity of it. The only gasoline, oils and grease used by the Roberts Dairy are those refined by the Standard Oil Co. The gas is stored in a 500 gallon tank which is filled twice each week by a Standard truck and Polarine is purchased in 12-barrel lots. Joseph said all the employees also use Red Crown gas because they have found it gives a greater mileage than any other make.

Mr. and Mrs. John Davey are the proud parents of a nine-pound boy, which makes the second child to arrive in John's family this year. The first child was a girl and John said he was in a hurry to get a pair.

FOREMAN, SMALLPOX VICTIM

Charles Heddesheimer, our machine shop foreman, died of smallpox August 16. The death occurred after a short illness and was very sad, because during the closing hours of life, he was denied the comfort of friends and family. The news came to his friends and fellow shop workers that the funeral would be held the evening of his death. Relatives, members of the machine shop and many other friends came as near the house as was permitted, to pay their last respects, and followed the remains to the Alton cemetery. The funeral cortege had in it many friends in their work clothes because the hurried interment did not permit their going home to change clothing. Mr. Heddesheimer was born in Mascoutah, Ill., September 23, 1863. He came to the Standard, April 22, 1908, and had been foreman of the machine shop for eleven years. He was considered a very efficient man for the position, both by the workmen and management, both of whom will mourn his loss. He is survived by his wife who has been in very ill health for some time; two daughters, Mrs. Lawrence Regus, of Wood River, and Mrs. John Bohrman, of Alton; three sisters, Mrs. Kate Vageman. of California, Mrs. Margaret Beck and Mrs. Elizabeth Beck, of Chicago; a brother, William Heddesheimer of Chicago, and a niece, Mrs. Mae Snodgrass of Wood River. The shop employees and other refinery friends extend their deep and heartfelt sympathy.

COLLEGE COACH JOINS US

Hugh Lowery, formerly athletic instructor at Shurtleff college, has joined the ranks of Standard Oil employees, and, it is announced, will assist the Athletic Association in its work of putting out winning teams. If the athletic material in the refinery responds to Mr. Lowrey's coaching as well as the college students, we can expect Mr. Hartwig's cabinet makers will have to enlarge the cabinet where the gold cups and blue ribbons are kept. Mr. Lowery served as an officer in the air service during the war and saw service in the A. E. F. He is employed in the refinery as helper at the experimental stills.

It has always been the opinion of friends and neighbors that Ed Carmody kept a garage for the purpose of storing cars but we are informed that it is used at times to entice swarms of bees, and for that purpose, has been somewhat successful. We take this opportunity to warn George Buck and his fellow apiarist when their bees swarm, that what appears to be lost, may be just around the corner.

The second annual concert and dance of the Standard Athletic Association was given at Rock Springs Park in Alton, August 9. This proved to be one of the most popular social events of the season and was enjoyed by a great gathering of Standard Oil employees, their families and friends. The program included a concert by the Red Crown Band, several numbers by the Standard Octette and a dance. The program given by the band and octette was pleasing and delighted a very large audience. The dance was given under the direction and promotion of our "premier dance promotor," Simon J. Halloran. Simon presented the Athletic Association with a dance crowd that filled the floor, overflowed into the galleries and occupied considerable space surrounding the pavilion. More than 500 couples enjoyed the dance and a profit of $145.00 was made for the Association. The floor of the pavilion is one of the largest and best in Southern Illinois. The music was charming, and the dancers, especially those of the fair sex, were captivating and delightful. You may condemn jazz but when you look on the kind displayed at the Athletic Association dance, you do it with much moderation.

Charles Graves made a visit to the home of L. L. Tuly on Seventh Street recently while some construction was in progress, and he found the street littered with bricks and a number of stray chickens. It took fine maneuvering on the part of Graves to miss all the obstacles. His dodging and speed

increased at the same time and it began to look like a job for the garage man and Doc. Flanagan. The only thing he hit, however, was an angle iron in front of Steve Mikolia's house. Neighbors rushed out of their homes to witness the wreck, but Charles had so much gas on Lizzie by that time that all they saw was smoke and dust.

Dick Stafford and Sidney Gent of the boiler shop have purchased a sixty-acre farm adjoining the Jimmy Jones goose farm and intend to try goat farming. They will specialize on Angora goats.

We wish to extend our sympathy to William Whitthoff in the loss of his wife. Many friends of the family attended the funeral, which was held in St. Louis, and made floral offerings that were numerous and beautiful. The service at the chapel was conducted by Rev. Idecker of Wood River and the service at the grave was conducted by the Wood River Chapter of Eastern Star, Mrs. Whitthoff being a charter member of that lodge.

Jacob Tremmel, our new machine shop foreman, and wife received a pleasant surprise on their 21st wedding anniversary when friends brought gifts of coal and kindling wood. This broke the coal strike so far as Jake was concerned. A very pleasant time was had with music and games.

William Woods, of the safety valve department, invited friends recently to his farm for dinner. They discovered all Bill raised on the farm was toothpicks and goats.

By trading a Dodge coupe, which was not large enough for his social demands, our well known and successful Safety Director has acquired two Chevrolet touring cars. One of the cars has two cylinders that don't hit and three flat tires, but they were purchased at bargain rates. Now, Mr. Director, play Safety First and ask some of the *boys* to go out riding with you.

SUGAR CREEK, MO.

The following employees are now on vacations as described below, or have returned with their vacations happily spent—we suppose: G. W. Thompson, fighting giant "muskies" in northern Wisconsin waters; Fred. J. Bergin, fishing in the beautiful James river. also shooting 22 caliber rifle and 410 gauge shotgun, promiscuously; Charles Freeman, manufacturing radio receiving set at home, also wishing that prescriptions didn't come so darn high; Bert Stover, up in New York State, no telling what he's doing; Bill Sermon and Gilbert Alexander, down in the White river country, "The Land of a Million Smiles"; Harrison Shiffner, visiting Colorado, Pike's Peak n' everything; Fred Hix, motoring through Southern Missouri; Clay Hensley, sojourning on a farm near Leavenworth, Kansas.

Bill Decker, our expert chicken fancier, has all the luck in the world raising chickens,but evedently needs a professional credit man to take care of his credit business. Ask Bill about his last sale—and one of his best friends, too.

Jay Turner has been gazing longingly at a certain maroon colored Buick roadster in Independence, and it is rumored that he is about to take the "great adventure".

BELIEVE IT OR NOT—A. E. Hauptley was caught working (but not at the storehouse). George is sure glad that Bob got back. James Hinde did not go to sleep during the entire noon hour. Wilford Bressie was caught cleaning adding machines and typewriters. Joe Hattey worked an entire week without laying off. Jesse P. Reeder went 24 hours without seeing his girl.

Bill Beatty, who has evidently accomplished the impossible, that is, after a prodigious amount of combined labor and coaxing, finally induced Alex Nylund's new old car to move once in a while (not really run of course), has about decided to quit his trade as tinner and go into the automobile game.

Joe Breuer's name has not appeared in this column for so long a time that for months we have been trying to find some excuse for mentioning him, and at last we have it—he cleaned his chicken coop the other day.

Mrs. J. C. Vrane, of Whiting, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Pete Dumsky, is here on a month's visit with her son, Eugene Charles Vrane, Jr.

The Standard Oil Band entertained the inmates of the McCune Home with an excellent concert, Sunday, August 6. Included in the program was a duet by Mr. and Mrs. Earl J. Cox. The members of the band say that the watermelon and fried chicken were great.

Mr. J. Renick Jones, veteran timekeeper, is leaving the service of the company and is entering the wholesale fruit business in Independence. Mr. Jones leaves with hearty good will of his fellow employees.

Number 113 or 13, in fact any number with 13 in it, is Earl J. Cox's lucky number. During the World War when the selective draft registration took place, E. J.'s draft number was 113 and he received it on the 13th of the month. He was living at 113 E. Rubey street, Independence, Mo., at the time of his enlistment in the navy, and on arrival at Great Lakes Naval Training Station was quartered in barracks 113. He was released from service on December 13. In drawings or raffles he always wins when he holds any number with 13 in it, and now that he has moved to the suburbs and become a gentleman farmer, the rural mail carrier has given him box No. 113 on R. R. No. 1—The *Lucky* Dog!

Don't tell us paint is not an assistance to better looks. Even automobiles look better with a new coat of paint. Take a look at R. C. Wetmore's "Olds"—can't tell it from a new one.

Herbert Fraher, assistant to E. L. Rolfs, efficiency engineer, also a member of the Kansas City Grand Opera Company, has finally succumbed to the lure of the radio. His voice was broadcasted over station W P E, the Kansas City Journal-Post, a few nights ago. He rendered that old favorite, the "Neapolitan Love Song," and also a popular air.

Bill Beatty has been making signs for Tom Chandler at the mechanical shops toolroom, and Bill and Tom have been disagreeing on the spelling of certain words in the signs.

Nylund, Carpenter, Lewis, Hite and Kolar have formed a stock company for the purpose of overhauling and rebuilding automobiles of a certain make, of which each of them is a proud possessor of one or more. They have a strict rule that cash must accompany car when you drive in, and they further agree that when the job is completed, if found SATISFACTORY, they will refund your money. But the main guarantee is that when they are thru with the "relics" they will be in such chape that no else can repair them. Nylund says that he doesn't regret the seventy-five dollars that he threw away for his part of the project, and also says that he doesn't mind working on them after the excellent advice given him by Lewis and Hite.

Men at No. 3 house report seeing Herbert Broughton going by with a fishing pole and a can of bait. Broughton claims that he has seen fish in the condenser box at the 8th battery. The writer

suggests that a committee be appointed to see what kind of "Corn" Broughton has in his cellar.

Parson Gordon, of the storehouse department, has resigned his position to accept a position of trust with the Ford Motor Company.

Miss Page Jones, daughter of Mr. A. B. Jones, of the agitators, gave a house party from August 10 to August 25, with the following guests: Miss Elizabeth Parks of Wood River, Ill., Miss Jane Logan of Lincoln, Ill., Miss Glenawin Tomilson of Mason City, Ill., and Miss Katherine Robb of Memphis, Tenn.

Anna Salva has left the services of the company. She is to be married September 23.

Mr. Sexton, superintendent of the Sugar Creek schools, has returned from a summer school in California.

We are sorry to report that Raymond Taylor, pumper at the main pump house, is in a very serious condition at one of the Kansas City hospitals. He was operated on for appendicitis, but not until after gangrene had set in.

Vernon Hancock is spending his vacation in Kansas City, this year, probably around Miller's pool hall, if it's still open. Wonder if they will miss him down in "Sunny Tennessee."

Emmit E. Lewis is officiating at the employment bureau during Mr. Koehler's absence. Mr. Koehler is vacationing in and about Independence.

What's the great attraction in the wholesale fruit business in Independence? First Renick Jones goes in, and now Andy Gilson is going to try his hand at it. Anyway, the best of luck to both of you.

A. B. (Agitator) Jones, after long consideration and many consultations with expert mechanics, decided that what he needed on his car was a carburetor, so left it at a garage to have one put in. When asked what make he had put on the car, he admitted that he did not know and was not positive that he had one, but had the bill to show for it anyway. He says that a short time ago he wanted to know where to put the distilled water in his magneto, but it makes no difference now as someone pilfered the water.

Good old likable Will Hodges has left the company and has migrated back to his Arkansas farm. Poor old Bill. Arkansas is an excellent place for a rock quarry, but a farm, oh, boy!

Niel Erickson, of the tin shop, has returned from a vacation spent at Lake Taneycomo. Niel says that as a fishing trip, it made a fine camping-out party.

Our old friend John Daniels, who put up such a good race for constable of Blue Township, is back on his old job as tally clerk and general handy man. John says that he is through with politics on account of the voters being too misleading. He states that he interviewed enough voters, who, if they had voted for him as they promised, would have given him a 50,000 majority.

Jesse P. Reeder hasn't got married yet.

Smiling "Lord" Gibbons, the crack outfielder for the pipe department team, has again found his smile—we know why, for he has been using fish-worm oil to take the kinks out of those stiff legs of his. The manager used to get so provoked at him for prancing around like a string-halted horse, that "Lord" thought it was about time to get busy. In one of the games this season he knocked a ball over the right-field fence for two bases, and, oh, boy! it made him believe in himself. He got to going around talking to himself, saying, "Gee whiz! I wish Mabel could see me now."

Mr. G. V. Hackett, "the man who has owned more different makes of automobiles than anyone in the plant," is enjoying his vacation touring the surrounding country in one of his cars.

Mr. A. S. Hurt, our assistant director of Industrial Relations, is taking his vacation while his mother is visiting him. A most appropriate time.

Swede Nielson and Herbert Hogue were desirous of obtaining a few bushels of peaches. Swede had the car and Herbert had the "bull." Herbert tells Swede he knows where they can get peaches cheap. They spend four hours and drive forty-eight miles, finally securing a few bushels at two dollars per. While they are on this wild goose chase, Mrs. Nielson finds that they are selling peaches next door at seventy-five cents a bushel, much better ones than hubby brought home, so she buys some. Now Swede and Herbert don't like each other.

Mrs. F. H. Frisby's sister, Mrs. J. M. Dennis of Ardmore, Okla., is visiting him at the present time, also a nephew, Mr. Roy Dennis of Oklahoma City.

Sam Knapp took his first (and Sam says last) ride on the Mountain Speedway at Fairmount Park, the other day. Too much speed for Sam. He says that he would rather stay on the ground and chew Granger Twist.

K. F. Jaques, of the storehouse, just returned from a two weeks vacation. He reports that he spent most of his time going on picnics and going fishing. He says that the swimming and canoeing out at Winnwood lake are fine. On one of the picnics he attended he came very near winning the married men's race. He derives consolation for his defeat from the fact that it was the first time he had been privileged to compete in a married men's race.

The men working on the Crawford tract want to know what Herb Broughton is training for. The other day they saw him using the fire walls on tank farm as hurdles. They say Herb cleared even the highest by five feet. Herb, when asked, said he found a great big snake in the manure box at the gas tower. Mr. Kelly reported a small garter snake killed at the gas tower.

The boilermakers and helpers of the Sugar Creek refinery gave their annual picnic at Horseshoe lake, Sunday, August 20. Their families and friends were all invited and the picnic was well attended. Ice Cream and lemonade were served on the grounds. All the ice cream in Eastern Jackson County had been consumed long before evening; then efforts were made to secure an additional supply. The most important feature on the program was a talk by Joe Flynn, secretary-treasurer of the International Brotherhood of Boilermakers and Helpers. Mr. Flynn spoke of the friendly relations existing between the boilermakers and the Standard Oil Company of Indiana. Other features on the program were a baseball game, foot races, horseshoe pitching, a band concert by the Sugar Creek Refinery Band, and we must not forget the crap game. The ball game between Ray Snider's team and Marcel Brockenfelt's team, ended in a 8 to 6 score, Brockenfelt's team getting the eight runs. The results of the races were as follows: 75-yard shoe race for boys under 14, won by Bobbie Snider, second Roy McKenzie. 75-yard race for girls, won by Thelma Wolf, second Ida Campbell. 100-yard dash for men, won by Dannie Snider, second Dan Hammond. 75-yard race for married women, won by Mrs. Earl Cox, second Mrs. Blodgett. Fat men's race won by Earl Evinger, secodn Earl Hodges. No entries could be found for the fat women's race. 75-yard race for women and

girls, won by Thelma Wolf, second Nellie Lawless. The horseshoe pitching tournament was won by Max Duckworth and Albert Akers. Earl Cox and Jesse Reeder, outside of the two games lost in the tournament, did not lose a game all afternoon. The following men composed the committee in charge of the picnic: Chas. Brockenfelt, John Wolf, Harry Boulware, Max Duckworth and George Steinhouser. This committee wishes to take this means to thank the Stand Oil Company (Ind.) for the services of its excellent band. (Where was our photog?—Editor).

CASPER, WYOMING

The airplane flew over the home of M. J. Furlong on August 22 to let the stork off with a 7½-pound baby girl. The mother and little one are doing first-rate. But that is not the point with the fellows at the acid house; they are asking Daddy where the smokes are.

We can't understand what Frank Wallace wants with a new Oldsmobile if he can't give us a demonstration once in a while.

Daddy Mudge turned in his old Ford touring car for a new Ford roadster, the idea being to keep his company closer. Anyway, one would think so to see him driving with one hand.

It used to be that Silent Dan and Lloyd George went on a fishing trip over the week end. Since the arrival from Whiting of Mrs. "Lloyd George" Smith, it is Silent Dan and someone else, always different. Now Dan is headed for the region around Buffalo in the Big Horns on Sunday, August 26. He says this is his last fishing trip. What is the matter, Dan?

J. A. Richards is on his vacation, but we don't know where.

Dr. Paulus and J. E. Rouse, with sufficient impedimenta, will be chauffeured to the Yellowstone National Park, commencing Saturday, August 26. We'll say that is s-o-m-e class.

Howard Thompson, Joe Bailey and several others returned from the Big Horns with plenty of fish, after taking two weeks to catch them.

Dockham and Rice, the painting duo, are some painters, especially when it comes to painting with black paint. They have never been seen in a demonstration using red paint, consequently their talent along that line is an unknown quantity.

Mr. Post, of the main office at No. 1 plant, has a bunch of youngsters lined up who play ball. They have been rather successful this season. However, Bill Eads thought these kids ought to see some real ball. Then the argument started, and both sides lined up as follows:

OLD TIMERS		OFFICE KIDS
A. Thompson	3B	Ellenwood
Gleghorn	RF	Larson
Lano	2B	Fair
Hartzell	SS	Post
Brady	1B	Konzen
Critchfield	LF	Kirk
Sullivan	CF	Strout
Fitt	C	O'Leary
Eads	P	Scott

First the game was kinda delayed. Mrs. Post went away and took the house-key along. Mose couldn't get his suit, so he came to the ball park to ask his pa what to do. Bob Turnbull was prepared to "shoot" the office kids, so pa sent the boy back. Then Andy fanned, and Gleghorn clouted one for a regular old merry-go-round. Brady got up and slammed a three-bagger, and the fight was on. Well, we never knew Andy could talk so much. But, when it comes right down to it, O'Leary owns the championship in that line, while Fitt is a close second. Bill Eads surely got the "razz" when Ellenwood pulled that old sleep stuff on Gleghorn at third. Anyway, the old men walloped the kids 14 to 10.

The great Cribbage Tournament is now in its second stage. The score as it now stands is very much in favor of Roy W. Heap, the "Pride of Wyoming." Sam Work, the Colorado Die-Hard, however, swears by his beard that as soon as the cards begin to favor him he intends to send Roy away holding animated converse with himself. Look out, Roy.

One sunny afternoon our old friend, Doc Doherty, while admiring the "scenery" at the Mills swimming pool, was inspired (?) to the following:

The Wyoming sun's too ardent glare
Smites flappers by the score—
Till lots of them are sunburned where
They never were before.

Who was she, Doc?

Paul Siebers, boilerhouse fireman, is spending his vacation in Denver.

Doc Fishburn is back from his vacation in that dear Virginia.

Henry Garrett, pressure stillman, has bought a new Chevrolet.

Doc Roberts, tower still foreman, says that the next time he buys a car it will be a five-ton truck, as the expense on his broken down Nash is something awful.

Jos. Holt, R. P. Dedlow, C. W. Dingman, Henry Steinfadt, E. H. Banta, O. O. Haggard, Willard Nelson, Clarence Mosher, Roy Williams, Alex Law and Con Cox, all of the refining department, have returned from their vacations.

C. W. Dingman has sold his Ford and bought a new Maxwell.

Con Cox was called to Billings, Mont., receiving word that his brother was killed in an accident while working in a mine. The boys extend true sympathy.

Rex Fanning, still foreman, is back on the job again after a vacation spent in the Sweetwater country, hunting and fishing.

Bill Frerichs, tower still foreman, is again at his post after a vacation spent with his parents on their farm in Nebraska.

V. R. Kelley and Chas. Childers, of the tower stills, are spending their vacations in Nebraska.

Bill Emmel, pressure still foreman, is spending his vacation about fifty miles west of Casper, hunting.

Our Greek friend went to Colorado on his vacation—Colorado Springs, Pike's Peak, etc. Homer says if his famous namesake had ever gone to Colorado it would have opened his eyes.

Mrs. Tyra Burke has left the company after three years service as superintendent of the culinary department. Her successor, Mrs. F. J. Stalnaker, comes from the Jackson Hole country, and cooks anything from bear-meat to beans. If the law allowed, she might be able to tell us how nice a good juicy piece of elk steak tastes.

Arthur Larson went to Colorado to spend his vacation. Paul Briney didn't even get out of the state. Time was too short, he says. We know one that won't go out of Casper, but it isn't for lack of time.

Bangert says a ball player should never get married. It interferes with his profession, especially when there is only one exit to the family abode.

The name of the newcomer in the main office is E. L. Hambright. Who was it called him George?

A partial list of midsummer vacations, Plant No. 1:

Robt. T. King, asbestos department, two weeks.

Joe Poore, stillman helper, two weeks.

W. N. Schaefer, pipefitter foreman, two weeks.

Geo. Pinkerton, tube cleaner foreman, would not stop chewing gum long enough to tell us where or how long.

F. N. Cartwright, veteran engineer of the machine shop, two weeks.

Roy Hartzell, safety director, visiting numerous Colorado points.

Geo. E. (Slim) Weber, each Sunday to North Range 78, township 37, section 27.

F. R. Cathcart, pipefitter, and wife have returned after a two months leave of absence from Colorado. This was his first vacation in his four years service here.

M. F. Bradeen, labor department, two weeks.

Virgil Davis, yard office, one week, digging post-holes on homestead and entertaining one girl in North Burlington addition.

Ed Wilson, timekeeper, with Joe Degan, boiler-maker foreman, and family, Wind River Range, Tougotee Pass, Jackson Hole and Yellowstone Park, two weeks.

H. H. DeWoody, paint department, and family, with Mrs. Roy Hawley and family, to Colorado Springs, Cripple Creek and Grand Canon.

Walter Jourgensen, timekeeper, two weeks; one trip each day to Garden Creek Falls, returning each night, so that he could start from here again next day.

Labor Foreman Bill Eads, two weeks, fixing up his car so as to be able to throw it in fourth gear ahead.

Day Critchfield, electrician, two weeks, trying to catch a fish in the Big Horn Mountains.

Ernest Smith, electrical foreman, doesn't know where and neither do we.

Henry Bennett, watchman, one month, Indiana and Illinois.

John Glendinning, one Sunday, just he and Lizzie; Smith Creek and back.

Andy Thompson and L. G. Smith, one evening, digging out coyotes. No get 'em.

E. E. Gale, pressure stillman, two weeks.

W. A. Herron, old timer and still cleaner, two weeks.

Chas. Newcomb has resigned from the paint department to accept a job as engineer of a steam shovel for a local industry.

John McClellan, Jr., paint department, is convalescing after an operation at the state hospital.

Pitt Covert, Jr., announces the arrival of Pitt Covert, Jr., Jr., on August 2.

Virgil Davis, of the yard office, while hunting chickens (sage) on his farmstead, was accidentally shot by his brother. Fifteen shot took effect. The doctor removed four. If he can't remove more than that it will not be safe for Virgil to use the swimming pool.

Jack McGrath, chief watchman, was called to Thermopolis by the death of his brother, Martin McGrath, a pioneer stockman and oil man.

Lewis Harrison, stillman helper, has been on the sick list since June 14.

Hiram Dunn, while on his vacation to York and other Nebraska points, had an argument with his car. In trying to start the car it kicked, and he has extended his vacation to nurse a broken arm.

Paul McNamara, separator box foreman, has left the employ of the company on account of his health. He will reside with his sister at Buffalo, Wyoming.

Bill Eads, while walking through the timber near Brook's lake, came face to face with a large silver-tip bear with her brood of two cubs. Bill said: "Good morning," and not waiting for a reply or even disputing who had the right of way, turned and walked briskly back to his car. Then, at Hell's Half Acre, on his way home, he killed a rattlesnake 58 inches long, and brought home 13 rattles and a button. Bill's hair is still sore.

What the ——! Look at W. B. Covington; he drives that truck like a Barney Oldfield, tries to make 60 miles an hour, sounds his horn continuously, and stands there by a "No Smoking" sign with a box of cigars. Oh! that is why—it is an eight-pound boy. Mother and baby are doing fine.

Casper's population is still growing. L. G. Smith, formerly of Whiting, now our pressure still and boiler house foreman, is the proud father of a fine boy, who arrived on August 17.

John Glendinning, construction foreman, took his .22 rifle along with him on his vacation. Guess he must be going after a bear, as the sage chicken season has closed.

George Obermeyer of the Industrial Relations building, censor of news for Stanolind, secretary and treasurer S. O. Co. Athletic Association, secretary Shiftman's Benefit Association, grand vizier of ways and means, keeper of records of employes, multigraph operator, stenographer and minister plenipotentiary of the Doodoo's, has been feeling somewhat indisposed for some time and finally concluded to take a trip of two weeks to Thermopolis. He says he will not drink any of the water or take any of the baths, and if so he will surely be dry when he returns unless he gets caught in a rain storm. There are rumors with some foundation about a girl—anyway we don't think he went just to run up and down those mountains to rest himself.

GREYBULL, WYO.

W. U. Loveland and his son, N. E. Loveland, just returned from a trip thru Yellowstone park where they spent several days enjoying the good fishing and paying tribute to the bears that are a never-ending source of anxiety.

E. B. Mead spent his vacation as far up the Ten Sleep Canyon as he could get. He reports a country there that is rare and virgin, and fishing that is great, in fact he is thinking of a cabin up there with nothing to worry about but his fishing pole.

Well, Leroy Joyce came back the other day. He said that he had a wonderful time down in Colorado, visiting his old haunts, shaking hands with his old pals, and renewing promises to those fair Salida damsels. For two whole weeks our neighboring state was graced with his presence, the deprivation of which was keenly felt by the Greybull ladies. But now he is home again, the clouds are lifting from the countenances of the girls, and even the *Snows* seem not so cold. With the same smiling face and same unruly, flowing locks, he compiles his statistics with the grace of an artist.

S. A. Doctor took advantage of his vacation by making a trip thru the Yellowstone park. Sam reports that the park is more interesting to him every time he makes the trip.

S. A. Skoog is back on the job keeping time to the tune of labor reports, work orders and appro-

priations, after playing for a week with his all star cast, Mrs. S. A. and little Josephine, at the summer resort on Upper Shell. He enjoyed the outing, and the fish were fine.

C. B. Tapp, D. O. Crandall and I. L. Sayre just returned from a trip to Canada where they reported a most excellent time. The one exciting part of the trip was the uncertain course of the road thru British Columbia, for the many ups and downs often led thru a rancher's front yard and once they barely escaped cleaning a kitchen with the car.

It is not hard to determine who is the busiest man on the works now. Whenever Mayor Ed. Landers is not personally directing the forces of his pipe department, he is being paged by the Industrial Relations Department to conduct some of his numerous friends through the plant.

Claude Derby has again cranked up his Chevrolet and notored to the mountains where he, his wife, and little Dixie will spend a happy week fishing. His charge of the storehouse department will be taken over by Joe Marcek, who has just returned from a long-needed vacation, and which he spent ringing loudly the bells of South Omaha.

M. J. Ryan is spending his vacation where the "eats" are best, for Mike claims that a slim man has a slimmer chance of getting back to normalcy in this part of the country.

L. E. Watson could not resist the call of the sunny slopes of California where he will spend his vacation with relatives in Hollywood.

Another vacancy which as yet is unfilled was caused by the absence of the Valentino of Big Horn county. In real life and on week days he is known as Hunsberger, assistant in the laboratory and star first baseman of Bluejacket's Indians. It is hoped that his vacation will not be prolonged too long, so that dancing may be resumed again in Greybull. (We thought Valentino was noted for kissing, not dancing.—Ed.)

E. C. Starks and family returned recently from a tour of Yellowstone park. They report a wonderful trip.

W. D. Colquitt is off duty because of illness. It is reported that he is getting along nicely.

B. I. Perkins, fireman on No. 2 battery, was unfortunate in breaking one of his fingers in the fan of his automobile. It is healing nicely.

H. E. Williamson and family returned recently from Yellowstone park. We are glad to see them safely back, for Mr. Williamson would surely be a tempting morsel for the bears.

C. P. Meyer and Otis Bently made a trip up Shell Canyon in search of trout recently. Chester reports that as a mountain climber, Otis is a regular steeplejack, and Chester furthermore promised Otis that he would never go again.

L. A. Richardson is on his vacation. He too is viewing the wonders of Yellowstone park.

Geo. Haddenhorst's mother and sisters of Iowa are visiting with George and family.

B. A. Lawrence is in Casper on business.

Troy Majors of Winnett visited with friends here recently. Troy reports times very good in Winnett. The crops in that section of the country are fine. Come again, Troy.

John L. Casey was called to his old home in Kansas by the serious illness of his mother.

* * *

The world is blessed most by men who do the things, and not by those who merely talk about them.—*James Oliver.*

HOME OFFICE, CHICAGO

The play "Orphans of the Storm" was reenacted by Mary Ellen O'Connell and Eloise Sheehan on August 24. Time—5 p. m. Place—11th St. Parking Station. The hero of the hour, Mr. Bernard Kehoe, very gallantly tried to place the side curtains of Miss Sheehan's new Buick machine. The storm was so intense that in the struggle to get the curtains up everyone received a severe "ducking." Although Mr. Kehoe did spend half the night pressing his suit he reported to work the next morning very refreshed.

Three of the male employees in the purchasing department were blessed with little troubles, i. e., Messrs. Hough, Rice and Walters, the latter gentleman being the proud father of a baby boy. This all happened during the past month and we believe this is a record for any department to beat. We have been informed from an unknown source that these gentlemen were ardent admirers of the late Teddy Roosevelt.

Miss Mable Benham, one of the invoice clerks, has severed her connections with the purchasing department and gone in business with a partner at Peoria, Ill. Her partner is none other than her husband. Mr. Fuller, who is employed in a stock broker's office in that city.

Herbert Swanson and his ardent admirer, James Edward McClain, Jr., spent their vacation together far apart, James going to New York and Herbert to North Clark street, Chicago, which accounted for their continued friendliness on their return to the office. Funny thing, when James takes Herbert to Riverview Park, Herbert insists on the Chutes and James on the "Mill on the Floss," James claiming that to be more romantic.

R. W. Ringrose is moving from Rogers Park to Garfield Park. All those wishing to volunteer as movers may send their applications to Doc. Beamer, who will be out of town on his vacation at this time.

J. E. McClain, the homebrew tester, spent his vacation with the idle rich at Atlantic City and the East. While in New York he happened (we doubt it) to meet one of the girls in the purchasing department and dined her at some swell "joint." We are of the opinion that it was a fifty-fifty proposition.

Embarrassing moments: Driving off the first tee and having someone from your office show up the next morning and tell you what a rotten shot you made. Miss Pearson of the 6th floor stenographic department, discovered Mr. Roberts after she had made her first drive and almost had nervous prostration until she could find out if he had seen her. Bully for you, Bill, that you didn't acknowledge it.

Ed Longhenry hasn't collected yet for the "taxi" service performed during the street car strike.

The height of politeness—Charlie Thorstensen sitting up in front on the truck, announcing to the ladies standing in the rear, "There's plenty of standing room up in front."

Mr. J. D. "Babe" Callahan is now batting 1000% in the tourists' league, having left for Yellowstone Park with Mrs. Callahan, recently.

"Bill" Roberts can now be seen every morning straddling a stool in the "Greasy Spoon." He couldn't be held down the first few days, but now wears a dissatisfied look.

Charlie Meier got a long distance call from Indianapolis the other day and after turning pale and being helped to the phone, he heard his "Sweet

Cookie's" voice saying she would be home the next day. Ain't it a grand and glorious feeling?

See Miss Gordon of the fifth floor for the latest dope on Yellow Cab accident insurance. Twenty dollars is the newest settlement for a personal rear collision, but nothing for a broken bumper on your car. Boy! page Willis Wilkie.

In spite of the vacations, sickness and personal misfortunes of employees in the distribution department, fifth floor, we closed our station distribution for June 30, in record time. The spirit of cooperation made it possible after the stations did their part.

We employees that rode the company trucks during the street car strike are just commencing to feel normal again. At that, it was better than walking and didn't cost us a cent.

Emmett Ryan, chief of the "Junior Officials" (office boys) is about to hand over the reins of his office to Arthur Frederickson, a very promising youth (Art would promise you anything) and take up his new duties as service station attendant. We wish you all the luck in the world, Emmett. We know that you will do well as your line of "gas" cannot be beat.

Note the fine collection of bottles on Albert Fisher's desk, and the glad smile that comes to the face of all passersby, only to turn to a frown when they realize that it is just lubricating oil. You got the right idea though, Al, there's nothing like keeping up a good front.

Welcome to our city. Mr. J. A. Gutzsell has been transferred from the Chicago division to the general manager's department.

Mr. Harry F. Semple, who has been with us just a short time, has been transferred to the accounting department as stenographer to Mr. F. L. King. Our best wishes go with you, Harry.

Art (Mollie) Klein, the beau brummel of the cost department, left his powder puff at home. Turning around to one of the girl billers he said—"Let me have your powder puff, please, but do not let the boys see you handing it to me. I want to powder my nose." Pity the poor girl if Art's wife knew her.

Benny Wolfe again shaved off his eyebrow and pasted it under his nose.

George Johnson of the bookkeeping department visited the Pageant of Progress with his lady friend. She insisted upon examining washing machines while Georgie was more interested in the prices of ladies' wearing apparel. Be careful, George—Ladies' dresses are high.

Ernie Vollriede, why does your lady friend command you to quit matching coins? Does she want you to save your money for the future? All your picnic friends advise you to put a stop to such commands by making her your better half.

F. A. Koehler was fired as umpire. What's wrong, Fred, don't you know the game or are you playing favorites?

George F. Wandtke resigned his position as assistant auditor of the manufacturing department on July 31, after giving the company almost 20 years of faithful and conscientious service. Being popular, his cheerfulness and good fellowship will be greatly missed by the whole manufacturing department. Upon leaving he was presented with a handsome traveling bag by his many friends.

Cholly Heybach is seeking the "Fountain of Youth" by playing noonday ball in Grant Park.

Instead of leaving for his vacation as intended, our friend, A. R. Smith, was taken to the hospital to undergo a serious operation. His many friends on the sixth floor wish him the best of luck and a speedy recovery.

Miss Ida N. Meder has answered the call of sunny southern California and is leaving the service September 1. Here's wishing you the best of luck, Skinnay.

Mrs. Ella Thomas is back on the job after a two months leave of absence which was necessitated by ill health. Yes, the roses are back in her cheeks, thank you.

When it comes to thrift and foresight in playing the winter book on the matrimonial derby, we take off our hat to the clever blonde who picks on a man who sells ice in summer and coal in winter. Nice work, Myrtle.

For some unknown reason our reporters have been neglecting Ingrid Rummelhoff, queen of the knife and fork wielders, but we are informed on good authority that Ingie still has her Crown.

Maybe you can guess who he is. He said he had just received a death message and wanted to know what time number two on the Rock Island was due. He was given the information and curiosity prompted a query as to who was dead drawing the answer, "I am, my wife is coming home."

The sixth floor's stenographic department is still raising them on the bottle. Mary O'Connell never fails to take hers at lunch. Girls, get wise, maybe that is why she grew to be such a tall baby.

Alice McInrue says she likes the wild and woolly West, especially the guides, but Miss Coyle prefers the East and says she needs no guide. We wonder how these two playmates came to disagree. Miss Jones, on the other hand, likes Crab Orchard, Ky., where she spent her vacation, and we are informed by her that this is not the place where "Crabs" are grown and cultivated. Miss Roach spent her vacation in the wilds of Columbus Park, learning how to play golf. Mr. B. Hawkins thinks Fox Lake a splendid place to rest, while Mr. Nelson thinks rest very necessary while on a vacation so he let a log fall on his foot while at Wauconda and had to rest all the while he was out there.

The cost department's picnic surely was the "bees-knees." When one of the party sought to disturb the tranquillity of a bee-hive, the whole swarm rose in protest and almost everyone was stung. The future Mrs. Vollriede (Oh yes, it will be soon) took a nose-dive while running a race. There were several minor casualities, not listed, but aside from that, everyone had a good time, and oh boy, such eats.

Miss Ross just loves pets, and was recently discovered to be housing in her desk a whole family of the cutest mice you ever saw.

A. L. Rich, our traffic juggler, has confided that his one ambition in life is to associate himself with an automobile engine. The fact that after eight months driving he has mastered the art of releasing an emergency brake, proves that he is a genius.

R. C. King spent his vacation fishing, as usual. King has an unique method. He says he catches worms weeks ahead and keeps them in a can and fattens them on milk and takes them out daily for exercise. Can you picture him strolling down the street in the cool of the evening, followed by a string of pet worms?

George Savageau has been forced to ask for leave of absence account of ill health. We hope by the time this is printed he is able to return to work, feeling, to use his own expression "like cleanin' up a couple of Micks."

Helen Buldman has some cunning pictures taken during her vacation, wearing knickers and everything, but she wouldn't give us one for publication.

Hubert Schmit, whose gastronomic feats have oft been recounted in these pages, has resumed diplomatic relations with the barber. (Ladies wishing stuffing for sofa pillows, etc., please see Hubert.)

We can't imagine why Elmer Pritz should need a vacation, because his work is diverting.

We have been wondering how Billy Van Buren manages to keep account of his dark deeds out of the Record. Maybe he has the correspondent for his department scared stiff. And we never see anything about BeeTee Thompson, COWilson and Brute Smeed. How do they get by? And how about Max Mildenberg and his barrel bureau?

Tony Arnold is getting along fine with his radio outfit. He informed us one day that he had tuned in on the African jungles the night before and could hear the lions roar, but we happen to know he lives near the elevated.

The cake that R. C. Lewis' wife makes certainly *looks* good. Maybe if she sees this we might get a chance to find out if it tastes as good.

Clifford Tyler is very anxious to have the traffic department give another picnic. If his wife read the account of the last picnic, she'll go along and watch old Clif.

Since the last issue of the Record was published, showing the photograph of Florence Johnston, "the goddess of the sunset waters," a certain married man has been observed bringing daily offerings to her shrine, such as ripe, red tomatoes. This is formal notice to the c. m. m. of the intention of the traffic department correspondent to advise his wife of his actions if he doesn't come across.

And while we're telling things, Henry Hendricksen recently purchased ice cream for one of his fair fellow-workers. (Is it O. K. to call a female lady a fellow-worker, and who will take my bet that this Record never enters the Hendricksen household?)

CHICAGO SALES DIVISION

Is there another romance in the making in our bookkeeping department? Latest reports have it that Joe Williams finds it necessary to consult Miss Knight, one of our filing clerks, quite often. Joe is quite a lady's man, Miss Knight, so beware.

We wish to extend our heartfelt sympathies to Mr. W. H. Scott, agent at Cortland street, in the loss of his beloved wife, who passed away on August 12.

The wandering youths from Grand Rapids must find Chicago quite attractive. (We don't blame them.) Anyway, our stock department now has three boys from the Grand Rapids office—O. R. Johnson and W. G. Beyers recently arriving to join Joe Puetz, who has been with us for some time.

The stock department also has another new arrival from out of town in O. K. Schuenke from Iowa. The young Lochinvar from the west has not put his "O. K." on Chicago as yet, but it is probably because the girls have not been showing him a good time. Come on, girls, make the young man feel at home.

The beau brummel of our service station department believes getting married is just a matter of course, as evidenced by the following terse note left by Bill Williams, collector and checker. "To Whom It May Concern: Getting married to-nite. Yours truly, (Signed) W. T. Williams." Upon further investigation, we find that on Saturday, August 12, at 7:00 P. M. Miss Ada Elvera Sims became Mrs. Wm. T. Williams. Bill was back at work the next Monday. We understand he has taken over his father's home at 713 S. Campbell avenue.

Have you noticed Wallie Reid in our midst? It really isn't Wallie himself, but Willard Watson, service station checker. He claims the similarity so it must be so.

We can't get any scandal, gossip nor nuffin' out of our stenographic department even tho there are enuf pretty girls there to wreck a dozen homes. But we did hear them complain that the stock department was causing them much discomfort by keeping windows closed during hot weahert. Their chorus is: "Open the windows now, don't wait until winter comes."

The manner in which Miss Evelyn Norris assumes her duties as head stenographer commands our admiration. No matter how rushed she and her department are, she always has a pleasant smile for you when you bring more work. She imbibes this spirit in the rest of the girls and the department is to be commended on their efficient work.

It was with extreme surprise and regret that we heard of the sudden death of our co-worker. Miss Grace Fredrickson, of the billing department, who passed away on August 25. Miss Fredrickson was working with us up to two days before her death. The Fredrickson family have our utmost sympathies in their great loss. Mr. Fredrickson and his son, Chester, Jr., are both with the Standard Oil Co.

The telephone repair man recently visited our order desk and asked Mrs. Clo Basnett if her phone was out of order. She replied, "There must be something wrong with it as it is ringing all the time." That's what we all think about our own phone.

Jimmie Dusek sure is the Cat's Meow these days with that new suit of his. How come, Jim; are the ladies beginning to have an effect on you? We thought you were immune.

And then Frank Wente went and done did it. What? Got married of course. Here's the way it reads in the society colyums: "Mr. F. F. Wente and Miss Helen Gellrich, both of Chicago, were quietly married, on Saturday, September 9th, at 3:00 P. M. at the home of the groom's sister in Palatine, Ill. They will spend their honeymoon at The Dells in Wisconsin."

DAVENPORT, IOWA

Everything is buzzing in the Davenport division. Why, what's going on? The district superintendent's squad campaign, and from the reports coming in results look very inspiring. However, we wonder how many agents are coming to Davenport as the result of the Polarine campaign. Greeley, Dyersville, New Hartford and Plainfield, Iowa, have their proportion of their quota. Hats off to them. They are making a grand old stand and no doubt will win their battle. The following agents have nearly their proportion and with a little extra effort will be included in the HONOR ROLL: Aplington, Charles City, Colwell, Gilbertsville, Preston, Low Moor, Shell Rock, Springville and Rudd. And the rest have a harder battle, but not impossible. In the next issue we will be in a position to tell those stations that came thru with FLYING COLORS. Here's hoping we see every agent in Davenport.

Mr. Showalter, of the tank car department, was suddenly called to his home in Keokuk. What's its name going to be, Ralph?

Mr. Dewey Williams, bookkeeper, has finally hit the trail of matrimony. We wish you the best of luck, Dewey, and may your future be bright and prosperous. We just can't help thanking you for the cigars and sweets. They were fine.

Mr. Glen Slater, assistant sales promoter, contemplating purchasing a Ford coupe, stepped into a bank where he had never before done any business and succeeded in borrowing $250. We wonder what Slater expects to do next.

Mr. Ray Welzenbach has been transferred from iron barrel department to returned goods, succeeding Mr. Leon Reiss, who is now in the cashier's department. Mr. Ray O'Hara was transferred from the warehouse to the iron barrel department.

One of the best games of the year was held on Saturday, August 26, married men versus single youngsters. The final score was 12 to 8 in favor of the former. More excitement prevailed during the game than took place at the time the Armistice was signed, not exaggerating in the least. Mr. Howard Clark hit the sky rocket several times but the outcome of the game cooled him as his warriors dashed forth to victory. We can't understand why a two out of three decision wouldn't be more justifiable, but that part of it remains up to the married men. The single fellows are raring to go for revenge.

We wonder where Mr. George Ellis, our legal man, hurt his heel. Upon investigating we find that he had engaged in a game of tag with his wife.

We are all glad to see Mr. Bragg, chief clerk, back with us after a full recovery of a sprained toe.

Construction has already started on the 40-foot office addition and will be ready for use on or about December 1. With this new addition we will have one of the most up-to-date and largest offices in the city of Davenport.

We are all careful and just a little bit more careful of accidents during the "Safety First Campaign" and are doing our best to win one of the silver loving cups.

Mr. Amos Damp, of the record department, is sure there when it comes to getting records on bulk and service stations. We wish all of the boys in the field would co-operate in every way.

The boys in the stock department refused to take time enough to shave until they had their June 30 reports made out. You can rest assured they looked like a bunch of wood cutters.

Miss Cordell Wunder was awarded first prize on a crocheted library scarf at the Mississippi Valley Fair and Exposition, which was held here in August. She feels very proud of her work and says that she is going to put it in her "hope box."

We regret very much to announce that Panama (Cherry) Nelson was unable to attend the Mississippi Valley Fair this year on account of the officials nailing up the barn windows. Too bad Panama; maybe they will forget it next year.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo P. Riley are the proud parents of a 7½-pound girl born to them on May 15. Mr. Riley has been the service station checker at Ottumwa for several years.

DES MOINES, IOWA

Miss Hazel Danielson, Creston office clerk, has promised to secure us some pictures for the Stanolind Record, but upon being asked for same, she informs us that there is too much Red Crown, Perfection and Polarine going through the records to enable her to find any time to take pictures and we are rather inclined to agree with her.

Pete Keefer, our dray truck driver, has now lost his noisy side kick, John Roberts, who has left the employ of this company. We understand that in as much as Mr. Roberts has gone to work for a competitive oil company at Creston, that the arguments are hotter than ever between him and Pete, when they do manage to get together.

The Creston plant has just been thoroughly gone over with paint and it has certainly made a great improvement, for which we must thank Mr. Sullivan.

Some time ago, while District Superintendent Leu's wife was visiting at her former home, we understand that Mr. Leu had to pull off a little burglar stunt in order to be able to get into his own home, and we are informed by the neighbors that he did it very aptly.

Gail Huffman, former employee of the Standard Oil Company, after spending the past two semesters in school, is working with us again this summer, check department, 7th floor.

The office force, in general, feel well repaid for their efforts since the receipt of Mr. F. L. Kings' letter commending the Des Moines field upon the promptness in which our June reports were received in the home office. Manager H. A. Monson's supplementary note was also appreciated.

Horace G. Gregory, service station attendant at Spencer No. 318 has been promoted to the rank of junior salesman, working in Mr. Engle's district. Our wishes are for the best of luck in your new field, Mr. Gregory.

Earl Acres has been transferred from the stock department, main office, to assistant superintendent of service stations.

John Hutchins, having successfully completed the civil service examination for position of private secretary, is leaving us the evening of the 21st for Washington, D. C. Jack's plans are to work for the government and at the same time complete his course in law at Columbia university. The entire force wish him the best of luck in his new occupation.

City tank wagon driver, Robert Fredericks has been promoted to salesman. Good luck, Bob, and hope you like the *Ford*.

The Mason City employees of Standard Oil Company sympathize with Patrick O'Keefe, service station superintendent, and wife, who mourn the death of Mrs. O'Keefe's mother.

C. F. Beaver, country tank wagon driver, has a well oiled disposition. Pie making and salesmanship, his speciality; made his Polarine quota, with a bang. Higher honors are soon due you, Clark.

John Barber, district auto inspector and mechanic, has a smile on his face of late. Says "The new repair shop and garage, will soon be in readiness."

Glenn Stubh, service station attendant, No. 99, has resigned and expects to take a position at the postoffice. He has been succeeded by John Casper.

DETROIT, MICH.

Miss Freda Hiller, clerk at Bellevue Ave., has just returned from her vacation and reports Fair Haven never looked better nor Lake St. Clair never felt better. She certainly came back with a good complexion.

Mrs. W. Taylor of Quincy, Ill., visited with her son Walter of West Detroit for ten days and reports a very agreeable time.

One morning recently, Miss Reisig, clerk at Clay Ave. garage, was in such a hurry that she

forgot her lunch. On her way to work, however, she stopped at a store in Hamtramck and bought a package of graham crackers and half a bushel of peaches, so we think she did not suffer by forgetting her lunch.

Earl Fry, warehouseman at West Detroit, announces the arrival of an eleven and one-half pound boy at his home.

Mary Dempsey, stenographer in accounting department, spent Sunday and Labor Day at Cleveland. She reports a wonderful time.

Who would imagine the graceful Frank Gilman, service station salesman, getting tangled up in his own feet and falling out of a flat-bottomed row boat? If he weren't the straight fellow we know him to be we might think there was some other reason for it than mere accident.

John Goodwin, Bellevue Ave. plant, spent two weeks in El Dorado, Arkansas, but he says Detroit is the only town. Vern Bartholomew wasted his vacation, loafing on a farm.

C. A. Weed, agent at Armada, says we can't joke him any more about being a bachelor, since he became a blushing bridegroom the morning of September 5.

H. Wilson, garage salesman who has been working out of Bellevue Ave. for the past few weeks, claims he is dieting. We'll all agree you need it, Harry, but every time we see you, you are either just going to eat or just got through.

Jim Cornell, who resigned a few months ago to run a farm in northern Michigan, visits the office quite often but all he does is sit out in his Dodge until a certain youg lady appears. We think Mr. Knapp better have his eye on a new mail clerk because, as one of the boys says, "he doesn't wear all those tires out for nothing."

One of the girls says the only nice thing about coming back after a vacation is to find that the boss has hired some good looking men while she was gone.

Mr. H. Hassig, Bellevue Ave., is the proud daddy of a 10-pound boy born August 11. Thanks for the treat.

DULUTH, MINN.

A letter recently came to our order department, reading: "You people are mistaken on me ordering two barrels of kerosene on January 3. You must have sent that $6.91 barrel to someone else. I have a small family and one barrel lasts me a long time.

The Daily Mining Journal, of Marquette, Michigan, tells us the following concerning the infant of Mr. H. C. Anderson, Standard Oil salesman working out of that point: "Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Anderson, 525 High Street, have the distinction of being the parents of a perfect baby. He is their son, Robert Ellis Anderson, who was given a score of 100 percent by Dr. C. P. Druary, health officer, at the clinic held yesterday in the city hall. Robert was one of the nine babies examined, and received the first perfect score recored at a clinic in more than a year."

Mr. Carl Sauter, salesman at the Soo, got his 029 report slightly twisted on August 14—he reported an increase in the family instead of sales. An eight-pound boy is now making his home at the Sauter's. Congratulations!

Boy, page Charles Atkin! The Houghton, Michigan, postmaster received a letter recently addressed as follows: "Please give this to the man that runs the candy store and also the Standard Oil station on the corner before you take the bridge across to Escanaba. We don't know his address."

Coad A. Cooper, salesman at Superior, Wisconsin, driving with Miss Marie McNally, plunged down the 75-foot embankment leading to the Superior boat houses at Billings Park recently. Miss McNally jumped from the car prior to its plunge which came as Cooper was cranking the machine. Neither Cooper nor Miss McNally was injured and the car was slightly damaged.

EVANSVILLE, IND.

Manager W. J. Lang entertained all the local tankwagon drivers and warehousemen recently at an all day picnic in Reichert's woods. Mr. Lang made a real party of it, furnishing the eats and everything. Couldn't you take the office out sometime too, Mr. Lang?

The Evansville warehouse and garage men are nothing if not optimistic. After the upstairs ball team had definitely established its supremacy over the lower floor team, the warehouse under the leadership of Lee Carlisle, organized a team and immediately, without practice and without lineup, challenged the upstairs team for a championship game. The Mica Ramblers, as the new team called itself, managed to get four runs. The scorekeeper wore out all the pencils in the crowd and had to stop chalking up the runs of the upstairs team but they got enough runs so that even the Ramblers conceded them the game.

A group of salesmen's wives gave a surprise birthday party for Mrs. Walter Riepe, Thursday, August 31. Mrs. Reipe was given a miscellaneous shower and a pot lunch was served.

Lois Powers, after getting a piano bench with the five million, more or less, cigar coupons which she has saved in the last ten years has now started saving for a piano, according to Al Hartlein. When Mr. Bailey heard about it he said "Well, I admire her pluck, anyway."

Several of the office girls with a few of their immediate friends enjoyed a chicken picnic supper August 19 at Mesker Park. The girls were extremely selfish and kept the place of their outing a deep secret until after the whole thing was over. Mrs. Ella Frey cooked the chicken and they say it tasted grand. We think the entire bunch is mean, to say the least. The fellows almost caught on to the secret when Eddie Walker hid under the table and almost discovered the plot. Only the quick eye of Mary Lee kept the fellows from turning out en masse and surprising the party just in time for the eats. Among the girls who were there were Margaret Blondin, Nettie Klein, Frances Helfrich, Ella Frey, Verla Grant, Mrs. J. Miller, Helen Zackman and Alma Elleser. After the eats the girls danced with each other—crowning insult of the evening. Let's get even fellows, what say?

Salesman Walter Wolfe became the proud father of an eight-pound boy August 25. The youngster has been named James Vail. Welcome to the Standard Oil family, Jimmy!

Helen Bowles has been unable to talk of anything but her vacation since her return to work. Helen spent the entire two weeks in Chicago and sent everyone in the office views of the Drake hotel and various other points of interest which she was able to visit in the short time at her disposal.

Anna Leahy is still unable to see the point of the joke in wrapping up an old box to look like that beautiful angel food cake which she won at the

"auction" and letting her mother carefully carry it all the way back to Howell before discovering the hoax.

Tom Shannon has been on the job every minute since he came back home last month. His daily reports are ample testimony to his activity.

C. G. Jones arrived August 30 to audit the Evansville station. The many friends he made on his last visit here were all glad to welcome him again.

Assistant General Manager Norman Grimshaw was recently driving through the Evansville field "incognito," as it were, and stopped at the Sullivan, Ind., service station, where he promptly began to condemn Red Crown gasoline and Polarine. Mr. Grimshaw soon discovered that the men of the Evansville field were right on the job and was fully convinced that he could not go wrong on Red Crown and Polarine. H. K. Vickery was the attendant who was on duty at the station, and not until Mr. Grimshaw started to leave did he discover to whom he had been talking. That's the spirit, Vickery. "You can't go wrong," you know.

Edward C. Habbe has returned to the fold and will take the place of Paul Decker, who is going to take up the study of chemistry at the University of Illinois.

Harold Guthrie, chief clerk and mainstay southpaw of the Finol Cubs, upstairs ball team, is being watched by some of the scouts from the big eastern clubs, according to rumors current today. Guthrie recently held the Stanolax Sluggers to six scattered hits.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

We don't know whether Arthur Haven was excited or really felt that way, in sending in the following report: Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Haven announce the arrival of a great big 5-pound daughter, Elenor Ione, on August 1. Both daughter and father are doing nicely." Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Haven.

It seemed good to see Mr. L. D. Hyde, former assistant chief clerk and now chief clerk at Milwaukee, around the office again. Evidently Milwaukee agrees with L. D. as he has taken on weight.

On August 9, Agent Schultz of Bridgman, and Salesman Rebentisch were on the scene of action at just the right ime. They were following Sol McKeen, thresher, to his next job to deliver 200 gallons of Perfection Oil. He had difficulty in getting placed, causing an overheated exhaust pipe, which immediately set the tractor on fire. Quick work with their fire extinguishers saved the tractor and possibly the farm buildings. Wherever you go, there you are—SOCO Service.

Another Packard in the field—Mr. and Mrs. Lyle Packard are the proud parents of a son, Lyle Jr., 9 1-4 pounds, who arrived on the morning of August 4. Good thing he is a "single" and not a "twin."

Miss Anne Irgang, ediphone operator, is enjoying her vacation to the utmost. "They" motored from Detroit to Columbus, Ohio, passing through Marion, where they took a look at President Harding's homestead. At present she is in West Virginia, enjoying the mounatins, etc. Watch out for the "moon" down there, Anne.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. L. V. Suey on August 6. He weighed 9 pounds and they have called him Lloyd, Jr.

June may be lovely for weddings, but Jimmy Herrick thought August just as good and is making a brief honeymoon trip. Good luck, Mr. and Mrs. Herrick.

On August 21, Mart Timmer, order clerk, became "Daddy" again. Mart was mighty glad he could make use of the name "Ann Lorraine" this time, for she is the first daughter to brighten his household.

'N that isn't all. Mart is also a successful baseball team manager. We have a "lightning" team this year. On August 2 they beat Hudsonville to the tune of 15 to 0; August 12, Beverly bowed down to them with a score of 6 to 0, and on August 19 they defeated Grandville by a score of 10 to 5. On August 26 they battled with Zeeland, the final score being 15 to 12, in favor of the SOCO boys. They not only win the games, but everyone has a good time, there being a large and enthusiastic audience of SOCO boosters at each game. In fact, R. C. Van Antwerp and Henry Duyser are such violent rooters that they can't talk aloud the next day. Everyone with machines is obliging in taking out someone who is anxious to see the game. Sometimes too, they aren't appreciative. Ask Oscar Nelson and Ed Beyers. They took out a couple of "chickens" from the office, but we noticed that at sundown, after the game, said two "chickens" left the sedan and flew to the "coupe." There must have been some attraction, because they didn't mind being crowded in the coupe at all.

Omar Ehle has left the employ of the Standard Oil Company to enter the grocery and meat business. Good luck to you, Omar, in your new undertaking. Reg Christian, salesman, also plans to leave us to go into the coffee business. Perhaps he did not get enough "roasting" around here.

Miss Christine Vehyl, formerly of the Peoria office, has joined our ediphone department, listening to "her master's voice."

The Misses Sophia Coeling and Rena Vander Ploeg report having had "a wonderful time" at Thousand Islands and Niagara Falls, from whence they have just returned. They just wished they could have stayed a day at each island. However, they said it seemed rather strange, as everyone seemed to be on their honeymoon. Don't worry girls, maybe you can make it next year.

Russell Cryder reports having had a nice time at Fremont lake, although the weather might have been more agreeable.

Theresa Amborski has returned to work, her fractured wrist being entirely well again. Glad to see you back, "Tess."

Mrs. Smallegange of the dining room says hot water is all right, as long as you don't get into it. Her scalded foot is improving rapidly.

M. L. Harvey, our agent at Elk Rapids, resigned recently to take his little girl west for her health, which we all hope will improve rapidly. Following his resignation the following notice appeared in the Elk Rapids paper:

"Having resigned my position with the Standard Oil Co., I would like all those who owe me to please settle on or before Sept. 1st. All those who have bills against me please keep out of sight. Mr. S. J. Seeley will be your agent after Sept. 1. Now you all know Sam is a barber by trade, and I don't know whether he will have any haircuts or shaves in his pocket when he comes along or not, but I do know he will have Red Crown Gasoline in his tank—more miles per gallon than any other gasoline on the market. Thanking you for the liberal patronage I have enjoyed while agent here, I am yours respectfully, M. L. Harvey."

HURON, S. D.

Irene fooled a few of us this morning but not all of us, when she appeared with a sparkler. Come again, Alice.

H. L. Tregenza has been transferred from clerk at Mitchell to salesman.

We have a nine hole golf course at Huron and if it wasn't for the seventh hole, Ed Hanson would turn in a pretty fair score. Par for him on the seventh hole is about eight when he has good luck.

Charley Sikorra has a garden. We know this to be a fact, as he recently spent two days pulling sun flowers and weeds.

Our cashier, C. J. Johnson, and general clerk, E. L. Hanson, have spent the last few weeks in the bachelors' home. Their wives went away for a short time to enjoy life.

The former attendant in charge of S. S. 4, Mitchell, F. D. Henderson, has been transferred to clerk at the Mitchell "A" station.

The greatest pleasure Junker has is collecting old outstanding accounts, but when he wants to work he goes out to the golf links.

We regret to learn that Mr. and Mrs. McGill have lost their baby. We all extend our sympathy to them.

Mrs. Traver—Oh! Lowell, look at the high hills.

Lowell—Those are not hills, that's Harney Peak.

Mrs. Traver—Mean thing, I didn't know anyone was peeking.

G. H. Ryan, former agent at Aberdeen "A" station, is now a country salesman with headquarters at Huron. T. W. Ronan, former salesman, was transferred to agent at Aberdeen.

Manager Dodsley recently returned from a two weeks' sojourn in the Black Hills territory. He made the trip out there on the Black & Yellow Trail, returning via the Custer Battlefield Trail. He was delayed, but the weather did not permit him to say, as per his usual story, that he was snowbound, so this time it was the terrific rains. We understand in spite of it all that he had a good time.

Our service station attendant at No. 37, John Zueckner, passing around cigars; new born baby girl arrived July 14, 12:05 A. M. Mother and baby doing fine. Johnny says he wishes it was a boy so he could bottle up oil on busy days.

When Dr. Carr of Aberdeen landed with his magnificent aeroplane a short time ago he jumped off the bird and stretched around like a sleepy crow. He was about 16 miles NE of St. Lawrence and realized he was about out of gasoline, but Doc didn't worry any for our St. Lawrence agent was filling his tank within 10 minutes after he landed with the good old RED CROWN. Doc says, "She's d—n good stuff." In view of the fact that our agent, Mr. Abbott, did not know he was coming, I think this is Standard Oil Service.

Homer Dodsley has moved his family to Brookings, where he has charge of the "B" station, and the service station., "Dad" Antonides, former agent, has been transferred to country salesman.

Mr. Dill, former driver at Huron, has charge of the "A" station, while Ted LeValley, former agent, is now a country salesman.

Huron entertained the State American Legion Convention for four days last week. Evidently the Sioux Falls drum corps liked the Standard Oil bunch, as they came into the office one afternoon at 1:30 and played several selections for us.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

A. P. McCracken mourns the loss of his flivver which met an untimely demise in a garage fire. Mac says the fire department got there in time to save the foundation—of the garage.

Now comes the "full line thief." On the night of August 10, the Alexandria station was "relieved" of 2 cs. 4098, 1 cs. 4086, 1 cs. 807, 1 cs. 4018, 1 cs. 626 and 3 cs. Finol. Of course, there is a chance that Agent Pearl Jarrett is so popular and so far behind with his work that customers have to break in to get their goods.

At that, H. O. Elliott, of S. S. 303, Indianapolis, meant all right. A big Packard drove in the other morning and on examination the car needed neither Red Crown nor Polarine. As the owner reached for the starting switch, H. O. grabbed a can of Finol and "the very thing for a timer." Now, this timer stuff was new to the owner and the search for the timer began. No doubt the car would have soon been strewn over the S. S. lawn if someone had not happened along and enlightened the searchers that Packards do not have timers, being a different kind of a buggy.

Here's how Gail Mercer got stung at the Brazil S. S.—but let him tell it: "Today's report is 12 gallons short. There were two fellows in a big Paige drove up and said: "Put in 12 gallons, and when I got through they wanted a gallon of Polarine. When I went in the office to get the oil they left the station at about 50 M. P. H. The car had on Ohio license on and the back was all caved in and had the side curtains on, with the back seat full of trunks. I think they went to Indianapolis."

A local motor club has turned to humor by planting a "Dangerous" sign in front of Ernest Kroencke's home. Hot diggity dog, what do they mean "Dangerous"?

They say our district "supts." are much puzzled over a recent circular letter A634-B703 (which is not a football signal) addressed to them. The edict reads in part: "We wish you would please make it a point, as fast as you come to these storage tanks, to repaint them." It certainly looks like a case of "Grab a brush and paint, ——, paint"—unless Phil only meant to repoint the paint or repaint the point.

Extra! Extra! Second floor extra! John Sugrue was caught in the act of actually smiling the other afternoon.

Our hay fever victims who took the serum "shots" as a preventative are muttering between sneezes "Stung for 30 bucks."

A week-end wanderlust took Ray Downing down around Bedford, Indiana, where he succeeded in steering his machine into an abandoned stone quarry. When last heard from he was keeping company with the turtles and broadcasting for a life-line or a derrick.

On the evening of August 21, at the customary 4:50 p. m. lull (?) Manager E. P. Galbreath presented C. Troy (Cupid) Christman with a 20-year service button. Amid cheers from us other rookies, Cupid forgot his speech. Pretty tough after practicing for twenty years.

Darlington, Indiana.—I had a queer accident yesterday while filling Clint Beck's tank. A goat climbed in my truck, got out my 090 book and I got there too late to save several tissue copies. Yours, D. C. Thompson, agent.

John Chinaman's system of "no tickee, no washee" was used on Bloomington station, "no news, no Stano Record," with the following fine result: "Since you have heard from Monroe County,

lots has happened. Homer Parks, of the S. S. has moved out into the country down between two hills and a couple weeks later the "famous bird" left a baby girl, and a few nights later left the same kind of a bundle at F. F. McMilla's home. D. A. Smith is also listed among the new papas, having been presented with a bouncing son, making an even half dozen for the Smiths. A. J. Ketchem is going big as a new driver, especially on resale barrels, but don't anticipate he will sell us out as we have a fair (?) stock. Homer Hazel has been transferred from the dray to tank wagon, with Eugene McCormick taking up the dray duties. I. C. Hillerman, another one of them S. S. dudes, sold all his real estate and then had to rent a tent to live in as there are no empty houses down here. W. H. Brown has moved in from his country place rather early this year, probably figuring it will take some time to 'rustle up' his winter's supply of coal. Mike McCling may resort to chloroform to get Salesman Billy Isom on a hunting or fishing trip, as William has been handing the boys down here a lot of correspondence school nimrod talk and the nearest he has ever come to backing it up has been to offer the old moss covered alibi that Mrs. I. has so much work for him to do around the house. Now don't forget your promise to send seven Records to this station. Yours truly, Voss Cox, agent."

August brought wedding bells for Loree Edwards of the trade record department, and henceforth she will be known as the bigger half of the Robert K. Brown family.

Mrs. Pearl Holliday is back from her "two weeks of rest" which could hardly be classed as such as she visited her son, who is in college, and she actually held down the job of chaperon to a whole fraternity house.

Among the minor casualties not listed under Safety First jurisdiction was the sprained ankle of Elizabeth O'Brien, lub. stenog.

Sidney Kurtz experienced a miraculous escape from fatal injuries when he was struck by an automobile as he was alighting from a street car at one of our downtown corners. Sidney was struck in the head, but aside from a few telltale scars, he is now back on the job, as busy and silent as usual.

And here is to Earl Everett, our latest addition in the line of office boys. So far he has shown some class by carrying an Ediphone cylinder on each finger.

JOLIET, ILL.

Manufacturers of Chevrolets are considering seriously moving their plant to Streator, Ill., owing to the fact that the dealers there have such a time supplying enough cars for Standard Oil Company employees. What's the matter with the Rolls-Royce, Streator?

Why does Mr. M. E. Grosh, genial relief man at Streator S. S. 21, visit Peoria so very often? He always reports a glorious time upon his return from said metropolis.

Authority on nightmares—We wish to introduce Mr. R. E. Cate, Streator driver, who will speak on the "Perils of a Pail of Water." Cap Preston wishes to advise that when he and Pete are observed emerging from some back alley, they have not been having a (soft) drink. It's only new business.

L. D. Egan, Streator country driver, can shoot a dog so dead that it doesn't come to until the cemetery is reached.

J. J. Kaufman, attendant at Streator S. S. 24, goes quite often to Ransom; he claims to sell Semdac. Is that really what he goes for?

W. M. McKinley, Freeport warehouseman, is in the market for a new car. It's not so much what kind of a car it is, but rather what kind of fuel the car burns. The first thing he asks the various automobile salesmen is, "Use Red Crown and Polarine?"

It won't do any good for John Barnes to come back to Freeport for a visit. He's out of luck with his old girl. Besides, he didn't fulfill his promise about those candles. (John says he is going to make good, Freeport). How's everything?

Our new Freeport country tank wagon driver, James Simpson, is some coupon book salesman. After only being with us for about a week, he stepped out on a Saturday afternoon and sold 10 coupon books. Service station men, please note.

One hundred degrees Fahrenheit seems to have no effect on our credit man, Mr. Arthur. We take it that he must be some relation to a cucumber, as he fails to shed his coat even at this temperature. Perhaps there's a reason. Most likely a soiled shirt. How about it, James?

Miss Gladys Gallagher has returned from her vacation. Gladys spent most of her time at Plainfield cooking for the rest of the outfit.

Carl Kallman, credit department, spent most of his vacation at Benton Harbor, Mich. Everyone watched for his return with interest. We expected to see a bearded gentleman in the credit department and are sorely disappointed.

Eleanor Rylander started on her vacation one Saturday afternoon, deciding to go to Chicago. At about 2:30 she decided to go to Canada—up in the wilds. We can't decide whether it was the "real stuff" or if there is someone up there in the wilds very interesting. Which, Eleanor?

Frances Smith, comptometer operator, picked out a nice quiet farm near Quincy, Ill., for her vacation. She spent most of the time milking the cows and feeding chickens. Fried chicken every day but one.

Speaking of bearded gentlemen: They have one in the equipment department. It took us quite a while to decide whether said party was really Norman Armstrong or someone else. What kind of hair restorer is it, Norman. Mr. Davies in the check department has a secret formula also.

Herbie Adams has emigrated from Plainfield to God's country and will receive his friends at Gobler's Knob.

J. D. Barnes, former stock clerk, has been appointed sub-station examiner. Good luck, Barnes.

Bill Watson is preparing to be a public speaker. Every day he practices his newly acquired art. Upon investigation we find his audience is a picture hanging upon the wall. Good idea, Bill, they can't throw any old tin can, etc., at you.

On Monday morning, August 21, Hughie Boyle blew into the main office attired like a Crown Prince. On his clothes lingered the essence of eau de cologne. Upon asking him why he always wears a light suit, Hughie replied that powder marks do not show on his shoulders. And that's that.

Someone would like to know where the young lady Roy Olson was supposed to have out on the evening of August 23 disappeared to. Nothing could be seen of her at the corner of Cass and Collins streets. Do you know anything about that, Roy?

We would like to know if divers recovered a valuable fishpole belonging to Mr. Walter J. DeGroat, which was lost in a quarry somewhere in this vicinity. What makes this pole so valuable is that Wallie had a bite—maybe a whale, and the

fishpole was pulled right out of his hands. Tell us another one, Walter.

Elsie Fritz spent her vacation at Devils Lake, Madison and other points in Wisconsin. Elsie reports a lively time, knickers 'neverything.

One day, not so long ago, Charles Wachendorf, Minooka agent, and John D. Sheehy, salesman, called on a Minooka elevator owner. Wachendorf scratched a match to light his cigar and the lighted tip flew off into the hair of the elevator man, said hair being red, by the way. He had been using Stanolax as a hair oil, and with much difficulty the rosy headed top was extinguished. With much laughter, as the man was not burned, he exclaimed that if Red Crown was made from the same crude oil as Stanolax, it would surely burn in his elevator engine. He was converted to Red Crown. However, Sheehy and Wachendorf would not advise all agents and salesmen to use the hair burning method in gaining new Red Crown gasoline business.

Oh, what is so rare as a day in September!
Then, if ever, you will remember,
When love is young and sweet and blind,
'Tis then some people lose their minds.
Some say that Spring is the time for mating,
But Sylvia and Leslie will not be waiting.
Vacation time for them, we hear,
Is in November of this year.
And now the little sparrows sing,
For Sylvia's got a diamond ring
And—when the fatal step they take
We'd like a piece of wedding cake.

Anyone visiting the Central States Fair and Exposition at Aurora on the day of the races, would have observed Agent V. D. Comp and drivers on the lookout for business.

Agent J. B. Edwards, at Paw Paw, advises that Leland has nothing on him when it comes to a new bookkeeper. The young lady at Paw Paw weighs just 8 pounds and was born August 8. Congratulations, J. B.

The sympathy of the Joliet office is extended to Mr. Will Davies upon the loss of his mother recently.

One noon not so long ago, Charlie Kniep was walking gaily down Parks avenue and met a former office employee. She was certainly delighted to meet Chuck, at least that's the way it appeared to observers. You didn't believe anyone saw you, did you, Chuck? Anyone desiring particulars might consult Chuck himself.

MANKATO, MINN.

Mr. Allan Jackson spent a Saturday afternoon in Mankato recently. Although his stay was brief in our city, many old friends took the occasion to renew old acquaintance and to express the hope that he would soon take the opportunity to make a more extended visit in the division where he was once manager.

Many employees were certain that they recognized Mr. T. J. Thompson in Mankato on Sunday morning, July 29, and they discovered that he had indeed been in the city for a very brief time. Mankato employees will not soon forget the talk given by Mr. Thompson on his last visit and a great deal of regret was expressed in his inability to remain with us longer on this occasion.

J. J. Meyer, chairman of the Safety Council, Mankato division, is working hard to make a Safety record for the division and he is bidding fair to succeed.

Fairmont people point with a great deal of pride to Service Station 6, which they state is the most beautiful station in the United States. To appreciate the beauty of this station one must see the perfect grounds and the beautiful Minnesota flowers. Under the care of Attendant A. C. Heller, Station 6 sets an example of service station beauty which is exceedingly difficult to emulate. (We hope to publish the photo of this station at a later date.—Ed.)

Compliments are due the editor of the Record for the prompt appearance of the Record the past few months. The Record is much appreciated in the Mankato division and its non-appearance raises a fusillade of inquiries. (Oh, gosh, and this one's going to be late!—Ed.)

Spencer Smith, record department, who is master councilor of the De Molay boys in Mankato, expects to confer the degrees of the order on fifty boys in Fairmont on September second. About twenty cars from Mankato will make the trip and Spencer insists that nothing but Red Crown will be used.

We welcome Claude DeCourcy to our sales organization. Sales to tractor owners have been booming wherever Claude has opened fire and we like to see his reports come in—three and four at a time.

Miss Clara Olson caused a ripple of excitement when it became known that her name had become changed to Mrs. Edward Garceau. The office force will miss "Ole." Besides being a wonder on the comptometer, she was a lively member of the Red Crown Club and a real company booster. We wish Mr. and Mrs. Garceau a life of prosperity and happiness.

We are pleased to record the return to our sales organization of Ralph Habberstad.

Field and office join in their love of our Chief Clerk R. W. Pinney, but we greatly fear that he will be differently classified if he persists in boring everyone whom he meets with tales of his prowess as a golfer. He must be getting good, at that, for he even admits it to everyone in the city. When he succeeds in registering a par, Mr. Pinney will undoubtedly take a day off and celebrate in fitting fashion.

Something is always happening to cause a flurry in the office but Miss Louise Heinze capped the climax when she was the heroine in a drowning incident—gone down for the third time and rescued by two stalwart gentlemen. After that just to make it real good she fell out of an automobile (Ford) traveling about twenty-five per, without causing any more serious injury than bad bruises. Don't know what Miss Heinze will try next—maybe a parachute drop. (Better have the official photog assigned to follow her wherever she goes.—Ed.)

Friday evening, August 26, was the occasion of a lively "pep" meeting of the Mankato marketing organization when all service station attendants, truck drivers, warehouse men, interspersed with a few office "birds," all totaling twenty-seven men, congregated in Mr. Chesbrough's office for a talkfest. The presiding officer labeled the meeting as an open forum at which all questions of interest in marketing the full line would be discussed, and there was no difficulty in finding speakers because the main difficulty seemed to be in preventing everyone present from talking at the same time. The next meeting, to be held in a few weeks, will be presided over by J. I. Warner, service station attendant, and Harry Reedstrom, truck driver, who were chosen to their positions by vote of those preset. We anticipate a snappy meeting at the next session as these two presiders are the originators of the word "pep". Although the air was cloudy with the

smudge of "two-fors", the issue up for discussion was never beclouded, lively agrument being a feature of this first meeting. At the close of the meeting ice cream and cake was served but even that didn't prevent the renewing of some earlier discussion in the interest of marketing the S. O. Co. line.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

On Wednesday evening, August 16, some 350 men of the Twin City Standard Oil force gathered in the Ark Auditorium in Minneapolis and enjoyed one of the most successful get-together meetings we have ever had. The affair was appropriately entitled "Midnight Stag Frolic" as it was midnight, it was a stag, and sure some frolic.

The Red Crowns, Minneapllis Kittenball Champions, traveled to Mankato, Saturday, August 26, and defeated the Johnson Laundry team, claimants to the Southern Minnesota championship title, winning three straight games. A number of the Minneapolis force accompanied the team.

J. C. Vincent does not believe in collars on hot days. He does, however, wear a Polish tie.

Our agent, H. H. Genz, at Albany, says he thinks it's going to be a cold winter.

Jos. Geurkink, agent at Baldwin, Wis., likes corn on the cobb. So do we, Joe.

Dallas, Texas, may be a long way from Dallas, Wis., but Dell Thomas says it can't be much warmer down there.

Roy Riding, our agent at Elk River, came near being Joy Riding, didn't he?

Kenneth, the little son of H. E. Hoglund, salesman, is getting along nicely since his operation.

Johnson, agent at New London, proudly announces the arrival of Miss Johnson, August 2, weight nine pounds. Congratulations, Johnson.

We were sorry to hear of the death of Mr. S. M. Hohman, our former cashier, who was retired about a year ago.

Recently our friend Cameron tried to start his car at Bloomington. The ignition was on the bum and Klebba started to push the car to Minneapolis. However, the headlights wouldn't light and Cameron was steering in the dark. His pink eye failed him and he went into the ditch. Klebba lifted the car back on the road and pushed the car to Minneapolis, a distance of seven miles.

Yes sir! Harold Damkroger still has "them shoes". Boy, they're some shoes, now that's all.

Andrew Field is our new equipment inspector. Look out, boys, and keep your trucks well oiled and greased because Andrew is a hard-boiled inspector.

Mr. Vincent, chief clerk, knows the Ford splashing system well now. He took up his own transmission bands and when he was through, he started the motor before putting the cover back. Sorry, Mr. Vincent, but that is the only way to get experience about a Ford.

PEORIA, ILL.

How do you like talking to yourself?

Speaking of prohibition, Assistant Manager Phillips, on that fishing trip of August 5, annihilated seventeen bottles of soda. And the funny thing about this story is that it *was* soda.

After Altorfers tumbled our ball team out of the league leadership on August 26, some unfeeling critter referred to 'em as the Red Clowns.

As usual, this issue is marked by the beautiful absence of news from field representatives. We give 'em up. We've argued, scolded and cajoled; Mr. Coleman has directed, requested, even ordered; and all with the same result—nothing. And, a usual likewise, we forward our story in fear and trembling, expecting Mr. Editor to stick in some bitter-sweet criticism at the end of our stuff—something in the shape of a polite inquiry as to whether we have anyone in the Peoria division outside of the office. Sometimes we doubt it ourselves.

Taylor says his dictaphone is fully equipped—electric lights, starter, 'n everything—all except one big drawback. He can't cuss into it, cause it ain't got no shock absorbers.

Salesman Faber reports interference with his Sunday afternoon siesta. Says he just climbed into the feathers when the band in the park across the way began to warble "Ain't We Got Fun."

Attendant "Pat" Littleton at Service Station 14, Pacific and McClure Avenues, Peoria, boasts the reputation of being the most courteous in his line in the city, but recently Pat had his affability severely strained. Two sweet young things, knickers and all, astride a couple of Whiskaways, ambled up the drive into his "shop" the other day, with the rush at its height. "Pardon me," most sweetly, "but would you mind giving the little doggie a drink?" Pat took one look at the diminutive canine loitering behind the nags, said a few things (Sinn Fein) under his breath—and complied. Now he's taking up a collection for a watering trough. How's chances for an appropriation, Mr. Grimshaw?

Friend Wilson, of Springfield, fell down on the job this month. 'Smatter? Too much State Fair?

Gramm and Lotts went two rounds to a decision recently. Heser refereed.

Get George to tell you about where he spent that Saturday evening when in St. Louis.

Miss Powers levies a fine whenever anyone on the first floor gets excited and—er—punctuates his remarks. That's why our grizzled overseas vet in the marketing department never has any cash.

What happened to the warehouse reporter this month?

The Peoria division was inexpressibly shocked on August 20, when advice was received of the death of Agent Brockway, of Monmouth, and the grave injury to his wife and child, in an automobile accident. The family was on a pleasure trip when the machine was struck by a train. Mr. Brockway was an affable, well-liked gentleman, and a hustler thru and thru, and his tragic passing brought forth universal expressions of regret. The heartfelt sympathy of the division is extended to the dear ones who survive him.

When Mr. Phillips took Caldwell and Ritchey into that refreshment parlor at Farmer City, they seized the opportunity, and ordered sodas with *double* ice cream. The assistant boss says he got the idea, all right—two small town boys out with a big city feller.

On August 7 occurred the death at Farmer City of Mrs. F. E. Howard, wife of the agent instructor for the Eastern district. The funeral took place on August 9, and was attended by Assistant Manager Phillips, District Superintendent Caldwell, Salesman Ritchey, and Agents Dozier of Saybrook, Foster of Belleflower and Bailey of LeRoy, as the company's representatives. To her husband, whose friends in the division are legion, we extend our sympathy.

While the wild and woolly tendencies of our station examiners are acknowledged, we expect them at all times to remain within the confines of the law. Picture our shocked sensibilities, therefore, at the tale which recently drifted in from Pontiac. Flanagan and Lindenfelser, afoul of the state game regula-

tions! Supposedly checking the station, and caught red-handed amusing themselves with a youthful turtle, purloined from the Lord knows what sacred preserve! And detected by the game warden himself! Only the eloquence of Dave Roth saved our two laddybucks about $37.50 apiece. But they had to stage a parade back to the river with the turtle, with the majesty of the law strutting behind.

George Klarr, over at Galesburg, has organized a baseball team, and recently got up enough gumption to challenge the Red Crowns. Pretty safe, George. You knew we belonged to the Commercial League.

From the classic city of Detroit recently came an announcement, telling of the marriage of Miss Mary Ellen Remo to Mr. James McCarthy. Assistant Manager Phillips functioned as best man, the bride being his wife's sister. He returned a few days later, still smiling reminiscently, as though the hymeneal radiance had not yet lost its spell.

Lady Luck, after stringing along with the Red Crowns all season, has suddenly decamped and left our boys flat. Successive defeats on the last two Saturdays knocked them from their perch atop the Commercial League ladder, and into second place. The season ends September 16, and it is to be feared that the one game advantage gained by the leading Altorferites will be enough to cop. By the time this is printed the pennant marathon will be history. Here's hopin'! Results of the last month follow: August 5, Red Crowns 4; Morgan Paints 3 (10 innings). August 12, Red Crowns 13; Clark-Smith 7. August 19, Red Crowns 12; Larkins 16. August 26, Red Crowns 7; Altorfers 10. (For some unknown reason every team which has had its picture published in the Stanolind Record immediately thereafter developed a losing streak.—Ed.)

QUINCY, ILL.

George Sohm of the stock department feels like a magazine—"A Woman's Home Companion." His wife is gone to the country.

Bill Garrett, Salisbury agent, is evidently trying to make the refineries work over time.

Besides taking care of his business, there is one other thing in which E. J. Howerton, our Novelty agent, finds a great deal of pleasure and that is listening to radio concerts.

Edith Graham entertained the maiden ladies of the office at supper in her home a short time ago, and Miss Helen Hall, in making a toast, predicted they would never marry. Ladies! Please do not judge all men by the specimens found around the office.

New members having joined the S. O. sales force recently, include M. F. Power, former agent at Canton; F. D. Yager, who was formerly agent instructor; H. H. McConnell, Paul I. Fife, John W. Chester, T. W. Smith, A. L. Millsom and E. F. Carlson.

Loren Minton has succeeded J. S. Fisher as agent at New Canton, Ill.

John O'Donnell is trying to boost S. O. stock. He has a Ford coupe and is helping swell the sales of Red Crown Gasoline and Polarine.

We had in our midst for a few days, the latter part of August, Mr. E. F. Engel of the Chicago office.

Our Canton, Mo., sub-station is now in charge of J. E. Thompson, succeeding Mr. M. F. Power.

We understand that Monte Lenhart, driver at Moberly, is looking for a wife and has his eyes fixed on the Quincy office. Look out, sales writers.

Chief Clerk M. F. Worley comes to work nowadays with a sheet to take the place of a handkerchief. Not weeps; only hay fever.

W. T. Hogan is now agent at Mt. Sterling, Ill., Mr. H. S. Lappin having resigned.

An old proverb reads "The way to a man's heart is through his stomach," and Frank Wood, agent at Augusta, Ill., says it's the truth.

Agent M. R. Pierce is putting out gasoline so fast at Queen City that it has become necessary to keep tank car in transit at all times to prevent his station from running out of stock.

O. F. Oitker is in charge of our Barry, Ill., station, having succeeded C. C. Brown.

Mrs. H. D. Thomas, wife of our general clerk, is visiting relatives and friends in Colorado. During her absence we observe Dean "looking 'em over."

W. L. Martin, agent at Shelbina, Mo., has some ways like a camel. On one of his busy days recently he overlooked eating until friend wife called his attention to the fact and persuaded him to eat at 9 P. M.

Our new agent at Fayette, Mo., is Denny T. Johnson, who succeeds D. M. Smith.

Nell Maxwell, of the check department, spent a busy evening after club supper not long ago. She claimed someone "spiked" the lemonade.

Claude Turner, has taken over the duties of agent at Dallas City, Ill.

Ed Boltz, agent at Gorin, Mo., frequently makes business trips to Quincy and never fails to drink of the Mississippi river. We didn't know before that the Mississippi had a kick to it.

I. E. Schnur, Griggsville agent, has even fallen in love with his new station. It's attractive and everything, says he.

Ward Watson has been employed as agent at Kirksville, Mo., succeeding J. W. Snider, who is now driver at this place.

J. F. Miller, agent at Meadville, Mo., is enjoying a much needed rest following several days and nights of hard work, during the week of the chautauqua, held at Meadville.

Recent additions to the S. O. family in the Quincy field include Norton B. Watts, agent at Silex, Mo.; Homer H. Lewis, agent at Downing, Mo.; Wm. H. Lewis, attendant at Service Station 3, Hannibal, Mo.; John W. Golden, attendant at Service Station 15, Hannibal; Orley Halliburton, tank wagon driver, Moberly; Carroll S. Adams, attendant at Service Station 9, Quincy; Marion W. Miles, attendant at Service Station 16, Moberly; S. D. Thompson, agent at Bowling Green, Mo.; Roy E. McClellan, driver at Palmyra, Mo.; E. A. Mollenhauer, motor truck wagon driver, Quincy; Fred E. Carnahan, agent at Atlanta, Mo.; R. W. Pile, driver at Macon, Mo.; F. C. Neete, driver at Kirksville, Mo.; Emmett E. McKee, attendant at Service Station 7, Quincy; E. S. Doyle, attendant at Service Station 1, Moberly; Wilbur Quisenberry, driver at Moberly; E. S. Gilstrap, agent at Bevier, Mo.; R. E. Barclay, driver at Macomb.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA

Honesty was added to Quality and Service at the service station at LeMars when Salesman-Agent Sherman, upon finding a purse in the station, immediately had it insured and forwarded to the proper destination and in return received a check and letter to the effect that the courtesy of the Standard Oil Company employees had always been appreciated but that now they were strongly sold on the honesty added to quality and service.

Salesman Hunting has been stepping round prouder 'n Lucifer, a nine-pound baby girl having arrived August 17. The little lady is to be known as Clara Elizabeth and has the whole household in attendance inasmuch as she is the only girl and the proud possessor of five brothers.

H. E. Kaiser, Standard Oil man from Freeport, Ill., was a caller at S. S. 18 while touring through to Spirit Lake and Okoboji. George Churchill, the attendant, says he is always more than glad to welcome any one at any time as it is his aim to keep the station in spick-span order. So 'tis George, so 'tis.

Kathryn Barnable recently spent a few days in Kansas City. Railroad strike, intense heat, nothing hindered, and while we are pretty good at keeping secrets, yet it kinda 'pears as though there might be a powerful attraction down in them thar southern states.

R. J. Gordon, formerly S. S. attendant at Yankton, is now a new salesman in the northern field. This is a nice promotion for R. J. and we are sure he will be right on the job when it comes to selling the goods.

A pretty home wedding occurred when Evaline Peterson of the Record staff and Clyde Sturtz of this city promised to love, honor and obey. Evaline as usual looked charming in white satin with pearl trimming, veil and wreath of lilies-of-the-valley. On the eleventh the girls of the office complimented her with a miscellaneous shower and on the seventeenth she was entertained by the O. N. O. Club at the home of Edna Morrison when she was presented with an electric iron and various (??) other gifts. The evening was spent in dancing and at a late hour a delicious luncheon was served. Evaline is leaving many friends in the office who wish her a future plum full of happiness and hope she will soon be able to wield the rolling pin as cleverly as she now handles the fountain pen.

District Superintendent Wirsing recently attended the state commissioners' meeting at Hot Springs, S. D.

Sioux Falls reports the arrival of another new service station attendant at the Leonard home. Mother and babe doing fine.

The thrill of a lifetime: Twenty swims in the Y. W. C. A. swimming pool at Council Oak Camp, thanks to Mr. Thayer, who presented the girls with a ticket remarking that a good swim was good for any of us—and so ten bathing beauties (???) hied themselves to the camp. Hearts were found to be in good order with the exception of one or two which seemed to be badly broken and bent. After a picnic supper the girls were entertained by a bunch of mosquitos who were entirely too fresh, couldn't be shook, but stayed right by till the girls reached the city in safety. (Inasmuch as they failed to send us pictures, we hope the mosquitos stung 'em good. —Ed.)

Agent Conser, of Sioux Falls, recently motored to Mitchell for an over Sunday visit with his daughter.

Mops, here's your opportunity: L. J. Dye has been promoted from S. S. 309 to specialty salesman. He isn't married girls, and says he is particularly interested in the Semdac Mops.

S. S. 305 is the first on record with a wedding. Attendant Wilton Becker and Gladys Olson married September 2, and after an extended trip through Grabbe's Park, Jefferson, Elk Point and other South Dakota points will be at home at 3424 Myrtle.

If you have anything from a Ford to a Rolls-Royce to trade, see Brown of Sioux Falls. He'll trade even up if you furnish five new cord tires.

Herb Mann says he laid his checkered trousers on the shelf, but for some reason or other got 'em out again. 'S matter, Herb; high cost of coal or the new car in sight for next year?

Melvin Ness just invested in a new parlor suit, a dollar down and a dollar when they catch him. Your office suit's plenty good enough for us, Mel.

Bill Young was seen intently gazing in a large store window. Wedding rings Bill, or dee del de dums three sizes larger?

A cordial invitation is extended the girls of the Sioux City office to spend their vacations at Sioux Falls. Brown's the only single left girls, but the "married's" wives are gone to the country.

SOUTH BEND, IND.

These are the days of promotion; the fellow who has been working, trying to produce the best that was within him and at the same time demonstrating to his superior his fitness for a better position, is now being rewarded. The following general salesmen have been promoted to assistant district superintendents: Palmer Cole, Bert Force, R. P. Bixler, F. L. Blake.

And these are the boys who are promoted to gasoline salesmen: E. A. Fite, Michigan City; Chas. Maddox, Marion; R. L. Grant, Wabash; E. N. Franklin, Portland; A. L. Ginther, Ft. Wayne; W. W. Rhodes, Ft. Wayne.

V. E. Circle, tankwagon driver at Fort Wayne, and G. J. Stroble, service station attendant, at Portland, have been promoted to special tankwagon men.

Robert Journey, our new tankwagon driver at Portland, Ind., says "Just watch me travel, I am going to be one of those drummer boys yet." Here's hoping you will have a lot of success and succeed with your ambition, Bob.

Fred D. Irvine is again employed by the Standard Oil Company, as a general salesman. We are all very glad to see Fred on the job again. Here is good luck to you, old boy.

R. C. Beall has been in the office for the past week, receiving instructions and general information pertaining to his new position of general salesman. Roy, we all have you picked for a winner, and we are looking forward to hear good reports about you, Here is hoping there are some good things in store for you.

Our genial and industrious general salesman, Mr. H. H. Van Kirk, is always on the alert. The other night, while passing a carnival, he happened to notice a ferris wheel and immediately the thought struck him what a wonderful thing Eureka Belt Dressing would be for stopping the belt on the ferris wheel from slipping. Needless to say he convinced the manager of this fact, before he left him, as he took his order for twenty-five pounds. Good for you, old boy, you are always on the job.

Jess Stookey, tankwagon driver at Portland, Ind., recently won the horseshoe pitching contest in that city, but it is rumored that he is going to be barred the next time as he has the reputation of being some stepper. He steps half the distance from one peg to the other when he pitches horseshoes.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

One of our good looking lady stenographers wrote a letter for the credit department to one Hugh R. Smith. The address was not mentioned when letter was dictated, but the stenographer was furnished with his letterhead which reads "Hugh R. Smith" (small type) dealer in (large type) Alfalfa Hay and then again (small type) Charleston, Mis-

souri. Later we found the letter returned with postoffice notation "No such postoffice named in the state," and examination revealed that the letter had been addressed "Hugh R. Smith, Alfalfa Hay, Missouri."

Salesman Bohlson in his attempt to take good care of his person failed to take good care of his personal property and lost his watch all on account of a wasp which somehow or other had gotten into his trousers. He had to absent himself quickly from a customer in order to remove the intruder and dropped his watch; however, later on the watch was recovered.

Salesman O'Dell was overheard asking one of the young ladies in the office to attend a ball game with him. We won't mention any names, just want to let Thelma know that she had better be looking after her interests.

District Superintendent L. P. Des Jardins and Salesman Bohlson were nonplussed the other day when a farmer they were calling on said he was using "Carona Rosa Gasoline." Fortunately one of the above named gentlemen, who is too modest to have his name mentioned, through his extensive travels in Italy had found out "Carona Rosa Gasolina" meant "Red Crown." After all it was not a new competitor in the field but still good old "Red Crown."

Our friend, Perry Beals, recently underwent an operation at a Joplin hospital. All his friends hope for a speedy recovery.

The raiding squads are developing some peculiar situations. Recently Salesman Foster, in order to get the confidence of the farmer, retired to the back lot, after leaving his Ford behind the farmer's barn, and assisted the farmer in pitching some hay. Mr. Crain, brother salesman to Mr. Foster, happened along about that time, called on another member of the family in the front yard and copped the order.

According to radios from our various raiding squad headquartters, they themselves are being frequently raided by one short and one tall gentleman, who seems to be able to ask many embarrassing questions.

Wonder whether Smitty has joined the "White Socks," or if he has sore feet. Can someone answer this?

One evening a short while ago Margaret McCarthy was called upon by some friends, who own a motion picture show in the vicinity of Walnut Park, to perform on the piano. On previous occasions when Margaret has played, a comedy picture has followed the feature picture, and Margaret had her music arranged accordingly. On this particular night instead of the comedy an announcement of a coming picture featuring a biblical story with Mary Magdalen was shown, and Margaret played "The Wild Wild Women."

Friend Ratz is getting to be quite an expert in dictating. When using the dictaphone he doesn't even have to use the electricity. The other evening he dictated a whole record before finding it necessary to turn on the power.

When the manager and assistant manager returned from a trip in Southwest Missouri, Mr. Bemis was compelled to lay up for a few days to get the kinks in his leg straightened out, having gotten twisted up in climbing around the rocks and underbrush at Hahatonka Park; evidently too much leg for the places he tried to go through. There is a possibility that the lizard he found in his clothing on his return to the hotel at Jefferson City bit him.

Assistant General Manager Amos Ball was in our Southwest Missouri territory during the latter part of the month in company with Mr. A. P. Robinson and Mr. H. J. Bemis.

If any of the girls in the office would like some advice on purchasing wearing apparel, kindly call on Mr. T. T. Cresswell, construction superintendent, as we understand he is quite an adept at this.

Someone called Katherine Armstrong's attention to the dirt on her handkerchief after rubbing same on her face, and she remakred that was only the Irish in her rubbing off.

Johnnie Shell had better be looking to her interests. Friend Ernie has been seen talking very seriously to Thelma lately.

WICHITA, KAN.

John Burley, geologist and former employee of the Standard Oil Company, visited his old friends at the plant during the latter part of August. John is very much delighted with his new work.

J. O. Kuhn, record department, has begun a new record, entitled "Lights and Shadows of Married Life." Miss Hazel West is his new mate. They were married at the Central Christian church, August 19, by Dr. Walter Scott Priest. Here's hopin', J. O., that no blot will ever appear on your new record. The Standard Oil bunch gave the newlyweds an appropriate "cow-belling" and a delightful ride on one of the big trucks, through the most prominent streets of the city. The ride was enjoyed by all with the possible exception of two persons who were made a little too conspicuous by certain mottoes, yells, etc. Cheer up, Kuhn, it rarely happens more than once in a lifetime. (Why didn't you get a photo of said truck ride?—*Ed.*)

C. J. Cox has accepted a position in the record department.

L. F. Beckett, head of the construction department, awoke one morning about two weeks ago in a very happy frame of mind. In fact, he was so happy that he whistled. One hour later he thought some evil spirit had stuck a knife in his "innards." His good wife grabbed the telephone, and had two M. D.'s at the house in a twinkling. Same old story—appendicitis, hospital, surgeon's knife, bill of $240.00 and L. F. is walking around very thin, abdominally speaking, but very glad he is alive.

The shop boys say that Carl Nelson, mechanic, is soon to be married, but they cannot find out the time. "When the weather gets cooler" is all the satisfaction they have received.

M. A. Cook, general suppy, is having a peck of trouble. Recently, he reported a fine boy by the name of Yale as coming to his house to keep him awake at nights. He barely got settled so he could sleep, and the Board of Health quarantined his place, because his wife had scarlet fever. Cook is not only down at present writing, but is out to boot. Latest reports are that all are doing well except Cook. He acts like a caged bear.

O. A. Martin, cashier, and Ed Brant, assistant, spent a happy week-end on the Ninnescah recently. They brought back one four-pounder and a whole armload of smaller fry.

Clifford Morris, assistant in stationery department, things he can clean any old Standard Oil sport on the golf links any Sunday between the hours of 5 A. M. and 8 P. M. Puncture his gas bag, boys.

Howard Smith, stock department and baseball fan, came into the office with his chin bandaged. It develops that a base ball handed him a nifty upper cut that took him off his pins temporarily.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Indiana)

General Sales Department

ALLAN JACKSON, *Vice-President*

T. J. THOMPSON, *General Manager*

Assistant General Managers

JOHN L. CARTER, Northern Division
R. G. STEWART, Central Division

N. R. GRIMSHAW, Eastern Division
AMOS BALL, Western Division

Lubricating Department

B. T. THOMPSON, *General Manager*

C. O. WILSON, *Assistant General Manager*

Asphalt Department

F. P. ALLEN, *Manager*

Branch Offices

CHICAGO, ILL.
H. A. LEWIS, *Manager*
C. F. HATMAKER, *Assistant Manager*

DAVENPORT, IOWA
GEO. M. WHELAN, *Manager*
C. W. FLANIGAN, *Assistant Manager*

DECATUR, ILL.
T. B. CLIFFORD, *Manager*
JOHN H. BUDDE, *Assistant Manager*

DES MOINES, IOWA
H. A. MONSON, *Manager*
J. N. ELKERT, *Assistant Manager*

DETROIT, MICH.
H. R. COCHRAN, *Manager*
H. H. KEATING, *Assistant Manager*

DULUTH, MINN.
I. J. SHIELDS, *Manager*
G. E. WEBB, *Assistant Manager*

EVANSVILLE, IND.
W. J. LANG, *Manager*
EWALD BRAUNS, *Assistant Manager*

FARGO, N. D.
F. I. PACKARD, *Manager*
P. A. RAUPAGH, *Assistant Manager*

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.
J. C. MARSHALL, *Manager*
R. F. MCCONNELL, *Assistant Manager*

HURON, S. D.
A. H. DODSLEY, *Manager*
C. L. BAILEY, *Assistant Manager*

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
E. P. GALBREATH, *Manager*
H. E. BRUCE, *Assistant Manager*

JOLIET, ILL.
E. E. MORTON, *Manager*
CARL MONSON, *Assistant Manager*

KANSAS CITY, MO.
H. C. GRIFFIN, *Manager*
J. W. WILSON, *Assistant Manager*

LA CROSSE, WIS.
J. G. LANNIN, *Acting Manager*
J. E. MONEGAN, *Assistant Manager*

MANKATO, MINN.
M. H. CHESBROUGH, *Manager*
JOHN BEATON, *Assistant Manager*

MILWAUKEE, WIS.
T. H. LANG, *Manager*
IVAN PRATHER, *Assistant Manager*

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
F. L. COCHRAN, *Manager*
W. H. BROWN, *Assistant Manager*

PEORIA, ILL.
J. R. COLEMAN, *Manager*
G. F. PHILLIPS, *Assistant Manager*

QUINCY, ILL.
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T. P. JONES, *Assistant Manager*

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ST. LOUIS, MO.
A. P. ROBINSON, *Manager*
H. J. BEMIS, *Assistant Manager*

SIOUX CITY, IOWA
D. B. THAYER, *Manager*
B. F. LEONARD, *Assistant Manager*

SOUTH BEND, IND.
D. L. GUILFOYLE, *Manager*
E. P. WARREN, *Assistant Manager*

WICHITA, KAS.
P. J. QUINLAN, *Manager*
W. C. VAN HORNE, *Assistant Manager*

Power Farming and Petroleum Products

LABOR and power represent 80 to 90 percent of the total cost of producing farm products.

This portion of the cost is reduced by the use of motor-driven machinery which enables each man to cultivate more acres and to cultivate each acre more cheaply.

The following figures, made on authority of the International Harvester Company, prove the correctness of this statement.

1921 COSTS—DISCING

Double Discing (8-ft. disc) with horses—15 miles travel per day, costs 85c per acre.

Double Discing (8-ft. disc) with 10-20 tractor —20 miles travel per day costs 66c per acre. (*A saving of 22.3%*)

1921 COSTS—DRILLING

Drilling with horses—15 miles travel per day; costs 53c per acre.

Drilling with 10-20 tractor—25 miles travel per day; costs 26c per acre. (*A Saving of 51%*)

1921 COSTS—HARVESTING

4 horses with an 8-ft. grain binder can harvest an average of 15 acres a day at 65c an acre.

1 kerosene tractor with 2 8-ft. binders can harvest an average of 40 acres a day at 50c an acre. (*A saving of 23%*).

The increasing use of motor-driven machinery on the farm indicates that the practical farmer has come to realize that the use of such equipment is profitable.

The Standard Oil Company (Indiana) in its endeavor to furnish a complete cycle of service is delivering its product to the farmer under the same conditions as for similar deliveries in the town.

Such service is possible only because of the complete system of distribution which has been developed throughout the 11 Middle Western States served by this Company.

Only a great enterprise, permanently organized, adequately financed, and inspired by a high sense of its social responsibilities, could guarantee the farmer, and all those who consume farm products, that all essential needs for petroleum products will be cared for.

Standard Oil Company
(*Indiana*)

910 So. Michigan Ave. **Chicago, Ill.**

NEWMAN MONROE CO., CHICAGO

STANOLIND RECORD

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J. W. CURRY

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STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(INDIANA)

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Wm. Bacheldor
G. W. Pilcher
M. E. Hartwig
John Flanagan
W. I. Jolley

CASPER

J. D. Critchfield
Thos. J. Leahy
Earl A. Dowler
H. W. Eberstein
Chas. B. Pierce
Richard Lott
John McClellan, Jr.
Tom McCoy
R. R. Rausch
W. F. Sikes
B. B. Simpson
Harry Kerr

Pitt Covert, Jr.
W. C. Eads
Wm. L. Emmell
A. V. Forbes
Frank Francis
J. R. Freeman
R. V. Heinze
J. R. Luxon
C. P. Taylor
W. H. Tolhurst
C. J. Warner
R. E. Wood

GREYBULL

Leroy Anchors
L. B. James
J. J. Kelley
Edmund P. Landers
Roy Ludington
Troy Majors
L. E. Watson
Guy E. West

LARAMIE

A. W. McAllister
J. L. Robay
Ed. L. Wood
F. O. Blair

STANOLIND
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URGE BARRING OF ALL BUT U. S. CITIZENS FROM J. G. C.

Elected and Appointed Representatives of Six Refineries, in Conference at Chicago, Ask Amendment to Industrial Relations Plan to Exclude Aliens from Office of Representative—Col. Robert W. Stewart Cheers Convention with News That Community Houses Will Eventually Be Built in All Refining Towns

Passage of a resolution urging that the Industrial Relations Plan be so amended as to bar from the office of representative any employee who is not an American citizen, and assurance by Col. Robert W. Stewart, chairman of the Board of Directors and executive head of the company, that it is the intention of the Board ultimately to erect community houses similar to that now being erected at Whiting, in all refinery towns where the company has enough employees to make it practicable, featured the Fourth Annual Industrial Relations Conference of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), held in the Florentine room of the Congress hotel, Chicago, Monday, September 18.

Calling attention to the fact that in the short space of four years the present Board of Directors has revised and made more effective the company's Annuity Plan, has given to the employees the Industrial Relations Plan, affording them a large voice in the company's domestic affairs, particularly in matters affecting their own wages, working conditions and general welfare, has provided them with an employees' magazine which is an *employees'* magazine, and last, but more important than all, has given them the opportunity of becoming stockholders in the company under terms of unexampled liberality, Colonel Stewart warned that too much must not be expected all at once, and that some time must elapse before all the hopes now cherished in common by both the Board of Directors and the employees can be consummated.

When the company undertook to provide Whiting with a community house such as that now in process of construction, the fundamental idea of equity on which its treatment of employees is founded, committed the Directors to the erection of similar buildings in other refinery towns where there are enough employees to make it practicable, Col. Stewart said.

"We are bound to put them in eventually," he declared, "but we do not wish to proceed farther along that line until the Whiting project is completed and we have had an opportunity to observe it in operation. As the Whiting community house is the first one, undoubtedly mistakes will be made. In a way it is an experiment, and when the time comes to enter on similar projects at other refineries, we can benefit by our experience at Whiting and not repeat the same mistakes. You, in the other refineries, may be certain you will lose nothing by waiting."

"The Directors of this company are proud of their record of successful effort on behalf of the employees, and if we never did another thing, it still would remain a record to be proud of," said Col. Stewart. "But we have no intention of stopping where we are. We merely ask time to work out our plans so that when they are placed in actual operation, both you and

Fourth Annual Industrial Relations Conference, Standard Oil Company (Indiana)

we may be assured that they are not only equitable and just, but practicable as well.

"And with 1,900 competitive marketing companies in the territory which this company serves, you may be certain that this Board of Directors has many problems to meet which necessarily detract from the time which we would like to devote to working out these plans for your benefit."

Colonel Stewart expressed the gratification felt by members of the Board over the reception accorded the Employees' Stock Purchase Plan by the great body of employees, and called attention to the constantly growing influence which this plan gives to the employees.

"Do you know," he asked, "that this is the largest meeting of stockholders in the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) which I have ever attended? It is. Our stockholders' meetings have never been attended by any such great assemblage as this. And yet every man in this room is a stockholder, and more than that, you are the chosen representatives of thousands of other stockholders in the refineries. Do you begin to realize what the Employees' Stock Purchase Plan means to the employees?"

Declaring that the executives of this company are at its head because they have earned their positions, have come into them through the natural order of selection which accepts only the efficient and rejects the inefficient, Col. Stewart asked if it were not a fact that if an election were to be held among employees, the present heads of the company would be reelected to the positions they now hold. The applause which greeted this indicated there was no doubt in the minds of his hearers that Col Stewart, Dr. Burton and the other members of the Board would at least be very likely candidates.

Though the resolution urging amendment of the Industrial Relations Plan so as to bar from the office of representative all but citizens of the United States, was passed by a vote of 74 to 3, it evoked a brief but spirited discussion. (While one of the three who opposed the resolution on the convention floor was Dan Gallagher, three-time employees' chairman of the Whiting J. G. C., further consideration prompted him to change his attitude and at the October 10 meeting of Whiting employees' representatives, he joined the others in reporting it favorably by unanimous vote. At this writing the matter has not been acted on in any refinery except Whiting.)

The resolution was introduced at the Chicago conference by Mr. L. C. Moore, appointed representative, of Whiting. The discussion follows:

Mr. Moore: I don't particularly want to talk. I would rather have somebody do it for me, but I have something to say that I believe is for the good of the Plan and right here is the time to tell it. We have this book "The Industrial Relations Plan," which our friend, Dan Gallagher, calls our bible. I believe if we find anything in there that we can improve, this is the time to tell it, to see if we all agree. Referring to Part B, Art. IV, I will read Section 2 first: "Any employee (except as hereinafter mentioned) who has been in the Company's service for at least sixty days prior to the date fixed for nominations shall be entitled to vote for representative." I haven't any fight on that at all. It is perfectly all right. We have to have all kinds and classes of employees and if they are employees they should be in this Plan and have a right to vote. Let us see what the qualifications of the representatives are: "Any employee (except as hereinafter mentioned) who has been in the company's service for a period of one year immediately prior to nominations, who is twenty-one years of age or over, and who is an American citizen"—That's fine, if it stopped there, but it says "*or has taken out his first papers, or has resided continuously in the United States for at least five years shall be considered qualified for nomination and election as a representative.*" I take exception to that last part. The Standard Oil Company is an American institution, and the Industrial Relations Plan is American. For the benefit of the Company and for the benefit of the employees, I believe the qualifications of a representative should be, an American citizen. Therefore I move that the latter part "*or has taken out his first papers, or*

has resided continuously in the United States for at least five years", should be stricken out as a qualification, I make that as a motion.

Mr. Flanagan (Wood River): I would like to make an amendment to that motion. While being heartily in favor of every man being an American citizen, if that man has taken out his first papers and he has applied for second papers, it is his intention to become an American citizen and I can not see that it would be doing justice to the man or woman that comes to this country to better conditions to bar them from the privileges that we have in the Industrial Relations Plan. The intention is there, the wish to become American citizens is there, but the laws of the country prohibit them from becoming American citizens. In order to do justice to everybody the men who have made their application for final papers should be eligible as a representative in this Plan. That is a motion.

Mr. Moore: I would like to say one more word. I want to be fair. The State of Indiana just a year or so ago had a law that allowed a man who had his first papers to vote. It was abused by the politicians, they took advantage of it. Many of the men coming from foreign countries did not become American citizens. Why? It wasn't necessary. Now some may say we are doing an injustice to foreigners. For instance, if we have a group of foreigners, they want a representative. However, it is reasonable to suppose that in that group there are some of them who are American citizens and they are bound to be represented by one who is qualified as an American citizen.

Mr. A. O. Hodges (Sugar Creek): Mr. Chairman, I believe this is a serious question and should be discussed. Isn't it a fact that proposed amendments to the Industrial Relations Plan can be made and voted on only by employees' representatives?

Chairman: I am unable to answer that question for you. I will ask Mr. Curry to enlighten us.

Mr. Curry: Mr. Chairman, when an amendment is made in a formal manner, two-thirds of the employees' representatives must agree to the amendment. The amendment must also be agreed to by the Director of Industrial Relations and concurred in by the Board of Directors. That is the way the amendment should be handled. There is nothing said about who shall propose an amendment and I can see no objection to this conference taking a vote which expresses its opinion.

Chairman: That is the way I understand it. If our motion carried it is just a recommendation. Is that right?

Mr. Curry: It is merely the opinion of this body.

Mr. Gallagher (Whiting): Mr. Chairman, this motion was made on the grounds of a patriotic appeal. Personally I was born and raised in the United States, but my contention is this: If the foreigner wasn't encouraged to come to this country he wouldn't be here. If the conditions here were not better than in the European and the Oriental countries, they would not be here. There are certain technicalities in order to get citizenship. For instance, a man who comes to this country leaves his family in Europe or the Orient. He wants to become a citizen. He makes application to the Government for citizenship and they put the question, "Are you married?" "Yes." "Where's your wife?" "Over in Hungary." Before you are eligible for citizenship you must bring your wife over here. The wife refuses because America is a strange country and she doesn't know what conditions she will have to face when she comes over here. As a result, this man is deprived of citizenship in this country. Now, is it true that we want to put any obstacle in the way of that man becoming a representative? It is a question that involves us all. You tell him we have a proposition called the Industrial Relations Plan and that the employees have a right to select their own representatives regardless of what the other fellow thinks. Suppose in that whole body there isn't an American citizen. Do you mean to try to convince that class of men that they are getting a square deal? Are you going to try to drive the enthusiasm for the Industrial Relations Plan into these men? It is impossible. It is necessary to have the

cooperation of the foreigner as well as the American in this Industrial Relations Plan. The United States today does not bar a foreigner and why should we? It might be said that a man who cannot speak the English language will not get very far as a representative. We all have a way of expressing ourselves. I have found this among the foreigners and every other class of people, regardless of whether they are born in America or not. The foreigner may not be able to get up and make a speech, but he can make himself understood through some other member of the Committee who can speak for him.

Mr. Tolhurst (Casper): Mr. Chairman, Mr. Gallagher's thought, I feel, is very sincere and Mr. Moore's motion is very sincere. Mr. Gallagher said something in the last few words before he sat down which, to my mind, annuls the rest of his talk. He said the man could make himself understood through someone in the Joint General Committee. Mr. Moore may have been moved by a spirit of patriotism—all well and good. It is a fine thing, but there is a lot more than patriotism in his motion, if you get down to it. We have been reading for years of radicals running throughout this country of ours, most of them from overseas. I believe Mr. Moore's motion would come more directly under a heading of "Protection." We can take Mr. Moore's motion under the heading of "Protection" and trace it back as Mr. Gallagher did. But Mr. Gallagher has a long way to go to prove to me that there isn't a menace in any foreign element if an advantage is taken of it in the wrong way.

Mr. Kelly (Wood River): This Industrial Relations Plan means protection for the worker and its provisions are intended to protect all classes of workers. At the time of the inception of this Plan, a good many of the men employed by the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) must have been aliens. I take that from my observation in coming in contact with them the last seven years. It seems that a majority of the men are foreigners, and if they are a menace it is well for us to see if we can't control the situation in our own country. As Mr. Gallagher says, in a sense the foreigner did not come over here of his own volition. He was appealed to in Europe by higher wages and good conditions in this country, many times by false representations. They brought him over here by shiploads and shiploads. Of course the sad feature of immigration is that the last few years have brought to this country a class of people of a lower standard than those coming years ago, and that is one of the causes of this foreign propaganda. Many men must be deeply interested in this question. Let us handle the foreigner with a little care and consideration, and let us try to appeal to him in a fair way and get him away from evil influences. It may be easier than we think and it is up to us to deal with him with fairness and consideration. It is evident that those who brought him over here are commencing to realize the penalty they may have to pay. I thank you.

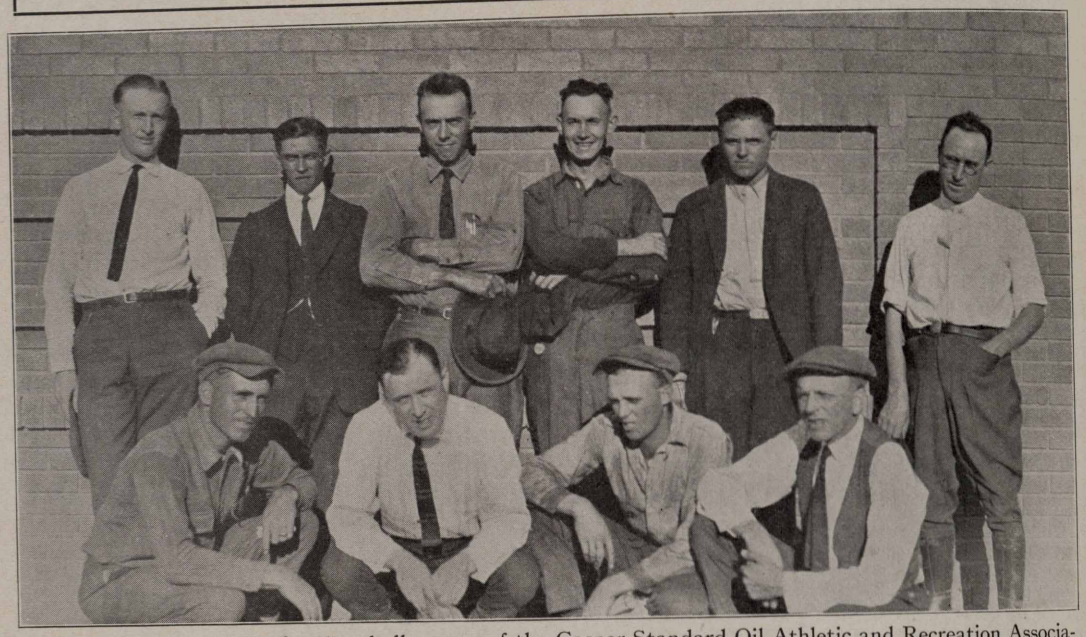
Without further discussion the question was put to a vote, Mr. Moore's motion carrying, 74 to 3.

General reports, were delivered by representatives of each of the refineries as follows: Casper, Robert V. Heinze; Greybull, Roy Ludington; Laramie, J. L. Robay; Sugar Creek, F. G. Lee; Whiting, Dr. R. T. Myrick; Wood River, John Flanagan.

H. W. Eberstein, of Casper, made a highly efficient chairman. It was a busy day for Mr. Eberstein, as he not only served all day as chairman, but delivered the Casper address at the banquet in the evening.

Dr. M. R. Schmidt, of Whiting, was toastmaster at the banquet in the evening, and his witty stories, coupled with the singing led by the indefatigable Harry Glair, assistant superintendent of the Whiting works, did much to make the evening a roaring success. Speakers at the banquet, in the order given, were: L. C. Howard, Sugar Creek; Ed L. Wood, Larmie; Albert Romstock, Whiting; Dr. W. M. Burton, president, Standard Oil Company (Indiana); Ed P. Landers, Greybull; William E. Kelly, Wood River; H. W. Eberstein, Casper; Col. R. W. Stewart.

WIDERHOLD'S KITTENS WIN CASPER PENNANT



Casper Works—The first baseball season of the Casper Standard Oil Athletic and Recreation Association came to a close with the "Kittens," Jim Widerhold's pets from the lubricating department, as winners. After an exciting series of games, the Plant 3 Refiners and the Kittens were leading the pack, with no losses charged to them. The game between these factions was heralded far and wide, and a fine turnout was on hand to view the fracas. The Kittens bared their nails right off the bat and rolled up twelve runs the second inning. That settled the ball game right then and there, though some flashy ball was shown throughout the matinee. Several individual performances featured the day. O. Perdue wielded a wicked bludgeon, smashing out a homer, a triple, two doubles and a single. A great running catch by Murray Wood in deep center, when the Refiners had the paths choked, and one out in the sixth, saved a lot of trouble for the Lubricators. "Bullett" Joe Pither twirled a handy game, allowing but three hits, and hanging twelve scalps to his belt. Jim is quite elated over the showing of his proteges, and is trying to get Judge Landis' permission to bring the World's Series winners to Casper to show how it is done in Wyoming. In above photo we have the Kittens, left to right, top row: Borgstrand, 3b, B. Perdue 2b, Leschinsky lf, Wood cf, O. Perdue, c, Holden, official; lower row: Stewart rf, Pither p, Langworthy ss, Widerhold, manager.

OLD TIMERS CLASH

In repsonse to a challenge from Billy Stenhouse, and other oldtimers at Whiting, Bert Hawkins, Bruce Smeed and other ancients of the home office, on Saturday, September 23, invaded the city of Whiting and forced their creaking joints and complaining muscles through eleven innings of baseball before they succumbed to the savage Hoosiers, 11 to 10. Each team made 17 hits, while the city folks had three errors charged against them, to two committed by the refinery men.

Bill Roberts was the Ty Cobb of the outfield and the Babe Ruth at the plate, slamming out a circuit clout with three on in the lucky seventh. In the infield, Scopec and Heybach starred for Chicago, while Hansen, Long and Ehlert for Whiting formed a combination that resembled Steinfeldt, Tinker and Evers of the old Cub days. Box score follows:

Whiting	R	H	E
Ehlers cf	1	1	1
Long ss	1	0	0
Hansen 2b	1	3	0
Ehlert 3b	1	2	1
Stenhouse rf	1	2	0
Bumhour p	1	1	0
Schnel 1b p	1	1	0
Radlof c 1b	2	4	0
Wade p c	2	3	0
Walker lf	0	0	0
Totals	11	17	2

Chicago	R	H	E
Scopec 3b	3	4	0
Leckelt 1b	3	3	0
Roberts lf	1	2	0
Radcliffe c	1	2	0
Gerrish cf	0	1	0
Loutit cf	0	0	2
Heyback ss	0	1	0
Graham 2b	1	1	0
Hawkins 2b	0	0	0
Smith 2b	0	0	1
Zaremba rf	1	2	0
Smeed rf	0	0	0
King p	0	1	0
Totals	10	17	3

* * *

"Were you ever pinched for going too fast?"
"No, but I've been slapped."—*Exchange.*

WHAT ARE INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS?

By J. W. Curry
Director of Industrial Relations
Standard Oil Company
(Indiana)

Industrial relations may be defined as the relationships existing between people engaged in or interested in the activities of an industrial organization. It must of course be conceded that the public and the owners are both vitally concerned in the relationships existing within the industry as each has much to gain by the maintenance of proper relations and much to lose through a disturbance of proper relations. Correct and sound industrial relations within an industrial organization, in the final analysis, would mean a fair, just and equitable relationship between all persons engaged in that particular industrial activity.

While the problems of industrial relations deal primarily with relationships between people, yet in solving these problems we cannot avoid considering, and must not attempt to avoid considering the problems of production because the main aim of a manufacturing plant must be to produce something which people need or want. The problem of adequate and efficient production is, in fact, closely related to many of the questions of industrial relations which must be solved. Putting it another way, many of the problems of industrial relations arise out of the problems of production.

Nevertheless the development of good industrial relations goes beyond the problems of personnel relationships arising out of the problems of production. It seeks by all proper means to promote a spirit of hearty cooperation, of good fellowship, of confidence and of harmony among all persons engaged in the activities of the industry.

A point of contact between those who order and direct the industrial activities and those who execute and perform the direct act of production is necessary. The bond between those who are generally classed as belonging to the managerial branch of the business and those who are classed as employes and who work under direction, must be close and must be one of mutual confidence and trust. Honesty and justice furnish the only sound basis for their relationships.

Proper industrial relations must provide those who work and are subject to direction with a voice which they can raise and make heard on all matters that pertain to them as employes within the industry. They must be able to raise this voice without fear that it will affect their relationship to the organization, and with the assurance that matters to which they may call attention will receive prompt and adequate consideration.

Where there are aggregations of people, as in our manufacturing plants, this voice of the employes can best manifest itself through an employes' representation plan, such as is provided in the Industrial Relations Plan of this company. However, whether employes' representation exists or not the managerial element must let it be known that any employe can bring to any of his superiors the situations that affect him or that he thinks affect him in order to secure such adjustments as are proper. He must find in these superiors such a spirit of honor, friendliness, fairness and justice as will assure him of proper consideration of whatever he may bring to their attention.

Any superior who does not have the confidence and goodwill of his employes to the extent that they feel free to come to him, or who is so constituted that he resents such an act on the part of an employe is most assuredly out of line with the present industrial trend. Industry will seek most strenuously to make sure that those in managerial positions are persons who can secure the confidence and goodwill of

employes and to eliminate from managerial positions all others.

Industrial relations cannot be considered as separate from management and employes. The practice of sound industrial relations is, or should be, a part of the daily work of both and of equal importance with any of their other duties. It is a thing both must strive to attain, constantly and with forethought. This company has an industrial relations department which has organized and coordinated, in the manufacturing department, those activities which pertain to industrial relations. Nevertheless, the management and the employes of the manufacturing department realize that this does not relieve them from giving due consideration to their relationships with each other and they fully appreciate that the industrial relations organization really includes every person in that department and requires the active cooperation of each. Thus the problem of proper industrial relations is not delegated to the industrial relations department as a separate function for which that department alone is responsible. The industrial relations department studies the subject of industrial relations continuously as its major problem but this study would accomplish little were it not for the fact that those engaged in the industrial activities of this company are earnestly and sympathetically striving to assist in the promotion of proper human relationships.

The department of industrial relations is not a welfare departent. It makes no attempt to promulgate and put into effect plans for the welfare of the employes solely on the ground that they are good things for the employes and hence the employes should have them whether they want them or not. In fact, the majority of the activities are so arranged that the employes actually take part in developing the plans and in operating them. The department does not tell employes that they ought to organize in order to carry on recreational and athletic activities, but if the employes desire to effect such an organization the department is ready to help in any desirable way both in bringing about an organization and in carrying on its activities. It never attempts to dictate the policies and plans of that organization or of any other effort of those engaged in the industry. It acts as a cooperative agency for the promotion of any activities which tend to develop a mutual understanding or which are expressive of a common interest.

It is a certainty that a condition of sound industrial relations cannot be developed unless those who direct the activities within the industry are actively and sympathetically interested in developing them. The management must certainly consist of men who are more than hard-headed business men dealing with facts, and figures and scientific conclusions and who are proud to call themselves hard-headed. They must in addition be men who have a philosophic background for their thinking as well as the cold deliberate scientific background. On the other hand those who are subject to direction must strive to understand the problems of the industry as a whole and must strive to appreciate those situations which affect the best interests of the industry as well as those which immediately affect the employes. It is not possible to develop proper relations if selfishness is the controlling motive. Good industrial relations will never be developed where the dealings between management and employes are based on shrewdness, on technicalities or on a desire to show each other up.

The industrial relations organization of this company has long since caught step and is actively and sympathetically interested in developing good industrial relations. It can be safely said that the industrial relations organization is trying to answer the question "Am I my brother's keeper?" Most of us would immediately philosophize on the subject somewhat and then promptly forget it as we go about our tasks. The statement should be made stronger. It can be safely said that the industrial relations organization is by its daily deeds actually answering the question "Am I my brother's keeper?"

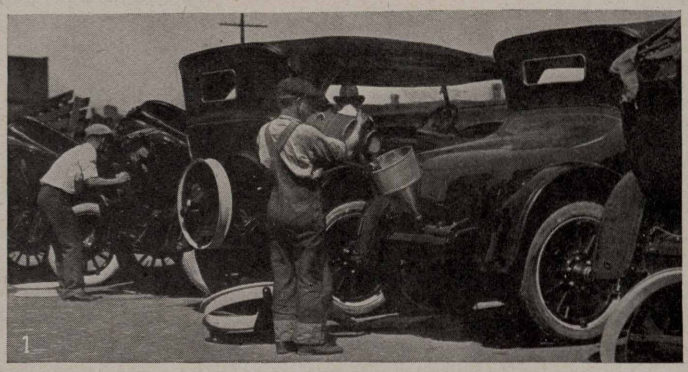
* * *

"Helen's cheeks are like roses."
"Aren't you laying it on pretty thick?"
"No, but Helen is."—*Boston Transcript.*

IN THE WORLD'S MOTOR CAPITAL

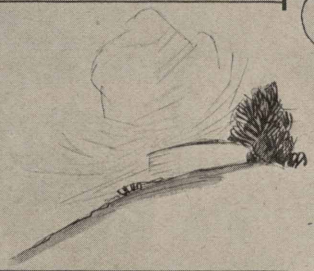
Detroit, Mich. No. 1—Is it any wonder J. Van Brook, tank wagon salesman at Bellevue avenue, is always in a hurry to get checked up and started for home? No. 2—H. M. Wilson, crack garage salesman, with owners of Silber & Jacobs garage, one of many where Red Crown is sold as result of Mr Wilson's efforts. No. 3—Another record for A. L. Kurtz, superintendent of Bellevue avenue plant—he grew eleven bushels of wonderful peaches on one tree. In above, Mr. Kurtz is in the center Catherine Kurtz, right, and on the left, Ellen Grace Wilson, a playmate of Catherine's. No. 4—Hazel Koehler, Josephine Stevens, Margaret Murray, Winona Hummer and May Lahuski, main office, revealing to an astounded world that they possess ears after all. (Can they flap them, or aren't they flappers?—Ed.)

WITH THE KANSAS CITY CAMERA MAN



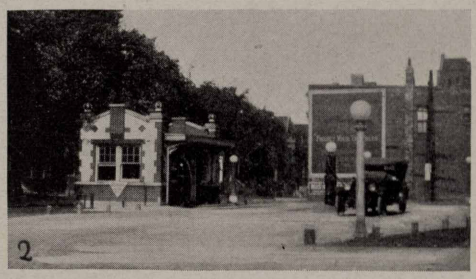
No. 1—When 200 new Buicks were shipped in we were on the job at the train and filled their tanks with 1,350 gallons of Red Crown. Guess we aren't the cat's pajamas, what? No. 2—Madeline Purdue and Queenie Lewis carrying the little belle of the billing department, Nadine Hill. No, she isn't tired, but is used to being carried, says our correspondent. No. 3—This young lady doesn't work for Standard Oil, but after reading all the wonderful things Kansas City says about her—our salesman sure must have been hard hit—we felt we had to tell the whole family about her. Here she is driving a steam tractor, but she also drives a gasoline one which burns Red Crown and is lubricated with Polarine. Not only is she attractive in overalls, but is even more so in parlor clothes. And she is only 19 and she took the county fair prize for bread baking! Oh, man! Her name is Miss Marguerite Claussen, of near Girard, Kansas. Five to one a Standard Oiler will get her! No. 4—Queenie Lewis doing her noon hour calisthenics. No use writing, fellows. She belongs to the billing department; doesn't she, Al?

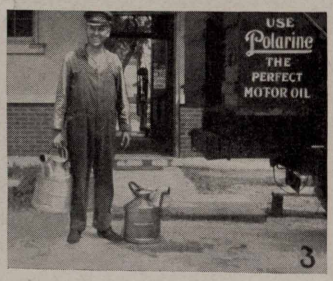
NEWS PICTURES FROM FARGO FIELD



No. 1—Salesman W. B. Sherman's entry in the Grain Palace Festival, Ray, N. D., showing progress made in distributing S. O. products since 1911, attracted wide attention and won considerable publicity. Left to right: Tom White, agent at Ray; W. B. Sherman, Williston salesman; John Loonan, agent at Tioga. No. 2—Salesman Boileau, of Crookston, has been enjoying considerable success selling paraffine wax to silo owners. This new use for wax is attracting great attention in Fargo field. No. 3—Agent White, of Ray, and his little daughter. No. 4—Agent Francis Hedlund, of Elliott, N. D., and his bride, spent their honeymoon in the mountains. Here they are, ready to enter the Bad Lands of Dakota and Montana.

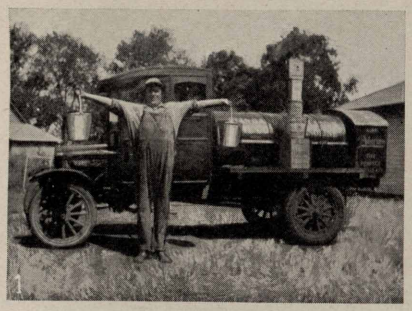
WITH THE CHICAGO DIVISION PHOTOGRAPHER

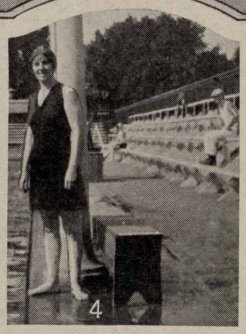




No. 1—Attendants J. G. Shroer and R. H. Lamb are to be complimented for the fine lawn, shrubbery and flowers which this summer made S. S. 531 at Eighty-first and Halsted streets one of the beauty spots of the southwest side. No. 2—S. S. 16, Jackson boulevard and Western avenue, was awarded the banner for the most efficiently maintained station during the month of August. Peter Hayes, attendant, has a one-month old baby, which may partially account for his unfailing activity. 'Tis said the baby is almost as big as Pete. No. 3—No shortages have been reported since Harry Merchant has been on the job as Polarine wagon chauffeur from Englewood station. No. 4—Three future greats of S. O. Company—James, Jr , age 11, Robert, 7, and Thomas, 4, sons of James F Carmody, S. S. supervisor, central division The picture was taken at their summer cottage at Cedar Lake, Ind.

CAMERA CATCHES PROMINENT PEORIANS





No. 1—Please understand these are *full* buckets of Mica that Agent Foster, of Belleflower, is using in his "setting up" exercises. No. 2—Mary Louise Johnston, daughter of our star Stanolind Record correspondent in Peoria field Be careful of daddy's suitcase, Mary Louise—when he sent in Clay Lee's story of the dance we were suspicious, and this suitcase tends to confirm said suspicions; especially when we recall what Peoria was once noted for. No. 3—Glen Cole, agent-instructor and baseball catcher extraordinary, with his bride. With that grip on his arm, Mrs. Cole can afford to laugh at the sign on the tree. By this time next year, she says, Glen will stand without hitching. No. 4—The fellows at the office didn't know Alice Fitzpatrick was going in that day or the bleachers would have been heavily populated. No. 5—This little boy is the son of Salesman Fred Knight. Fortunately he is very good natured and never sits on "dad."

WITH THE HOME OFFICE CAMERA MAN!

1

2

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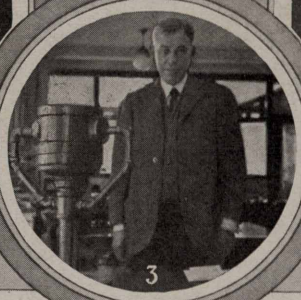
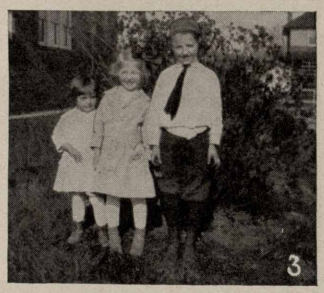


3

No. 1—The hot weather late in September didn't bother Alice Steeg, popular 012 billing girl on the fifth floor. No. 2—Mrs. A. B. Jansma and the Misses Lambertha and Dorothy furnish three excellent reasons why Anton B. hates to miss that 5:18 for Roseland. No. 3—Jim Terryl and his cup, signifying membership in the Duffers' Club, to which he gained admittance with a score of 197 for 18 holes. No. 4—Why Bill Roberts, assistant to General Auditor R. E. Clarke, turned in low gross at the annual fall tournament—at the hour of midnight, in Jackson Park, the night before the tournament, our indefatigable photographer sneaked up on him and got this remarkable moonlight photo of Bill making a final effort to perfect his game.

WITH THE HOME OFFICE CAMERA MAN



No. 1—Ed Dockendorf, Mrs. Dockendorf, and (inset) the youngster who is the cause of their happy smiles. No. 2—Mr. Arthur Helland, cost department, and his bride, formerly Mildred Anderson, of the stenographic department, though married in March, postponed their honeymoon till August, when they had a wonderful time in Wisconsin. Refinery members of last year's J. G. Cs. will remember Miss Anderson as the young lady who made a shorthand record of the proceedings of the annual conference. No. 3—Ann, Helen and Roger, the three plump youngsters who call H. G. Stanley "Dad." No. 4—She got a beautiful tan on her vacation, says Cora Fatland, sales auditing department.

BUT WHO WON THE GAME?

Evansville, Ind. No. 1—Stanolax Sluggers, representing downstairs office and sales force, left to right: Dick Brenner, Joe Hammerstein, Tom Kerth, Ralph Dannetell, Arthur Booth, Walter Lowe, Lee Carlisle, Edward Walker, Charlie Taylor and Dan Hoge. No. 2—The Finol Cubs, representing upstairs office, opponents of the Stanolax Sluggers in wild ball game, the score of which the correspondent failed to tell us; left to right: Asa Skeels, Harold Berges, Gus Bader, Clyde Hinman, Ernest Mentzer, Alfred Keerl, Edward Eberhardt, Pete Ramsey, Joe Saberton and Harry Shriver. No. 3—Lois Powers going up for a better view. No. 4—Four fair rooters, Ella Frey, Mabel Ruff Fern Phillips, and, in the tire, Marie Gilman.

WHITING FOREMEN DINE AT COUNTRY CLUB

By W. N. Bercaw

It is the general opinion that the dinner meeting of the Foremen's Fellowship Club, which was held at the Hammond Country Club, Thursday evening, September 21, was probably the best meeting the club has had since its organization. One hundred and six members of the club attended this meeting.

Entertainment was furnished by Wood Brothers quartet of Chicago and those present engaged whole heartedly in community singing which was ably led by Mr. H. F. Glair, assistant superintendent of the Whiting works.

Dr. Myrick spoke on the subject "Foremanship and Our Industrial Relations Plan." He stated that it is his opinion that the Industrial Relations Plan contributes to good foremanship and that good foremanship contributes to the success of the Industrial Relations Plan so that their purposes are synonymous. He described how both serve as a link between management and men. Reading from the introduction to the plan, he pointed out how the statement of the company's policies really could be applied to the foreman as a statement of his duties. He stated that he considered it a privilege to have had the opportunity to serve on the Joint General Committee, for he had received a liberal education thereby and hoped that every foreman might have a similar opportunity. He stated that he preferred to think of the plan as designed to help foremen and that it most assuredly was a help when accepted, because it was founded on justice and right. The better the foreman does his part, the better it is for the plan, was the final point of his talk.

Dr. Schmidt gave a most interesting talk on the subject "Professional Men." He cited many cases of professional men who are a nuisance and pointed out that when foremen become professional foremen, they are sliding backwards. He did state, however, that it was desirable to be a professional human being. He stated that the accepted method of dealing with men is by the human appeal and that the old days when other methods were used are gone forever, at least from the Standard Oil Company of Indiana. He pointed out that men can be appealed to in this human manner with results, although it seems a rather difficult and tedious method at times.

Dr. Humphreys took the meeting by storm and rounds of applause greeted his many humorous remarks. He stated that he knew little about foremanship as such and so desired to describe some of his early experiences with the Standard Oil Company. He described how his research had enabled him to produce a white oil and told how this oil was only greeted as an article of curiosity for some time. He then read a poem on Stanolax which he stated was dedicated to the Safety Department. This poem was distinctly humorous. So much so, that we cannot submit it for publication, but so good that the group of foremen was simply carried away with it.

Good fellowship was surely manifested throughout this meeting and the members of the Executive Committee, all of whom were guests of honor at the meeting, entered the spirit of the occasion in a very commendable way. Surely it can be said that all who attended the meeting were benefited.

BASEBALL BANQUET

Whiting Works—It was a happy and enthusiastic assemblage of some seventy-five players and guests which gathered at the Geneva House on Saturday evening, September 23, in response to invitations from the Baseball Committee of the S. O. A. A. The banquet was the climax of the 1922 baseball activities, and that the past season was the greatest of any conducted by the Association since its beginning, is beyond doubt. (The Record regrets that lack of space prevents covering this in detail.)

CHAMPION KITTENBALL TEAM OF MINNEAPOLIS

Here is the Red Crown kittenball team of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) which won the city championship of Minneapolis in the face of very high class opposition. It also defeated the crack Red Crown team of Mankato and other teams of the Northwest. Top row, left to right: Weglinski, M. Anderson, Martonic, Keller, Steffes; lower row: Schmidt, Flavin, R. Anderson, Olson and Keenan. Kittenball is similar to indoor baseball, but is played out of doors.

MELVIN HEADS A. A.

Whiting Works, Oct. 3—John Melvin was last night elected president of the Whiting Standard Oil Athletic Association for the coming year, division representatives were selected and announcement was made that the association closes the season with approximately $1,000 in the treasury.

Officers elected were: John Melvin, president; L. C. Moore, first vice-president; Hugh Studebaker, second vice-president; Larry Graham, secretary; R. N. Brown, treasurer.

Division representatives have been selected as follows:

Div. 1—Floyd Banks, crude station.
Div. 2—Robert Adley, pressure stills.
Div. 3—William Doran, machine shop.
Div. 4—Stanley Nicholson, pattern shop.
Div. 5—George J. Prentice, clean-up department.
Div. 6—Ed Clabby, welding shop.
Div. 7—R. F. Whitmer, main office.
Div. 8—Lawrence Fraley, barrel house.
Div. 9—James Griffith, candle factory.
Div. 10—Frank Snell, yard office.
Div. 11—Joseph Stanley, acid works.

Financial reports showed the association expended during the year for various kinds of sport, the sum of $3,062.00. The concessions committee for the Field Day cleared $726.28. The association now has approximately $1,000 in the treasury with which to begin the new year.

* * *

They were enjoying a motor ride, and had just entered a country road. "May I kiss your hand?" he asked, a little confusedly. She removed her motor veil. "No," she replied, "I have my gloves on".—*Exchange.*

* * *

Make Your Stock Pay Dividends!

GUESS THIS WILL HOLD TOM COOKE, ET AL.

Casper discovered! Whiting herewith charges, proves and illustrates the fact that Casper is running a "shell game."

The Charge

Casper has a thoroughly tamed horse which *stands* for pictures.

Our suspicions were first aroused when Mr. H. F. Glair, assistant general superintendent of the Whiting Works, returned from Casper and displayed, to the eager and devouring eyes of his many friends, a picture of himself on an honest-to-goodness broncho. And the story that went with the pictures! Oh, boy! you would think Harry was a human flea. Regardless of our respect for the known athletic ability of our general assistant superintendent, we were perplexed over the question of how one who had Jackson Park for a back yard during the early years of his life could become so proficient as a cowboy. Hence the charge.

The Proof

First: Mr. Glair, despite our earnest appeal, refuses to submit the picture for publication.

Second: In the July issue of the Stanolind Record there was printed a picture of alias Admiral Cooke on horseback. To those who had ridden the "bulwarks" and sea with Mr. Cooke, the correctness of our charge was apparent.

Third: A group of truth-seeking Whiting Works department heads successfully tried out the stunt, using for their mount our fiery new draft horse "Spark Plug."

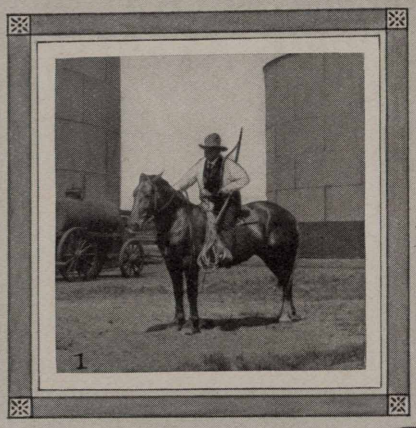
Illustrations

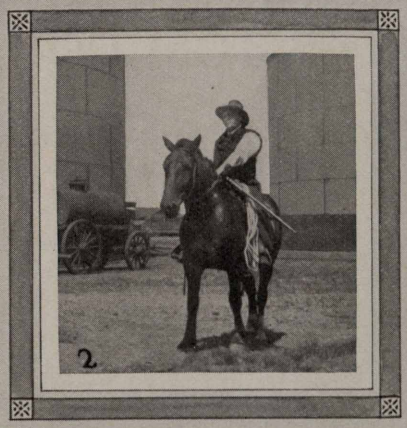
Look them over. In appearance we claim they are genuine horsemen, but admit that some never rode a horse and it has been years since the others have prodded the ribs of fiery steeds. Shame, Casper, shame! How forcibly you cause us to vividly recall the good old days when the photographer with a donkey and camera came to town and reaped a harvest taking pictures of all the kids.

—*Truth Seekers' Club, Whiting Works.*

For Illustrations Just Turn the Page

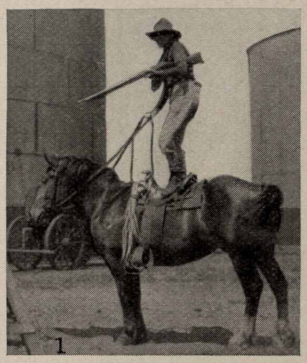
POWDER RIVER, POOH! 'RAY F'R SPARK PLUG!

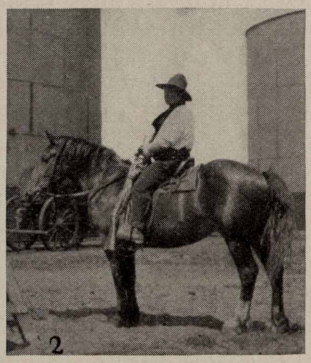


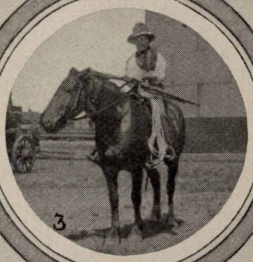


Whiting Works Truth Seekers' Club exposure of how Admiral Cooke, Doc Paulus, Heinze and the rest of those birds who go west and get their pictures taken aboard a horse, *get that way!* No. 1—Powder River, let 'er buck! "Wild Charley" Naef on Spark Plug, Whiting's fiery steed, ready for a wild dash into the dunes to try to lasso "Diana of the Dunes," much more dangerous than any of Wyoming's fauna. No. 2—"Wow! I'm a lone wolf and it's my night to howl!" whoops U. G. Swartz, chief yardmaster, as he spurs his eager mount. No. 3—Lew Moore, in charge of pressure stills, demonstrating manner in which transplanted Whitingites at Casper really mount their steeds—only they keep the platform out of the picture.

ADD EXPOSURE OF CASPER CENTAURS







Whiting Truth Seekers' Club exposure of how Casperites get that way. No. 1—G. J. Prentice, head of clean-up department, demonstrating how pictures of trick stunts are taken. No. 2—Tony Trebs, head of teaming and truck department, ready to go. No. 3—Al. Gondon, assistant superintendent of the refinery and one of the roughest of Whiting's roughriders. No. 4—"Hold 'Im, Tony!" W. N. Bercaw, director of Industrial Relations at Whiting Works, leaping aboard the prancing Spark Plug while Tony Trebs clings frantically to the head of the straining steed. That Spark Plug sure is WILD! Emily Grahn—pooh!

"GING" EGGERS IS HIGH GUN IN WHITING SHOOT

By A. D. BUCHANAN

The Employes' Trapshooting Tournament was brought to a close on Labor Day by two Class C shooters, Jim Korczyk, of the paraffine works, and Wm. Bachi, of the boiler shop, shooting off a tie.

Both shooters have a score of 57 x 100 for first place in their class. Bachi tightened up his belt about two notches and made this race a runaway by breaking 19 x 25 to Korczyk's 10 x 25.

As predicted in an earlier issue of the Record, Clarence Eggers of the tin shop took the Class A trophy with a margin of four targets, his nearest competitor being W. G. Kiger of the tower stills with 82 x 100

The Class B event was a hot tussle and when the smoke cleared it found George Butcher, the pressure stills target buster, blissfully holding down first place with 73 x 100, while L. N. Dunning of No. 2 treating plant was crowding him with a score of 72 x 100 and John Germick of the shipping office, a new shooter, was right on the job with 71 x 100.

Frank Cherry, of the crude station, shooting in Class D put eight targets between himself and his nearest competitor, winning with 46 x 100.

The winner in each class was presented with a Stenley vacuum bottle valued at $10.00

In the Labor Day shoot, the shooters were divided into three classes, the three high guns in each class winning trophies. Herman Vater, the veteran shooter from the still cleaning department, led the field with 44 x 50 and won first trophy in Class A. Second trophy in this class was won by W. G. Kiger of the tower stills with 40 x 50, closely followed by Ted James of the tower stills with 39 x 50.

William Bachi, of the boiler shop, just to prove that his winning the Class C trophy in the tournament was no fluke, won first trophy in Class B on Labor Day with a score of 34 x 50. Henry Hamann, a paraffine works representative, was second with 31 x 50 and Chris Wonnacott, from the machine shop, third with 30 x 50.

Class C furnished the surprise of the day. John E. Moore, a crude station shooter and new at the game, smashed 35 of his 50 targets in a fashion that proves him a comer. Fred Berg of the boiler shop won second trophy in this class with 24 x 50 and Frank Cherry, the crude station tournament winner, third, with 23 x 50.

Complete scores on the season's tournament follow:

CLASS A

Name	Department	Final Score
Clarence Eggers	Tin Shop	86x100
W. G. Kiger	Tower Stills	82x100
Aug. Ollrich	Tower Stills	81x100
Herman F. Vater	Still Cleaning	79x100
Ted James	Tower Stills	78x100

CLASS B

Geo. Butcher	Pressure Stills	73x100
L. N. Dunning	No. 2 Treat'g Plant	72x100
John Germick	Shipping Office	71x100
Fred Berg	Boiler Shop	65x100
Henry Hamann	Paraffine Works	62x100
Wm. Vogel	Switching Dept	61x100
John E. Moore	Crude Station	58x100
Jim Korczyk	Paraffine Works	57x100

CLASS C

Wm. Bachi	Boiler Shop	57x100
C. Wonnecott	Machine Shop	56x100
Sigge Hedreen	Tower Stills	54x100
L. J. Buchanan	Machine Shop	50x100
Dave Beavan	Tower Stills	49x100
Wm. Fuss	Jan. Main Office	48x100
Earl Moore	Pressure Stills	48x100
Joe Ambard	Wax Refinery	48x100

CLASS D

Frank Cherry	Crude Station	46x100
Chas. Staley	Welding	38x100
J. B. Spence	Crude Station	36x100
Al Poppen	Tower Stills	35x100
Chas. Carrette	Tower Stills	35x100
Steve Kovach	Tower Stills	28x100
Andrew Korczyk	Welding	20x100
C. J. Schroeder	Machine Shop	22x100

FAILED TO FINISH

Fred Schultz	Paint Shop	32x75
Ed Watskin	Tower Stills	31x75
A. D. Buchanan	Tower Stills	37x50
Wm. Eggers	Labor	30x50
Eric Gilberg	Tower Stills	6x50
C. C. Craswell	Paraffine Office	1x50
Herbert Brown	Tower Stills	11x25
Roy Welsby	Crude Station	9x25
S. H. Diggs	Chemical Lab	5x25
Floyd Banks	Crude Station	2x25
Total		1759x3350

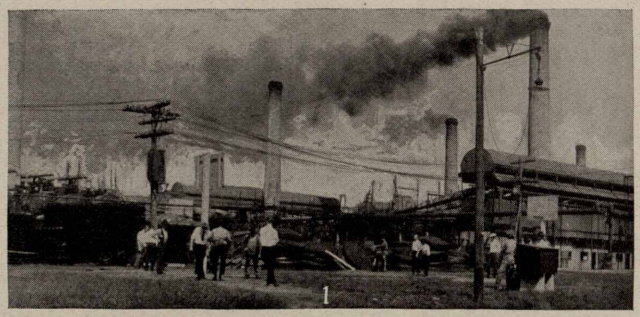
TRAPSHOOTING GROWS IN POPULARITY

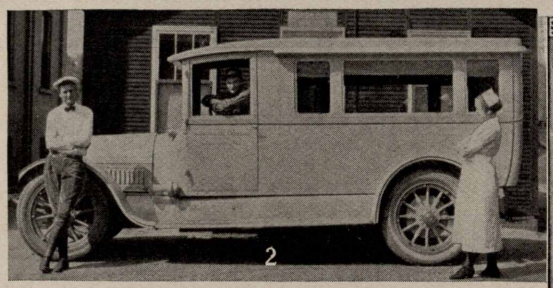
Every summer sees an increase of interest in trapshooting among employees of the Whiting works. Here we have some of the target busters. No. 1—Tournament winners, left to right: Clarence Eggers, George Butcher, William Bachi and Frank Cherry. No. 2—Clarence Eggers, winner of tournament, and Herman Vater. No. 3—A. D. Buchanan, chairman of committee in charge of trapshooting, S. O. A. A. No. 4—Charles Carrette and Chris Wonnacott.

THE FIRST AND THE LAST

No. 1—The Pipe Department team, winner of the pennant in the Standard Oil Baseball League at Sugar Creek, left to right: Chandler pitcher; Fisher 3b, Spitzer lf, Koenig 1b, Knight 2b, Akers ss, Gibbons rf, Kresge c, Curry cf. No. 2—The Tower Stills team, which played in hard luck all season. Standing, left to right: Graham rf, Starkey p, Bostain c, Boone lf. Seated: Shiffner 3b and manager, Stevenson ss, Callahan 1b, Schrader cf, Evinger 2b. The season started with a six-team league, but the Common Laborers and Main Office soon disbanded, players on the disbanded teams being distributed among the other four. Games were well attended and from a conversational standpoint developed hot competition. Final standing: Pipe Department, won 14, lost 6; Pressure Stills, won 11, lost 8; Boiler Shop, won 11, lost 8; Tower Stills, won 5, lost 13. The close of the baseball season leaves horseshoe pitching the only sport being actively indulged in at Sugar Creek, but the trapshooters are getting out their guns and the winter season will start with a bang.

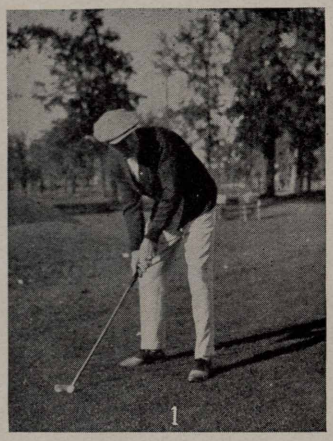
PICTORIAL NEWS OF SUGAR CREEK



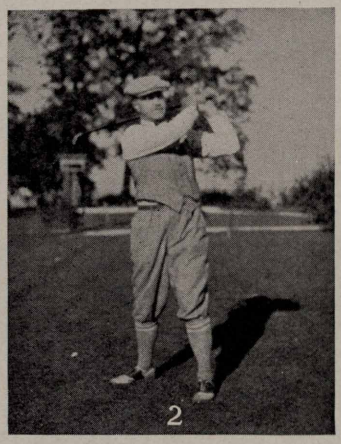


No. 1—Sugar Creek horseshoe hounds in action during noon hour. No. 2—Sugar Creek possesses a new ambulance of which it is justly proud. Here it is with Doc McCoy, Safety director, leaning on the fender, Carl Drane at the wheel, and Mrs. C. O. Taylor, nurse, standing at the rear. No. 3—Men of Sugar Creek works are grieving over the death on September 20 of Raymond E. Taylor, pumper at main pump house, who, apparently recovering from an operation for appendicitis, suffered a relapse which proved fatal. He entered the employ of the company April 27, 1914, and was in continuous service except during the war period. He enlisted in the cavalry at the start of the war, attended the officers' training camp at Ft. Riley and was commissioned second lieutenant in the 103d Ammunition Train, with which unit he went over seas. He was later transferred to the 82nd Field Artillery and saw much active service at the front.

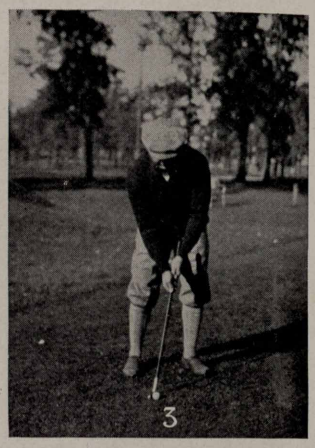
CAN GIVE A CUP BUT CAN'T WIN IT



G. Cash



R. E. Humphreys



H. F. Glair

Here we have three true altruists—Dr. G. Cash, Dr. R. E. Humphreys and Harry F. Glair, superintendent, manager and assistant superintendent, respectively, of the Whiting works. They presented a beautiful silver cup to the S. O. A. A. to be competed for by the golfers of the Whiting works and then, by their play in the tournament, demonstrated their total inability to cop said cup. In fact, according to the story which follows, they failed to win anything. That's what we call real unselfishness.

Twenty-one golfers of the Whiting works participated in the fall golf tournament played at the Hammond Country Club. The tournament was over twenty-seven holes, nine each being played the evening of August 23, 30, and September 6th.

Competition was keen for the beautiful cup which was donated as a prize for low net by the Executive Committee of the Whiting works. G. W. Watts, of the drafting room with 109, won from F. Ovitz, of the steam engineering department, and Donald Daegling, of the machine shop office, who made 110.

Interest in golf has surely been increased by these tournaments fostered by the Athletic Association and those who have participated in them appreciate their being arranged.

PRIZE WINNERS

Low gross, 27 holes: First prize, H. Morris, golf knickers; second prize, W. P. Beaubien, 6 golf balls.

Low net, 27 holes: First prize, G. W. Watts, golf cup; second prize, O. E. Bransky and R. F. Storer, tied, 3 golf balls each.

Gross score, best round selected from 27 holes: F. Ovitz, sweater coat.

Low net for best of three rounds: D. Daegling, golf oxfords.

Gross score, three short holes: S. Aldey, golf hose.

Gross score, three long holes: T. Burke, wood club.

Net 1, 2, 3 holes, W. N. Bercaw, knickers.

Net 4, 5, 6 holes, H. E. Beaubien, sweater.

Net 7, 8, 9 holes, C. W. Binder, oxfords.

FINAL RESULTS

	Gross 27 Holes	Net 27 Holes
F. Ovitz	146	110
W. P. Beaubien	152	132
C. E. Miller	156	122
H. Morris	143	116
W. N. Bercaw	165	116
D. Daegling	185	110
H. F. Glair	156	129
S. Aldey	154	114
O. E. Bransky	164	118
C. W. Binder	170	115
E. J. Shaeffer	157	121
R. F. Storer	166	118
R. E. Humphreys	161	122
G. W. Watts	166	109
H. E. Beaubien	183	112
N. Ranstead	177	133
C. Patten	207	132
F. M. Rogers	211	136
F. D. Rexwinkle	237	162
T. Burke	157	116

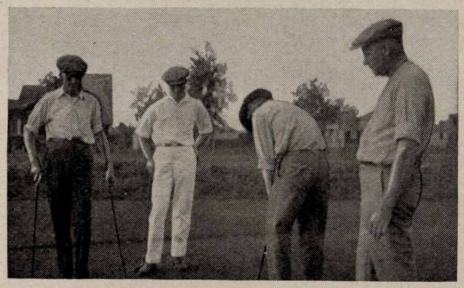
G. Cash played but one round for a gross of 64.

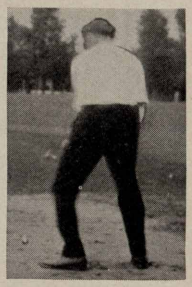
* * *

Ray—"Let's kiss and make up."
May—"Well, if you are careful I won't have to."
—*"Topics of the Day" Films.*

Indiana State Library

GOLF CLASSIC OF WHITING WORKS





No. 1—W. P. Beaubien, Morris, H. E. Beaubien, Bercaw, Patten, Rexwinkle, Burke, Miller. No. 2—Tom Burke, W. N. Bercaw, H. Morris (he of the low gross) and C. Patten. No. 3—G. W. Watts, winner of the cup. No. 4—It was really too bad of the photographer to shoot O. E. Bransky at this stage of the game. In the background are F. M. Rogers and Dr. Humphreys.

5000 OLD AND YOUNG FROLIC AT WOOD RIVER

Wood River, Ill.—After having had the matter of holding an annual picnic for Standard Oil employees and friends under discussion for some time, it was decided to leave the matter up to the employees for their decision and they all said, "let's picnic." Arrangements were turned over to officers of the Athletic Association and they made arrangements that were certainly ambitious and very pleasant. The frolic was held at Rock Springs Park, Alton, Saturday, September 23rd, an all-day affair, starting at 10:00 a. m. and lasting until midnight.

Special attention was given to the "kiddies" and all of the morning events were turned over to them. Doc Flanagan was in charge of this part of the program, with a number of able assistants. The children entered the contests with eagerness and a degree of hilarity that all but swamped the adult patrons. It was something of a task to control their enthusiasm. Arrangements had been made for 50-yard dashes, egg races, sack race, three-legged race, and skipping the rope race. As soon as a race was finished, the kiddies would make a grand rush to pat their favorite on the back, and after each event it was necessary to restore order and get the eager crowd on the side line.

During the day twenty field events were staged, four concerts by the Red Crown band, horseshoe pitching, dancing, two concerts by the Standard Oil Octette, a boxing contest, baseball game and a score of other events. Prizes were given for all the track and field events. The picnic reminded many of the older days on account of the fine spirit of fellowship that marked the occasion. The basket dinners and suppers were enjoyed by many and those who had baskets urged their friends to join them. One writer on a local daily paper who has visited many picnics this year throughout the central part of Illinois, said it was the most cordial and enjoyable picnic of the year and that the dominant feature was friendliness.

Wood River has two premier clowns, Sam Williams and Joe Richardson. We are safe in saying that for impromptu acting, they deserve a whole row of buttons. The crowd of children that followed them about the park reminded us of the old story of The Pied Piper of Hamelin, except that after getting all the children following them, they took good care of the youngsters and returned them safely. A number of stands were provided by the association for the sale of cool drinks and at some of the stands they were offering Kewpie dolls and an assortment of aluminum ware, where the visitors could take a chance and then show great interest in who would be the next owner.

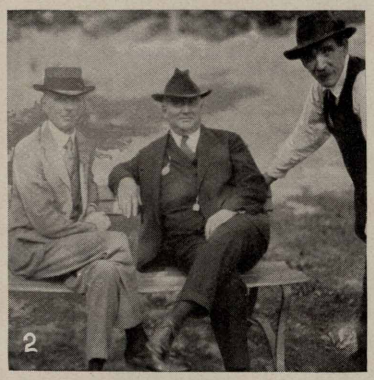
The baseball game was between the married and single men. A voyage on the Sea of Matrimony does not seem beneficial to ball players. One married outfielder was hit on the jaw by a fly ball and several others suffered minor injuries. The score was in favor of the single men, 6-0, after five innings of fun.

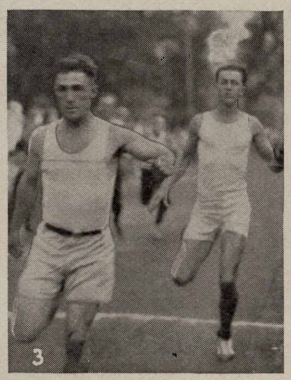
The boxing contest was between Kid Terry, of Wood River, and Kid Matthews, of Hartford. The bout was good and it furnished about as much excitement for the ladies (many of whom had never seen a contest before) as for the men. It was a regular mill from start to finish.

The dance was a typical S. Halloran affair. Good music, good crowd, good time and everything. As a vendor of aluminum ware, we would say that J. Dooley would make a hardware salesman of the highest order. We were honored by having with us a guest from the Chicago office, Mr. J. W. Curry, Industrial Relations Director of the Standard Oil Co. Mr. Curry assured the committee he had a good time with the rest of the Standard Oilers. The picnic was in no sense an affair to make money, but in spite of the fact that heavy expenses were incurred, a profit of about $200 was realized. It was a big day, a typical Standard Oil affair, where "brother" was the password, and we

(Continued on page 36)

SOME TOOTED, SOME RAN, SOME JUST SAT



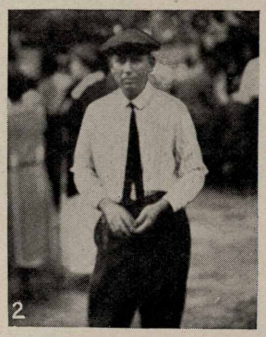


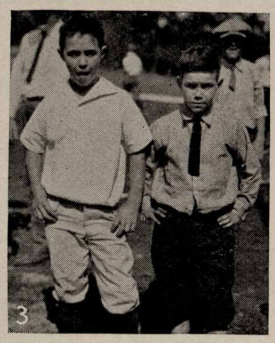
Wood River Frolic. No. 1—These, Wood River's own, tooted all day to the great enjoyment of the big crowd. No. 2—These just sat. We're pretty mad about this picture. We had hoped to get a photo showing one C. B. Manbeck winning the lean man's race and another of Bert Halsey winning the fat man's race, and instead of that, they benched themselves. Old timers at Whiting will recognize the third man in the picture as George Wenicotte, who once drove an ox cart in Indiana. He later went to Wood River, owning 40 acres of the property on which the Wood River refinery now stands. After selling the land he engaged in the dray business and when Mr. Manbeck and Mr. Halsey first landed on the banks of Wood River, he carted their trunks from the station. No. 3—These ran: William Stoneham, chairman of the Athletic committee, winning 100-yard dash from H. Witt.

WOOD RIVER GIRLS ARE ATHLETIC

Wood River Frolic. No. 1—The "skipping-the-rope race" furnished lots of excitement. No. 2—Mildred Traband and Dominica Schulz, winners of the 50-yard dash for girls, 14 to 16.

THE ENVY OF ALL THE KIDS





Wood River Frolic. No. 1—Winners in the morning races. Front row: Curtis Robertson, Marie Clark, Charles Clark, Marcell Hamilton, James Searcy, Jess Ritter, Edward Hellrung; back row: Emmet Halloran, Mildred Traband, Sarah Carmody, Dominica Schulz, Mary Auer, Earl Hooper, Meryl Taylor, William Eads. No. 2—Claude Burris doesn't look as if he thought anyone had cause to envy him, but a whole lot of the kids decided when they grow up they'll be president of the Athletic Association and the most important person on the grounds. No. 3—Marcell Hamilton and Joseph Searcy, winners of the 50-yard dash for boys.

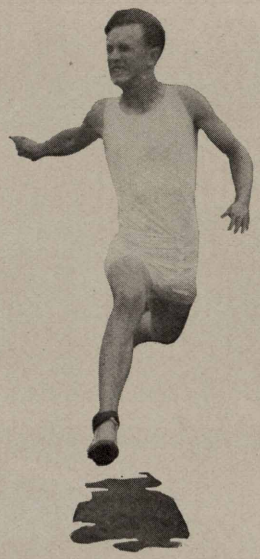
THEY TRAVEL FAST

Little Marie Clark wins free-for-all for 8-year-olds; Edward Hellrung, second.

Smash went the egg!

Miss Betty Carter wins 50
Mrs. Rice close sec

ST AT WOOD RIVER



H. Witt wins the 220. Some speed!

Joe Richardson Sambo lifts Sam Williams Tambo four feet with one swipe of broom.

arter wins 50-yard dash;
Rice ose second.

NOVELTY EVENTS FURNISHED MUCH FUN

Wood River Frolic. No. 1—Jess Peters had the sack race won before most of the kids got started. Look at that youngster go! No. 2—Mrs. William Obermiller displayed great caution in handling her eggs in the egg and spoon race and won it. Look at the eggs dropped by others. Fortunately they were fresh.

EVERYBODY'S FAVORITE PASTIME

Wood River Frolic. No. 1—It took a large basket to transport enough food for the Westbrook family. No. 2—Basket lunches were by no means the least important part of the program. In the background we have Band Director Stocker, and beside him the lady who directs the director; in the foreground, Tom Point and family. The correspondent writes that Tom did that hunk of pie in one gulp. No. 3—The Van Dusen family, showing Charles, Sr., and Charles, Jr., each in a characteristic pose.

WOOD RIVER FROLIC

(*Continued from page 28*)

are all looking forward to the second annual frolic. The following is a schedule of the events and winners:

50-yard dash, boys, 10-13—Marcell Reynolds, 1st; James Searcy, 2nd. 50-yard dash, girls, 10-13—Mildred Traband, 1st; Dominica Schulz, 2nd. Sack race, Jess Pedder, 1st; Curtis Robertson, 2nd. 50-yard dash, boys, 14-16—Earl Hooper, 1st; Allen Dean, 2nd. 50-yard dash, girls, 14-16—Sarah Carmody, 1st; Mary Auer, 2nd. Three-legged race—Willard Eads and Curtis Robertson, 1st; James Searcy and Emmet Halloran, 2nd. Skipping rope—Sarah Carmody, 1st; Maryl Taylor, 2nd. Egg and spoon race—Charlotte Clark, 1st; Mary Auer, 2nd. Boys and girls, 6-8—Marie Clark, 1st; Ed. Hellrung, 2nd.

The winners were pretty evenly divided between Alton and Wood River, but Wood River had a little the best of it and the kiddies from there made much of it.

In the afternoon the following won prizes:

High jump—H. Witt, 5 ft.; W. Stoneham, 4 ft. 1½ in.; J. Webb, 4 ft. 11 in. 100-yard dash—W. Stoneham, 11 sec.; H. Witt, H. Storey. 220-yard dash—H. Witt, 25 sec.; Henry Eads, H. Storey. Egg race for ladies—Miss Dominica Schulz, 1st; Mrs. William Obermiller, 2nd. 50-yard dash, ladies—Miss B. Carter, 1st; Miss Rice, 2nd; Miss Rohr, 3rd. Shot-put—B. Rassham, 1st, 33 ft.; L. A. Cravens, 2nd; Custer Brown, 3rd. Broad jump—N. Witt, 1st, 9 ft. 4 in.; W. I. Jolley, 9 ft. 3 in.; H. Lowery, 9 ft. 1 in. Chinning contest—Allen Dean, 22; Carrol Bandy, 20; Ben Bassham, 18. High kick—J. Webb, 9 ft.; E. Stillwell, 8 ft 6 in.; J. Lamm, 8 ft.

The following committees had charge of the picnic and all are to be congratulated on the way their work was done:

PURCHASING: C. Burris, L. L. Tuley, F. E. Graham.

TRANSPORTATION: L. Koennecker, Gus Frederickson.

ATHLETICS: Wm. Stoneham.

ADVERTISING: S. J. Halloran.

DANCE: S. J. Halloran.

BUILDING AND GROUNDS: M. Hartwig, W. A. Tipton, J. Kocher.

WIRING AND LIGHT: E. E. Endicott.

FINANCE: F. E. Graham.

* * *

"But I don't know you, madam," protested the paying teller to a woman who presented a check. The woman merely gave him a glassy smile and said:

"Oh, yes you do. I don't need anyone to identify me. I'm the 'red-headed hen' next door to you, whose 'imps of boys' are always running across your garden. When you started to town this morning your wife said: 'Now, Henry, if you want a dinner fit to eat you'll have to leave me a little money. I can't keep house on hot air.' "

"Here is your money," interrupted the paying teller faintly.—*Exchange.*

RED CROWN MUSIC BY RADIO

Wood River Works.—The name, Red Crown Brand, has become familiar to music lovers in the villages and cities surrounding Wood River as well as to the home folks. Two rehearsals each week and a goodly number of concerts mean considerable time and effort for members of the band and their director. So it is not without much work that the band has attained its fine reputation; but this effort is appreciated by all who have heard them and they have often remarked that it would be fine if more people could have the opportunity of hearing them. This opportunity came recently, when the band was invited by the St. Louis Post-Dispatch to come to St. Louis and give a concert at their broadcasting station.

It would be rash for anyone to estimate the number who heard that concert. The station is very powerful, being heard from the Gulf to parts of Canada and from coast to coast. Those in the out-of-way places could listen in as well as the thousands in the great cities. Many in Wood River heard the concert. Some had sets put in just for the occasion. If the band was pleased to have the home folks praise their work, it must be elated with the praise from the many who have been listening in during all star performances and municipal operas, when they call it one of the best radio concerts heard. Some are kind enough to say it was the best.

Following is the personnel of the band:

Band Officers: S. A. Beach, president; F. J. Gainer, vice-president; Edgar Hannold, secretary; L. L. Stocker, bandmaster.

Instrumentation: Oboe, Edwin Arnold; Clarinets, Frank Head, Jos. Ash, Clarence Hearder, Raymond Stocker, Thos. Johnson, Richard Gerdes, Thos. Craine; Cornets, Thos. Point, Frank Hubble, Lester Parker, Chas. Rice, LeRoy Stocker, John Campbell, Walter Coale; Saxophones, Donald Beach, John McClintock, Ollie Lemond, Thomas Elder, Ralph Volz; Mellophones, Dr. J. M. Allen, Elbert Coale, William Trabane, William Grove, Dennis Kehne; Trombones, Martin Perarik, Joseph Mareing, Homer Ferguson, Charles VanDusen, Jr.; Baritones, Toney Ehrhardt, Claude Berry; Basses, Merl Christy, Homer Madden, Walter Smith; Drums and Traps, Don Waggoner, Charles VanDusen, Sr., H. F. Motz; Xylophone, Edwin Arnold.

* * *

Every Employee a Salesman!

DOCKENDORF'S HORSESHOE WINS GOLF CUP

By Ed Yale

Playing a brand of "Horseshoe" golf seldom seen in a beginner, Edward Patrick Dockendorf, of the fifth floor, won the Standard Oil Company silver cup for low net at the Stanolind Golf Association's Annual Fall Tournament. The writer had the honor of playing with the winner in the afternoon, and after watching "Doc" pitch a shot into a creek, the ball striking a partly submerged railroad tie and bounding on the green, easily saw why the cup was won. By the way, where does "Doc" get the Patrick in his name?

It was an ideal day for the old game, and everyone played to his heart's content, one foursome even putting until it was too dark to see.

Mr. R. H. McElroy didn't put over as good a game as last tournament, due to the fact that he was continually looking over his shoulder to see if Schaeffer of Whiting was following.

The usual excellent dinner was served, and after the smoke cleared away, Mr. Bogardus, as chairman, called on several members and visitors for a few words, and some of them lacking words told a few stories that made even Mr. Bogardus blush. The nominating committee then proposed the names of the following members to fill the offices for the ensuing year: F. H. Bosworth, president; E. J. Bullock, first vice-president; Harry Glair, second vice-president; and E. A. Yale, third vice-president. All were elected on separate ballots.

Mr. Bogardus then requested Jim Terryl to step up and receive his prize for high gross (197). By the way, Blimpy McClain and Ringrose, of the purchasing department, could have protested Jim's score, only they tore up their cards.

In a few well chosen words the chairman admonished Jim to guard his prize and always value it highly, and to take great care in handling, owing to its delicate construction. The trophy was then unveiled, and a roar went up as an iron cup, two feet high and weighing eighty-five pounds, was exposed to view. The cup is made of pipes and fittings, and is a work of art. Jim thanked the assemblage, his voice breaking with emotion, due to the honor of being made the first member of the "Duffer's Club."

Harry Glair was a busy man trying to get several groups to sing. Harry has oodles of perserverance but should have had another iron cup to hand out as some of the "song" was worse than Jim's score.

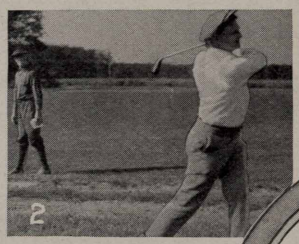
In spite of repeated warnings and printed instructions, the usual number of golfers turned in their cards late or not totaled, one bright boy even insisting that a ninety-four less seven beat an eighty-one. "Watta Life! Watta Life!" said Bruce Smeed.

The party broke up at eight forty-five and Mr. Bogardus warned the members who had machines that seven motorcycle cops were camped out in the road. The due and timely warning must have been heeded, as no one landed in the "hoosegow."

Prize winners were:

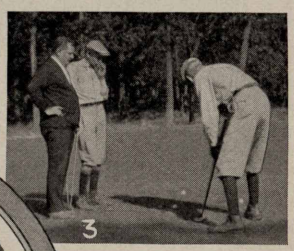
E. P. Dockendorf, Class C, low net, 55, S. O. Cup, 6 balls, entry paid in next tournament.
R. Joshea, First Starter, low gross, 78, traveling bag.
F. H. Bosworth, Class A, low net, 76, camera.
J. F. Hewson, Class B, low net, 73, mashie.
W. J. King, Class C, low net, 70, sweater.
L. A. Rohan, Class D, low net, 79, fountain pen.
H. W. Lees, visitor, low net, 68, fountain pen.
C. E. Patton, Class C, 9 odd holes, 35, sweater.
L. C. Baldwin, Class D, 9 even holes, 35, 12 balls.
F. K. Ovitz, Class B, short holes, 10, field glasses.
F. H. Doten, Class A, long holes, 15, Goodyear tire.
G. C. Wolke, Class C, best 9 holes, 31, thermos bottle.
W. D. Roberts, Class A, low gross, 91, sweater.
E. A. Yale, Class B, low gross, 100, golf shirt.
J. E. Bell, Class C, low gross, 118, 6 pair socks.
H. F. Schaeffer, Class D, low gross, 126, 1 pair golf socks.
C. S. Pillsbury, visitor, low gross, 87, sweater coat.
H. J. Tobin, Class A, 2nd low net, 82, fountain pen.
H. J. Kneip, Class B, 2nd low net, 78, fountain pen.
C. Fitzgerald, Class C, 2nd low net, 72, fountain pen.
E. E. Morton, Class D, 2nd low net, 81, sweater.
A. W. Hecht, Class A, 3rd low net, 84, 5 balls.
B. Parks, Class B, 3rd low net, 80, 4 balls.
K. T. Wenger, Class C, 3rd low net, 72, 3 balls.

AT THE S.O. GOLF TOURNAMENT



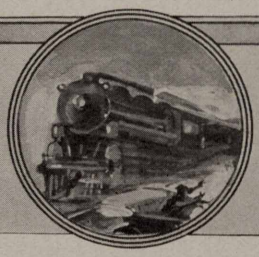
No. 1—M. Lundquist, Gus Wolke, H. G. Hendricksen and F. Tamblyn, all of the Fifth floor. No. 2—In the background: Mr. S. S. Gano; in foreground, Mr. J. Clay Lee, who recently returned to Chicago from the wilds of Peoria, where he became famous as an author, his description of dancing among Peoria natives being one of the classics of Stanolind literature. No. 4—J. E. (Blimp) McClain. No. 3—It looked as if Mr. B. Parks had gotten himself into a fine mess when his ball landed on the brink of the water, but he put it over, as he usually does with everything.

AT THE S.O. GOLF TOURNAMENT



No. 1—To prove he is a tennis player, Louie Baldwin wore his tennis hat playing golf; on his left is A. J. Austin, of the Moser Paper Co., a visitor, Mr. Frederick Sykes, who bats next to Mr. Reed in the ad department—it's a crying shame the tailor didn't finish, in time for the tournament, that new sport suit Fred's sporting now—and Mr. N. Hackett, of the Beach Enameling Co., who has made numerous Red Crown enameled signs, and who makes more money at auction than he does at golf. No. 2—Fred Ramm and W. H. Viering checked up on the gang at the finish, but fortunately no checkers followed the players around. No. 3—Favorite pastime of S. O. golfers illustrated by two of our most persistent pastimers, P. P. Buchanan and E. M. Dwyer. No. 4—Wonder what R. H. McElroy and Edgar Bogardus think about while a man uses a putter like that in the hands of Mr. B. Parks? Next thing we know they'll let 'em use brooms on the greens.

THE FATAL RAILROAD CROSSING



The fatal railway crossing! Grim death still functions there, with locomotives tossing their victims in the air. In vain the signboards glisten with warnings wide and high, for men won't look and listen, and consequently die. Each day we order caskets for people killed by trains; the coroners, with baskets, pick up the strewn remains. Along the highway's edges and from the stumps and stones, and from the trees and hedges they pick the collarbones. It ought to be a warning, and yet alas, alack! the prudent signboards scorning, we cross the railway track; and now an engine busy comes whooping up the rails, and hits our priceless Lizzie, and through the air it sails. A spark plug and a piston is all that's left of Liz; we will not look or listen as merrily we whiz. The coroner is keeping his tab on our remains; our stricken aunts are weeping and cussing railway trains. Some gent will read these verses, I have no doubt, to-day, and, thinking not of hearses, he'll scoot along his way; he'll strike a gait that's dizzy, that's neither safe nor sane, and presently his Lizzie will hit a railway train. We'll gather up the pieces and as we toil we'll wail, "The death list still increases; no warnings will avail!"—Walt Mason.

Standard Oil drivers: Keep your pledge to stop and make certain the path is safe before attempting to cross railroad tracks.—F C. Singleton, Safety Director, Sales Department.

WHITING, IND.

The machine shop's pet cat is dead, the effect of its death being most pronounced on Charlie Ruff, who, when he heard the news, took an extra "chew" and shed tears. He said that "she sure was a good cat." Snyder acted as undertaker while Bob Gradwell performed the last rites. Nels Dewey, Joe Swaim, Irvin Homan and Paul Zweig acted as pallbearers.

Chief of Police Bruens was seen in a "nickel show" one evening by one of the machine shop boys enjoying himself immensely with a lollypop during the program.

In a close horseshoe pitching contest between Chas. Ruff and Bob Gradwell, great excitement was caused by a tie score and the game nearly finished, when Bob, by some stroke of luck, threw a ringer, defeating Charlie. Charlie challenged Bob to another game but Bob seemed satisfied with winning one game from Charlie, not wishing to take chances on getting beat. Charlie throws left handed, and challenges anyone in the plant who is willing to play under his conditions.

C. J. Schroeder, machine shop draftsman, took a trip to Berrien Springs, Michigan, on his motorcycle over the week end of Labor Day. Yes, under the circumstances, he was obliged to go "alone," taking the lake route going up, and coming back through LaPorte and Valparaiso, riding 101 miles in four hours and ten minutes flat. Three wide detours over much bad road were encountered, but in spite of these, not a single stop was made between Berrien Springs and Whiting, but from Whiting to the East Side it was nearly all stopping, as it required thirty-five minutes to ride a distance of three miles on account of heavy and congested traffic.

It's going to be a sad and lonesome place around the candle factory from now on. We received the sad news from Mike Hlavach himself, but never believed it till now, that he had taken his new car (Ford) and motored to Crown Point for his celebration. Why, Mike, didn't you want us to know it? All we would have done would have been to congratulate you. It is also been rumored that Steve Wallers is to be his best man. You picked a good man, Mike. Well! all we can say is "here's luck." And by the way, Mike, who is the lucky lady?

The suggestion has been made that George Parker put cement heels on his shoes so they won't come off every few minutes.

Mr. Ben Jones spent a week in Joliet recently. Visiting, of course.

When it comes to thrills, Gene Grogan surely gets a variety. His latest is as follows: While returning from a motor trip to Benton Harbor recently, everything had gone serene and nice until a mile from Michigan City, the faithful motor failed to respond to Gene's nimble management. This was late in the afternoon and before aid could arrive it was certain that it would be late, and so Gene settled himself in the cushions for a long wait. It became later and later and naturally poor Gene fell asleep, until suddenly he was rudely awakened and found himself looking into the front of a shot. gun. Was he scared? No, of course not! Such a brave man as Mr. Grogan of Whiting! When he finally did come back to earth, he learned that an inmate of the penitentiary at Michigan City had escaped and one of the searching guards suspected Gene of being the fugitive.

The filtering oils department office is keeping pace with the rest of the world. It now has a complete set of newlyweds, Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Brenner. Mrs. Brenner was formerly Miss Marie Rittman. The cigars and candy were swell.

Mr. Carl Vater, formerly of the tin shop, has accepted a position as driver for the Whiting Fire Department. The boys of the tin shop wish him luck.

Mr. Abel Bergstrom, of the tin shop, and party of friends spent a grand and glorious week's vacation at Balavan Lake. They report the fishing was good and would leave the story for the reader.

Mr. Frank Bertis has been coming to work all smiles. The boys at the tin shop have been somewhat "nosey" and it soon leaked out he is to be married October 11, to Miss Geneva Dolata of Indiana Harbor.

The tin shop is all pleased up now. A request was made for a pay day schedule. This was promptly granted and placed on the safety board.

John McKenna, the midget of the tin shop, and Abel Bergstrom, the giant, were arguing on certain players on the White Sox and Cleveland—John for the Sox and Abel for Cleveland. Well it got very warm and John spoke up and said, "I'll send you home in the ambulance!" and that started the tin shop choir of laughter. We are still laughing.

Harold C. Canner has been on a long motor trip to Berry lake, outskirts of Whiting. On the way back he had motor trouble. "Never again to Berry lake for me," he said. He is also after a good looking girl. Has anyone any on hand?

Lizzie Mehalso has entered the Beauty Contest at the Star Theatre. We hope she wins.

Skinney Cameron rides to East Chicago and rides back in the same car for health. No more pills, Skinney.

Mr. and Mrs. Lopaich announce the engagement of their daughter Marie to Mr. John Sheik of Gary. Congratulations, Marie.

What is the matter with Ray Lamberth and Dorothy? We haven't seen them together lately.

Genevieve Prush has joined the "Polar Bears," an organization whose members propose to swim every day all winter.

Steve Miller of the Safety division has left the employ of the company to attend school at the University of Chicago.

Miss Edith Collier of the Chicago office is back at her old desk at Whiting in the Safety division.

John Tronyak of the clean-up department has been transferred to the refinery.

The Standard Oil Company Bowling League has started its third season with six teams and will bowl on Monday and Tuesday evenings.

George McMillan of the shipping department has left the employ of the company, having accepted a position with the A. E. Boyce Company, accounting system engineers.

'Tis rumored that P. O. Vandeveer and Doc. Reeves, in the year of our Lord, September 17, 1922, tried to break all fishing records of the steam engineering, hospital and clean-up departments, now held by Jack Prentice. Gossip has it that these two able-bodied young men, arose at two A. M. to turn the trick, but alas! luck was against them, for Jack still holds the record for both first and second largest catch; a three-pound "Red Horse" and a three-inch "Perch."

Lena McNeill, 1232 Atchison Avenue, Whiting, takes great pleasure in thanking the committee of the Standard Oil Athletic Association for the very beautiful silver medal donated by them for her exhibition dancing on Labor day.

Mr. Ernie Deecken was seen recently looking at a bungalow in the vicinity of Whiting, but learned that he was too late, poor fellow. Anyone knowing of a vacant flat or a bungalow for just two, please let Mr. Deecken know. Any assistance will be appreciated.

WOOD RIVER, ILL.

Roy Thompson is still making his weekly trip to Fosterburg and brings back a week's rations from the "old home farm."

John Robertson and Matthew, surnamed Freeman, recently appeared as special members at the skating rink. John sang "Henry" and Matt sang "Jasper;" when they both sang in a duet, "When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder."

Uncle Jim Thompson, Emery Hunt, George Buck and Judge Parker got under way for a big fishing trip. Emery Hunt landed a big one and the judge hooked a ten-pound one that got away. He knew it weighed that much because it had scales on it.

Dollars Cole is advising Bill Price how to handle his business. Cole took hold of Price when the latter had only a goat. Under Cole's supervision, Price now has a cow, two pigs, twenty-five chickens, and is thinking about buying an automobile.

The two big races of the fall season were between George Sisler and Ty Cobb for batting honors and George Buck and Henry Schewe for garden honors.

If you have any news, if you have words with your boss, if the neighbors' chickens get into your garden, if your girl goes out with another fellow, if anything at all happens or goes wrong, see C. F. Hall.

Fred Schuler took a drive to Belleville and returned via St. Louis, where he saw a gun battle between some jewelry bandits and police—that is, he had one look at the battle and then was arrested for speeding. Fred reports plenty of rain and good malaria medicine in Belleville.

Chas. Bartels interposed a foot in the path of the fire hose cart and was then taken to the First Aid. While there, Mayor Crawford of Alton called up and wanted Charlie for a traffic cop.

Louis Pierce recently returned from a visit to Ohio. While gone, not having been ordered to stop, the milkman and the paper boys delivered their goods and the house looked as if someone had started a dairy and a print shop there.

Albert spent his vacation in Indiana. We did not get particulars, but see a new radiator and a new fender on his car.

The Stanolind is the employees' paper. Let's have your news.

Claire Burroughs, of the filling racks, has left for college. Claire is going to try to learn more than his dad.

Wm. Obermiller entered many things in the Jerseyville Fair. He won the blue ribbon for the best old hen, the best jug of wine and the best corncob stopper for the jug.

George Thompson, J. P., is the proud possessor of a brand new, flaming red mustache.

Wm. Hoffman has made a visit to Nutwood and reports a hard winter ahead, as the squirrels are storing great quantities of nuts.

How is this for accommodation? Curley Andrews took a thermometer out of the back pocket of a still and carried it to the receiving house so a helper could get the temperature.

Believe it or not, our veteran engineer, Mr. Van Meter, grew a watermelon this year that weighed forty-four pounds.

Joe Evans has moved into his house. We didn't say "new house," because that would be deceptive. Joe started it ten years ago. Stone by stone, brick by brick and nail by nail it has gone up, all the work being done by Joe himself. Just when it was rounded into shape, Joe had to devote much of his time in preparing for the Chicago convention. He practiced his oration for thirty days, besides getting a new set of teeth. The work on the house was slackened accordingly.

Ermie Nelson has a demerit mark against him now. On a recent drive with his wife into the country, he ran over a little White Rock chicken. Then, looking around and seeing no one in sight, Ermie drove away at high speed.

Anyone who desires the recipe for "Chop Suey" may obtain same from Kathleen Halloran.

Teresa: "Mr. Stamper, if a girl refused to kiss you good-night, would you quit her?"

Mr. Stamper: "Every time." (We wonder just what Bill did.)

Mr. Cary Daniels, of the still cleaners' department, wishes to thank those who so kindly gave assistance to the family during the illness of his daughter, Neva Eveline.

Could anyone suggest an attraction that would cause George Buck to make a daily visit to the cellar of Jack Stoneham?

Bill Yenny, the left-handed pencil pusher of the boiler shop, is steno and secretary for Stafford in the tool room. Bill got his finger hurt while pulling sheetiron off a pile.

Blondy Dohling, of the boiler makers, laid off recently on account of a vaccination. Said arm was too sore to work. In a few days he was seen coming back home with a winter's supply of meat and other farm products.

Tom Pratt has a fish hound. This hound stands in the water, uses no bait, fish bite tail and then he just flips them out on the bank. Tom will trade this hound for five bushels of Keefer pears.

Wanted—100 stockholders to donate Bert Halsey a new pair of auto springs.

All automobile owners wish to thank Gus Haller and his fellow keepers of the peace for the good care the machines were given at the annual picnic.

Lost, strayed or stolen: A pipe. We do not think it is lost. We feel sure no one would steal it. So surely it strayed away. Anyone knowing the whereabouts of said pipe, please notify R. F. Buck and receive liberal reward.

William Halton painted his house recently, a rain came up and the water coming down through a leaky piece of guttering, made one side of the house look like a zebra. That side of the house got an extra coat of paint.

Robert Farrow, Ed Council and Gus Moline took in a baseball game at Sportman's park. We understand they assisted Mr. Shocker all they could. One of the Yanks was knocked out by a pop bottle and a reward of $550 was offered. All our boys have an alibi.

Archie Bowman borrowed John Eaton's car to visit his home folks at Vandalia and all the three days he was gone, John prayed the car would be broken up so he could buy him a new one.

After being the central figure in a theater party at St. Louis, Judge Parker is strong for chop suey.

Recently William Hoffman was asked to jot down some items. He asked for the system and was told to answer the questions, who, what, when where and why. Here is the one he handed in: "Harry Gifford caught a 22-pound catfish in the old

Wood River channel last Saturday because Emery Hunt caught one that weighed ten pounds."

The jacketing has been cut away from the doors of the stills at No. 4 crude house, which makes it very convenient to plate and unplate the stills. No. 4 crude house is very neatly arranged and equipped and everything is kept very orderly. That house is a credit to the Wood River refinery.

Ty Cobb's arm gave him considerable trouble after the vaccination, but at this writing is improving. Ty, who is very considerate of his fellow workers, was disappointed because he couldn't help them with the extra work.

Joe Jackson accidentally walked into the wrong yard one evening. The bulldog of the law started after him. Joe tried hiding behind a coal pile, but being discovered there, yelled for someone to open the front gate while he went around the house again.

Happy Robertson has moved into the flats across from the new school building. He has a better location there and since he gave his rabbits to the neighbors and sold his chickens, he will have time to rest.

Harry Ulrich received some publicity recently through the St. Louis Post-Dispatch under the caption, "Motorcycle Cop a Speeder." It seems that Harry was attending a ball game at Belleville and on the way home exceeded the speed limit, with the result that an officer demanded an explanation of the hurry-up business and Harry drew on his imagination a bit. The boys would like to know how Harry got by with a story like that.

We read that Henry Schnauffer, our handsome concrete foreman, has moved to the beautiful new bungalow just completed on Whitelaw Avenue. From the way the owners talk who live on that avenue, Whitelaw must be the "Street of Beautiful Bungalows."

Radio outfits in Wood River are becoming as popular and beautiful as Fords.

Mrs. Gus Frederickson is home after a visit to Chicago, Milwaukee and Minneapolis, and Gus is all smiles and seems happy again. Guess he is getting more sleep.

The new paving on Wood River Avenue makes driving on that thoroughfare a pleasant but a dangerous pastime.

A social event staged by the fire department was a block dance given recently. Some insist it was an athletic event because of many high and rough spots on the concrete paving. Guess you are right, George. Anyway it must have been popular exercise, judging from the great number that enjoyed the dance.

There was a man in our plant, and he was wonderous wise. He wore a pair of goggles to keep coke from both his eyes. And when he saw his work was done, with all his might and main, he jumped into the shower bath and got the coke back in again.

Wm. Adams has his bowling alleys in shape for the coming season and the bowlers have made up their schedule, so we will soon hear tales of alley victors. It is evident Whiting will have to look out for their laurels this year.

The weiner roast given by the laboratory folks at Vaughn's woods was much enjoyed. After the eats, games were played, which may seem a strange thing to do when there are fine roasted weiners to eat, but nevertheless, when "drop the handkerchief" was suggested, all joined hands. The evening was one to be remembered. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Buck, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stamper, Mrs. H. Jonson, Marie Brown, Helen Powell, Kathleen Halloran, Myrtle Exton, Teresa Mooney, Loyd Pane, Leslie Endicott and Dr. Rockefeller.

We came very near losing one of our operators when Helen Powell attended the State Fair. Helen left with a twenty-dollar bill and came back with fifteen dollars. If G. Thompson wishes further information, he should ask Helen and he might inquire about the American Beauty Rose she brought back to Wood River.

Miss Myrtle Exton spent the first two weeks of September visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Worthy Exton, at Louisville, Ky. Mr. Exton, formerly of the Cleveland, Whiting and Wood River refineries, is now superintendent of the Louisville refinery. Myrtle reports a wonderful time but we noted that she seemed mighty glad to get back. Why?

Mr. A. Davis, of the chemical laboratory, visited several interesting chemical exhibitions while spending his vacation at Pittsburg and New York City.

Kathleen, whose heart does beat fast,
I fear has not long to last.
Some day, with a sigh,
Poor Carrol will cry,
And say, "all my hopes are past."

School opened September 5th, taking from our midst several of the boys, among them Leslie from the laboratory. We surely missed him and were glad when he called on us that afternoon. Of course he wanted to tell us of his good-looking teachers. Mr. Stamper told him he should always love his teachers, and imagine our surprise when he said: "Nothing doing, I tried that once." Now Mr. Stamper's motto is, "if at first you don't succeed, try, try again." The real reason Leslie made that visit was to get his pay check.

Teresea and Kathleen went to Edwardsville with Bill and Carrol. Kathleen was disappointed because she did not see any of those ten-cent sundaes or any of the shady lanes that Teresea talked about so much. We are beginning to wonder if Teresea is dreaming these things she tells us? Nevertheless she is still making jelly, preserves, and canning fruit. We must admit Teresea keeps right on the job.

Two employes in the machine shop who received the government training in First Aid work have received their certificates and are now ready for a little trade. Herman Wuesenfeld and Jack Davey are the men who are giving Doc. Flanagan the competition. They promise painless work, no medicine and assistants to carry you out.

The machine shop being rather small so far as the number of employees is concerned, feels honored that one of their number, Carrol Bandy, took first prize in the chinning contest at the picnic.

Our new machine shop foreman, Jake Tremmel, was sick recently. He went home with a slight illness and no one expected him to be gone long, but when he finally came back, he explained his long absence by stating that although he had not been very sick, the doctor told him that it takes longer to cure a man of his size. Mr. Tremmel has been with the company since its early days at Wood River. He won the esteem of the men in the machine shop and they are all glad to have a foreman of his ability. They say a bad beginning often means a good ending and we hope the illness that came to Jake the first few weeks of his foremanship will be the last for a long time.

Elderberry season this year caused many excursions to the country, "just for the ride." It provided many good jokes, but to William Witthofft goes the blue ribbon with gold letters on it. Billy borrowed some sort of container from one of the boys at the plant, went on his elderberry hunt and returned joyfully with the vessel full of fine berries. But Mr. Tipton, when shown the fruit of all Bill's labor, said, "Bill, what on earth are you going to do with them? You have enough there to kill everyone in Wood River." Bill's face became almost as red as the berries when told they were pokeberries.

J. G. C. TO CHICAGO

The journey to Chicago, to attend the annual joint conference, was made the latter part of September by members of the Joint General Committee and plant officials. From all reports received, the trip was very beneficial and pleasant. The time of starting to, and returning from, the conference varied with desires of the individuals, but when the conference convened they were all there, and we must grant that Wood River was splendidly represented. Those attending from Wood River were Messrs, Shook, Emmel, Evans, Hartwig, Pilcher, Flanagan, Bacheldor, Tuley, Stephenson, Kelley, Jolly, and Hemphill, members of the Joint General Committee; Mr. Hall, Industrial Relations director, and Mr. C. B. Manbeck, manager of the Wood River refinery. The Monday morning session was given to reports of the members of the committees from the different plants. The afternoon was given to talks by different representatives and officials of the Standard Oil Company. Mr. Wm. Kelley was the speaker of the evening from Wood River, and it is reported he made a fine speech, bringing credit to himself and honoring those he represented. Among the other evening speakers were Dr. Burton and Colonel Stewart. Both speakers emphasized the sincerity with which the Industrial Relations and Safety work should be carried on. Another very pleasant part of the program was the singing in the evening, led by Mr. Harry Glair, superintendent of the Whiting refinery. Everyone participated in this event and the report is that Mr. Glair has the ability to arouse great enthusiasm. The annual banquet is always a delightful affair and our representatives say the excellence of the food and the good fellowship make this part of the program alone worth the trip to Chicago. All who went express their sincere appreciation of the manner in which they were treated by representatives of the other plants and the people of Chicago. Those who visited Whiting and the Whiting refinery wish to express their appreciation for the cordial welcome given them. On the trip home, members of the committee indulged in some sort of amusement, the nature of which we have not been able to learn, but it is reported that when Mr. Jolly landed in Alton he was approximately sixty-four cents short. This much information we have of the journey. The following questions can be best answered by the one directly concerned: Why the boys called Flanagan's reading of his report, "a new way to give an anesthetic?" Why Hartwig ditched the crowd as soon as he got to the Windy City? Why Jolly gave a poker party, paid for same and then tried to run Kelly and his "four of a kind" out of the game with a "full house?" What made Ollie Hemphill remark so often, "What in h— would I do with my machine in a place like this?" Why Hall, who is usually quite friendly, left for Chicago so early and alone? Also, why he, in company with a blonde lady, tried to pass Flanagan on Adams street, and a little later, Kelly, Hemphill and Stephenson on Michigan boulevard without recognizing any of them? Why they fed the Joint General Committee so much soup after Joe Evans had taken all kinds of trouble to get a new set of teeth made for the trip? Why Shook's report on Housing failed to make mention of the many fine and beautiful bungalows being erected on Whitelaw avenue? What Emmel could have reported on Athletics? Why the boys are calling Kelly "Cleopatra" after the Chicago trip? Whether Bacheldor was trying to get rid of his suitcase or just forgot it while trying to recall some other person who might like to receive a souvenir post card? Why a man with Hemphill's ability as a speaker would worry about being chairman at the afternoon session? Whether it was concern for his elderberry juice or the great distance from home that made Pilcher so solemn and serious on the trip? What Tuley, alias, Baron Munchausen, would suggest doing with those posters he insisted on taking to the convention, and if it is not asking too much, could he explain the best way of being excused from jury service? After hearing reports of the journey to the convention, it becomes plain why the J. G. C. in their July meeting asked that they be given more time to attend the annual convention.

SUGAR CREEK, MO.

Once a year Herbert Hogue gets a job that puts him in his proper environment.

Mr. Herman Fulks, of the storehouse department, has just returned to duty after two weeks illness. We are glad to see him back.

A. E. Hauptley, storekeeper, has left on his annual vacation of two weeks. He will report later as to how he employed his time.

"Deacon" Galloway has fallen from grace; no more will the office force point him out as one who is trying to walk the "straight and narrow way." The deacon recently came to work with a "story" he called a "pippin" about "Hollywood." After hearing the story, some of the good brethren consulted together as to what should be done about it, and agreed to take it up with the Trustees. Evidently it didn't get that far as Galloway is still to be seen passing the plate; but in a very penitent mood, so there is still some hope for him.

Virgil Caldwell, timekeeper, says it's about time Farmer Frisby learned to write in English. He doesn't mind acting as his scribe, but doing the work of a secretary should carry something with it.

For information regarding legitimate picture shows on So. Clark St., see Farmer Frisby and Shorty Wright.

Slaughter (Chad) Chandler is always raving about, "Wait until I go back to Texas and I'll get you fellows a picture of that Lone Star." He has been successful in his argument so far that they call Texas the Lone Star State because at a certain time in the year (we believe it is February 30), at midnight, there is visible only one large bright star. Be sure and bring back the picture, old dear, and convince us that you are not merely arguing for argument's sake. We believe you, but what we Missourians want is to be shown.

Harrison Shiffner, better known as "Shif," has returned from a two weeks motor trip to the Rockies, visiting Denver, Colorado Springs, Pueblo, Cheyenne and other places of interest. Traveled about 2100 miles, had only one puncture and never slept under a roof the entire trip.

Edwin Webb has returned from his vacation which he spent in the Ozarks. Edwin would have had a perfectly wonderful time if hed had someone to go fishing with him to keep the "boogers" away. Eddie says those hoot owls sure sound awful when you are all alone.

Everyone who sees Charley Taylor asks him when the paraffine works is going to start, and always the same answer is received: "The first of the month." We don't know whether he means last month or next month, but we are sure of one thing, Charley always looks forward to the first of the month. We are for you, old boy, strong as horse-radish.

George Rush, agitator treater's helper, became the proud father of a baby girl on September 3.

On September 12, Ford Bridges, car inspector's helper, was called home account his home being on fire. Ford says he is thankful it was no worse than what happened, as fortunately the wife and kiddies got out O. K.

C. E. DeLand is talking of getting an injunction against trespassers; his back lot has been made the right-o-way by Jiggs Reeder while paying court to "Maggie." DeLand says he doesn't mind the traffic so much as he does the hours Jiggs keeps, and doesn't want to shoot Jiggs for a burglar some night.

Heard at the last band concert at Sugar Creek: 1st native: "Why is that man scolding the players, Ignatz?" 2nd ditto: "He's not scolding, he's trying to sing." 1st native: "But does he have to have a spasm when he sings?" 2nd native: "Oh yes, Pedro, but he don't have to sing." (Who was at bat—Frank Lee?—Ed.)

Mr. Arthur Henry, owner of a new "Baby Lincoln," had the most unfortunate luck of having it considerably wrecked when another "big car" bumped him off the road into a ten-foot ditch a few evenings ago. Arthur's greatest regret is that the other fellow got away before he (Arthur) got a punch at his nose. We know the other fellow sure escaped something for we know the punch of our "Pug" Arthur.

J. W. Kelly was given a severe reprimand recently by a judge in Independence before whom he appeared for parking his car on the courthouse lawn. It seems civic pride or etiquette is lacking somewhat in J. W.'s home town, as the judge would not accept the excuse that he was in the habit of doing it there, and didn't know any better and that there was a time when you could drive right up to the courthouse door and hitch, but "them days is gone forever."

Leslie Beers is another who should go to town more often or carry a guide and a book of rules with him when he goes. The police of Kansas City were disturbed from their slumber at 2 a. m. recently, by what was taken to be a running pistol fight. After the riot call was sent in and Leslie caught, it was found that he had his cut-out open as usual. Les. is retrenching now and hopes to have that fine saved by the end of the year.

Clay Hensley, the champion spitter of the main office, challenges anyone worthy of his skill.

Jesse Reeder hasn't got married yet.

B. F. Lee was married to Miss Bessie Moninger of Wellsville, Kansas, on September 10. Mr. Lee's many friends here wish them many happy returns of the day.

Frank "Sweetie" Searcy is the proud owner of a new home, or maybe we should say house. Frank has built it with the assistance of the pump house gang, and says that he is now busy putting on the finishing touches. Oscar Westwood claims to have been boss of construction and Slaughter Chandler had the wiring contract. Both say they were promised a big feed, chicken n'everything, but so far the promises have failed to materialize. Frank keeps putting them off waiting for the first course to "get right." Don't give up, boys; it takes three months to get real good.

Johnnie Burke has about decided to give up one of his fondest ambitions, that of being the greatest 2nd baseman in the S. O. Baseball League. We wonder if the vote of the various managers had anything to do with dampening John's high hopes. If so, we favor prosecuting the managers.

Things that never happen: Alex Nylund working on his auto on band concert nights.

Why does Farmer Frisby like to ride so much north of the Old Boiler House? Because he can ride so long in the shade there.

CASPER, WYO.

Ralph Andrus, of the garage department, left on September 13 to attend school at the University of Minnesota.

Pumpkins, corn, spuds and other vegetables are being brought in by the enthusiastic homesteaders, with stories of how much larger these could have been if the fond growers had time to cultivate them. One went so far as to tell how near death he was while gathering corn. It seems that while sawing off one of the lower ears it fell, knocking him off the ladder right on top of a steer's head, which, fortunately, had been dehorned.

Frank Austin, formerly inspector of shell pressure stills, is now inspector of tube pressure stills and boiler houses.

Roy Hawley resigned his position as boilermaker after nearly seven years of service on this plant.

Robert Wilson, formerly of the blacksmith department, is now in the welding department.

Charles Newcomb is filling the place of janitor at the laboratory during the vacation of Frank Hathaway.

Rex Fanning, still foreman, is seen driving a new roadster. Someone said that its name sounds like "Lizzie," but we scout the aspersion.

No, John Glendinning is not driving a new car. The painters dipped his old one in the sink, which was half full of paint.

Cliff Johnson, of pump house No. 2, has resigned his position and is now attending the School of Mines at Golden, Colorado.

Will Cashel, pipefitter, has purchased the home of Leon Chamberlain, on Cedar St. Mr. Chamberlain moved to Glenrock, where he is superintendent of our refinery.

One of the clowns at the Fourth of July stampede of the Standard Oil Athletic and Recreation Association was reprimanded by an old-time friend, McGuire, for using his name at the celebration. Being asked why he did not use his own name, the clown replied that after putting on his make-up and looking in the glass he looked so much like Mickey that it would only be fair to use his name and win the ten-dollar prize, but to forget all about McGuire while spending it.

Fred Maltby, top helper at No. 2 house, has bought a coupe; also taken up a homestead. Now, we wonder what is in the wind, for Fred is a bachelor just now.

The elk, deer, mountain sheep and duck season opened on September 15. A number of our Nimrods have left for the big game country, and

by the next issue, bear stories will be plentiful, also bare-faced stories.

Fred Kistler, fireman on Nos. 1 and 2 batteries, pressure stills, was married recently to a young lady from Douglas.

Clarence Robb, tower stillman, was married in September to a Casper young lady.

Wm. Hagens, of the laboratory, has left to attend school at St. Louis.

Farrell Kirk, who was recently transferred to the continuous stills, was married to Miss Dorothy Sheffield, of Casper.

Alfred Gosnell, James Mann and Clifford Goodman are recent additions to the laboratory.

H. P. Fishburn has a sprained wrist from milking his thoroughbred Holstein. We saw him with an order blank and a large Chicago firm's catalogue, open at the page "Milking Machines," saying: "Will it pay?"

Wm. Schwartzkopf has returned to the laboratory after six weeks of National Guard duty.

Henry Knox, watchman, has returned after two weeks vacation spent on his ranch at Richards.

"Kewpie" Preston, of No. 2 tower stills, is back from his vacation, and hasn't changed a bit.

Jack Taylor has been transferred from the labor department to the yard office.

T. B. Crone is an addition to the timekeepers' force, having been transferred from the labor department.

The horseshoe game is still in season at the yard office. Ed Wilson has challenged Oscar Howard to a series of five games, the loser never to play again on the grounds. Oscar says he would rather not accept the challenge, as he wants Ed to continue playing.

Walter Jourgensen, timekeeper at No. 1 plant, is counting the weeks until his wife gets back from Chicago. In the meantime, Walter is stepping out to the dances, etc., having a real time, and has just returned from an all-night (?) country dance held on the Snodgrass Ranch about 65 miles from Casper, and reports a wonderful time with the cowboys (?).

Frank Hathaway, our able janitor of the laboratory and yard office, is enjoying a well-earned vacation in the sand hills of Nebraska.

Ernest Smith, electrician foreman, has been looking at the rigs of Tea Pot Dome and studying the formation of the surrounding country, with a view to filing on a homestead.

Paul Evans, of the machine shop, has left the service of the company and is driving overland to Washington, D. C.

We extend our sympathy to Walter McKay, fire chief at Plants 1 and 2, who has returned from Salt Lake City, where he was called on account of the sudden illness of his daughter, who passed away before he was able to reach there.

W. C. Eads relates one of his thrilling tales on returning from his vacation, part of which was spent at Hell's Half Acre. It was Sunday morning when he emerged from his tepee and beheld a monster rattlesnake about to enter underneath the folds of a neighboring tent to strike its victim. Bill rushed for his gun, killed the rattler and became the hero of the hour.

Another man gone wrong: R. V. Davis, of the yard office, has joined the ranks of the benedicts. It all happened Friday evening, September 15, at the home of the Rev. Wilson, where and when R. V. exchanged the plighting of troth with Miss Ann Neste. Davis looked a little pale, but he says it was merely a reflection of the gray suit he wore. We can readily believe that, as surely it was not through fear of his lovely bride.

Dan Beers to stillman: "What is the flashing point of gasoline?"

Stillman: "Right now."

Cal Smith passed the La Palinas around to the boys for the password of a Smith, Jr. He got up, too, at 5:30 in the morning on September 16. We'll say he is a rising sun. Cal reports wife and son doing fine. Oh, yes, another Democrat.

Barney Borgstrand, formerly of the Tank Strapping department, accepted a position in the accounting department made vacant by Mr. Peter Neste, who is on his way to the coast.

Advertisement—Lost, by W. H. Tolhurst, the name of party I found certain information for.

On September 17, Mr. J. C. Warkley and party went bear hunting on Bear Mountain. On J. C.'s return he reported "many seen," but they were all "bare" rock. Check.

Frank Francis is back from the big meet in Chicago, and among other things asks a certain question: "When is a private car not a private car?" If you don't know, ask any of the boys who made the trip.

Mr. C. T. Bergeson has been strewing horseshoes on the Casper courts in a way to startle the most experienced. Here, under the tutelage of some of the company's finest, Mr. Bergeson has developed a game that his opponents do not hope to equal. N. B.—Whiting, Sugar Creek, Wood River and other horseshoe hurling camps: If you have won laurels, prepare to defend them now.

On his vacation, Mr. M. C. Wagner drove from Casper to Rochester, Minnesota, in four days, with his wife as a traveling companion. It took him six days to get back. We wonder—but no, we guess not. He declined an invitation of Jean's to dinner, saying he had promised to be good while his wife was away. He and Jean are still on speaking terms, though.

En route to the G. J. C. convention, Mr. A. V. Forbes received word of his father's death. Mr Forbes has the sympathy of his associates.

H. O. Post vowed that he would get a bear on his vacation hunting trip. It is reported that, contrary to expectations, he met with considerable success. Although Mr. Post did not bring the bear with him it is believed that they left the Big Horn range at approximately the same time, and their routes being parallel, if not, indeed, identical, Mr. Post's arrival four hours ahead of his quarry is considered quite remarkable. This, and the further fact that Mr. Post undoubtedly left a blazed trail, sheds little glory upon the bear, who, unable to meet the requirements of such a marathon, fell dead of exhaustion three miles out on the County Road.

Mr. John Lytle of the payroll department also vacationed in the Big Horns, but was less fortunate than Mr. Post.

H. M. Robb of the shipping department, feeling the need of a real vacation, stayed at home and decorated his new mansion. His wife, however, says she has managed to undo most of the damage.

GREYBULL, WYO.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Lockard, a boy, Harold M., Jr., Aug. 31, 1922. The smile the superintendent has been wearing since this new arrival has the famous Douglas Fairbanks smile backed off the map. The plant extends congratulations to the happy parents.

We are glad to hear that B. A. Lawrence, one of our overseas veterans who is in the U. S. Veterans Hospital at Sheridan, is getting along nicely.

Several of our Nimrods have been out duck hunting and have been bringing in the ducks, too. E. C. Starks, it is reported, has been up in the Burlington district and bagged a nice flock of ducks.

Fred Lockard sold his Ford coupe recently. Fred evidently figures it is going to be a long hard winter.

Albert and Chester Meyer enjoyed a visit from their father who lives in Montrose, Colo.

Miss. Reba, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Williamson, has returned to Washington to complete her college education.

Otis Bently visits Basin nearly every evening. The boys are rather anxious to know just why Otis makes so many trips to the country. We don't know the reason but would like very much to know her.

Wm. Hergert has resigned his job with the Standard Oil Company and left for Sheridan. Best wishes, Bill.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Atwell of Coalinga, California, spent ten days visiting with their son Bruce and his wife. Bruce and his father enjoyed a fishing trip above Box Canyon on Shell Creek.

Frank Bullinger, cleaner on Nos. 1 and 2 batteries, had his ankle burned recently by some hot oil. It is not serious, however, and Frank was not forced to lay off.

George Haddenhorst is giving his old home town the once over. George is from Des Moines and is spending his vacation there. When he gets back he will probably have some new kinks in his line to spring on us Sagebrushers.

Lewis Krajicek has been transferred from plant No. 2 to Plant No. 1 to clean stills.

The construction work is almost completed, the old stills on No. 3 and No. 4 batteries have been removed and the new ones put in place.

Bartie Bentley and Byrle Perkins have an agreement that the first one caught chewing Copenhagen is to buy the other a new suit. We are betting that they compromise soon.

Somehow or 'nother, these cool mornings are making us wonder where we've spent our summer's wages. What?

Bill Kizzire, heavy gang foreman, and Ernie Hamilton, one of his heavies, recently armed themselves for big game and clambered up into the Big Horn mountains seeking winter venison. It is reported that Ernie got his deer, but Bill got BACK.

Mr. Hughes, office manager, motored to Billings to attend the Midland Empire Fair last week. Miss Hartman, timekeeping department, was also there, but she rode up on the choo-choo train.

Joe Marcek, storehouse department, and M. M. Gant, telegraph operator, recently cooperated in the purchase of an Oldsmobile. It is not a new car, but is not yet old enough to have learned to run without gasoline. Funny about some automobiles now, isn't it? Lots of them are like that. That's nothing though, Mr. Gant says it made ten miles the other day without a drop of gas. (He pushed it.)

Roy Hunsberger, laboratory assistant, gave a farewell party at his apartment the other evening in honor of W. S. Nix, assistant chemist. Wm. Hovis, Ed. Gutberlet, J. H. Grimes, E. V. Dobbins and G. M. Whitney were also guests of the party. Nix is leaving the Standard Oil Company for Colorado, where he will continue his University work. He leaves a host of friends here and we all wish him the best of luck.

Monty Fletcher, general foreman of the manufacturing department, and Dad Rimer, truck driver, are visiting back in their old home state, Pennsylvania. First time Monty has been back there since the birth of the refinery industry in Greybull.

O. O. Harvey, machinist helper, suffered a badly torn finger the other day while working at one of the emery wheels. It is mending rapidly though, and will soon be forgotten.

The joint General Committee has been back East attending the annual Joint General Conference at Chicago. The Big Horn County boys were about two hours late for the conference, but we bet they made up for that when they did arrive. We notice that they are returning rather slow, L. E. Watson, electrician, and E. P. Landers, pipe foreman, being the only ones to arrive on time. The rest have scattered themselves throughout the country, taking short vacations. Ed Landers spent a day in Omaha visiting with his old pals. Pretty soft for Ed. We can't all boast of friends among the revenue agents and police force of the big towns.

Not all of our refinery boys are poor hunters, because some of them have proved themselves otherwise. "By their fruits ye shall know them." N. E. Loveland, treater, J. M. Loveland, stillman helper, and Sam W. Haslett, stillman, journeyed through Yellowstone Park and into the Jackson Hole country, where for their efforts and skill they were paid in full. Their game totaled one large silvertip bear that dressed about 500 lbs., two silvertip cubs, one large black bear and two cubs, and two bull elk. Nate says that the near human cries and actions of one of the black bear cubs, after its mother had been killed, were very pathetic, and that it took some time and effort to steel his nerve and heart sufficient to fire the shot that bagged the little fellow.

The only thing Miss Bradley, stenographer, and Miss Hartman, before mentioned, don't like about their new apartment, is that it is so near the office that they haven't the heart to continue to accept those rides to and from work in the Ford sedan. Never mind, maybe pretty soon some Sunday afternoon will happen along when Mike isn't dated up.

GLENROCK, WYO.

Although we are the youngest and smallest Standard Oil Company (Ind.) refinery, we do things right, and are proud of our little battery of eight pressure stills. While we are the baby refinery, we feel that we are now old enough to creep into print in the Stanolind Record. We are also proud of our Stanolind Record, and eagerly look forward to its arrival each month (even if that does happen to be on the 25th), but we are not satisfied with an occasional news item of one of our members in the Casper section. We want a space of our very own, so that we will feel that the Record is 100 per cent our magazine, the same as it is to thousands of other employees.

Mr. Leon Chamberlain, superintendent of the Glenrock works, and a party of Glenrockers drove out to the Dry Cheyenne last Sunday duck hunting. Seems a strange place to hunt ducks, but Leon said he had a good eye, and returned with his limit.

Mr. U. W. Halley, accompanied by his wife and baby, drove their new Ford to Mitchell, Nebraska, this week for a few days visit with friends and relatives. He reports a fine trip and a good visit.

Hunting seems to be gaining in popularity among our men. Findlay Hogarth recently made

a trip to the second range in search of venison, but returned empty handed. Better consult Decco, "Scotty," we believe he knows of a far better "dear" range much closer to town.

Mr. Chamberlain says that his heart is too tender to kill a poor innocent deer, so we probably will not see him going deer hunting this season, but a large cinnamon bear has been reported to have been killing sheep over on the second range. "That's my meat," says Leon, and he plans an early expedition against this ferocious animal. Bruin had better hunt the tall timbers, 'cause he will have a "bear" chance for his life if Leon ever gets on his trail.

Homer Byers has been making quite a few trips to Casper recently, and on each return we notice his shirt minus its buttons. When asked the reason for his being so chesty on his return from these trips, he proudly informed us that he is now daddy of the largest, happiest, brightest, etc., etc., nine-pound boy that was ever born. Both mother and son are doing fine and will soon be home to relieve Homer of his bachelor troubles. Congratulations, Homer, but what troubles us is that we didn't see the cigars. "What's the use of babies being born," say we, "if we don't get smokes out of it?"

E. N. Henley was the only member of these works who was fortunate enough to draw a vacation this summer. He took his bride on a two weeks trip in his new Ford coupe through the Yellowstone Park, and reports a wonderful time.

Irl Brown has been heading his new "Lizzie" down Douglas way quite regularly lately. He tries to make us believe that he is going down to his ranch to look after his cows and chickens. Says that he can't get anyone to look after them. We believe that he is afraid that someone might look after them, especially the chicken. And when we see him living all alone in a pretty little bungalow he rented recently, we wonder if he has been going to the ranch at all. When is it going to happen, Irl?

We are glad to report that Harry McQuery, our popular fireman on No. 1 battery of pressure stills, is rapidly improving in health. It will be remembered that a month or so ago Harry was so extremely nervous that one could not get within eight or ten feet of him without seeing him going up in the air with loud shrieks of terror. He has improved to such an extent that now one can get within two or three feet of him in comparative safety. We hope that he will soon be entirely cured.

We are also pleased to announce that Mr. Decco is looking much better than he has for several weeks, and we will be glad when we have him back with us again. Of course he is here in body, but we know that his mind is elsewhere. He will probably go "dear" hunting with "Scotty" soon in search of a new range.

E. N. Henley, who is our newest newly married man, has given up housekeeping and gone to boarding. We wonder why.

About the rawest thing that has been brought up here recently is a dozen raw eggs that E. C. Johnson brought out for lunch. We are sorry to see "Chief" having to go on an egg diet.

HOME OFFICE, CHICAGO

His love for his country was too strong to withstand the agony of being away from it, so P. R. Monson tendered his resignation, effective September 15, in order that he might go back to Minnysota. All kidding aside, though, Monson was a swell guy at that.

Ed. Bobleter takes exception to the fact that he should bring down a picture of his baby to prove it is all he claims it is, as requested in the September copy of the Stanolind Record. Several months ago request was made for pictures of all the S. O. Co. kids and he was the only one who brought a picture.

If you're looking for diversion, call up the appropriation department and ask for Steve Kuezynski. You'll hear a line of jargon that sounds like a cross between Stockyards Irish and Abyssinian. He claims he learned it in the "regulars" at Fort Snelling.

Mr. W. W. Holton has resigned his position to go to Californis with his father, Mr. W. J. Holton, who was recently placed on annuity.

The girls of the general manager's department gave a party September 29 during the noon hour for Miss Mary Norton, who left September 30 to be married.

L. A. Rohan was fortunate enough to win one of the many prizes given at the Stanolind Golf Tournament, September 26. He received a beautiful fountain pen. The following day he was told that through an error he was given the pen instead of a shirt, and the pen would have to be returned. He preferred to keep the pen, saying, "I have shirts, but I don't own a fountain pen."

Well, T. W. Cahill had that long-looked-for outing in Northern Wisconsin. His old ramshackle "Liz," which he bought for $100.00, is now on the market for the same price, for he has a chance on a new 1922 model Ford touring car for 10 cents and he is confident his number will win. Miss Clara Foote also has a chance on it and her number is 1313. Don't you think double thirteen ought to bring home the bacon?

Did you know that R. H. Kluender purchased a car? Well, he did, and he says it's a bear. We believe it must be, as the first week he had it, Ralph's hands were all chewed up and he had bandages at half mast on each finger and thumb. However, a little thing like that would not bother Kluender as he can always see the bright side of everything, and he said he was thankful he did not have any more fingers. You Gasoline Alley fellows will understand the situation. Among other helpful suggestions to car owners or prospective buyers, Ralph suggests that no shock absorbers be attached to the car, as he has found out that the shocks can be absorbed by the persons riding in the machine, and if the top is high enough and no stovepipe hats are worn there will not be much damage done. When last seen Ralph was touring the wilds of Elgin, enjoying his two weeks' vacation.

H. C. Calland, the "O. V. B." buyer, is entering the field of matrimony. Good luck, Harry, our heartfelt sympathy goes out to Bertha.

Frank Stupeck has returned from his vacation, which was spent at Bubbly Creek. He claims the fishing there was not so good, but the swimming was scrumptious. You get that way after you live in South Chicago for any length of time.

Roger Girard, one of the purchasing department's newlyweds, assisted his wife in washing clothes on Sunday during the rain, so they hung the clothes in the basement to dry, and upon looking for a clean shirt Monday morning, found nothing on the line but a pair of socks his wife had darned, and Roger said the thieves could have just as well taken them. The Lord punishes those who work on the Sabbath.

When Doc Beamer left on his vacation, all the girls in the purchasing department rushed in his

office to say good-bye a la Valentino, but Doc merely grinned in his boyish way, shook hands with them and departed with misty eyes. Doc is awful sensitive that way. They claim he gets that way from playing tennis and taking photographs.

We all extend our heartfelt sympathy to Miss Martinitz, who recently lost her mother.

Ella Sells, of the fifth floor, celebrated her sixteenth birthday during the latter part of August (same one that she has been celebrating for the past five years) and was hostess at a spread for her intimate office friends. Someone whispered about the nice piece of cake that Joe Carmody and Al. Roesler received. How come, Vivian?

Lucy Gordon was heard to remark that if it is any hotter in the lower regions than it was on the fifth floor, September 6, she was going to start to church and go every Sunday from now until doomsday. Amen! from the gallery.

She's in again! Ingie Rummelhoff recently spent the week end at Lake Geneva and was swindled into one of those ancient games of "snipe hunting." After holding the sack for an hour in the wild, wild woods, she discovered that Barnum knew what he was talking about when he made that famous statement, "There's one born every minute." Of course there is an excuse for Ingie, as this particular sport was put on the shelf about the time that she was born. Ingie, run over to the hardware store and get us a left-handed monkey wrench.

Jean Stockley of the fifth floor has a new remedy for mosquito bites. White shoe polish will cover them nicely, preventing them from showing through your white silks, if properly applied with a small trowel.

H. W. (Heart Winner) Gleim, of the fifth floor, spent his vacation in the East, mostly around the "Bean City." While there she said, "Yes," so look for the cigars one of these days. Almost forgot to tell you that he also visited Washington, D. C., and gave Warren G. some valuable advice concerning the settlement of the R. R. strike.

The cost department, after maintaining the distinction of being the only department entirely composed of single folks, has at last fallen from its pedestal and now reports that in a little more than one year 50 per cent of the employes of that department have succumbed to the epidemic, and that the worst is yet to come. The latest victim, the one whom we thought the most capable of resisting the disease, has utterly failed us, and at this writing is spending his honeymoon at Niagara Falls and thereabouts. We understand it came upon him unawares, and what can you expect from a department when even the boss gets married? Of course, you know we mean E. H. Vollriede.

Evidently Mr. B. P. Kehoe, of the construction department, did not know we were in quarantine and strayed too near the premises, and just one week later he, too, fell victim. Now we are hoping that the siege is over, although we know Miss Pearson, of the stenographic department, was seen buying dishes and everything.

Miss Iwema says her vacation, spent at Spring Lake and Grand Haven, Mich., was short but very sweet.

Ask Miss Jeurgenson what she thinks of Spring Lake and the inhabitants of Grand Haven, especially the female species. (Don't mention the male.)

We often wonder how some folks spend their time away from the office, just what they do and where they go. Upon investigation, we discovered these favorite pastimes: Albert Aarlie, scrubbing floors; Arthur Klein, Beechnut (not gum); Johnny Wyand, baseball; Ben Wolf, perambulating down Jackson Boulevard when he is not fishing; Martin McNulty, eating; Miss Williams, golfing; Ernie Vollriede, shopping and cooking; A. Weiss, gardening; Miss Ross, books; Miss McKeon, hiking; Joe Sohurek, autoing. (Girls, take notice).

We regret the loss of two of our popular girls to other departments in the building. Miss Jones and Miss Sheehan, both of the stenographic department has been transferred to the sales department and purchasing department, respectively.

Dear Editor: I just want to let you know what a hard time us poor correspondents have. Last week I was sitting at my desk working like a one-armed paperhanger and along comes Mr. McRae (he's the guy that pesters us poor correspondents for news) and he says how about the traffic department and I says I ain't had no time to write no news (me being one of them correspondents that likes to send in brainy stuff) and he says Aw, take time and think up something, and I says to myself (so Ernie Persons, that's our chief clerk, couldn't hear) You got a swell chance to think in the traffic department and then Mr. McRae says—I hate to tell you what he says, but then I suppose he says it to all the correspondents, especially the female ones—he says I don't want to see the record go to press without some news from my best correspondent and when I seen how he feels about it I felt sorry and I says All right I'll write some news when I get time, but I got to have time to think. You know I ain't got it as easy as the correspondents at Whiting and Wood River and Sugar Creek. All they got to do is to fill out a form like "Mr.... .....is the proud daddy of a.....pound baby boy (or girl) born..... But we don't have that kind of news in the traffic department, and nobody talks to me any more because they're afraid I'll put everything they say in the record, so I have to snoop around for news. So he went his way but he comes back the next day and says how about it, girlie, and I says Oh, I ain't wrote no news. I ain't had no time. So he takes to coming around a couple of times a day and more and I thought, Gee, maybe he'd follow me home if I don't give him something and my ma wouldn't like it account of him being a married man so I laid awake last night until 4 A. M. this morning thinking up news and then got hail columbia from Ernie Persons for being one minute late so you can see what a hard life us poor correspondents has. Now, I got a suggestion. Maybe you could fix it up with the board of directors to give us a day off every month and buy us tickets for a musical comedy or a vaudeville show where we can sit and think and if we can't think up something original we can take the jokes we hear at the show and fix them up like our fellow workers sprung them. That would help us poor correspondents out a whole lot. Yours truly, Traffic Dept.

CHICAGO SALES DIVISION

The following item which recently appeared in "Oak Leaves"—an Oak Park paper—should be of interest to old timers: "Wedding cards have been received in River Forest announcing the marriage of W. J. Vonder Lehr of Los Angeles to Mrs. Emma George, also of that city. Mr. and Mrs. Vonder Lehr will be at home at 1610 N. Kingsley Dr., Los Angeles." To the uninitiated it may be well to add that Mr. Vonder Lehr was formerly agent at our Oak Park station.

H. E. Kruse, salesman in our Des Plaines territory, recently resigned to enter into the garage business at Palatine. Needless to say, Mr. Kruse is handling S. O. Co. products and has our best wishes for success.

Mr. R. H. Landmeier, formerly service station attendant and clerk at Des Plaines station, has succeeded Mr. Kruse as salesman in that territory. Mr. Landmeier has our congratulations and best wishes.

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September 30 saw the passing of many familiar faces from our midst—f'rinstance: Miss Ruth Wean left us to be married. The wedding will take place on Armistice Day and the lucky man is Mr. Herbert Leyhe. Our heartiest congratulations and sincerest best wishes, Ruth. E. W. Kopisch, of the checking department is going into the automobile business in the Oklahoma oil fields. J. D. Rohner is taking a flyer in the service station game here in Chicago. We are sorry to see them go but wish them all possible success.

The after luncheon walk taken by Dorothy Albrecht and Cecelia Phelan on October 4, resulted in near tragedy. The steering gear of an Oldsmobile touring car became locked while making the turn from Michigan Avenue into Ninth street. The machine chased the two girls up on the curb. Miss Phelan just escaped being hit but Miss Albrecht was not so fortunate. She was knocked down, had one foot crushed and the other foot and both knees bruised. It will probably be several weeks before we will have the pleasure of seeing her at the office again. We sincerely hope that she will soon be back with us and the accident will be nothing but a memory.

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DAVENPORT, IOWA

Miss Hartz worked overtime the other night, claiming that it was the heighth of her ambition to work next to Johnny Jost.

The other day our smiling Pat O'Connell, who is in charge of construction work, received a Form 017 with a receipt attached thereto reading: "Received from the Standard Oil Co. $8.40 for digging hole for tank and helper."

A clerk wanted Thursday off, so he went to J. H. Clark and said he wanted either Thursday or Friday, preferably Friday. Clark gave him Thursday. Thanks, that's the day I wanted.

Teddie Schnoor, our well known tank wagon driver and male vamp, is having a paddock made for his hose so it will not get lost while visiting Alma.

We are surprised to learn from Mr. Watson that Harold Sage of the warehouse is married. This comes as quite a shock, as Hody has never been known to carry any excess baggage.

Due to a car shortage the gas tanks at Davenport at one time held only an eight-hour supply. Cars are again being shipped and the tanks are gradually being filled to capacity, thanks to our tank car order department, who are always on the job.

Harriet would better watch her Earl for it is rumored that he has been seen recently with another young lady.

Curly Crans of the stationery room received a letter in feminine handwriting postmarked Peoria. He blushed a rosy red but would not let anyone read it. If Alva Backus hears about this she will not let you buy her any more candy.

Standard Oil Company employees at Cedar Rapids held their annual picnic on Labor Day at Ellis Park. All report a good time and plenty of fried chicken.

Miss Elsie Thomas, our cashier, was absent a few days last week and on Thursday evening, September 7 she was married to Mr. Frank W. Robinson. She has resumed her duties at the office this week. We all offer congratulations.

Mr. M. R. Heath, our Vinton agent, had the misfortune of breaking his wrist on September 12. He says that he has a man to keep up his deliveries but his reports may come in late, as it is his right wrist.

Hurrah for our side! Mr. Drury, district superintendent, and his salesmen, known as Squad No. 1, are now ahead of all other squads (and you can bet they will stay there).

Mrs. Dorothy Hord, stenographer, submitted to a nose operation a short time ago. She has resumed her duties and is apparently cured of her troubles. The Polarine campaign held by the "B" station agents came to a close September 10. Our agent at New Hartford, Iowa, came through with flying colors, covering his quota in full. We wish to compliment the field as a whole as to the spirit taken in this campaign and the excellent results in gallonage.

Jack Jost, of the order department, was seen out with Miss Davidson, of the record department, the other evening. Beware!

George Ellis, of the legal department, was transferred to the stock department, being succeeded by Mr. Hansen.

Mr. Jack Georgen, of the purchasing department, left us recently to take up his work in Omaha where he will be engaged in the movie industry. Mr. Allen West succeeds him.

Rudie, after this when you go to the dentist, be sure that you take out your false teeth so that he will not have an opportunity to pull them out.

We are all happy more or less to see October 1 roll around, for it stands for two things—vacation time and starting work at 8:30 A. M. The district superintendents' squad campaign will come to a close October 14. From the 029 reports that we receive the showing made by the majority of the salesmen is excellent. There is plenty of spirit, which accounts for this campaign being a complete success. So far as can be known, Mr. Brunat's and Drury's squads are in the lead. We will promulgate the final results in our next issue.

DECATUR, ILL.

The Decatur correspondent is still alive, and the Decatur division is still up and going, and the only

reason for the lack of Stanolind Record news from the Decatur field is that we have been in the midst of a big campaign on Red Crown gasoline and are still in it, and everything was sidetracked for Red Crown. If this excuse will stand water, we wish to assure the rest of the division that from here on out there will be a plentiful supply of Stanolind Record news and pictures from the Decatur field.

Mr. Ed. Anderson is our new agent at Windsor, Ill., succeeding Mr. Edwards, who has resigned to take up the occupation of mail carrier. All we have to say for you, Mr. Anderson, is that you will have to watch your step or else your name will appear in the Stanolind Record.

It is with deep regret and sympathy when we report the death of Agent Turner, of Cerro Gordo. Mr. Turner, as a man, had at all times the interest of the company at heart and his territory showed the results of it. The entire Decatur field extends its sympathy to Mr. Turner's family in their hour of bereavement.

Mr. Adams, who was formerly a driver for Mr. Turner, has succeeded to the position of agent at Cerro Gordo.

Our new agent, George Heinz, at Shelbyville, Ill., intends to get started right, for he has bought a new International speed wagon and expects to show his heels to the rest of the crowd.

Mr. F. L. Rice, our agent at Potomac, Ill., is, according to information received from indirect sources, a rather bashful sort of a fellow, as it took one of our representatives to report the arrival of a new baby girl at the Rice family. We extend our heartiest congratulations to the parents and hope that the "rice" which has been added will soon be thriving.

We have information that Mr. Heinz, our Shelbyville agent, purchased a new International speed wagon just prior to taking the fatal jump and entering a life of working in double harness. How about it, Mr. Heinz?

C. Abramson, who just recently graduated from the University of Illinois, is our new service station attendant at No. 18, Decatur.

You will notice that some people's names seldom appear in print, for the simple reason that those people are very careful not to say or do anything which would get their names into the Record. However, in this case it was up to one of the youngest members of the family to get this individual's name into the Record, and that individual is none other than L. E. Barnhart, the lubricating correspondent. On a recent Sunday evening, Barney, with Mrs. Barnhart and little Bobby, started for a little stroll and decided that their destination should be Fairview Park. On this particular evening there happened to be church services in the pavilion at the park and so Barney and family went in and sat down and waited for the preacher to start the usual Sunday service. Everything was quiet, and unexpectedly, to the surprised embarrassment of Barney and Mrs. Barnhart, little Bobby piped up: "Papa, is the picture about ready to start?" Everything being very quiet at that time, the question was heard throughout the pavilion—and it all goes to show that Barney does not spend all of his Sunday evenings attending church services.

We all wish to extend our congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Anderson, the cause of all this excitement being the arrival of a son in their household on July 9, the new member being named William Roe. Mr. Anderson is the new service station attendant at No. 11, Decatur,

A young lady taking subscriptions for magazines, who could interest most women and some men, approached Engineer Jim Delaney recently, relative to subscribing for a number of magazines. Jim has two daughters and therefore the young lady tried very hard to interest him, but Jim came back with the following: "I am an old bachelor and don't care to read that kind, and the folks where I stay don't care for them either"—and he got by with it. This may be the reason why Carrie and Bess continually subscribe for new magazines all the time.

On June 6 there came into the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Snyder the sweetest little piece of humanity imaginable. She has been named Claribel. Congratulations to Mr. Snyder, who is service station attendant at No. 1, Decatur.

Lon Mathias, agent at Bethany, was quarantined from his home for five weeks recently, on account of scarlet fever. Lon states that his family is now well, and that it is sure good to get back home and three "squares" a day.

Howard Estabrook, who has been holding down the position as service station checker, was recently appointed warehouse superintendent. We all predict that Bud will fill the chair.

It takes a good deal to put our own King William Bodkin, driver of the big green truck serving the service stations in town, out of business. He received his knock-out blow, however, a few weeks ago, when a big Buick, with glaring lights, going at a terrific rate of speed, hit him and knocked him across the street. At that, K. W. was back at work in one week, which goes to show that he was not completely knocked out. However, we wish to caution you, K. W., that you should watch your step.

Clarence Burgett, who has been service station attendant at the station directly across from the main office, has recently been promoted to service station instructor and is now on the job. He has been succeeded by Eldo Coffman, formerly attendant at the service station at Macon, Illinois. Watch your step, Eldo, you are constantly under the eye of the main office, and you are filling the shoes of a good man.

G. M. Rucker, agent at Georgetown, Illinois, recently heard the concert put on by the Standard Oil Company Band from KYW station at Chicago, and he wishes to state that the concert was fine and they could hear it very plain. The radio operators at Georgetown, of which there are four, wish to thank the Standard Oil Company for the concert and wish also to be notified of the next one which is put on.

Talk about "breaking records" in the office. Claire broke three in one day. They were dictaphone records, however.

Since adopting the use of the dictaphone, Miss Minor, on whose shoulders rests the responsibility of the dictaphone department, says she is so busy that her nose gets so shiny it hurts her eyes.

Barney fails to see how it would be interesting to talk to "Miss Dictaphone" after supper.

Any time anyone wants Ken Gardner, just call the stenographers' room. The first day they were "segregated," Ken made four trips to their department in an hour, and he's married at that.

Well, well! This is a new one. Claire gets letters, reading "Dearest, etc.," by special messenger now.

L. E. Barnhart, during conversation with General Salesman Wrona, asked him how he spelled his name. Taking pencil in hand, Mr. Wrona

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Miss Hartz worked overtime the other night, claiming that it was the heighth of her ambition to work next to Johnny Jost.

The other day our smiling Pat O'Connell, who is in charge of construction work, received a Form 017 with a receipt attached thereto reading: "Received from the Standard Oil Co. $8.40 for digging hole for tank and helper."

A clerk wanted Thursday off, so he went to J. H. Clark and said he wanted either Thursday or Friday, preferably Friday. Clark gave him Thursday. Thanks, that's the day I wanted.

Teddie Schnoor, our well known tank wagon driver and male vamp, is having a paddock made for his hose so it will not get lost while visiting Alma.

We are surprised to learn from Mr. Watson that Harold Sage of the warehouse is married. This comes as quite a shock, as Hody has never been known to carry any excess baggage.

Due to a car shortage the gas tanks at Davenport at one time held only an eight-hour supply. Cars are again being shipped and the tanks are gradually being filled to capacity, thanks to our tank car order department, who are always on the job.

Harriet would better watch her Earl for it is rumored that he has been seen recently with another young lady.

Curly Crans of the stationery room received a letter in feminine handwriting postmarked Peoria. He blushed a rosy red but would not let anyone read it. If Alva Backus hears about this she will not let you buy her any more candy.

Standard Oil Company employees at Cedar Rapids held their annual picnic on Labor Day at Ellis Park. All report a good time and plenty of fried chicken.

Miss Elsie Thomas, our cashier, was absent a few days last week and on Thursday evening, September 7 she was married to Mr. Frank W. Robinson. She has resumed her duties at the office this week. We all offer congratulations.

Mr. M. R. Heath, our Vinton agent, had the misfortune of breaking his wrist on September 12. He says that he has a man to keep up his deliveries but his reports may come in late, as it is his right wrist.

Hurrah for our side! Mr. Drury, district superintendent, and his salesmen, known as Squad No. 1, are now ahead of all other squads (and you can bet they will stay there).

Mrs. Dorothy Hord, stenographer, submitted to a nose operation a short time ago. She has resumed her duties and is apparently cured of her troubles. The Polarine campaign held by the "B" station agents came to a close September 10. Our agent at New Hartford, Iowa, came through with flying colors, covering his quota in full. We wish to compliment the field as a whole as to the spirit taken in this campaign and the excellent results in gallonage.

Jack Jost, of the order department, was seen out with Miss Davidson, of the record department, the other evening. Beware!

George Ellis, of the legal department, was transferred to the stock department, being succeeded by Mr. Hansen.

Mr. Jack Georgen, of the purchasing department, left us recently to take up his work in Omaha where he will be engaged in the movie industry. Mr. Allen West succeeds him.

Rudie, after this when you go to the dentist, be sure that you take out your false teeth so that he will not have an opportunity to pull them out.

We are all happy more or less to see October 1 roll around, for it stands for two things—vacation time and starting work at 8:30 A. M. The district superintendents' squad campaign will come to a close October 14. From the 029 reports that we receive the showing made by the majority of the salesmen is excellent. There is plenty of spirit, which accounts for this campaign being a complete success. So far as can be known, Mr. Brunat's and Drury's squads are in the lead. We will promulgate the final results in our next issue.

DECATUR, ILL.

The Decatur correspondent is still alive, and the Decatur division is still up and going, and the only

reason for the lack of Stanolind Record news from the Decatur field is that we have been in the midst of a big campaign on Red Crown gasoline and are still in it, and everything was sidetracked for Red Crown. If this excuse will stand water, we wish to assure the rest of the division that from here on out there will be a plentiful supply of Stanolind Record news and pictures from the Decatur field.

Mr. Ed. Anderson is our new agent at Windsor, Ill., succeeding Mr. Edwards, who has resigned to take up the occupation of mail carrier. All we have to say for you, Mr. Anderson, is that you will have to watch your step or else your name will appear in the Stanolind Record.

It is with deep regret and sympathy when we report the death of Agent Turner, of Cerro Gordo. Mr. Turner, as a man, had at all times the interest of the company at heart and his territory showed the results of it. The entire Decatur field extends its sympathy to Mr. Turner's family in their hour of bereavement.

Mr. Adams, who was formerly a driver for Mr. Turner, has succeeded to the position of agent at Cerro Gordo.

Our new agent, George Heinz, at Shelbyville, Ill., intends to get started right, for he has bought a new International speed wagon and expects to show his heels to the rest of the crowd.

Mr. F. L. Rice, our agent at Potomac, Ill., is, according to information received from indirect sources, a rather bashful sort of a fellow, as it took one of our representatives to report the arrival of a new baby girl at the Rice family. We extend our heartiest congratulations to the parents and hope that the "rice" which has been added will soon be thriving.

We have information that Mr. Heinz, our Shelbyville agent, purchased a new International speed wagon just prior to taking the fatal jump and entering a life of working in double harness. How about it, Mr. Heinz?

C. Abramson, who just recently graduated from the University of Illinois, is our new service station attendant at No. 18, Decatur.

You will notice that some people's names seldom appear in print, for the simple reason that those people are very careful not to say or do anything which would get their names into the Record. However, in this case it was up to one of the youngest members of the family to get this individual's name into the Record, and that individual is none other than L. E. Barnhart, the lubricating correspondent. On a recent Sunday evening, Barney, with Mrs. Barnhart and little Bobby, started for a little stroll and decided that their destination should be Fairview Park. On this particular evening there happened to be church services in the pavilion at the park and so Barney and family went in and sat down and waited for the preacher to start the usual Sunday service. Everything was quiet, and unexpectedly, to the surprised embarrassment of Barney and Mrs. Barnhart, little Bobby piped up: "Papa, is the picture about ready to start?" Everything being very quiet at that time, the question was heard throughout the pavilion—and it all goes to show that Barney does not spend all of his Sunday evenings attending church services.

We all wish to extend our congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Anderson, the cause of all this excitement being the arrival of a son in their household on July 9, the new member being named William Roe. Mr. Anderson is the new service station attendant at No. 11, Decatur,

A young lady taking subscriptions for magazines, who could interest most women and some men, approached Engineer Jim Delaney recently, relative to subscribing for a number of magazines. Jim has two daughters and therefore the young lady tried very hard to interest him, but Jim came back with the following: "I am an old bachelor and don't care to read that kind, and the folks where I stay don't care for them either"—and he got by with it. This may be the reason why Carrie and Bess continually subscribe for new magazines all the time.

On June 6 there came into the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Snyder the sweetest little piece of humanity imaginable. She has been named Claribel. Congratulations to Mr. Snyder, who is service station attendant at No. 1, Decatur.

Lon Mathias, agent at Bethany, was quarantined from his home for five weeks recently, on account of scarlet fever. Lon states that his family is now well, and that it is sure good to get back home and three "squares" a day.

Howard Estabrook, who has been holding down the position as service station checker, was recently appointed warehouse superintendent. We all predict that Bud will fill the chair.

It takes a good deal to put our own King William Bodkin, driver of the big green truck serving the service stations in town, out of business. He received his knock-out blow, however, a few weeks ago, when a big Buick, with glaring lights, going at a terrific rate of speed, hit him and knocked him across the street. At that, K. W. was back at work in one week, which goes to show that he was not completely knocked out. However, we wish to caution you, K. W., that you should watch your step.

Clarence Burgett, who has been service station attendant at the station directly across from the main office, has recently been promoted to service station instructor and is now on the job. He has been succeeded by Eldo Coffman, formerly attendant at the service station at Macon, Illinois. Watch your step, Eldo, you are constantly under the eye of the main office, and you are filling the shoes of a good man.

G. M. Rucker, agent at Georgetown, Illinois, recently heard the concert put on by the Standard Oil Company Band from KYW station at Chicago, and he wishes to state that the concert was fine and they could hear it very plain. The radio operators at Georgetown, of which there are four, wish to thank the Standard Oil Company for the concert and wish also to be notified of the next one which is put on.

Talk about "breaking records" in the office. Claire broke three in one day. They were dictaphone records, however.

Since adopting the use of the dictaphone, Miss Minor, on whose shoulders rests the responsibility of the dictaphone department, says she is so busy that her nose gets so shiny it hurts her eyes.

Barney fails to see how it would be interesting to talk to "Miss Dictaphone" after supper.

Any time anyone wants Ken Gardner, just call the stenographers' room. The first day they were "segregated," Ken made four trips to their department in an hour, and he's married at that.

Well, well! This is a new one. Claire gets letters, reading "Dearest, etc.," by special messenger now.

L. E. Barnhart, during conversation with General Salesman Wrona, asked him how he spelled his name. Taking pencil in hand, Mr. Wrona

stated "W-r-o-n" (Barney writing it down as spelled). But when Barney came to the letter "a," he was very careful and exhibited a little dry wit by saying, "You got to be careful about making that 'a' or it is liable to be wrong." We claim Barney pulled something original that time.

Leland Bissey is sporting a new "Henry" and plies his way from Niantic to Decatur pretty capably over the speedway out the West Main Road.

Mr. R. A. Parr is our new service station attendant at No. 301, Decatur. This is fair warning, Mr. Parr, to watch your step if you don't want the Stanolind Record reporter hounds on your trail.

Have you noticed that long, lean, weary look on Carrie's face? The wind sure does hurt a person's looks when getting it from behind the old "Lizzie" windshield.

K. B. Gardner is just about ready to slip into his brand new, spic and span 5-room brick bungalow on West Decatur Street. A house warning is in order.

Did you hear about Doc and Ralph staring the "Great Beyond" in the face recently at Grand Avenue and Water Street? Doc said she got scared out of about ten years growth when that car loomed up from the west. But Ralph guided the good ship safely across the dangerous corner.

Well, boys, here's your chance. Cora Russell says she is after a man and a home. Cora says her family pulled up and left her, hence the above.

Sh-h-h! It is rumored Barney purchased one of those Lizzies. Only question is, where will he park the brute when he drives it to the office? No room in the office, or outside either.

On September 22, Mr. Garfield Axline, warehouseman at Decatur, was taken to St. Mary's hospital and on Monday, following, was operated on for hernia. Mr. Axline is getting along nicely and we hope to have him back soon.

"Doc" Patterson used the Ford coupe and with a friend set sail for Oconee Sunday, September 24. Doc was careful, and as they neared the village, she instructed her companion to watch for the "town," as she was busy watching Lizzie, and did not want to pass it up. As it happened, there was no "box car" on the track that day.

DES MOINES, IOWA

Our salesman, Mr. Simonson, is wearing a big smile since the arrival of a baby girl at his house.

Mr. Johns is the new attendant at Iowa Falls. That pleasant smile of his will make you want to go to his station the second time.

We are sorry to see Mr. Beach leave our Melbourne station, but wish him success as a farmer.

Roy Weagley, service station attendant at Ames, is not only a good attendant but can sell goods in the city. He has recently demonstrated this fact.

Our Nevada agent, Mr. Dickenson, is being called "Daddy." He says, "Bran new baby at our house."

Mr. Allen is our new agent at Blairsburg. Mr. Allen was formerly at Gladbrook. He is doing fine and likes the place.

Bob Jones, new agent at Williams, is a hustler. He is showing fine results.

We welcome back Roy Sloan, new relief attendant between service station No. 303 and No. 95. The same pleasant smile prevails.

Mrs. W. A. Gilmore and two children, John and Joan, are making an extended visit with relatives in Denver, Colo. It is reported they are having a very enjoyable time among the mountains. How about you, W. A?

Irwin Netcott, attendant, service station No. 35, Mason City has been transferred to city tank truck driver—says he finds the work pleasant. He has been succeeded by Bert Van Horn.

John Casper, attendant, service station No. 99, Mason City, says he is giving everyone a square deal—probably due to being so near the fair grounds.

L. F. Pederson, salesman, of Forest City, has been transferred to Mr. Hedley's field. We all wish him success on his new territory.

Mr. L. Bitting, bookkeeper, has evidently much to learn concerning these new fangled "contrapshings" called Fords. The Ford car which he was driving tried to climb a larger car which was parked alongside a curb one morning last week. The police department's investigation into the affair has leaked out and it has been learned that Mr. Bitting has promised to stick to his bicycle while taking further instructions on Ford control.

A newcomer in the office is Mr. Hubersmith, with the saleswriters.

First hand experience is part of the equipment of the check department now. H. J. Daniels, formerly of service station No. 82, of this city, is now helping the boys with Form 0130.

A. L. Livingston has been promoted to junior salesman after having successfully discharged his duties at service station No. 322.

Harry Ahrold has been promoted to local Superintendent of service stations. Those who are acquainted with Harry's experience and past record are confident of his success in his new work.

"Sleuthing and general detective work wanted. Assisted by genuine beagle houn'." We offer this as a suggestion to Geo. Knapp, warehouse foreman, who purchased a Beagle hound the other day. Has he a pedigree, George? House detectives are required to show their credentials and that would be part of them, you know.

Labor day made the week-end a day longer and several of the office force took advantage of this. The Woodhead sisters journeyed to What Cheer, Iowa, while Miss Frances Hubbel spent the week-end in Chicago. Miss Mildred Allen was a visitor in Omaha at the time.

The stenographers of the seventh floor honored Miss Carpenter with a picnic luncheon in the stenographic room last week. The occasion for this seemed to be her birthday but for details regarding age, date of birth and so forth, we are being held painfully accountable.

J. M. Cappel has been promoted to station examiner. He is at present working with Mr. Brown, under instructions, in the vicinity of Red Oak.

Another lost soul comes to light. Miss Frances Widde and Mr. Walter McCown journeyed to Minneapolis and there in due course of time promised to love, honor and obey from the 21st day of August, 1922 until the end. Mrs. McCown is leaving us the last of September to go to Ft. Dodge where they will start their marital bliss. Mr. McCown is connected with the traffic department of the Leighton Supply Co. of that city.

The service station attendants in Des Moines are attending weekly meetings. The first meeting was held September 11, at the warehouse. A gasoline distillation test was given which demonstrated the true quality of Red Crown Gasoline. Mr. Sacket made the demonstration giving with

it his very interesting educational talk. About twenty-five members were in attendance.

J. H. Walters, attendant at No. 322, 7th and Murphy, sold five ½-gallon cans of Semdac one afternoon. He demonstrated it by applying a little on the fenders of customers' cars.

Walters tells us he is going to start little campaigns of his own on all case goods. This is a very excellent idea. Watch Walters sell case goods.

Mrs. Jenks, wife of our attendant No. 305, was operated on for appendicitis. We all wish her a speedy recovery.

DETROIT, MICH.

A few Sundays ago when A. N. Schneider, superintendent, W. Detroit plant, was calmly loafing in his easy chair, wearing his bedroom slippers, he happened to look out the window and saw a couple of men steal a bench that the men sit on at noon, and drive off with it. He started to run after the horse and wagon, dropping his slippers in the road about ninety feet apart, but he caught the thieves and made them bring back the stolen property. We suppose the parties who took the bench thought that the fellows at West Detroit did not stop to rest any more; but anyway, it is rather handy that the superintendent lives directly across from the plant.

On September 28, Mr. Don Anderson, of the lubricating department, reported for work with a sorrowful-looking bandaged eye. He said he had caught cold. On the same day Mr. Walter Amolsch, cashier at W. Detroit, appeared with a bandaged nose. We all sympathize with our newlyweds and wish to encourage them by quoting Mr. Keating's favorite maxim: "The first hundred years are the hardest."

A. T. Remington, general salesman, is certainly at home at Rochester. He even eats in the kitchen at the hotel when he is late getting in.

Mr. Al. Payne, Bellevue Avenue, has been promoted to superintendent of the River Rouge bulk station.

Fred Zahn and Charlie Rapp put in some overtime one Sunday morning and when they got through at the office they rushed over to a nearby church where they were very much surprised by being requested to distribute some envelopes to receive contributions. Charlie got away with it all right because he has had experience in that line before, but we understand that Fred Zahn was very much embarrassed. He says that it is lots harder than selling candles.

Mr. George Gensler, rural tank wagon driver at Monroe, asked for a leave of absence September 16, stating it was very important that he be away at that time. We have learned since that he was that day married to Miss Bertha Bower. All extend congratulations and best wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Gensler.

Why should all the east side specialty salesmen be interested in the Educational Club?

Mr. H. Hassig, of Bellevue Avenue plant, is the proud daddy of a ten-pound boy, born September 11.

Aren't women funny? Miss Schlunt, the telephone operator, one morning said she wished people wouldn't all bother her by saying "good morning," and the next day when the boys in the service station department purposely omitted this formality she wanted to know what was the matter and if they were "sore."

Station Examiners Nichols, Anstess and Murray, found on a certain night not long ago that they were all staying at the same hotel in Jackson. It seemed like a reunion. But even figuring the good times they manage to have occasionally, they say it's a grand and glorious feeling to once more see the Detroit office after a week in the country.

J. W. "Doc" Gehrken, district superintendent, says he is going to put bells on Rube Begeman's truck so he can find him when he is in Rochester.

Ed. McKee, Bellevue's "Hasting Street King," has left the employ of the company and sailed for Sunny France where he expects to remain for a year or so. Fellow employees presented Mr. McKee with a traveling bag and wishes for a safe journey.

Mr. Clyde Demond, service station tank wagon driver at Pontiac, was on the job the other day when he saved one of his customers from what might have been a serious fire. A vulcanizing appliance had fallen over, upsetting the gasoline and igniting the floor. He was first to see it and was successful in putting it out before much damage was done.

Employees of the Standard Oil Co. at Ann Arbor are wondering if there will be a walnut crop at Peoria, Ill., this fall. Mr. G. F. Phillips, assistant manager at that point, was at one time the champion walnut picker in Washtenaw county, having gathered two auto loads in one afternoon.

We welcome to our family Richard Duncan, Reginald Smith, and Elmer McQuiren, agents of our new stations at Clyde, New Hudson and Walled Lake, respectively.

We thought we would be able to leave Charles Weed alone, now that he is happily married, but we must tell you of a little secret. When he was on his honeymoon he ran out of money at Albany and had to borrow from the organization. But then, since it is the first time he was married, how did he know how much it was going to cost?

A few days ago Mr. Geo. Knapp found on his desk an odd looking metal contrivance which he was rather afraid to touch, thinking it was a bomb or something, but when nothing happened he finally picked up courage to examine it and found it was nothing more nor less than a container for the pencils, tape, etc., carried in case of accident.

Leo Lavey, agent at Pinckney, has been in a Chicago hospital for some time receiving treatment for injuries he sustained while in the service of Uncle Sam. We are glad he is now able to be back at his old duties.

Roy Harris, S. S. attendant at the new Rochester station, is all smiles. He says with the new station he is going to make a new record for other stations to shoot at.

Our little Irish pumpman at Bellevue avenue must have taken a few lessons in Jui Jitsu or believes in the old adage "The larger they are, the harder they fall." Ask F. Griffith what his ideas are on this subject.

Hay fever has claimed another victim, Freeman Burden, our agent at Howell, who has been compelled to sojourn for some time in northern Michigan.

Mr. O. Burns, route man at Clay avenue, was married to Miss Mildred Warthington at Alpena, Mich., on September 20. They are now at home to their many friends at 414 Euclid, East.

Just because one is a station auditor doesn't prevent his being a salesman and this was proven recently by A. H. Murray when a farmer in the little town of Oak Grove happened to mention to him that he needed some oil for his tractor. The auditor called the nearest agent and in two hours the oil was delivered and another customer added to the list. "Every man a salesman" is the Detroit idea.

Mr. Tom Mason, lubricating salesman at Pontiac, was chairman of the Pontiac representatives at the Milford Fair, which delegation numbered about 3,000 people. We don't know if this had anything to do with the fact that the Pontiac ball team won the game, which was the leading event, but anyway, it was a good fight as they had to play thirteen innings and then the score was two to one.

Mr. Alverson, cashier at Bellevue avenue, came to work the morning of the second with the news that he had a new "cashieress" at his home.

One noon a representative from a local photograph gallery made a raid on the office, selling coupons for getting "excellent photographs at almost nothing," and after he had gone, we overheard Mr. Pierson say to Mr. Lubnau, on the order desk: "Say, Dick, when are you going to have your picture taken? I want to get mine taken before you do so the camera will be in good order."

There is always plenty of publicity given when an accident occurs and we think there should be the same amount when one is prevented. Much commendation should be given Jerome Daneve, S. S. attendant at Lafayette and 17th, for preventing a serious accident at his station September 7. A customer was just about to light a match to see how much gasoline he had in his tank when Mr. Daneve yelled at him and then explained to him what might have happened.

We are informed by the successor of Jerry Miller, who has been transferred from station auditor to take charge of the iron barrel department, that everyone in that territory asks "How is Jerry Miller?" You surely made a lot of friends when you were on the road, Jerry.

We all extend our sincere sympathy to Vern Bartholomew, Bellevue avenue, in his recent bereavement, the death of his mother.

A. N. Bailey, agent at Pontiac, and wife, were pleased to have a few Detroit office representatives spend an evening, including midnight bathing, at their summer cottage at Orion, following an invitation recently extended. A very enjoyable time was reported by Litch Anstees and wife, Josephine Stephens, May Lahuski and Percy Gallie, who made up the party. Knowing the crowd so well, we can vouch that it was some party!

The following was sent in by J. E. Barton, agent at Stockbridge:

There was a man in our town
And he was wondrous wise.
He had used all brands of motor oil,
But judge of his surprise,
When he had tried good Polarine,
Combined with Red Crown gas
There was nothing on the roadways
That he ever failed to pass.

Mr. Wilkinson, at Bellevue, reports the arrival of a son September 22. The candy and cigars were fine.

J. Barbour, one of Fenton's leading citizens, and also our agent for a good many years, has been making sales records that are highly commendable. He guarantees to give anyone a good run for their money.

A. A. Bailey, civil engineer, who has been aiding Mr. Palmerlee in constructing stations, is quite a football enthusiast and is very anxious that we start building a service station at Ann Arbor soon so he can superintend the work while some of the large games are in progress.

Jay Howald, who is to assist in handling Safety work at the main office, is now riding around with the tankwagon men trying to figure out how accidents happen—or how so many are able to be avoided. We think he will have the latter opinion, considering the heavy traffic here compared with Hillsdale, where he formerly resided.

Bert Smith, the clerk who keeps typewriter ribbons in stock: "I would like a ribbon." Clerk: "What kind?" Bert Smith: "For a long carriage Underwood." We presume he thought the ribbon had to be longer than the ordinary Underwood ribbon.

EVANSVILLE, IND.

The thirteenth holds no terrors for Arthur Rohner, attendant at the Fulton and Franklin street service station, for on the thirteenth of September Arthur took unto himself a bride, formerly Miss Violet Ross. Welcome to the family, Mrs. Rohner.

Since Dutch Glesige has been made chairman of the Safety First Commission and has had occasion to point out to several of the Standard family the error of some of their driving habits, the correspondent has received a number of suggestions which bear the earmarks of a "comeback." One is that unless Glesige reduces the size of the customary quid of tobacco he is likely to run against something solid one day and knock out a few of his teeth. Another is that he would better drop the tobacco into his mouth gently instead of "throwing it in," as is his usual habit.

George Gymer, so we have heard, had rather enjoyed his tete-a-tete with the winsome young miss he chanced to meet on the train into Vincennes recently. So much so, in fact, that he thought it to be quite the proper thing to assist her to alight with her baggage. It seems, however, that the girl had carelessly forgotten to mention the fact that her husband was to meet her at the train—(The story was cut from here on by the censor.)

His many friends in the office were pleased to hear of Edgar Lee Watlington's transfer from the agency at Benton, Ill., to the Evansville office. Edgar has the capacity of making countless friends and everyone is always glad to have him around. Welcome, Ed!

Pete Ramsey is making good on his new job as sub-station examiner. Pete is making friends with all the agents in his territory.

F. Y. Carrier has been given a permanent berth on the tank wagon forces at Evansville.

Charles B. Hayes' several years of faithful service with the company were suitably rewarded recently when he was promoted to agent at Benton, Ill., taking the place left by Edgar Watlington. Charlie has been studying his instruction book for weeks now and he can almost tell you where to find the authority for any transaction which may take place.

Hagle Summers was promoted to first attendant at the Benton service station when Charles Leonard became tank wagon driver.

Charles Leonard has a host of friends all over Benton and the surrounding territory, and he should make an excellent tank wagon man in that territory.

Even horses and buggies are going to our service station at Fulton and Franklin streets, Evansville, to get Red Crown gasoline and Polarine oils. This is truly the Lubrication Age. Louis Stock, attendant at this station, was asked how he got the horse and buggy drivers to using gasoline and Polarine, but Louis only grinned and declined to

divulge his secret. It's a fact, though, because we saw the horse and buggy drive up to the station and know for a fact that the driver bought a gallon of Red Crown and a quart of Polarine.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen, step this way, only twenty-five cents, the fourth part of a dollar, to see the ravishing Princess Fazima and her dancing girls perform that passionate, wonderful oriental dance." And among those to answer the beating tomtom and that world famous melody "ta—da—da, da—da," was Eddie Walker, entering for the first time that side show of side shows. For shame, Eddie; we expected you to linger in the animal tent.

Helen Bowles feels that her trip to Chicago was not a full success, because she failed to get a glimpse of the statue of Liberty. Oh, well, Helen, we suppose it was foggy all the time you were up there.

Conrad Roth had to buy a new hat the other day, reason: Born, September 14, to Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Roth, an eight-pound girl, Pauline Anna, as explained by the newspapers the next morning. This is Conrad's first experience as a father and his friends are fearing for him, some suggesting a tight bandage around the head to prevent further enlargement.

John Foster, after kidding everyone around the Standard plant at Evansville who has purchased an automobile in the last ten years, has finally succumbed to the march of the times and has bought himself a new Dodge car.

Walter Riepe was as much surprised as the rest of us the other night when he bowled 231. See if you can't duplicate it, Walter.

Ed Aldridge has been transferred to the stock department.

Jim Miller is now the general ledger bookkeeper and has the care of the city books. Jim's familiarity with the city accounts is making him a valuable man on that desk.

Helen Bowles must have purchased a new alarm clock. She has been coming to work on time for the last few days.

William M. Scott did so well as a temporary salesman that he has been promoted to the force permanently and will have the circuits of Jeffersonville, Memphis and Nabb.

Melvin B. Pirtle, our new agent at Grand Tower, Ill., is making a hit with the department heads in the office by the prompt manner in which he handles all his correspondence and reports.

Ruby E. Wirts has been placed in charge of S. S. 4, Washington, Ind.

Harry E. Griffin is the hard working young man who now has the Anna, Ill., station.

Carroll B. Foster, formerly tank wagon driver at DuQuoin, Ill., has been promoted to agent at that point.

Billy Ralston certainly bought "lots" that day he was off in September, but then Billy told the chief clerk that he had some real estate to attend to, so we can hardly accuse him of deception. They say the young lady is proud of her ring, and she should be, for it took Billy an entire day to buy it and present it to her. Maybe he needed the time in which to work up enough courage to tender the offer. Just why he had the phone disconnected that day is still a mystery. Nettie Klein reports seeing him in the afternoon with a girl two feet taller than himself. You will have to look up to your bride, Billy; that is, unless you stand on a chair. Mary Lou Ainsworth wanted to know the next morning if Ralston was initiated the night before (she hadn't heard the news) and Harold Guthrie answered: "No, not yet." Billy declines to issue any statement, his only comment being: "Well, all I've got to say is that news certainly travels fast around here."

Edwin Reitz and James Taylor are handling the filing in the office in a very satisfactory manner. Keep it up, boys; you make it a pleasure to look up references.

It seems strange to us that the correspondent had to go to a popular movie house uptown in order to get a glimpse of that diamond ring Margaret Blondin has recently received. But then we suppose she thought it might possibly interfere with her work if she should wear it to the office. That wouldn't explain why she tried to hide it, though, when she noticed said correspondent sitting in the seat right behind her, or why she shortly got up and moved to another seat not so close to the correspondent's vision. We know this will be a blow to many fellows in the office and our chief reason for publishing the facts are to avert any additional heartbreaks. You really can't expect to hide your light under a bushel, though, Margaret, especially if it be the light reflected from such a sparkler as you were wearing. It was a good looking ring, Margaret, and the young man sitting beside you would make Rodolph Valentino blush. We are willing to give you the benefit of the doubt; possibly you had just received the ring. We sincerely trust the engagement will be a long one, for we dislike to think of losing you.

FARGO, N. D.

Mr. B. L. Smith, of the sales promotion department, is back on the job, after having undergone a painful and rather serious operation for mastoids. Although rather pale around the gills, he reports that he is feeling much better and hopes soon to be his old self.

It is rumored that Salesman Paul T. Vaaler is about to join the benedicts.

Salesman Sherman reports the addition of the following new equipment in his field: Robert Graham, Watford, N. D., new Ford truck; Thos. White, Ray, N. D., new Ford truck; Ole Sather, Hanks, N. D., new Sampson truck; John Loonan, Tioga, N. D., new Maxwell; Edwin Lang, Wildrose, N. D., new International Red Baby; D. C. Moore, transferred to Grenora from Powers Lake also has a new Ford truck. With this added equipment, the Williston territory should be well taken care of.

New additions to the record department are: Orlando Nicholson and Alvin Savre.

Mr. O. M. Ranger was called to Pelican Rapids to attend the funeral of his grandmother.

Manager F. I. Packard and Assistant Manager P. A. Raupagh, as well as their many marketing assistants, have spent the greater part of the past month out in the field.

After a year's absence, spent at his home in Kloton, N. D., Mr. Louis Thompson has again taken up his duties in the record department.

It is with regret that we report the resignation of Leonard Alexander. Leonard has been with the company a number of years, spending several years in the office, later taking up sales and auditing work.

Roy Dunbar is wearing a smile from ear to ear. His wife and baby have just returned from a visit with relatives in Minnesota.

Friends of Miss Florence Berget will be pleased to hear that she is getting along nicely after her recent illness. It is reported that she will soon be back at her desk.

Jack Hay, district superintendent at Devils

Lake, N. D., has been appointed Deputy Game Warden in that district. Mr. Hay believes in "Safety First."

Mr. Temon Hanson, of the record department, is the latest benedict. Miss Catherine M. Fuller, of Hope, is the fortunate young lady. They are to be at home to their many friends at Fargo after September 1.

Mr. Bock, superintendent of the Fargo warehouse, reports the following day's work for his trucks: 16139, L. E. Viets, delivered 29 whole and 140 half barrels and 257 cases; Army Rich, 5553, delivered five whole and 74 half barrels and 180 cases. Going some!

Miss Juliette Bowers and Grace Mullen are the new members of the stenographic force.

Mr. Albert Rotta, salesman in the Linton field, reports the arrival of a bouncing baby girl at his home.

Mrs. L. R. Jones, wife of L. R. Jones, chief clerk, Kansas City, paid us a visit during the past month. Mrs. Jones, formerly Miss Jessie Cruickshank, worked with us for a number of years and it seemed like old times to have her with us again. Our only disappointment was that she did not bring our old friend, Mr. Jones, with her.

Mr. Paul Thomas was a Minot visitor on business during the past month.

Clarence Twight, station examiner, sprang a surprise on his many friends by marrying Miss Mamie Bewick, a dashing widow from Eugene, Oregon. Owing to Clarence's shy, quiet ways about the office, none of the girls thought he could be vamped—but they will fall!

Miss Lorenza Hagen, of the home office, visited Fargo office recently. Lorenza was employed at Fargo for a number of years and seemed to feel right at home. Miss Ann Edlund and several of the Fargo girls entertained in her honor.

Lester Brubaker, of the order department, has resigned. Lester was a real live wire, and will be greatly missed.

Mr. H. N. Ebeltoft, former salesman in the Detroit field, has been transferred to the accounting department in the Fargo office as general clerk.

Twelve of the Standard Oil girls recently enjoyed a corn roast at Oak Grove. I'll bet some farmer is mourning the loss of his corn!

Dist. Supt. Lawrence is able to be back on the job after an operation for appendicitis.

Mr. H. H. Hathaway reports the arrival of a baby girl at his home on August 21.

Mr. Louis Torgerson, of the record department, has resigned due to ill health.

Freddy Podahl is sporting a new watch. Clerks in the check department are sorry that it does not carry an alarm—one that rings at 5:00.

Mr. A. E. Larson, formerly of the Devils Lake office, has taken up the duties of station examiner in the Jamestown field, succeeding Mr. Daughenbough, who resigned.

Misses Foy and Tardiff spent Labor Day at Crookston.

Miss Tollerud is reported to be some hunter. The girls say she will have to be if she takes care of all the duck feeds which she has promised.

The girls at the Fargo office had Sam Ordahl married again last month. They have him married every once in a while.

During the recent campaign, Salesmen Lee drove into a prosperous farmyard and immediately began to tell the farmer what Red Crown would do and what Mica was noted for. The farmer exclaimed: "How many of you Standard grease men are in this country? I was just sold by two parties—I don't know who they were but they drove a large black car with white wheels, and all enclosed with glass." Salesman Lee had no trouble in guessing that District Superintendent Lawrence and Assistant Manager Raupagh had been there.

Jewel Solie is "Dodge-ing" it now.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

Friday, September 22, marks the day of the appearance of Gordon Smith, weight 7¼ pounds, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Smith. Gordon's daddy is service station attendant at Grand Rapids.

On September 9th U. S. Rich, of the warehouse, took unto himself a wife, one Gladys Davis. We wish you much happiness, U.S., and hope there will be more wealth and riches to brighten your life.

And now the demure blonde maidens of the office are getting bolder. We hear that Florence Baker dared our little bashful Al Terpening to kiss her. So it has come to this, they must be dared! However, we understand the dare was accepted.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Dykema are the proud parents of an 8-pound son, born September 8, at Blodgett Memorial Hospital. They call him Robert Marshall. Mother and son are doing fine. Mr. Dykema is our agent at Holland.

It seemed good to see Mr. Lawrence Hanna, auditor, in the office again. Mr. Hanna spent part of his vacation in Grand Rapids. We are always glad to see you, Mr. Hanna.

We would recommend emery wheel or something of the kind to file down Oscar Nelson's "beard," seeing as he uses it rather promiscuously.

We think A. C. Anderson, district superintendent, is trying to disguise himself, for what reason we do not know, but that reddish growth on his upper lip surely does it. How long is the bet on, A. C.?

We took particular note of the fact that Al Terpenning came down all "dolled up" with Stanolax on his hair 'neverything, for a couple of days. It was the first and second day that Cleo Uplinger, our new billing clerk, was here. Never give up, Al; you quit too soon.

Carl De Vries says it is rather expensive to have automobile smashups. The police are bound to search for "moon" the first thing after an accident. Moon may have that effect, especially when it's a full moon, and party in question is driving with the left hand, a fair damsel occupying the right.

HURON, S. D.

We are glad to report that Mr. T. W. Ronan, agent at Aberdeen, is fast recovering from his recent illness.

Mr. Ralph Reed, efficiency man from Chicago, paid us a visit and he had the same smile that he wore when he was here at the time of our fire last fall. If it was not the same one, it was one just as big.

Ward Lambert is now a full-fledged salesman, being out on the road as a special salesman for Semdac. Go to it, Ward! But do not contract any of the habits usually accredited to traveling salesmen.

Dick Bager has taken Ward's place in the records and marketing department, keeping track of the salesmen's 029's.

Ray Ford, from Highmore, has joined us and is taking care of "A" ledger. He came from a bank and Duke went to a bank, so that makes us even.

Our agent from Arlington was in to attend the fair. The correspondent met both he and Pat Ryan in a carnival side show. What was the correspondent doing there? Well, he was just looking for news.

There are two stories afloat as to a certain phone message from downstairs to one, Ryan, clerk in the order department. The girls downstairs claim they made a "date" with Ryan, while Ryan claims he slipped one over on them by having "Mac" answer the phone while he went downstairs and listened. The correspondent refuses to pass on who the joke was on; this is a news department and not a joke court.

We suggest that the case of Jimmy be looked into—he has such a far-away look in his eyes, and when spoken to very suddenly, says but one word: "Lila." The next thing we know, somebody will be passing 'em around, saying "Take one on Jim."

We hear that "Duke," our 273 clerk, has left the office to go into a bank—it is all O. K., he is going in during working hours, so the police won't bother him.

C. J. Junker, our hard working (?) credit man, burns the midnight oil (Perfection, of course), but whether he works or thinks about those "by-gone days" is the question. Guess we will have to ask the janitor. (Des Moines papers please copy.)

The boys in the stock have not had any fights for the past thirty days. Why not start something, Jack?

Ole Olson, our charming sales promoter, was seen emerging from a carnival tent one night, exclaiming, "Ain't nature grand!" For the past five weeks he has worn a bandage on one of his eyes. Moral—WEAR GLASSES, OLE, AND AVOID EYE STRAIN.

The office girls put on a party—that's all right, fellows, it wasn't the kind you are thinking of; this was a real genuine, full-fledged Hallowe'en party. They claim they played Hallowe'en games and had a light lunch—did you ever hear of girls eating a *light* lunch? It may be so, but they never do when you are buying it. Edna Philips has gained quite a reputation as a speaker, describing with silvery words, her ability to gather apples under water. The girls say that Anna, true descendant of Eve, was so enthused over the prospects of getting an apple that she went in head first. Flash-light pictures were taken after the excitement had sort of died down, and if we can persuade the editor of the Stanolind Record to publish them, they will be in next month's number. (If you have one of Anna diving for apple, we will.—Ed.)

Mr. Hardman came in from the Black Hills on company business, but wishes he had stayed there a little longer so that he could have taken in the Alfalfa Palace, as he missed the fair here at Huron.

Bob does not think it is much of a joke to have somebody put a 10-gage shot gun, loaded with 4½ grams of black powder, in his room when he is trying to sleep; he says it troubles his dreams. If you are looking for trouble, ask him about it.

From reports going around the office, we would like to suggest to the editor of the Record that he name the next month's issue the "Suicide" number —not that anyone intends to take his own life, but reports seem to point towards some four or five marriages.

The order department holds a record for additions to its family, having two in one week. Mr. Weston claims he now believes in Infant Damnation, especially at night. Mack comes in with a loud "Yea."

The agent at Hayti visited the office in company with our salesman, LeValley, the last part of the month.

Jack to Vera (speaking of a certain young man): "Stay away from that fellow; he is clever, wicked and not at all the sort for you." Whereupon the devil made another notch in his pitch fork.

Our manager, chief clerk and assistant chief clerk paid a "business" trip to the Corn Palace at Mitchell on its opening.

It has been noticed that certain male members of the credit department have been getting along quite swimmingly and that the young ladies involved are quite popular among the inhabitants of the first floor back. You see the ratio is ten to two and that is just eight too many for the above mentioned M. M.

Have you heard about our new Mica salesman? Chief Clerk Miller, while visiting at a farmer's home, decided to show the assistant manager what a real sales talk sounded like. He told the farmer what a wonderful thing Mica was to cean lice out of chicken houses, what a marvelous hog oiler it made when combined with a piece of burlap sack, and what a splendid rust preventive it was when applied to exposed machinery. After listening ten or fifteen minutes to silvery words, the farmer meekly said: "Say, Mister, is it any good for greasing axles with?"

Mr. Travers is all hooked up in a double harness now. His new boss is, or rather was, Miss Bertha Feenan, stenographer in the credit department until last spring.

While Mr. Miller may not have "sales line," he certainly has a "collecting line"—one strong enough to hang clothes on. The cashier's department says that it wants more help if Miller is going to collect again this month.

Mr. Ole Olson, our Swede sales promoter and Junker (the name sounds German) are to play the Scotch game of golf for two bits a hole. We predict a draw or the game may be stopped by the L. of N.

WATERTOWN

The city of Watertown is proudly displaying Standard Oil Company Road Oil on the streets, and apparently the "display" is highly appreciated by those living on said streets.

Leo Smith, salesman, has three new store accounts on Perfection as one day's efforts, and in order to keep in practice, he secured an order for twenty-five barrels of grease the next day.

Service Station Attendant Rau is blossoming into a "full line" salesman.

Service Station Attendant Wilbur stepped out and assisted in securing new store accounts on Perfection, which was greatly appreciated by the salesmen.

Salesman Vern Croft has been quite busily engaged in making sales in Wallace during the past few days, and reports that "business is good."

After spending two weeks in the Mitchell district, our district superintendent, Mr. G. C. Perkins, has returned to the Watertown field.

Agent Welter and Truck Salesman Ginsback have been doing some nice work in the "sales record."

Truck Salesman Fred Johnson says that Semdac is to be his "bacon" from now on and that five gallons is to be the minimum sale.

Service Station Attendant Arnold Booris, is now a sign specialist—"high sign excepted."

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

When Sidney Kurtz got hit by a Ford, he got a safe; suppose if he can manage to get messed up by a limousine he will get a private office.

Ernie Davis, driver of the State truck at Clinton, while making one of his famous runs to "B" stations, acted the role of hero in putting out a fire at a farmhouse, his trusty fire extinguisher turning the trick in apple pie order.

The following clipped from the Terre Haute Star involved Saleswriter James Morgan: "Montezuma, Ind., Sept. 25.—Mrs. Mary E. Dowdell of West Union and James Morgan of Indianapolis were united in marriage at the bride's home at West Union last night. The couple left immediately for Indianapolis, where they will make their home. Mrs. Morgan has had a general store at West Union for a number of years."

One of those hot early September days, a radiator on the second floor sprung a fine joke by leaking like a mountain stream. The worst feature of this weird performance was that the culprit was directly over Phil Serrin's stogie. Now, wouldn't it have been terrible, if the fire on the end of this notorious "fleur de cabbage" had been put out!

C. L. Mouncey, credit department, is suffering from inflammatory rheumatism and is in a very bad condition. C. L. showed bulldog tactics by working until he got in such terrible shape that he had to be sent home.

Lew Albrecht, stock department clown, says he knows little about music, except "flats," and they are infested with roaches and dripping sink faucets.

W. B. Hewitt, Anderson, S. S. 50, is still keeping the other boys worried about their smokes after the arrival of a new daughter.

George Lewis Anderson S. S. 24, went sojourning again to St. Louis this time. According to the financial statement, George spent just 6 cents on this trip (six postal cards).

Chas. Brough hearkened to wedding bells recently and is now putting extra "zip" in the pump handle at S. S. 13.

A. C. Retz, S. S. 24, has turned philosopher. Expects to rival Socrates, we are told. Here's a sample: "It takes twenty years for one woman to make a man out of her son aud just twenty minutes for another woman to make a fool out of him." To date, A. C. has not been accused of copying his stuff out of some almanac.

Walter Boemler, service station collector, will be equipped with headgear and cleated shoes, since his latest exhibition at S. S. 305, where he made end runs, forward passes and wound up by tackling the water cooler for a "down." Dave Kelsch acted as referee and wished for a club.

Late reports show E. F. Kroencke, lubricating department, five laps ahead in the Ediphone shouting contest. The operators in the Ediphone room don't wait until they get the cylinders—they just start writing as our "circus announcer" dictates. Arrangements may be made to keep the windows open so letters can be heard at destination, thereby reducing postage expenses.

Among our usual Saturday morning fashion plates was noticed our Compo operator. The verdict of the spellbound ran something like this: "Exit Irene Castle Tremain; enter, Nelle Sage."

Miss Florence Eugenia Lyons, belle of the first floor, was married on Saturday, September 23, at Westminster Presbyterian Church, to Dr. George B. Fults of Wabash, Indiana, and the "fairest of the fair" is no longer with us. The bride was beautiful in her bridal array and no less lovely were Miss Pauline Kline, our diminutive city bill clerk, as maid of honor, and Miss Libby Lee Turner, stenographer, as bridesmaid. Florence was gracious enough to invite the entire office to the wedding and the office is ready to take oath that it was the prettiest wedding ever witnessed. The employees gave the bride a chest of silver as her wedding gift and this was presented at a bridal shower given by the office girls at the home of Miss Henrietta Goldberger on the Wednesday preceding the ceremony. We wish you all the happiness and good fortune possible, Florence.

Mr. Ashman, chief clerk, was in Chicago recently. Mr. Ashman returned with a "cold sore" on his lips. When we recall the recent photograph of some of the vamps in the Chicago office we get mad! You leave our boss alone!

Arthur Retz, attendant at Anderson S. S. 24, sent in a box of asters and other fall flowers cut from the garden he planted on the service station grounds. The flowers were very pretty and were evidence of the good care which Mr. Retz has taken of the station yard.

Former chief clerk, J. F. Hinch, was a caller on the afternoon of September 28. Appears to be fully recovered from his thirty some years of toil; in fact, he appears to have turned josher. Who would have thunk it!

About the worst fish story launched around these parts, was put in circulation by Ray Kean, check clerk. He caught a 6-pound sunfish and instead of throwing it in the sack tied to the boat, he flung it back into the water.

A native of the warehouse sprung a puzzler the other day by declaring he was going to build a basement under his cellar.

The Polarine Social Club threw a well attended theatre party at Keith's on the night of September 29. Over one hundred members were present, and all report a very enjoyable time. This is the first of a series of monthly social features to be staged by the Polarines and their families.

JOLIET, ILL.

KEWANEE

Mr. Andy Bennett and family spent Sunday, September 17, with his parents at Hooppole. While there Andy made the best of a real chicken dinner.

Don't you think the nights are getting chilly? Ask Tom Sprague, who drives the Ford truck—he knows! No more falling asleep while driving home from Hooppole. We would advise him to keep her in Kewanee for the winter, on account of the many long, cold nights here. How about it, Tom?

Have you bought a brick? When in Kewanee, do so. For further information, inquire at the service station. Our motto is "SERVICE"—even with bricks.

In the course of the last few days several new faces are noticeable. Edward Yordy has accepted a position as service station attendant and Avon Humphrey is now our new Ford specialist, taking complete charge of our Ford truck.

Yordy, by the way, is helping to put S. S. 2 over the top in the drive this month, particularly with cartage. We think that he is more or less compelled to make this a success, due to the fact that he has purchased a new "CAN." Another unauthorized credit for Henry Ford.

STERLING

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Tousley are the proud parents of a 7½-pound baby boy. Mr. Tousley is the service station attendant at No. 5. Latest reports from the front advise that Baby Tousley can say "Polarine." Papa Tousley has also invested in a new Ford.

Mr. Raymond Walzer is our new service station attendant at No. 5, acting as relief man for Mr. Tousley.

Sterling has at least one smiling countenance—none other than Joe Davis, the new attendant at S. S. 25.

ELGIN

Elgin went over the top on the Red Crown gasoline sales for the month of August, and if you have any doubts as to what the service stations did ask the assistant manager—he knows. Why?

We have missed Mr. Paul Sanno around the station, as he is out on the tank wagon sales force. More pep, Paul.

The Elgin force had a picnic and supper at Wing Park recently. Many out-of-town guests were there, among them Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Morton, Mr. and Mrs. Patterson, Mr. Connors, from Joliet; Mr. Rose from De Kalb. Everyone seemed to have had a good time, including the manager, who is, so to speak, an authority on the rules of running past second base. This was discovered during an exciting indoor baseball game just before eats.

Mr. George Potter, our live little agent at Triumph, is back on his Lincolnette truck again after a month of doctors and medicine. We're glad George didn't decide to remain laid up for another month, as Triumph reports the town was dead without him.

We're pleased, altho rather shocked, to learn that our Mr. Parks, new agent at Wenona, Ill., is so well liked by the ladies. We understand Lloyd is teaching them how to can fruit. We also discovered that the name of L. W. Parks appears on some committee in every affair of any kind at Wenona. Gee! but it must be great to be so popular. However, if it were anyone else but Parks, we would think he was giving up the oil game, but we know he isn't. Watch him, Mrs. Parks!

Charlie Sengphiel, our Minonk agent, had a birthday a short time ago. Among his many presents was a box of REAL cigars. Louis Brehm wishes to compliment Mrs. Sengphiel on her good judgment of cigars, and would like to have her tell the other agents' wives how she does it. It's nice for them to know and use the knowledge often.

The new addition to the Partridge family at Cornell is a "Bird." Milt (that's daddy) is already teaching him how to say "Red Crown."

Mrs. Jameson, wife of our noble agent at Grand Ridge, has a secret formula for making the stuff that makes some people happy, some scrappy, some sad and some mad. Even the sheriff says it's good. What is it?

Tony Vogle, our Leonore agent, who recently left the ranks of the single for the best little girl in world, is almost laid up with a boil on his hand. Tony says it will take more than that to keep him from reaching his quota on Red Crown, even with Fritz gone mad again.

Mr. M. R. McKinley, warehouseman at Freeport, has returned to work after being laid up for about six weeks due to an accident which injured his hand seriously.

W. H. Bolte, formerly service station attendant at Geneseo, has been transferred to agent at that station. Mr. W. D. Smith takes Mr. Bolte's place at the service station.

(After reading news from the field, we are more than ever convinced we have a fine correspondent at Joliet.—Editor, Stanolind Record.)

JOLIET OFFICE

Mildred Lindgren, that sweet little miss in the dictaphone department, was recently jilted—at least so it appears. At any rate, Mil went down town last Saturday noon with the intention of committing suicide, but picked out a poor little horse belonging to a poor old peddler. The horse came out of the melee without a scratch but almost wrecked the car Mil was driving. Don't do it again, Mil.

The new hair dress gets them all sooner or later. Did you notice the latest devotee in the billing department? Looks nice, don't you think?

The dictaphone department has an ardent philosopher who has Irvin Cobb beat a mile. How about it, Lynda?

We would like to know what the attraction is in the telephone booth, while Mary's gone to lunch, for Milt Pearson. We notice it's all happened since the advent of the new sedan a certain young lady of the office is chauffeuring around the city. Did you notice them going down Cass Boulevard the other evening? He seems to be progressing rapidly.

Mr. I. J. Pyka has been transferred from service station attendant to the construction department.

Miss Angie Neilitz, speed queen of the dictaphone department, seems unable to settle down to the daily grind. Too much vacation.

Ace Hanna, assistant chief clerk, is quite proficient as a housekeeper. How would you like to have your wife gone for another month, Mr. Hanna?

Miss Gallagher, of the dictaphone department, reports a rather nice time in Milwaukee. All efforts to secure further information are without avail. However, we believe in the old saying, "quiet waters run deep."

Joe Smego is back with the office force again and is now employed in the sales department. He just couldn't stay away.

Leslie Southcomb has been appointed salesman in the Joliet division. He is reported to be a whirlwind—coming from the Swift people.

The girls are wondering where the fire sale was since all the boys are blossoming out in "Tom Wye" sweaters. Some even have two.

Upon inquiring why it was so dark downstairs, we are informed that the bright and shining light, Arthur Larson, is on his vacation. We presume Art is motoring in his "Roamer" with the isinglass windows.

The recent fashion show had some effect. Now the girls are trying to wear out their old clothes and expect to spend their entire check for new ones.

Did you hear about Eleanor Rylander, head of the billing department? There are two "Cs" mixed up in it anyway—Canada and Captain. We would also like to know who donated the beautiful fur neckpiece. Eleanor, why keep us in suspense? Upon being asked, Miss Rylander only vouchsafes to blush furiously.

The chief of police has appointed two "coppers" to chase Bob Antram away from the telephone office after 11 o'clock. What's the matter, Bob, are you afraid someone will run away with her? You didn't think we knew, did you?

The boys in the office have started a series of stag parties. J. Davies entertained a number of the fellows at his home Friday, September 15th. Musical selections were given by Mr. Davies and the pastime was cards. Art Meader won the bunco prize of the evening, a bottle of Djer Kiss perfume.

Another party was held at the home of Chic Houck recently. Musical selections were given by Mr. Davies, on the saxophone as usual, and vocal solos were rendered by Hardebeck and Meader. We didn't know we had so much talent among us.

The office again has taken on a normal aspect, upon the return of Angie Neilitz, Milt Pearson, Hilda Anderson, Helen Rimke, Eva Corp, Ella Smith and Bob Antram from their vacations.

Speaking of vacations, etc., Eva Corp went to Wichita, Kansas. What do you mean by flirting with the undertaker, Eva?

Helen Rimke will also please give us a little dope on that traveling auditor she met on her way home from St. Louis.

Candy and cigars were passed around on August 24 and September 14, in honor of the arrival of Nora Jean Voight, whose proud daddy is head of the equipment department, and Orrin Richard, son of Orrin R. Smith, of the credit department. Orrin advises that Orrin, Jr., can already read Shakespeare and work the 4th dimension.

When it comes to holding hands, Elsie Fritz takes the cake. Ask anyone in the dictaphone department, Brownie, etc.

We hear Howard Connors is breaking the record and running away with all the trapshooting trophies in this district.

The bowlers of the Joliet field have organized for the coming season and arrangements have been made to enter the Industrial League. Whiting, please take notice. Our return game in your city will be rolled this coming fall. We regret we were unable to fulfill our engagement last season due to the hot weather and misunderstandings.

Joliet office folks wish to express their sympathy for Mr. and Mrs. Dan Otis, on the death of Mr. I. Ramsey, Mrs. Otis' father.

Isadore Stukel, the king of the file department, is spending his vacation on the banks of the Kankakee river. Seems rather late for fishing, Issy.

Mary has taken up literature. She was observed scanning a Whiz-bang just a while ago.

Miss Helen Rimke and Mr. Dan Daley had luncheon at the Davidson cafeteria. Dan says he likes home cooking. Helen said—"not so bad, at that."

Although Ray Nelson has the reputation of being a woman hater, we would like to know just who he was thinking of the other morning on the Lockport car. Did you forget where to get off, Ray?

LA CROSSE, WIS.

Sunday, September 17, our Fairchild agent, R. W. Zank was married to Miss Alvina Bremer of Black River Falls. We wish them health and prosperity; also welcome Mrs. Bob to the Stanolind family.

Mr. C. F. Borneman succeeds Arthur Perrenaud at S. S. 9, Chippewa Falls. Mr. Perrenaud left to attend the University of Wisconsin.

Mr. Roland Snyder is the new attendant at our Menomonie service station.

We regret to report the death of the infant child of Salesman R. A. Amundson, Spring Valley, Minn.

On August 29, a delightful picnic supper was given at Pettibone Park by the S. O. Company girls in honor of Florence Young and Marion MacMillan, September brides. They were each presented with a beautiful tablecloth. Our best wishes go with them for a long and happy wedded life.

Miss Marion MacMillan was married on July 2, 1922, to Walter Bigelow, and we did not know about it until September. Very clever girl, Marion, to keep the commercial department in ignorance of this fact for so long a time.

Miss Florence Young took the fatal step which changed her name to Mrs. A. Skundberg on September 2. We wish Mr. and Mrs. Skundberg all the joys of wedded bliss. They are now residing in their beautiful new home on Main street. On August 16, Mrs. A. Renner and Mrs. R. Randall entertained for Florence. Part of the evening was spent hemming dust cloths. Hattie (Mrs. E. Evenson) won the first prize for efficiency with the needle, and Lottie also won a prize. The dust cloths were presented to the bride-to-be. She was also remembered with other beautiful and useful gifts.

MANKATO, MINN.

Big Dick Stahl of the Mankato warehouse force is cavorting around the country in a brand new Ford sedan. Some class to Richard, although we haven't been able to figure out how anyone else has any room in the bus after he gets in himself.

Ole Kaale is smoking the best in the land these days. Ole went way over the mark on his August Polarine quota and now he is smoking up on a certain gentleman from the Mankato office.

Louis Kuebler, everybody's friend, who rules the stationery room, is proudly exhibiting a toothless lower jaw. He says he has ordered a new set which he can place in a glass of water every night.

The furious bombardment heard over Southern Minnesota on Sunday morning, September 17, told the world that the hunting season had opened again. The weather was ideal, and although there seemed to be more hunters than ducks, everyone said, "I got the limit." To enumerate those that shouldered guns would take too much space, but they were all represented, office boys, clerks, salesmen, district superintendents, agents, and it is rumored that even the manager winged a bird or two. (Why "*even* the manager"—is he such a bum shot?—Ed.)

L. C. Hedburg is a new arrival on our sales force. He has been assigned to a territory south of Mankato and has already had considerable practice in filling up the 029.

On September 17, Earl D. Johnson, stock department, wedded Miss Meree Shively. Cigars and candy appeared promptly from the happy groom. We all extend our best wishes to the Johnson family.

Frederick Johnson, who had the misfortune to fracture his collar bone while at National Guard encampment at Lake City, has resumed his work at the office. The old soup-bone is still weak but Freddy's smile is working overtime.

The Standard Oil Company booth at the Martin County Fair, Fairmont, was visited by a vast number of people during the four days of "the greatest county fair in Minnesota." Salesman H. B. Ray and Agent Fred Gust of Fairmont are to be congratulated on the artistic appearance of the booth.

The sympathy of all employees is extended to Earle Osten, whose father, Anton Osten, sheriff of Blue Earth county, passed away following a protracted illness.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Minneapolis boasts of lots of nice things, including strawberry shortcake. Ask Mr. Allan Jackson; he knows.

Allan Jackson, vice-president, and R. G. Stewart assistant manager, were recent visitors in the Minneapolis division. Come again.

Editor Stanolind Record: A certain division that has been going through the reconstruction period for some time past is starting to show its heels to the rest of the divisions. Modesty compels us to omit any names but the records will soon reveal its identity.

E. N. Shallenberger, formerly of the St. Louis division, has joined our organization. Mr. Shallenberger admits he has never been keen on cold weather and someone has tipped him off that the thermometer occasionally goes on a rampage and gets considerably below zero at times, around these parts. As a consequence we have been informed that he has purchased a substantial fur coat and already has 16 tons of coal in his bins.

Mr. C. C. Inglefield, from the Chicago office, is with us temporarily, relieving H. H. Quackenbush, our service station superintendent, while he is spending a few weeks at the main office in the windy city.

Mr. N. H. Reed spent a few days with us a short time ago.

Messrs. Cook and Treat of the railway sales department are spending several days with us.

Some of the contributors to Stanolind Record news remind us of the man who said: "If I could keep track of a pencil and had some paper, and could write a good hand and was able to think of something to write about, I would become an author."

On September 7, Mr. Howard Wolf took unto himself a wife. We wish Mr. Wolf and his new manager an abundance of happiness and a long time in which to enjoy it.

Not to be outdone by Howard Wolf, Sidney Lasley also deserted the ranks of the hermits. Those of us who have had the pleasure of meeting "the woman in the case" can easily pardon Sid for his mutiny.

Cupid is certainly working overtime in our office. Even Greb Martonic, our kittenball hero, is the brand new husband of Mrs. Martonic. If Greb's record as a husband proves as impressive as his activities on the baseball diamond, Mrs. Martonic has certainly made a good catch.

Miss Larsen admits having had three proposals during the past thirty days, all of which were rejected. Ruth is determined that no one will get her hard earned S. O. stock.

The Red Crown Social Club is planning a New Year's dance. Right now is the time to make reservations for a dance with Grace Paton.

Mrs. Rose, formerly Florence Green of our office, is enjoying a delightful time at Banff, Canada.

Agent R. W. Tallman of Barron, Wisconsin, nearly ran over a cow with his truck a short time ago. He missed her though.

If someone should invent a real puncture and blowout proof tire, Robt. W. Saile, our agent at Cameron, wants a set.

Agent Peter B. Nelson, Eagle Bend, is figuring on putting skis on his truck this winter.

We have been told that Agent Frank Pullen at Fairfax is a real fisherman. Tell us about it, Frank.

Edwin Borden, our agent at Buffalo Lake, claims to have the original and only animated advertisement of Red Crown and Polarine. He has a dog that has been trained to sit up on his hind legs on the top of the truck cab wherever he goes. The words "Red Crown" and "Polarine" have been stenciled on both sides of his body (the dog's) and we agree that for originality Agent Borden wins the brown derby.

We hear that Emil Bilben, our agent at Walker, speaks affectionately of his "Red Baby." Inasmuch as Walker is the front door to the Leech Lake Indian Reservation, we wish to correct any misinterpretation, as he refers to his "International Red Baby Truck." That was some record Hillberg made on August 7, Emil. Keep the good work up.

Agent Bernard L. Dick must have won a bet. He has been seen wearing a nice new hat.

The way Chas. Ransom, agent at Jordan, writes in for signs and sees that they are put up shows that he is after the business. Good work, Charlie.

Geo. V. Nitz, agent at Gaylord, says delivery of oil by airplane would be all right but it would come too high. Ouch!

Somebody said Harold Damkroger is still wearing those long shoes. No, no, don't say that.

A pair of second-hand tonsils for sale cheap. See James Bullard.

I'll bet R. F. Conners couldn't run a hundred yards in two minutes.

Say, Quack, how's Chicago? There's a party here who is awfully lonesome.

Somebody spread the news that McCarthy would give a kiss with every ticket purchased for the dance. Everybody bought their tickets from Mac. Yum, yum.

We Vikings—we Vikings. Howzat, Cameron?

Mrs. Frank Becker, wife of our agent at Waconia, is some cook. Ask Klebba.

W. C. Little, agent, Young America, is considered the best looking man in town. Little plays the piano a little.

Charlie Keith, if you send any news items to the Stanolind Record correspondent, you'll be arrested.

Pete Gould, State Fair business getter, ate 5 hamburger sandwiches on the fair grounds and then took a day to recuperate his health.

PEORIA, ILL.

They make "Stacomb" way out in Los Angeles. That's pretty far, but P. W. A. doesn't care. He sent and got a sample, way back here in Peory.

Our enterprising correspondent in Springfield rises with a new claim for the Capitol City's supremacy. That office recently received a letter from Whiting via aerial mail, the first one so transported in the Peoria field, according to friend Wilson.

Wanda Powers took her diminutive self to the second floor on business bent. A gallant young mouse spied her at the far end of the aisle, and offered his company. GANGWAY! Wanda can't explain yet how she got back downstairs. Taylor cruelly commented that the mouse evidently mistook her for a piece of cheese.

George Search, recently of the wagon force at Springfield, has been installed as boss of the agency at Elkhart. Good work, Search, old man. That's another demonstration of rising from the ranks.

Bernice Moran, our amiable fellow worker in the order department, attended a dance at London Mills the other evening. Sad is the tale. No trains; flivver balked; muddy roads; slumbered in the hall; more rain; arrived at work 11 a. m. following morning.

We have it on good authority that Marguerite Hopkins, better known as "Sis," expects to take the life-saving test at Glen Oak pool. Ask Bill Battin, Marg. He tried it.

Springfield reports a recent demonstration by Chief Station Examiner Bill Flanagan of his latest labor-saving device. To drink sweet (?) cider—lie down on your back and use a hose for a siphon.

Clarence Powers has opened an employment agency.

Do you remember way when—you used to Semdac your desk before five o'clock? We'll bet some of them can't—judging from appearances.

On Saturday evening, September 16, at Galesburg, Ill., occurred the wedding of Agent Instructor Glen R. Cole and Miss Marian Robinson, one of our neighboring city's fairest lassies. Brother Cole, who is best known by his deeds of valor behind the bat for the Red Crowns, surprised everyone by keeping the news of the nuptials almost completely under cover. The best wishes of the Peoria division go out to him and his bride, coupled only with regret that they are to make their home in Galesburg.

The following epistle, received recently in the credit department, is offered for exhibition in the Field Museum: "Reseved you admatance of 61 cts in stamps. Please send me the number of the bill and the number of the wagon and name of the driver. I think thare has bean a mistake and you sent the rematance to the rong party as I have a lot of relashions with the same name hoping to hear frome you in the near fucher and thenking you fore the corection of the errer with the best of wishes and the same aquantance in the fucher. Sincearly ——————."

The Peoria office now boasts of a Victrola, purchased a la subscription, and the jazz hounds are in their element. Music hath charms, you know. Surprising how helpful the canned stuff is to concentration, when figuring some of the lub. department's infernal freight additions, or some other simple little stuff like that. Beg pardon. They shut off the "current" at eight and one.

Peoria office girls put on another of their famous weiner roasts on Monday evening, September 25, at Waterworks Park. Great festivities reported, as usual. No males in attendance, of course. Don't just see why, either. Even the "press" wasn't invited. We're off you, girls. Think we don't hanker for a hot dog these chilly evenings?

Springfield rejoiceth over the advancement of "Mike Gilhooley," known to the police department and others as William Hunt, to the position of salesman. Mike is a vet with the Standard, and carries the congratulations of all and best wishes for his success in his new field.

And what will those circus people in Bloomington do now, with Everett Ritchey leaving 'em flat for Peoria?

District Superintendent J. Clay Lee recently bade us adieu and returned to his first love, the Windy City. The "Supe's" breezy personality is missed hereabout, but we welcome with open arms his successor, our old friend, E. W. Ritchey, as the prodigal son. Rumor has it that the latter couldn't stand the grade of baseball they turned out in Bloomington the past season, and applied for the transfer so he could watch the Crowns.

W. S. McCready, Peoria office, was a recent visitor at the State Fair. He was seen to enter the great attraction "Mecca." Girls, ask Mac about the show.

Salesman Britt, we are told, had a harrowing experience with chicken wire in his youth. It has not handicapped him, however.

The State Fair also received other Standard visitors, among them Gene Martin from Bloomington (we trust Gene did not see "Mecca"), Salesman Rainey Hinds from Ashland (all dolled up as usual; you know how), and Salesman Wieties, Springfield (with something very pretty and sweet hanging to his arm). What we want to know is how all these birds get time to take in the sights while we're chasing tank cars all over the map.

The Commercial League season is over; gone without regrets. Our Red Crowns finished second, a very commendable showing, but disappointing after their season long lead. Too much "loading up" by their competitors did the trick toward the tag end of the race. The boys have one satisfaction, however, in that they stuck strictly to the agreement to use none but employees; something no other outfit in the circuit dare assert.

George Klarr finally got his wish. After chestily challenging the Crowns while they were busy with the League race, he booked them for a clash with his Galesburg Polarines on the Saturday following the league closing, or September 23. And what the Crowns did to his pets was a sad jolt! George blinked at the salary limit and had all the Galesburg Independents, the crack semi-pro outfit of that burg, under the Polarines' banner for the afternoon. The Crowns, however, still smarting over the pennant loss, invaded Klarr's bailiwick with blood in their optics, and mopped up in a pretty exhibition to the air of 4 to 2. Fuchs, Manager McCready's new twirling phenom, had the semi-pros buffaloed all through, and his buddies backed him like National Leaguers. George hasn't recovered his equilibrium yet.

And District Superintendent Awerkamp hasn't recovered that twenty yet that Stevers took off him. The "supe," loyalty personified, was foolish enough to bet his wad against the Crowns, Galesburg being his headquarters. Goodbye, twenty!

QUINCY, ILL.

E. J. Williams, service station attendant, Quincy, has been seen snooping around in the neighborhood of the filling station in search of a house tagged "For Rent." If it's marriage you're contemplating, E. J., here's our sympathy.

When W. L. Martin, our Shelbina agent, has transacted the important business of the day he shoulders a bundle of Polarine and Red Crown signs and with hammer and nails conducts an advertising campaign—fine way to make good use of his spare moments, says he. And so say we all of us.

If afflicted with that run-down, raveled, rheumatic feeling, consult Mr. W. C. McAdams, district superintendent, who is all "trussed up" with copper wire. (Ought to be a sure cure.)

We wish to extend our sympathies to Miss Nellie Maxwell of the check department, whose best friend, her mother, died during the latter part of September.

Chief Clerk M. F. Worley reported for duty recently bedecked in a new fall outfit, complete from head to foot. (He celebrates his birthday twice a year, spring and fall.)

District Superintendent W. A. Lynn has purchased a foot warmer for use in his car the coming winter, same being a Spitz dog—useful as well as ornamental.

On Labor Day, B. E. Radtke, our assistant chief clerk, railroaded to Milwaukee, where he served the S. O. Co. before coming to Quincy a year ago, and drove back in his car, same having been in cold storage during the summer season. He refused to comment on the roads, but admits he lost his religion.

R. C. Carlson, former salesman, is now being recognized as our refined oil and gasoline correspondent, relieving John O'Donnell of a part of the work in the sales department.

Quincy's baseball season having ended, Otto Freiburg, bookkeeper, has again taken up his favorite winter sport, the game of "Rhum."

Dorothy Scott, our switchboard operator, spent her vacation sight-seeing in St. Louis. Her eyes appear to have been over-worked.

The two new faces seen flashing about the Quincy warehouse are those of H. E. Green, office clerk, and Ted Koelsch, warehouse clerk.

Though the seasons change, Miss Janie Donald, of the the check department, continues to receive a bouquet of flowers weekly from her wee laddie in Chicago. Some Scotch!

Perry Johnston, former service station attendant, Quincy, is now a member of the sales force. Going up!

F. A. Runkle, service station attendant, Macomb, resigned September 26 to enter business for himself. Being a conscientious worker and our best coupon book salesman, we regret he has left the company's employ, but wish him success in his new venture.

We know that Mr. L. G. Bramblet, salesman, is in good company when he travels with our new salesman, Mr. J. W. Golden. (Behave, Bramblet.)

SIOUX CITY, IOWA

Red Crown and Polarine customers will miss the friendly assistance of Paul Ralston, who leaves to resume his studies at Morningside College.

Henry Johnson, of the stock department, is a brand new daddy, and for the first time. Little Frances Jean arrived September 7.

Wake up, Pleasure Bent; ducks are flying, and how about a dinner before the season's over, and mayhap a dance?

The Standard booth at the Inter-State Fair was a dandy and acknowledged to be the classiest on display. District Superintendent Hagy and Salesman Weber were in charge. Abe Weidel was there, too—out to sell the goods, and he sold 'em in his very own honest-to-goodness fashion.

E. E. Manser, of the warehouse, built and mounted a bucket box by hand in one hour and forty-five minutes. Some speed, we'll say, and he challenges anyone in the company. Soo City will bet on Manser.

Ed Elster, of the stock department, is rolling around like a million dollars in his new "Chev."

Agent and Mrs. Gunsolley of Mondamin are rejoicing over the arrival of Max Gerald, September 6, weighing 7½ pounds.

Rumor has it that Johnnie Zurcher of the sales force is looking for bargains in diamonds. Kinda pears as tho he has found the right girl, ain't it?

H. W. Griffin, from S. S. 6, has left our employ to attend the state university at Iowa City. R. E. Skow, from S. S. 2, left for Lincoln, Neb., where he will have charge of the electric light plant. Live Wire Eglund has been transferred from S. S. 18 to S. S. 2, and O. J. Eggleston's good natured smile will be found at S. S. 306.

It was a pleasure, indeed, to have Mr. Reed, of the home office, spend a few days with us.

Mr. Jones, of the Casper refineries, was also a pleasant caller in the interests of tank car shipments.

We are glad to welcome H. S. Rueschling as assistant credit manager, M. J. O'Brien, collector, Leonard Ray to the checking force, and Marie Hittle, comptometer operator.

The western division seems to have been on the firing line, two blocks at Platte, S. D., having entirely burned away; Bonesteel, S. D., being completely burned out, and a cyclone at St. Charles leaving nothing but a Standard T-8 pump with the globe on and light burning.

Joe Gordon, one of our would-be bachelors, is the latest to sail out in the sea of matrimony. Best of luck, Joe, and we just can't help but thank you for the treats. They WERE fine.

Mildred Page and Buelah Erickson must have had an awful good time in Denver. See 'em chuckle and hear 'em smile reminiscently every now and then?

Any information desired as to figures and forms will be gladly furnished by friends Ellerbush and Sweeney of the Record staff. On 029's and 368's they are up to the minute, 'n that ain't all—they are even willing to give you their opinion as to the perfect 38's.

Is it "luv" when Alice Kendall vows and declares plain ordinary morning glories are moonshine and a little pink envelope arrives from Kansas thrice weekly? Alice, U tell 'em.

Wonder if Fritz Hagy ever heard what reposed so gracefully in his desk over Sunday. Mabel Miller might enlighten us. It was a mean one, Mabel; almost as bad as the door coming off the day you landed.

When a fella needs a friend, Al Fehrman says, leave it to the girls. It seems he has been baching it—family wash every Saturday afternoon (7 handkerchiefs and his BVD's) and overslept every morning till the girls took a hand, and now he is called from 5 o'clock on and Sunday, too. Tuff luck, ain't it, now?

Ed.: We haf tried undt we haf tried to get some pictures in the water undt out of the water, but we haf failed undt we are sorry becoz it rained or it was cloudy, but we will get some when the sun shines. Signed—"The dear girls." (We have no doubt they will be well worth waiting for.—Ed.)

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

Mr. W. J. Reel, of the stock department, was united in marriage September 30, to Miss Genevieve Berry of this city. We wish them all happiness. Let's make the stock department a 100% married men's department. Junior, get busy!

Shorty Bryant, clerk of the auditing department, undertook to do a little "Babe Ruth" stuff at the bat one day at noon. While swinging for a wide one, he ripped his trousers about a foot. As luck would have it, Shorty works at a flat-topped desk.

Roy Helenthal, cashier, and Glen Stevens, assistant cashier, enjoyed a very healthy frogleg dinner recently at Mr. Helenthal's home. Roy acted as chief cook and bottle washer in the absence of his wife, who is on an extended vacation at Excelsior Springs. The next day Roy and Steve sure did some hopping.

P. H. Sawyers, assistant chief clerk, will return next week from a two weeks' business trip in Western Kansas.

Miss Mary Ferneau is very capably filling the chair in the billing department upstairs. We're glad to have you with us, Mary.

Ed Nash is still worrying as to who has the most freckles, Miss Burke or Miss Sturgeon. (But when it comes to freckles, Wesley Barry himself has nothing on Ed.)

Leonard Hartigan, city salesman, reports that he is learning to swim. He says he can swim half way across the Y. pool. (We don't know how he manages the other half. Maybe he is hoping to be "instructor" at our picnics next summer.)

Miss Pearl Barmann, stenographer for Doc White, is fast on the road to becoming a prima donna. Rosa Raisa, beware of your laurels! Pearl is also good-looking and single. Attention, boys! opportunity knocks but once.

About 4:50 P. M. Wednesday, September 27, 1922, large loose leaf ledgers were seen moving from the door by Mr. Sanders' desk and entering the vault. The office employees were considerably moved by the spectacle and it remained for some one to investigate. Neil Bayne was found underneath the last book, and it is rumored that he moved them all.

Our Gertie's wrist watch went on a strike a few days ago. Stopped at 12:15. The damp night air in a Dodge car is bad for delicate things.

Why does Doc White always say "It's a cruel world?"

Anyone wanting any information about how to patch up a quarrel with their sweetie, see Cecil Bernard.

Harper Lindsey has been losing weight for the past month. The boss told him that he didn't think he would get a vacation.

Fern Cheshire is going to ask the manager of the Electric theater to turn off the domeli ghts. Fern says there is no fun at a movie with all the lights on.

Why don't you have him come to St. Joe, Lorraine? Then you wouldn't have to go to Cosby every Saturday.

Does anybody know why Sandy Bolton is so quiet? Sure—he's married.

Grace Veregge has been seen gazing off into vacant space recently. Sure is awful to be in love.

Harry Murray says the reason he took up golf was because golf sticks were about all Santa Claus could find room for in his stocking.

Helen Bunkowski and Bobby Chambers are not on speaking terms. Seems as though "Doc" has been trifling.

John Pasternak will be able to smile again. Lillian is back in town.

Mr. Bode has traded his Ford sedan for a Lincoln Pup.

It's a good thing for Hazel Mulford they haven't any speed cops on Mitchell avenue. If they did she would say "Good morning, Judge," about three times a week.

Rosie, our genial switchboard operator, celebrated Yom Kippur in fitting fashion.

When it comes to overhauling Fords in record time, we think Ben, Lloyd and Clarence have them all beat.

Rose says if any of the girls want to get married, just to work on the switchboard for a while, although she is immune. Miss Genevieve Graves was married to Mr. Lewis Christie, September 16. Genevieve is the fourth to leave the telephone desk to take up the occupation of housekeeping.

Wanted: The traffic department, since the timely removal of Albert, the ace tank car order clerk, no longer has an objective for its abuse. It has been rumored that Mr. Muster is to occupy his desk. You have our sympathy, Al!

Will wonders never cease? Louise Imobersteg was seen at Prinz's Dancing Academy last week. She is still thrilled from the first lesson taken from one of the record clerks.

We have often wondered why it was that Zim hung around a certain corner on his way to work in the morning, and we have just discovered that he was waiting for Heinie to come along with Evelyn.

C. L. Brown, of the record department, has been on the sick list for the last few days.

Mr. W. O. Haworth of our home office gave us a nice talk at our last efficiency meeting and very many helpful hints.

One week this month seems to have been homecoming week. We were honored by a telephone call from Sallie Roberts, and a visit from "Billy" Chaves, Blanche Aylor and Catherine Jones, all former employees in our office.

Anyone wishing to learn the latest, "Why Dance," see Mr. Cameron. Ed Nash is also a good teacher.

Someone was asking S. M. Brown, our credit man, "How are collections?" He replied, "There ain't no such animal." Brown is now looking for some experienced gun-men to send out into Kansas after money. Here's hoping he gets it, for we haven't put in our coal yet.

It is hoped that an agreement can be reached in the Maeder-Lindsey romance which we have seen and heard so much about of late.

Some of the boys said they overheard a telephone conversation the other day. One of the girls was calling up the wholesale candy house getting prices on gum in quantity lots. That's all right, Pearl! Mr. Wrigley says gum aids digestion.

From every appearance, Cece Bernard is taking bookkeeping lessons. How about it, Cecilia?

John Crotty has now moved to Atchison, where he has been installed as agent of the "A" station at that point. Mr. Laurence Arthur succeeded Mr. Crotty as iron barrel clerk at our St. Joseph warehouse.

As it is against the policy of the Stanolind Record to print too often the names of the same people, and to neglect the salesmen, agents, tank wagon men and service station attendants while regularly printing news of the office workers, we greatly fear St. Joe is likely to suffer a severe space operation in the gossip department unless news items about the men on the *firing line* are forthcoming. Peoria, Detroit, Indianapolis, Joliet and others succeed in getting such news in quantity, and of quality. Why not St. Joe?—Editor, Stanolind Record.)

* * *

A little girl who had been lost in a department store crowd, was taken to police headquarters for safe-keeping, until her parents could be located.

"I want my muvver!" wailed the youngster.

"Did you run away from your mother?" asked the kindly police chief.

"No; I came down-town with muvver and got losted."

"Why didn't you hang onto her skirts?" questioned the official.

"Couldn't reach 'em," was the little tot's reply.

—*Exchange.*

* * *

Mrs. Myles—Ever catch your husband flirting?
Mrs. Styles—Yes; once.
Mrs. Myles—What did you do to him?
Mrs. Styles—Married him.—*Exchange.*

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Indiana)

General Sales Department

ALLAN JACKSON, *Vice-President*

T. J. THOMPSON, *General Manager*

Assistant General Managers

JOHN L. CARTER, Northern Division
R. G. STEWART, Central Division

N. R. GRIMSHAW, Eastern Division
AMOS BALL, Western Division

Lubricating Department

B. T. THOMPSON, *General Manager*

C. O. WILSON, *Assistant General Manager*

Asphalt Department

F. P. ALLEN, *Manager*

Branch Offices

CHICAGO, ILL.
H. A. LEWIS, *Manager*
C. F. HATMAKER, *Assistant Manager*

DAVENPORT, IOWA
GEO. M. WHELAN, *Manager*
C. W. FLANIGAN, *Assistant Manager*

DECATUR, ILL.
T. B. CLIFFORD, *Manager*
JOHN H. BUDDE, *Assistant Manager*

DES MOINES, IOWA
H. A. MONSON, *Manager*
J. N. ELKERT, *Assistant Manager*

DETROIT, MICH.
H. R. COCHRAN, *Manager*
H. H. KEATING, *Assistant Manager*

DULUTH, MINN.
I. J. SHIELDS, *Manager*
G. E. WEBB, *Assistant Manager*

EVANSVILLE, IND.
W. J. LANG, *Manager*
EWALD BRAUNS, *Assistant Manager*

FARGO, N. D.
F. I. PACKARD, *Manager*
P. A. RAUPAGH, *Assistant Manager*

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.
J. C. MARSHALL, *Manager*
R. F. MCCONNELL, *Assistant Manager*

HURON, S. D.
A. H. DODSLEY, *Manager*
C. L. BAILEY, *Assistant Manager*

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
E. P. GALBREATH, *Manager*
H. E. BRUCE, *Assistant Manager*

JOLIET, ILL.
E. E. MORTON, *Manager*
CARL MONSON, *Assistant Manager*

KANSAS CITY, MO.
H. C. GRIFFIN, *Manager*
J. W. WILSON, *Assistant Manager*

LA CROSSE, WIS.
J. G. LANNIN, *Acting Manager*
J. E. MONEGAN, *Assistant Manager*

MANKATO, MINN.
M. H. CHESBROUGH, *Manager*
JOHN BEATON, *Assistant Manager*

MILWAUKEE, WIS.
T. H. LANG, *Manager*
IVAN PRATHER, *Assistant Manager*

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
F. L. COCHRAN, *Manager*
W. H. BROWN, *Assistant Manager*

PEORIA, ILL.
J. R. COLEMAN, *Manager*
G. F. PHILLIPS, *Assistant Manager*

QUINCY, ILL.
A. L. MARTIN, *Manager*
T. P. JONES, *Assistant Manager*

SAGINAW, MICH.
L. J. THOMPSON, *Manager*
E. R. SOOP, *Assistant Manager*

ST. JOSEPH, MO.
L. W. CAMERON, *Manager*
T. V. WARREN, *Assistant Manager*

ST. LOUIS, MO.
A. P. ROBINSON, *Manager*
H. J. BEMIS, *Assistant Manager*

SIOUX CITY, IOWA
D. B. THAYER, *Manager*
B. F. LEONARD, *Assistant Manager*

SOUTH BEND, IND.
D. L. GUILFOYLE, *Manager*
E. P. WARREN, *Assistant Manager*

WICHITA, KAS.
P. J. QUINLAN, *Manager*
W. C. VAN HORNE, *Assistant Manager*

How Petroleum Helps Fill the Nation's Bread-Basket

FEW of those who consume farm products realize the extent to which the price of such commodities is affected by automotive machinery.

The fact that the cost of field work is reduced by the use of tractors is well known. The fact that the farmer's time is conserved by the use of automobiles is a matter of common knowledge.

Now comes the National Automobile Association in its Year Book of 1922 with the statement that the cost of hauling products in horse-driven wagons from the farm to shipping points averages 30c per ton mile for wheat and 35c for corn, while over the same roads the cost of hauling by motor truck is only 15c per ton mile.

That the intelligent farmer in the 10 states served by the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) realizes the efficiency of power transportation is shown by the fact that he owns and operates 1,112,203 automobiles and 46,582 motor trucks. These are distributed as follows:

	Motor Cars On Farms	Motor Trucks On Farms
Indiana	102,122	3,671
Illinois	139,090	6,154
Michigan	82,437	4,886
Wisconsin	98,825	4,044
Minnesota	107,824	3,803
Iowa	177,558	9,910
Missouri	86,229	5,059
North Dakota	47,711	774
South Dakota	58,352	4,353
Kansas	111,052	3,928

These cars and trucks can be operated on the same basis as similar equipment in towns and cities because the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), through its vast distribution system, delivers its products into the farmer's storage tank under the same conditions as to the city dweller having similar equipment. In thus rendering a service to the farmer this Company renders a service to every individual who consumes farm products.

Standard Oil Company
(*Indiana*)

910 So. Michigan Ave. **Chicago, Ill.**

NEWMAN MONROE CO., CHICAGO

Stanolind Record

Vol. 4 DECEMBER 1922 No. 2

PUBLISHED FOR THE EMPLOYEES
by the
STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(INDIANA)

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Indiana)

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H. F. Glair, *Assistant Superintendent*

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G. H. Moffett, *Manager*
H. R. Boehmer, *Superintendent*
F. W. Bruckmiller, *Assistant Superintendent*

WOOD RIVER

C. B. Manbeck, *Manager*
S. A. Beach, *Superintendent*
F. J. Gainer, *Assistant Superintendent*

ROCKY MOUNTAIN DIVISION

Thomas S. Cooke, *Manager*

Casper, Plants Nos. 1 and 2
R. M. Andrus, *Manager*
A. E. Thompson, *Superintendent*

Casper Plant No. 3
M. G. Paulus, *Superintendent*
R. E. Wood, *Assistant Superintendent*
J. E. Rouse, *Assistant Superintendent*

Greybull Plant No. 1
H. M. Lockard, *Superintendent*

Greybull Plant No. 2
B. L. Warren, *Superintendent*

Laramie Plant No. 1
W. A. Morris, *Superintendent*

Laramie Plant No. 2
J. F. Cullen, *Superintendent*

Industrial Relations Department

J. W. Curry, *Director*, Chicago, Ill.
E. H. Fisher, *Assistant Director*, Chicago, Ill.
C. W. Smith, *Director Safety Division*, Chicago, Ill.
W. N. Bercaw, *Assistant Director*, Whiting, Ind.
C. F. Hall, *Assistant Director*, Wood River, Ill.
A. S. Hurt, *Assistant Director*, Sugar Creek, Mo.
D. M. Lobdell, *Assistant Director*, Casper, Wyo.

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WHITING

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J. E. Brinker
Laszlo Csonka
J. J. Delaney
A. Dimmock
A. E. Dimmock
Frank Eaton
Wm. Fuller
D. J. Gallagher
Ignatius Gazda
Archie Judson
Lewis Kasper
John V. Kidnay
F. W. Lau
W. J. Lynch
Johnnie McHenry
J. C. Melvin
R. T. Myrick
Chas. Naef
A. J. Olson
D. J. Paskwietz
P. A. Petersen
C. A. Phelps
F. D. Rexwinkle
M. R. Schmidt
Nick Scholl
James Spanier
R. L. Stoop
Warner Sutherland
P. J. Sweeny
P. O. Vandeveer
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Burney F. Gore

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J. F. Halloran
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S. A. Montgomery
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George H. Wilken

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LARAMIE

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H. M. Stricker
Ed. L. Wood

STANOLIND
RECORD
Published for the Employees by the
STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(INDIANA)
C. V. JULIAN, *Editor*
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Vol. 4 DECEMBER No. 2

JOHN CARTER RETIRES; R. G. STEWART RESIGNS

Promotions Follow All Along the Line as H. R. Cochran and H. A. Lewis Go Up to Assistant General Managerships to Fill Vacancies; C. F. Hatmaker Is Manager at Chicago; E. P. Galbreath Goes to Detroit and C. C. Lakin Becomes Manager at Joliet, Succeeding E. E. Morton, Resigned

Sweeping changes in the sales department, bringing many earned promotions, followed the announcement on November 14 of the retirement of Mr. John L. Carter, assistant general manager in charge of the northern division, and the resignation of Mr. Robert G. Stewart, assistant general manager in charge of the central division.

Mr. Carter, who had been ill for many months, is retired on an annuity. While his health is greatly improved after a long stay in the sanitarium, it was feared that resumption of his arduous duties as assistant general manager might result in a relapse, particularly as Mr. Carter has never been known as one who would spare himself where service to the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) was concerned.

Mr. R. G. Stewart resigns to take a partnership in a bond brokerage house in Chicago, a step he had had under consideration for several months.

Following the retirement of Mr. Carter and the resignation of Mr. Stewart, Mr. Norman R. Grimshaw was placed in charge of the northern division, being transferred from the eastern division managership; Mr. Amos Ball was transferred from the western division managership to succeed Mr. Stewart as head of the central division; Mr. H. R. Cochran was promoted from the managership at Detroit to become assistant general manager in charge of the eastern division, and Mr. H. A. Lewis was advanced from manager at Chicago to assistant general manager in charge of the western division. Mr. C. F. Hatmaker, assistant manager at Chicago, succeeded Mr. Lewis as Chicago manager, and Mr. E. P. Galbreath, manager at Indianapolis, succeeded Mr. Cochran as manager at Detroit.

These promotions were necessarily followed by many others all along the line, Mr. H. H. Keating, assistant manager at Detroit, being rewarded with the position of manager at Saginaw; Mr. H. E. Bruce, assistant manager at Indianapolis, winning the post of manager at La Crosse; Mr. C. C. Lakin, former manager of the company's office at Tulsa, Oklahoma, operated in connection with the purchasing department, being made manager of the Joliet division to succeed Mr. E. E. Morton, resigned, and numerous district superintendents and other sub-executives being rewarded for their hard work with assistant managerships, as shown in the following executive order issued November 14:

The following changes have been made to take effect December 1, 1922:

Mr. John L. Carter, assistant general manager, retired on annuity.

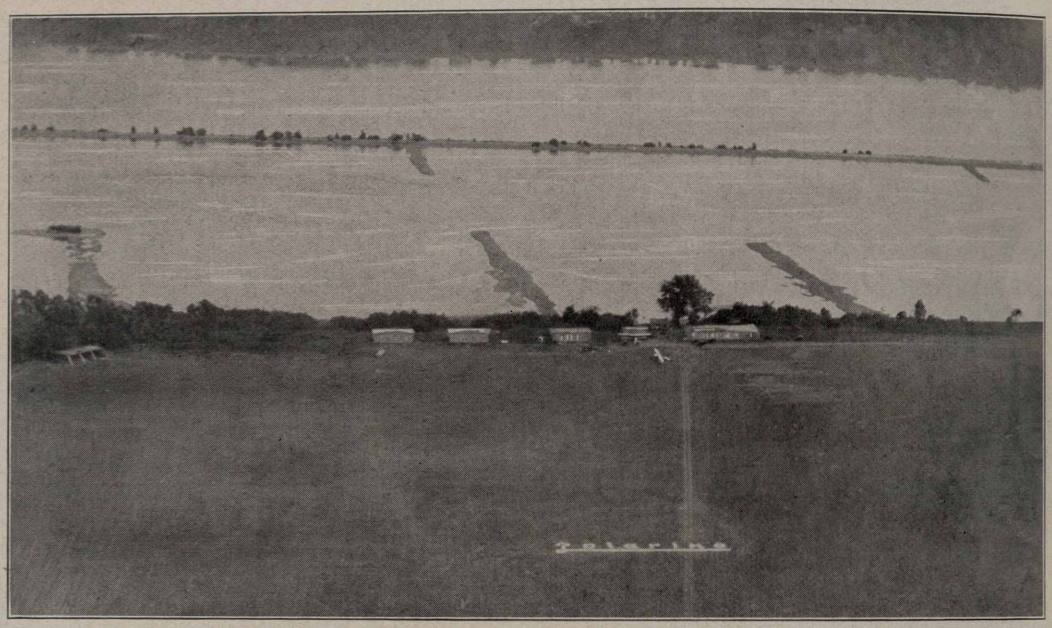
Mr. R. G. Stewart, assistant general manager, resigned.

Mr. N. R. Grimshaw, former assistant general manager of the eastern division, to same position in the northern division.

Mr. Amos Ball, former assistant general manager of the western division, to same position in the central division.

Mr. H. R. Cochran, former manager at Detroit, Mich., to position of assistant general manager of the eastern division.

IT CAN BE SEEN TWELVE MILES AWAY



Davenport, Iowa.—This Polarine sign, of crushed rock, whitewashed weekly, decorates Wallace Field, maintained by the Wallace Bros. Aero Company at Bettendorf, Iowa. The field is the largest commercial field in Iowa, Illinois, Wisconsin, South Dakota, Nebraska or Missouri. The sign is 150 feet long, the letters being approximately 10 feet in diameter. It can be seen at a distance of from eight to twelve miles. The above photo was taken at a height of 2,800 feet. In the background is the Mississippi river. Ten planes are maintained at Wallace Field and all of them have painted on their tails: "We use Polarine, the perfect motor oil." Only Standard Oil Company (Indiana) gasoline and lubricating oils are for sale at this field.

Mr. H. A. Lewis, former manager at Chicago, Ill., to position of assistant general manager of the western division.

Mr. C. F. Hatmaker, former assistant manager at Chicago, Ill., to position of manager at Chicago, Ill.

Mr. E. P. Galbreath, former manager at Indianapolis, Ind., to position of manager at Detroit, Mich.

Mr. J. C. Marshall, former manager at Grand Rapids, Mich., to position of manager at Indianapolis, Ind.

Mr. E. E. Morton, manager at Joliet, Ill., resigned.

Mr. C. C. Lakin, former manager at Tulsa, Okla., office, to position of manager at Joliet, Ill.

Mr. L. J. Thompson, former manager at Saginaw, Mich., to position of manager at Grand Rapids, Mich.

Mr. H. H. Keating, former assistant manager at Detroit, Mich., to manager at Saginaw, Mich.

Mr. J. G. Lannin, former manager at La Crosse, Wis., to position of office manager in general manager's office, Chicago, Ill.

Mr. H. E. Bruce, former assistant manager at Indianapolis, Ind., to position of manager at La Crosse, Wis.

Mr. R. F. McConnell, former assistant manager at Grand Rapids, Mich., to position of assistant manager at Detroit, Mich.

Mr. P. H. Serrin, former sales manager at Indianapolis, Ind., to position of assistant manager at Indianapolis, Ind.

Mr. C. H. Wagner, former district superintendent at Grand Rapids, Mich., to position of assistant manager at Grand Rapids, Mich.

Mr. T. V. Warren, former assistant manager at St. Joseph, Mo., to position of assistant manager at Davenport, Iowa. Present assistant manager at Davenport to be transferred to other duties.

Mr. R. H. Thomas, former district superintendent at Davenport, Iowa, to

SELLS S. O. PRODUCTS AT HISTORIC MANSION

Detroit, Mich.—The famous "Walker Tavern," at intersection of the Monroe and Chicago highways, Cambridge Junction, was built in 1832 and was visited by Harriet Martineau, famous English essayist in 1836, by Daniel Webster in 1837, and was the scene of a large massmeeting during the presidential campaign of William Henry Harrison; but what will make it most interesting to youthful Standard Oilers who love their Leather Stocking tales, is the fact that James Fenimore Cooper and his family occupied the rooms on the south side of the tavern during the year 1847, while he gathered material for some of his famous novels of the prairie and the forest. Our agent at Onsted, E. P. Burcham, is shown delivering gasoline, oil and other Standard Oil products at the famous tavern.

position of assistant manager at Des Moines, Iowa.

Mr. R. S. Orr, former district superintendent at St. Joseph, Mo., to position of assistant manager at St. Joseph, Mo.

Mr. C. R. Ewing, former district superintendent at St. Louis, Mo., to position of assistant manager at St. Louis, Mo.

Mr. P. A. Raupagh, former assistant manager at Fargo, N. Dak., to position of assistant manager at Chicago, Ill.

Mr. J. P. Beaton, former assistant manager at Mankato, Minn., to position of assistant manager at Fargo, N. Dak.

Mr. Clay Lee, former district superintendent at Chicago, Ill., to position of assistant manager at Mankato, Minn.

Mr. Ivan Prather, assistant manager at Milwaukee, Wis., to position of assistant manager (operating) at Milwaukee, Wis.

Mr. H. J. Bemis, former assistant manager at St. Louis, Mo., to position of assistant manager (sales) at Milwaukee, Wis.

Mr. J. N. Elkert, former assistant manager at Des Moines, Iowa, to position of assistant manager at Sioux City, Iowa. Present assistant manager at Sioux City to be transferred to other duties.

Mr. E. N. Shallenberger, former district superintendent at Chicago, Ill., to position of assistant manager at Minneapolis, Minn. Present assistant manager at Minneapolis to be transferred to other duties.

(Signed)

R. W. Stewart, Chairman of the Board

(Attest)

E. G. Seubert, Secretary.

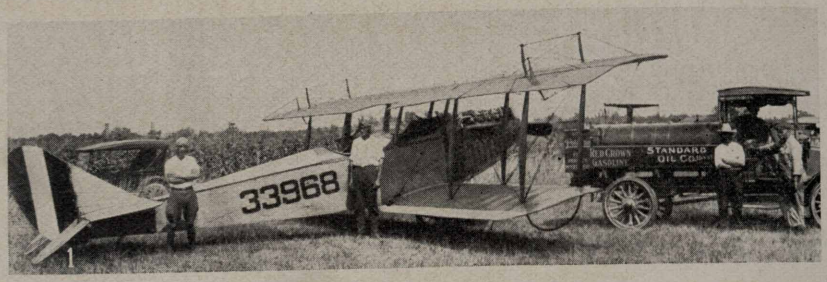
ADVANCE NOTICE

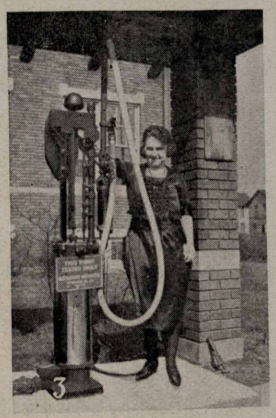
Everybody is hereby warned that the first dance of the season under auspices of the Stanolind Bowling Association will be held Saturday evening, February 3, 1923, at the old Masonic Temple building drill hall, Chicago. Take a red pencil and circle the date on your calendar.

* * *

Make Your Stock Pay Dividends!

From Decatur, Joliet and Huron





No. 1—S. H. Seall, agent at Robinson, Ill., Decatur field, sure has the airplane business sewed up in his territory. Charles Rousch, owner of plane shown here, insists on using nothing but Standard Oil Company (Indiana) gasoline. In photo, left to right: Lieut. A. G. Pierson, U. S. A.; Charles Rousch, of Palestine, Ill.; Agent Seall and Charles Kennedy, driver of tankwagon 10991. No. 2—Ed. Gezewski, one of Huron's famous nimrods. No. 3—Sylvia Hubal, of Joliet office, manning pump at service station just outside the office. She is soon to become Mrs. Leslie Meyers.

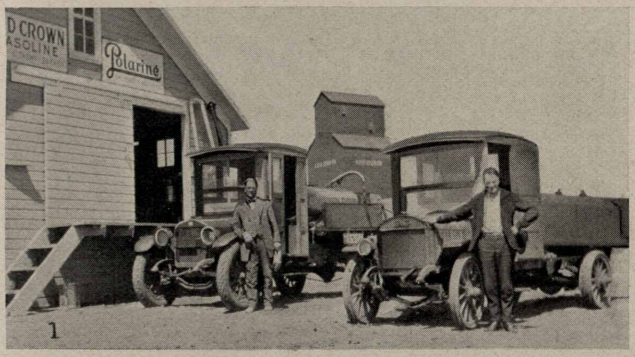
Cupid Runs Amuck at Huron

Our Huron girls were kept busy last month giving parties for brides-to-be. No. 1—The party for Julia Anderson. Julia is at the extreme right, upper row. No. 2—In Elsie Erickson the company loses not only a good looking employee but a faithful one as well, Elsie having been with the company about twelve years, coming to Huron from Fargo. No. 3—Elsie's farewell party.

With the Camera Man at Fargo.

No. 1—Salesman O. W. Roberts, Jr., doing a high dive and demonstrating that there are bathing beauties even in Fargo. No. 2—Introducing Miss Boileau, daughter of Agent Boileau of Crookston, and Mr. Smith, son of B. L. Smith, of the Fargo office. No. 3—Kissing this Cook wouldn't be a hard job. He is Richard Noel, son of H. H. Cook, of the Fargo office.

Miles Apart But All One Family



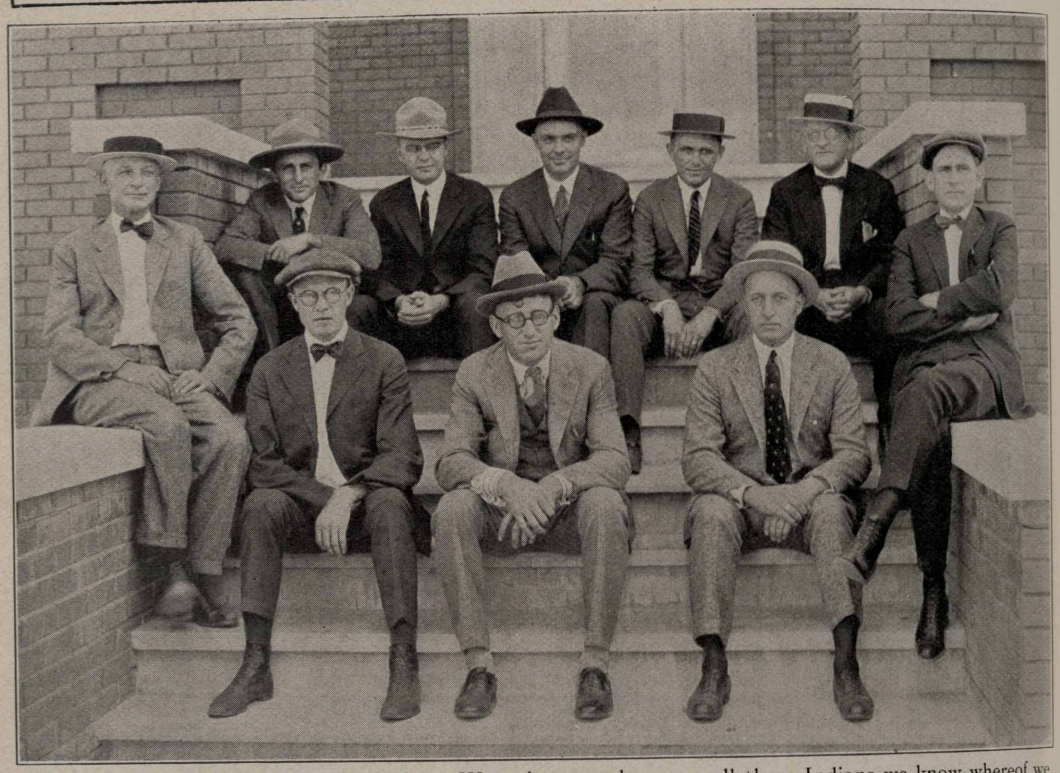
1

2

3

The folks in these pictures live and work in places which are miles apart, but they are all members of the great family of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana). No. 1—L. S. Officer, agent at Ryder, N. D., Fargo division, and his assistant, A. J. Vendsel. Mr. Officer is considered one of the best agents in the Fargo division. No. 2—Driver P. V. Tullis, Battle Creek, Mich., and his 6-year-old son, who intends to be a Standard Oil man when he grows up and already knows a whole lot about the business. Mr. Tullis has been driving three years; the truck is a 1,200 gallon Packard service station truck. No. 3—Eleanor Rylander, Joliet, claims she caught these on her vacation in Canada. Silver hook, Eleanor?

HEAP BIG CHIEFS OF OUR WESTERN INDIANS



We've met some Standard Oilers from Wyoming, so when we call them Indians we know whereof we speak. These are their Big Chiefs, constituting the Rocky Mountain Division Council of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), with the exception of Mr. D. J. Smith, chief engineer, Casper, who was absent. Left to right, lower row: R. E. Wood, assistant superintendent, Plant No. 3, Casper; J. E. Rouse, assistant superintendent, Casper No. 3, in charge of paraffine and lubricating; J. F. Cullen, superintendent, Laramie No. 2; W. A. Morris, superintendent, Laramie No. 1; B. L. Warren, superintendent, Greybull No. 2. Upper row: M. G. Paulus, general superintendent, Casper No. 3; T. S. Cooke, manager, Rocky Mountain Division; H. M. Lockard, superintendent, Greybull No. 1; A. E. Thompson, superintendent, Casper Nos. 1 and 2; R. M. Andrus, manager, Casper Nos. 1 and 2.

HURON WANTS TO KNOW

Huron, S. D., Nov. 1.—We have heard a lot from the other divisions about the girls thay have, with perfect limbs, tiny feet and faces that would make a poet throw away his pen, but what we would like to know is: Have you any that can bake a cake that can be used for eating?

* * *

Jimmy returned home from school with strong evidences of a serious disagreement with some of his associates. As he entered the room his mother looked up and in surprise inquired: "Why, James, how did you get your clothes so badly torn?" "Tryin' to keep a good little boy from bein' licked." "That is just like my brave little son," said the mother fondly. "Who was the good little boy?" "Me."
—*Exchange.*

Ted—"The flappers protest that they are misunderstood. They claim that they're not brainless creatures."

Ned—"Don't you believe it, my boy. If a flapper had a brain she'd show it. They don't believe in hiding things."
—*Exchange.*

* * *

"When I married you I thought you were an angel."

"So, that's why you never buy me any clothes."
—*Exchange.*

* * *

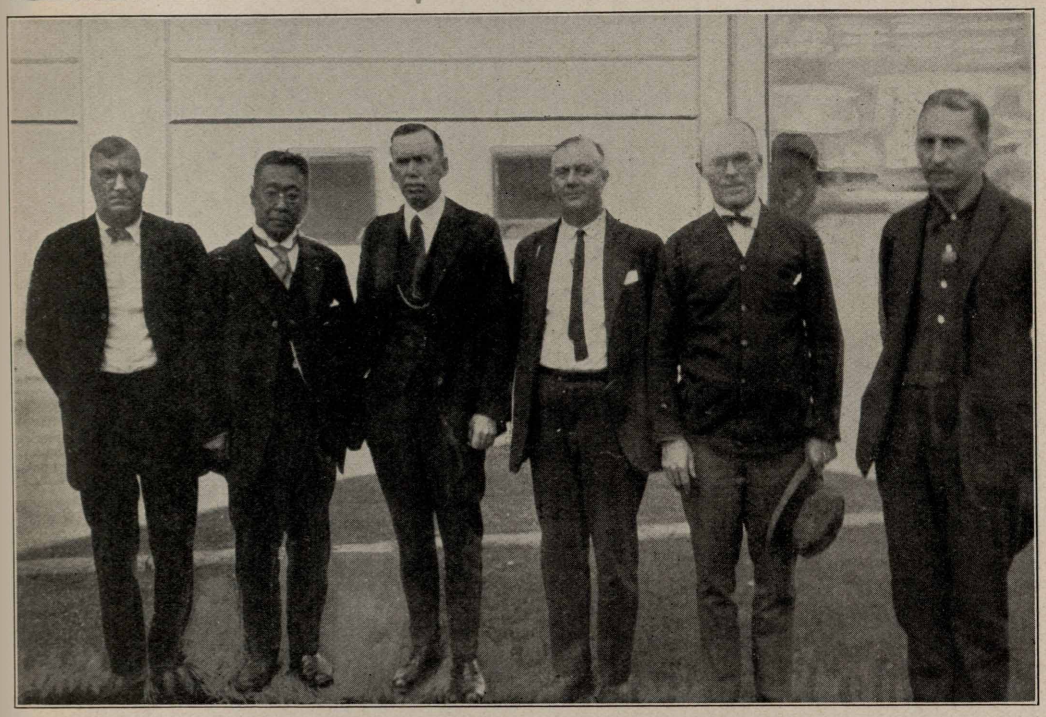
A New York traveling man in Chicago was astounded to receive the following telegraph message: "Twins this morning. More later.—Sadie."
—*Exchange.*

* * *

When a duck lays an egg she waddles off as if nothing had happened.

When a hen lays an egg, there is an awful noise—the hen advertises—hence, the demand for hen's eggs instead of the duck's.—*Exchange.*

"A LIBERAL EDUCATION!" EXCLAIMS JAPANESE



"It was a liberal education!" was the exclamation of Mr. Motosaku Tsuchiya, industrial investigator from Japan, after attending a meeting of the Whiting Joint General Committee and conferring afterwards with its chairmen and two members.

Mr. Tsuchiya, who is in this country to study various phases of American industrial development, particularly methods which tend to alleviate industrial difficulties, after a conference with Mr. J. W. Curry, director of Industrial Relations, was invited to attend the September 26th meeting of the Whiting J. G. C. After the meeting he met with members of the committee shown with him in the accompanying photograph, when they discussed in detail various phases of the Industrial Relations activities of this company, and other matters which pertain to employees.

On his return to Japan, Mr. Tsuchiya expects to write for publication, and also to lecture on his experiences and observations in America, with especial attention to creating a better feeling on the part of his own compatriots towards the United States.

In the accompanying photo, left to right: Frank Eaton, employees' representative; Mr. Tsuchiya; Dan Gallagher, employees' chairman; L. C. Moore, management's chairman; M. J. Hannon, management's representative; Joseph Scher, employees' representative.

THREE ANNUITANTS DIE

The Record regrets to announce the deaths of three veteran employees who have been on the annuity payroll. They are:

Mr. F. A. Bull, 739 North Market street, Wichita, Kansas; died October 26, 1922.

Mr. Aaron Schellinger, Hawkins, Wisconsin; died September 26, 1922.

Mr. Jerry Heffernan, 14 Bissell avenue, Oil City, Pa.; died September 29, 1922. Mr. Heffernan was formerly mechanical fuel expert and was placed on the annuity payroll January 1, 1913, after 25 years and 8 months of service.

JOINT GENERAL COMMITTE, WOOD RIVER 1922-1923

Top row, left to right: W. R. Hefner, S. A. Montgomery, A. C. Slater; center: John Halloran, George Wilken, Earl Scott, Harvey Davis, Joe Evans; lower row: Dwight Stafford, J. G. Jones, C. M. Shook W. A. Tipton, John Flanagan, J. W. Stephenson.

BAR ALL BUT U. S. CITIZENS FROM J. G. C.

The Industrial Relations Plan of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) has been amended to bar from the office of representative any employee who is not an American citizen.

The vote among employees' representatives of Whiting, Wood River, Sugar Creek, Casper, Laramie and Greybull was unanimous in favor of the amendment. Following its approval by them it was passed upon and approved by the Board of Directors.

In accord with the amendment, qualifications of representatives are now as follows:

> "Any employee (except as hereinafter provided) who has been in the company's service for a period of one year immediately prior to nominations, who is twenty-one years of age or over, and who is an American citizen, shall be considered qualified for nomination and election as a representative."

HEAVY VOTE RECORDED IN REFINERY ELECTIONS

More than Ninety-six Percent of Voters on Duty on Election Days in Six Refineries of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) Cast Ballots for Employees' Representatives, Sending Twenty-nine New Men to Serve on Joint General Committees and Reelecting Seventeen Veterans to Office

Interest among employees in the Industrial Relations Plan of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) was never more intense than during the elections in the latter part of October when 6,473 employees representing 96.44 percent of those on duty at the time of elections, cast ballots for employees' representatives on the Joint General Committees of the Whiting, Sugar Creek, Wood River, Casper, Laramie and Greybull refineries. A record was set at Laramie, where every employee but two, and every employee who was on duty, balloted.

The smallest vote, in comparison with the number of employees, was cast at Whiting, which reported 94.56 percent of employees on duty as voting. Wood River reported 95.15 percent, while Casper, which in previous years had trailed the list, came breezing through with a percentage of 99.04, only 16 out of 1668 voters on duty failing to cast a ballot. Sugar Creek, as usual, reported a high percentage, 99.31 for this year. Greybull missed 100 percent by the failure of only one man to vote, out of 276 on duty election day.

Never more in evidence, also, was the tendency of voters to send new men to serve on the committees. Only seventeen among the forty-six representatives elected in the six refineries, have seen previous service as representatives. Among those who served during the last year, several were defeated for re-nomination, their names not appearing on the ballot on election day. Several others refused to be candidates, feeling that new men should have the beneficial experience which service on the committees gives. The greatest turnover came at Sugar Creek, where only one man out of the six elected had seen previous service. Wood River voters sent back only two veterans out of seven representatives elected; Casper, three out of eleven; Greybull, one out of three, and Whiting eight out of seventeen. Laramie showed a conservative bent by re-electing both incumbents, A. W. McAllister and Ed. L. Wood.

Following is the result of the elections, the names of those elected being printed in capital letters:

WHITING

Div.	*Names on Ballot*	*Votes Rec'd*	*Previous service on J.G.C.*
1	FRANK EATON	202	Yes
	WM. LYNCH	140	No
	J. J. Duffy	138	No
	Paul Dobbertin	111	No
	Robert Crow	75	No
	Martin Plumchuk	38	No
2	A. DIMMOCK	210	No
	J. J. DELANEY	159	No
	Chas. Dailey	100	Yes
	Harry Banahan	75	Yes
	Ray Imler	22	No
	C. A. Braley	16	No
3	C. A. PHELPS	116	No
	J. E. McHENRY	115	No
	Harry Wheeler	108	No
	Vincent McTague	107	Yes
	John Chorley	79	Yes
	H. Breckman	65	No
4	WM. FULLER	127	Yes
	James McCarthy	49	Yes
	John Gorman	21	No
5	JOHN BODICK	108	Yes
	LAZLO CSONKA	87	No
	Alex Wayo	68	Yes
	Chas. Boolman	64	No
	Andy Vargo	58	Yes
	E. M. James Toth	10	No
6	NICK SCHOLL	181	Yes
	LEWIS KASPER	140	Yes
	George Hulatt	83	Yes
	George Locke	66	No
	Paul Barber	38	Yes
	R. E. Schafer	19	No
7	A. E. DIMMOCK	120	Yes
	T. C. Brown	73	No
	A. W. Latzko	0	No
8	JOHN V. KIDNEY	146	No
	Joseph Scher	96	Yes
	Fred Langohr	11	No
9	HENRY BEHRENS	275	Yes
	WARREN SUTHERLAND	179	No
	Frank Little	81	No
	Joe Loudenber	77	No
	August Newman	9	No
	Herman Reiman	5	No
10	D. J. GALLAGHER	120	Yes
	Oscar Heyl	22	No
	Wm. Tonkin	19	No
11	IGNATIUS GAZDA	65	No
	Wm. H. Markert	44	No
	Joseph Stanley	23	Yes

(*Continued on Page 13*)

WHITING JOINT GENERAL COMMITTEE, 1922-1923

Top row, left to right: James Spanier, Archie Judson, Ignatius Gazda, R. T. Myrick, Frank Eaton, W. J. Lynch, M. R. Schmidt, P. O. Vandeveer, Johnnie McHenry, J. C. Melvin, Wm. Fuller; 2nd row: R. L. Stoop, John Bodick, Ewd. Bartels, Laszlo Csonka, P. A. Petersen; 3rd row: H. E. Wright, F. W. Lau, Nick Scholl, Lewis Kasper, Henry Behrens, C. A. Phelps, J. J. Delaney; bottom row: P. J. Sweeny, Chas. Naef, Warner Sutherland, D. J. Gallagher, A. E. Dimmock, A. Dimmock, John V. Kidnay, A. J. Olson, J. E. Brinker, F. D. Rexwinkle, D. J. Paskwietz.

(*Continued from Page 11*)

SUGAR CREEK

Div.	Names on Ballot	Votes Rec'd	Previous service on J.G.C.
1	JOE BOSTIAN	69	No
	Chas. Spahr	27	Yes
	George Rodman	22	No
2	H. C. MOORE	90	No
	Luther Lee	27	No
	J. S. Dickey	14	Yes
3	ALBERT PAYNE	49	No
	Wm. Beard	33	No
	John Hornyock	18	No
4	JOHN WIRTHMAN	37	No
	W. F. Mulvihill	33	Yes
	Sam Knapp	20	No
5	FRED GORE	32	Yes
	John Dooley	17	No
	William Decker	14	Yes
6	W. B. HODGE	26	No
	Joe Morgan	20	No
	John Waller, Jr.	6	No

WOOD RIVER

Div.	Names on Ballot	Votes Rec'd	Previous service on J.G.C.
1	JOSEPH F. EVANS	83	Yes
	Robert Farrow	51	No
	Richard C. Wilson	16	No
2	GEORGE H. WILKEN	62	No
	William E. Wolf	40	No
	Charles E. Wilson	27	No
3	JOSEPH W. STEPHENSON	129	Yes
	Stanley Tompach	38	No
	James D. Hester	28	No
4	DWIGHT D. STAFFORD	43	No
	Fred Emmel	28	Yes
	Rector H. Reynolds	6	No
5	HARVEY R. DAVIS	64	No
	William E. Kelly	44	Yes
	Thos. M. Hutchinson	6	No
6	EARL F. SCOTT	89	No
	William Burgan	28	No
	Carl W. Mans	8	No
7	RILEY HEFNER	81	No
	Daniel C. Burroughs	33	No
	Harold H. Lyons	17	Yes

CASPER

Div.	Names on Ballot	Votes Rec'd	Previous service on J.G.C.
1	J. W. WHITTINGTON	62	No
	Fred Wade	20	No
	J. W. Horrigan	9	Yes
2	ALBERT SEANOR	171	No
	H. GRONDAL	160	No

CASPER—*Continued*

Div.	Names on Ballot	Votes Rec'd	Previous service on J.G.C.
	E. J. Stephens	145	No
	Elmer W. Mitchell	135	No
	Wm. Burch	65	No
	W. MacIlvaine	27	No
3	HERMAN SMITH	64	No
	M. H. Scott	45	No
	T. J. Leahy	22	Yes
4	ARTHUR LANO	72	No
	John McClellan	62	Yes
	C. M. Walker	7	No
5	J. D. CRITCHFIELD	44	Yes
	Robert McGhie	35	No
	J. E. Pugh	21	No
6	CHAS. W. COMBS	48	Yes
	J. E. Frisby	44	No
	P. L. Dixon	13	No
7	D. F. MAHONEY	67	No
	R. R. Modeland	62	No
	G. E. Link	50	No
8	J. A. HEFFERIN	59	No
	Fred J. Bennett	55	No
	W. O. Hart	22	No
9	H. W. EBERSTEIN	99	Yes
	Homer C. Helms	50	No
	P. W. Frank	29	No
10	J. W. PHELPS	76	No
	W. F. Melvin	68	No
	R. R. Rausch	33	Yes

GREYBULL

Div.	Names on Ballot	Votes Rec'd	Previous service on J.G.C.
1	S. E. KANE	55	No
	James Smyser	45	No
	G. E. West	20	Yes
2	R. W. CHASE	54	No
	F. D. Nicholson	32	No
	Roy Ludington	13	Yes
3	GEO. HADDENHORST	29	Yes
	C. P. Meyer	15	No
	E. C. Starks	8	No

LARAMIE

Div.	Names on Ballot	Votes Rec'd	Previous service on J.G.C.
1	A. W. McALLISTER	14	Yes
	G. W. Weeks	12	No
	T. C. Kellogg	0	No
2	ED. L. WOOD	42	Yes
	J. T. Graham	6	No
	Howard Wilson	4	No

ANALYSIS OF VOTE CAST

PLANT	*Total qualified to vote*	*Total voting*	*No. qualified to vote but not working on election day*	*No. qualified to vote and working on election day but not voting for some reason*	*Per cent of qualified voters working on election day who voted*
Casper	2011	1652	343	16	99.04
Greybull	289	275	13	1	99.63
Laramie	81	79	2	0	100.00
Sugar Creek	623	572	47	4	99.31
Whiting	3414	2953	291	170	94.56
Wood River	1051	942	61	48	95.15
TOTAL	7469	6473	757	239	96.44

ANALYSIS OF PLANT ELECTIONS

	Casper	*Greybull*	*Laramie*	*Sugar Creek*	*Whiting*	*Wood River*	*TOTAL*
No. of representatives	11	3	2	6	17	7	46
No. of representatives having previous service on J. G. C.	3	1	2	1	8	2	17
No. of representatives over 30 years of age	7	1	2	3	15	4	32
Average age of representatives	35.00	29.33	38.00	33.33	48.21	33.86	37.04
No. of representatives married	10	3	2	4	15	7	41
Average length of service in years	2.80	3.67	2.42	6.40	13.30	6.21	7.71
No. of qualified voters	2011	289	81	623	3414	1051	7469
Per cent of qualified voters on duty election day who voted	99.04	99.63	100.00	99.31	94.56	95.15	96.44

ANNUITANTS

Five more veteran employees have been placed on the annuity payroll according to an announcement by Mr. E. G. Seubert, secretary-treasurer and fourth vice-president. They are:

E. J. Barry, 10354 Avenue L, Chicago; formerly clerk at Whiting refinery; with company 16 years and two months.

Anton Dudak, 10829 Green Bay avenue, Chicago, formerly mason's helper at Whiting refinery; with company 29 years and four months.

Mr. Joseph Hassenfratz, 501 South Seventh street, Atchison, Kansas; formerly warehouseman in St. Joseph, Mo., field; with company 22 years.

Mr. M. J. Dillon, 314 Ninth street South, Virginia, Minnesota; formerly agent in the Duluth field; with company 22 years.

Mr. J. W. Moore, 1716 South Fourteenth street, Keokuk, Iowa; formerly warehouse superintendent in Davenport field; with company 32 years.

* * *

From Answers, London: Hotel Proprietor—Are you sure you're qualified to lead a jazz orchestra?"

Applicant (with confidence)—Absolutely. I've had two nervous breakdowns, was shell-shocked in France, and I live in a flat above a family of fourteen children.

DIRTY FACES

A balance on hand of $18,414.66, with 1,302 members in good standing, was reported November 1 by W. O. Walker, secretary of the Whiting Mutual Benefit Association. His reports show:

Balance in all funds, October 1st	$18,085.41
Receipts	670.75
	$18,756.16
Disbursements	341.50
Balance in all funds, November 1st	$18,414.66

The above funds are invested as follows:

Liberty Bonds	$ 4,000.00
Whiting Savings & Loan Assn. Stock	5,463.63
Hammond City Bonds	5,000.00
Savings Account, Bank of Whiting	3,053.27
War Savings Stamps	361.86
Checking account	535.90
Balance in all funds, November 1st	$18,414.66

STUNG AGAIN!

Fargo, N. D.—It is known that service station attendants see many funny sights, but Mr. Schultz, attendant at No. 1, reports one that we believe wins the paper loving cup. A farmer called at his station. Upon bending over to examine his tire, he suddenly straightened up and looked at Mr. Schultz with suspicion in his eye. This was repeated several times. The farmer finally ran for the office; the attendant, thinking him crazy, followed. To his surprise, the farmer was stripping off his overalls—next a big bumble-bee went whizzing out of the door. They say the farmer usually gets stung—this one sure did.

If I Knew You *and* You Knew Me

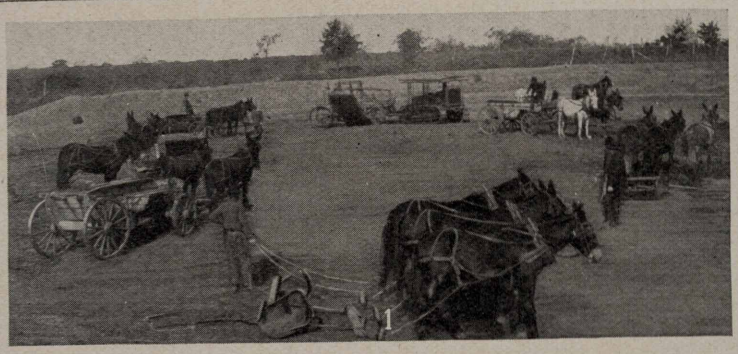
If I knew you and you knew me,
'Tis seldom we would disagree;
But, never having yet clasped hands,
Both often fail to understand
That each intends to do what's right,
And treat each other "honor bright."
How little to complain there'd be
If I knew you and you knew me.

If I knew you and you knew me—
If both of us could clearly see,
And with an inner sight divine
The meaning of your heart and mine,
I'm sure that we would differ less
And clasp our hands in friendliness;
Our thoughts would pleasantly agree
If I knew you and you knew me.

—*Nixon Waterman*

The Standard Oil Company (Indiana) Industrial Relations Plan has taken the "If" out of the above conception. Because of it, in our manufacturing department, the hands of management and men are clasped.

Pictorial News of Sugar Creek



No. 1—Starting excavation for two 80,000-barrel tanks to be constructed on Crawford tract, west hill. No. 2—Judges and clerks of election. Left to right: Henry Hink, George W. Evinger, Alex Nylund, Doc McCoy, Jimmie O'Hara, Frank Evans, H. O. Eyssell, Guy McAvoy, R. M. Storer, Orville Curry, E. E. Lewis. No. 3—Voting was heavy at the main gate when we elected our new Joint General Committee, Captain Hink was on the job to prevent ballot frauds.

Any Jobs Open At Wood River?

Wood River, the famous Standard Oil Company (Indiana) refinery on the banks of the Mississippi near Alton, Ill., has been chuckling up its sleeve these many moons, noting with interest, but no envy, the photographs of youth and beauty submitted by various sales divisions, and occasionally by other refineries, for publication in the Stanolind Record. For Wood River has all this time had in its laboratory some youth and beauty which it knew would not only make the rest of the company sit up and take notice, but would undoubtedly prompt a general demand on the part of all unmarried males for an immediate transfer to Wood River. Wood River became famous nationally when the taking of the last census showed it to be the fastest growing town in the United States. No doubt this will aid us in making another record for the next decade. We will be glad to show prospects attractive lots for building, from which they may lay siege to our fair ones' hearts right on the ground. It is only fair to warn them, however, that while all the young ladies in these photographs are single, outsiders will have plenty of local competition in getting them to place "Mrs." before their names. They are all employed in our laboratory and are shown here taking a dip and a sun bath on one of their Sunday trips to the Piasa Chautauqua. No. 1—Helen Powell, Kathleen Halloran—what photograph from Wood River would be complete without a Halloran—and Myrtle Exton. No. 2—Myrtle Exton, Helen Powell, Kathleen Halloran.

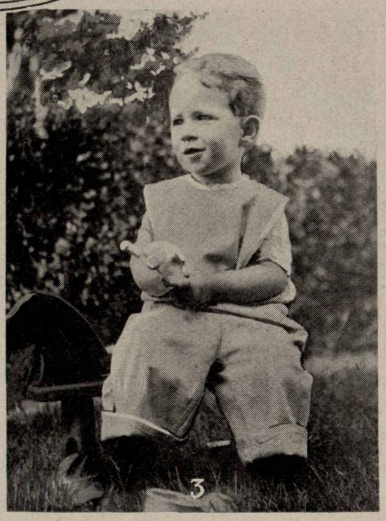
Little Sunbeams at Wood River

No. 1—Verdell and Berneda Williams and their flivver; children of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Williams, the former employed at No. 1 pressure house. No. 2—One of our bathing beauties ready for shower from the hose. She is Rose Ann Mueller, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Mueller, and granddaughter of Uncle Tim Van Camp. No. 3—Two studious youngsters are the sons of Mr. and Mrs. John Sonnenberg, the former a stillman at No. 1 pressure house. No. 4—John Palmer, son of Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Palmer, the former employed at No. 2 pressure house.

More Wood River Sunbeams

1

2



3

No. 1—Gifford King, grandson of Tom Gifford, north gate watchman, and son of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil King, the latter having been employed at the laboratory before her marriage. No. 2—Verna, Harold and Elda Kruse, the jolly children of Mr. and Mrs. Fred. Kruse, the former a stillman helper at No. 2 crude house. No. 3—George Oetkin, Jr., whose daddy is stillman helper at No. 2 crude battery.

WHITING S. O. A. A.

The Standard Oil Athletic Association of the Whiting Works has organized for the year of 1922-1923 under the following officers:

President.....J. C. Melvin
1st Vice-President...L. C. Moore
2nd Vice-President...H. D. Studabaker
Secretary.....L. M. Graham
Treasurer.....R. N. Brown

The new executive committee immediately outlined the activities of the association for the new year. Committees were selected as follows:

Basketball: James J. Griffith, chairman; Lawrence Fraley, James Judson.

Baseball: W. P. Stenhouse, chairman; W. O. Walker, Wm. Doran, Robt. Adley, Frank Snell.

Horseshoes: G. J. Prentice, chairman; Dr. R. H. Reeve, P. O. Vandeveer, Floyd Banks, Oliver Bartels.

Tennis: E. P. Brown, chairman; D. M. Brenner, Ragner Carlson.

Boxing and Wrestling: Harry Keefe, chairman; Edw. Clabby, Ted James, Mike McGowan.

Golf: Frank Ovitz, chairman; Herbert Morris, Thos. Burke.

Bowling: Fred Lau, chairman; Ray Whitmer, Russ Wilkinson, George Winslow, Joe Stanley, Chas. Henrikson.

Trapshooting: Al. Buchanan, chairman; Stanley Nicholson, Lyle Dunning.

Publicity: W. N. Bercaw, chairman; R. C. Curtis, P. J. Sweeney.

At the first regular meeting of the association for the new year, these committees presented in detail their plans for the year and estimated the expense of conducting their activities. Based on these reports, the association allowed the following budgets to the various committees:

Baseball	$800.00
Horseshoes	125.00
Tennis	100.00
Boxing and Wrestling	600.00
Golf	100.00
Bowling	500.00
Trapshooting	300.00
Field Day	500.00
General Fund	475.00
Total	$3500.00

No decision was reached regarding basketball, for it is doubtful if this sport can be promoted this year because of not having a suitable place to play.

At the present time six departmental bowling teams have started their annual bowling tournament.

A singles horseshoe tournament, open to all employees of the plant, is being played. This tournament is attracting more interest and participation than any that has been played before.

The boxing and wrestling committee is planning to arrange three carnivals during the year. These carnivals will probably be arranged for the months of November, January and March. Last year these carnivals won for the association many friends and much support, for all who saw them realized what splendid entertainment they were receiving through the association. The carnivals are free and for the employees of the Whiting Works.

It is only reasonable to predict a most successful year for the association. Those in charge have splendid spirit and if supported by the employees of the works, will give to the association one of the greatest years since its organization.—Publicity Committee.

STANDARD GAS N. G.

Huron, S. D.—The following letter was received from our agent at Vienna, S. D.: "To show you what some people know about gasoline: There was a party that drove into one of the garages here in town the other day and asked what kind of gasoline was sold there. The man told him that it was 'RED CROWN.' The driver of the car says, 'That's the kind I want. Damn this Standard gas, I can't use it; but this Red Crown is the best that I ever used.' Yours truly, Wm. Griffith, Agent."

* * *

Two farmers met on a country road and pulled up their teams.

"Si," said Josh, "I've got a mule with distemper. What did you give that one of yours when he had it?"

"Turpentine. Giddap!"

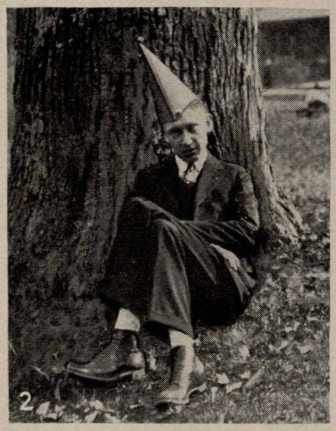
A week later they met again.

"Say Si, I gave my mule turpentine, and it killed him."

"Killed mine, too. Giddap."—*Exchange.*

Gobblers and Wives at Turkey Run

1

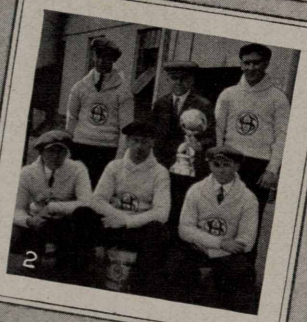


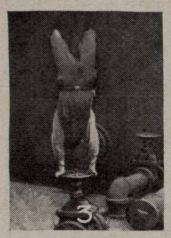
2

3

Indianapolis, Ind.—Gobblers! If you'd seen 'em gobble the chicken dinner, you'd understand. And you ought to have heard 'em gobble when they came back from a hike to find all the ladies calling the chaperon "Bommy, dear!" No. 1—Left to right: Frau Ashman, George Ashman, Frau Bruce, Howard Bruce, Frau Carrington, Bob Carrington, Frau Mathias, Al Mathias, Frau Gant, R. M. Gant, Frau Serrin, Phil Serrin, Frau Hanna, Lawrence Hanna, Frau Galbreath, E. P. Galbreath; seated, "Bommy, dear," alias the Chaperon, alias Harry Bomford. No. 2—Guide Gant got lost and hiked the gobblers over half of Indiana until Hanna collapsed under an oak. No. 3—The gobblers' wives, top row: Mrs. Hanna, Mrs. Mathias, Mrs. Carrington. Lower row: Mrs. Bruce, Mrs. Serrin, Mrs. Gant, Mrs. Ashman, Mrs. Galbreath.

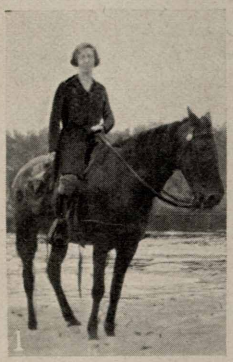
PICTORIAL NEWS OF WHITING WORKS

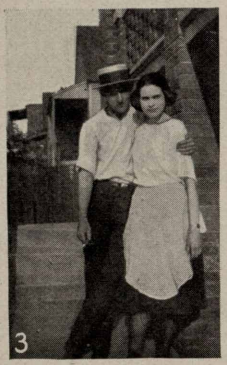




No. 1—Jacob Bachi, acid works stillman, and William Fuss, main office custodian, showing proof that fishing was good at Wausaukee, Wis., where they spent a delightful vacation. Note box of fish on front bumper. No. 2—Grease works bowling team, winners of last year's championship and the Directors' Cup, wearing new sweaters awarded as prizes by the S. O. A. A., back row, left to right: Mike Pataky, M. D. Henrikson, George Pataky; front row: John Jansky, Frank Radloff, John Zubay. No. 3—Showing Wilfred Doris, steam still pumper's helper, opening particularly hard valve on light pressure still naphtha receiver. No. 4—The world's fastest messenger force, left to right: Robert (Speed) McClelland; Steven Kaminsky, assistant chief and stationery clerk; Thomas A. Jancosek, chief messenger and stationery clerk; John Juriga, holder of five bicycle records, who claims he never lost a bike race; kneeling: John Sterbavy, noted for his high soprano query of "Hey, Tommy, got some gum?"

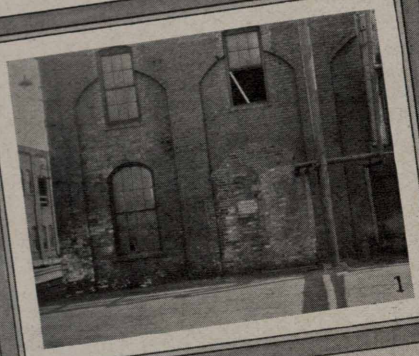
Pictorial News of Whiting Works

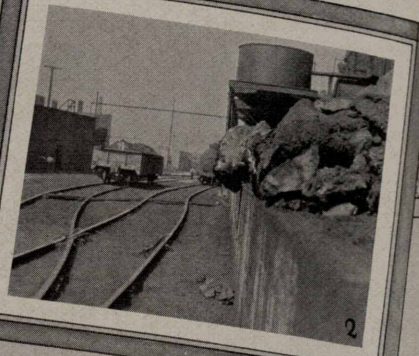


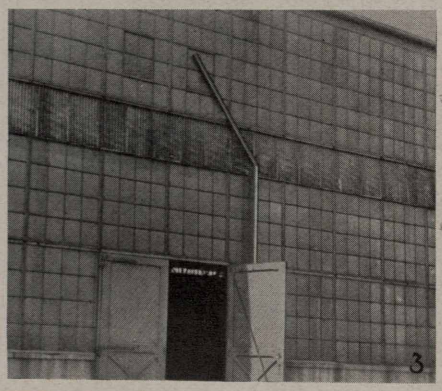


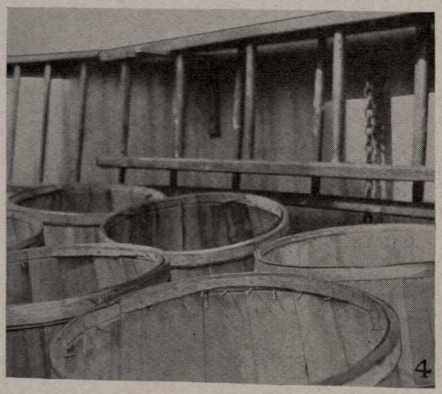
No. 1—Miss Beulah Stover, crane car department, is a born equestrienne, even if she does come from Whiting instead of Casper. No. 2—Lon Martz, carpenter foreman of Whiting works, and Virginia Bevans, with a day's catch at Wall Lake, Michigan. No. 3—Some centureis ago, on October 12, Columbus discovered America, but in 1922, same day, George Kaminsky made what he declares is a far more important discovery—that of the difference between single blessedness and wedded bliss. Miss Margaret Martin was the bride. Both young folks were employed at the refinery and they have our congratulations and best wishes. No. 4—Mr. Mike Sheetz, fireman, tower stills, and Mr. Harley Nosker, fireman, pressure stills, are the proud grandparents of little Marcus Sheetz, shown here. Marcus doesn't need Red Crown, having an abundance of foot-power.

Brought to Light









No. 1—Propping windows up with sticks or other material is not a safe way of providing fresh air for the room. All windows should be provided with stops. We have known employees who accidentally dislodged the prop. Most necks are smaller than heads and it places you in an embarrassing position to have a window fall on your neck. Please also remember the fellow who might be under the window.

No. 2—One look at this picture will show you why switchmen sometimes get gray hairs over night. With a pile of acid coke like that sticking out there is no room for a man on the side of a car. No man hurt here at night however. The safety man caught it in time.

No. 3—We caught this pipe in time to save a sore head and we also caught it in time to take the picture. We will have to admit we didn't snap the picture while the pipe was falling. Luck was with us this time, for it stuck on some projection and awaited our arrival. It also waited for the man to get through the door. Very nice of the pipe we say.

No. 4—This was once a ladder station, is now a ladder station, but for a while at the time this picture was taken it was not a ladder station, for it was so completely blocked with barrels that ladders could not be reached. Please note the nails which the camera brought to light also.

Safety First

C. W. Smith,
Director Safety Division
Industrial Relations Department

and

F. W. Lau,
Safety Director, Whiting

The Moans of The Dying, The Mangled and The Burned Exhort Every Standard Oil Man to "Keep That Pledge"!

The driver of the Standard Oil truck shown above failed to keep his pledge. This was the result. It is nothing unusual. Witness:

ONE DAY'S CROSSING TOLL IN CHICAGO

"A man and a woman were burned to death in a taxicab under the eyes of scores of commuters after a grade crossing collision on the C. M. & St. P. near Golf, a suburb, early today. The gasoline tank exploded after a speeding mail train had hit the car. . . . . The bodies were so charred that identification was impossible. . . . . Four other persons, two of them women, were killed, and a boy was probably fatally injured in other railroad crossing accidents today. The dead: Evans, Mrs. Alice, wife of Coroner E. Evans, of Lake County, Ind.; killed by a South Shore electric train in Gary. . . Evans, Isabelle, 19-year-old daughter of the coroner, killed with her mother when the train hit coupe in which a son, Harvey, who may die, was driving them to town. . . . . Gerbert, Chris, Blue Island, a chauffeur, killed when a B. & O. switch engine hit his motor truck at a Blue Island crossing. . . . . Fory, Ira, Vine street, Blue Island, Gerbert's helper."—*From the Chicago Daily News of Wednesday, October 18.*

Date Oct. 1, 1922

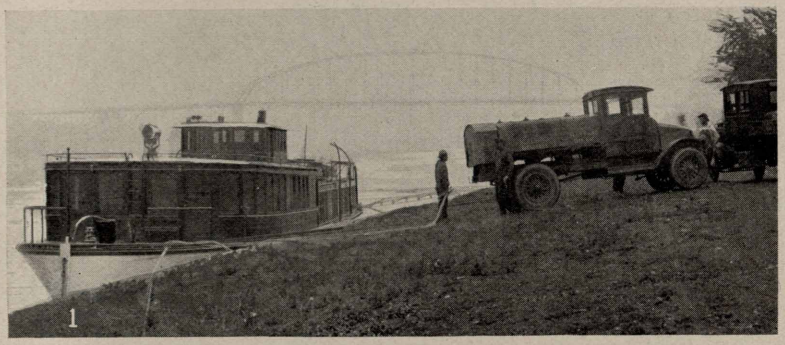
"I do hereby pledge that I will under all circumstances when approaching a railroad crossing, have my vehicle under complete control and bring same to a **full stop** before attempting to cross any transportation lines, even though I am advised to do so by the attendant at the crossing, for the reason that I might mistake his signals—this for the purpose of protecting my **own life,** and to avoid any possible damage to the vehicle I am driving.

Signed Allan Jackson

Keep that pledge and keep out of the cemetery.—F. C. SINGLETON.
Safety Director, Sales Dept.

Peoria, Ill.—Eastern district picnic at Paxton, Ill., October 1st. District Superintendent Caldwell, the man responsible for this splendid turnout, modestly tried to conceal himself in the upper left-hand corner. We have indicated him with an arrow. For particulars concerning picnic, see gossip.

Red Crown For Drs. Mayo; Faribault Show



No. 1—The big river boat owned by the Drs. Mayo, famous surgeons of Rochester, Minn., stopping at Red Wing, Wis., to take on board 700 gallons of Red Crown gasoline. For lubricant, Polarine Medium Heavy is used, according to our La Crosse correspondent. When this photograph was taken the Mayo boat was en route to New Orleans down the Mississippi. No. 2—Thousands of visitors during "Open House" week at Faribault, Minn., commented on the unusual and attractive display at Station 10. In the photo, left to right: J. C. Clute, driver; C. W. Nelson, agent; A. A. Mullenberg, attendant; W. Dilley, warehouse man. "The boys at Faribault did some mighty good work in promoting sale of the Full Line, not only through their excellent cooperation in this civic activity, but also in the beautiful appearance of their service station," writes Manager M. H. Chesbrough, Mankato division.

Completers

"I never," says an employer, "lack beginners in my offices or factory, but the supply of completers is never equal to the demand."

I have often wondered whatever became of the brilliant chaps I used to envy during my college days, who stood away up at the top in marks and grade.

Somehow their names refuse to ring down the halls of fame as I thought, at the time, that they would. They were wonderful starters—but not very good completers in the game of life.

How interesting to watch the beginning of an athletic race, ofttimes the most brilliant looking chap appearing as the most probable winner. But as the race progresses, one by one the competitors drop out because of lack of training or brain control—or something—and just as like as not the chap we didn't figure on at all, comes in—first!

Oh, there are always plenty to begin in anything that "looks good." But the completers are those who did not have in mind whether the chance looked good or not, but only had in mind the idea of finishing after having done their best.

Be a completer at your job.

A lot of times the crowd will try to get you nervous and discouraged—or perhaps mad. But do not mind at all. One thing is sure; if you complete your job or your task, every last man will applaud you, either outwardly or in his heart, and whether friend or foe. For all the world loves a completer. *American Insurance Journal.*

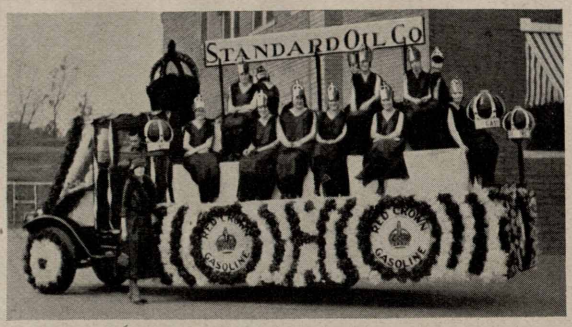
Here and There About the Field

No. 1—Girls of the Grand Rapids office, first row: Harriet Van Domelen, Jane Jannereth, Frieda L. Frey, Gertrude Krynsen. Second row: Elsa C. Frey, Florence Baker, Marie Tice, Roma West, Christine Vehyl, Cleo Uplinger, Anna Irrgang, Elizabeth Bowmaster. Third row: Ora Johnson, Lenore Gillis, Sophia Coeling, Blanche Warren, Rena Vander Ploeg, Gladys Corwin. No. 2—Chester Tyron, gasoline checker of Indianapolis, and his best girl, much Hallowe'ened. No. 3—Miss Leona Whitcomb, the most popular girl in the Davenport office—she's the payroll clerk.

We Win Parade Prize at Wichita

Photographs on this and the opposite page show four of the fourteen floats and trucks entered by the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) in the industrial parade held at Wichita, Kan., in connection with the International Wheat Show and farm products exposition. No. 1—Barney Wright, veteran tankwagon driver, who led the Standard entry with an old-time tankwagon and team. No. 2—Immediately following Barney was a new five-ton Packard truck, showing the progress made in ten years.

At the International Wheat Show



All the trucks in the Wichita parade were converted into floats depicting our various products and their uses. Two of these are shown above, one advertising Semdac, the other Red Crown. The Record regrets that lack of space prevents showing the other floats. That demonstrating Polarine, summer and winter, was especially artistic and striking, as also was the one carrying a miniature service station, demonstrating the service we render through that medium.

"PLEASE TAKE TH

"To My Fellow Employees:

"The Christmas season again draws near—in the home and religious life of Christian nations, a season of happy significance since it celebrates the birth of Him who first preached the Golden Rule among all peoples; but in industry, too often a mere date upon the calendar which indicates another holiday.

"To us of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), however, it has no such paltriness of meaning, for in the industrial structure we have reared, both you and I, and all of us, have endeavored to make live in our business life that message on which all rules of justice and equity are founded: Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.' This we have done, not only because we have felt that it is

HS, MR. NEVOTTI:"

right, but also for the very human reason that we believe no industry can be permanently successful which is not founded on that principle.

"Assured, therefore, of unfailing justice within our industrial domicile, we once more give mutual assurance of continued loyalty in the year to come, of loyalty to ourselves, to one another, and to the industry in which we labor.

"Happily, it is a year which already gives promise of holding benefits for all of us.

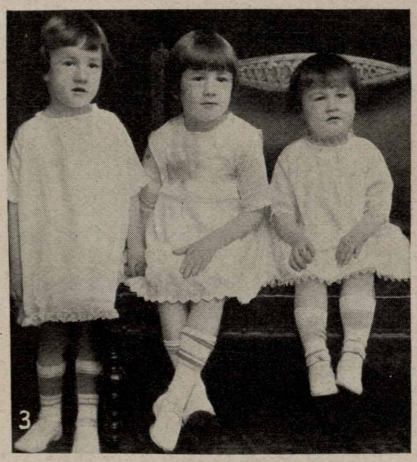
"I wish you a Merry Christmas and very Happy and Prosperous New Year."

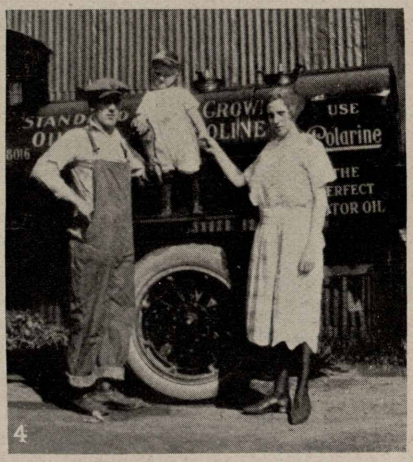
Robert W. Stewart.

No Watchful Waiting in Watch Town

Joliet, Ill.—Elgin is noted as a watch town, but take it from us, there is no watchful waiting on the part of Standard Oilers there. They are right out after the business, the whole crowd pulling together as one team. No. 1—Elgin employees at their third monthly social meeting, held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Tatge, near South Elgin. No. 2—What Elgin claims is the prettiest and best kept "A" station in Standard Oil Company (Indiana) territory.

Health and Beauty à la Joliet





No. 1—This little lady, daughter of Charles Wachendorf, "B" station agent at Minooka, Ill., Joliet division, won first prize for health and beauty at the recent Will County fair, and also first prize at baby show at Dellwood in 1921. You'll agree—she's some baby! No. 2—Joliet claims these are *some babies*, too—Mildred Lindgren and Ann Swenson. No. 3—The three little daughters of B. W. Jonen, service station attendant at No. 21, Streator, Ill. With Mrs. Jonen, they make four queens, a combination hard to beat. No. 4—Here's a happy trio: Papa Bealer, Mamma Bealer and Baby Bealer, who run the agency at Morrison, Ill. Papa Beiler's initials are W. R.

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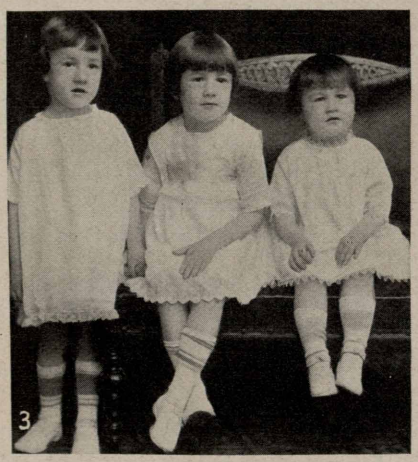

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WHITING, IND.

George Kirchoff, seeing some suits on display in Gordon's window, entered the store and told the clerk he would like to try on one of the suits in the window. The clerk politely told him the windows were not insured and that they had regular dressing rooms for that purpose.

Earl Knight had his beauty spoiled by acid burns. He says he is getting better looking every day now.

Frank Sayne shot three ducks one bright morning. Two of them were decoys and the other one somebody else shot first.

If our local sportsmen do much more practicing on fenceposts and aeroplanes, they might win something at the annual trapshooting meet. We haven't heard of anybody getting sick of too much wild duck or mud hens.

J. W. Humphrey attended a birthday party at Harry Nelson's, October 4, and probably the 5th, as he did not show up the following day. Must have been some party.

Frank Fisher is back after a two weeks' vacation. Frank spent most of his time duck hunting.

Ray Lamberth has left us to take up another position.

Did you notice the big "rock" on Mary Golomb's finger?

Wm. Shannon went to Chicago the other day to get a new suit of rags.

Sallie and Genevieve are very lonesome since Ray has quit.

A. E. Dimmock has decided to give up his Empire and get a real car next spring.

Tony Sisko must be trying to keep away from cigarettes as he uses one of those long holders.

Mr. Ziggie Gobberg, the welding shop orator, was asked what that awful noise was that was coming out of his house. He promptly replied that it was a saxophone and he blew it so sweet and yet it came out so hard.

Slim Kirchoff, alias T. N. T., has been seen here lately in Ziggie Gobberg's company. We do not know what is transpiring between them, but some of the boys have come to the conclusion that he is learning the saxophone or learning to sing. We believe the latter, as Slim has a wonderful bass voice.

Walter Harbrecht, of the welding department, told the boys the awful experience he had the other night. He arrived home around 2:00 a. m., and had nearly succeeded in gaining his room when he fell over the cat, which awoke his mother. She asked Walter what time it was and he replied that it was 10:00 p. m. Just then the clock struck two. Now Walter goes to bed after supper.

George Kaminsky, reporter for the welding shop, who recently took unto himself a wife, told the boys that he and his better half get along so well that they sit and hold hands by the hour. The reason for holding hands so long, vouched for by his brother Steve, who resides at their home, is because if George lets go, he will probably be sent to the hospital.

We noticed Billy Williams, assistant foreman, standing before a safety bulletin for nearly an hour. Upon investigation, it was found to be the picture of a woman welder. We suppose Billy will be trying to find an opening here for some as we all know Billy doesn't like the ladies.

The welding shop boys extend their sympathy to John Hayes in the recent death of his father, who was an employee of the boiler shop.

The son of Julius Kinsock, foreman of the welding shop, was taken to the St. Bernard's hospital, where he underwent an operation for the removal of his tonsils. Julius reports Bernard as doing nicely.

The welding shop bowling team, Slim Kirchoff, alias T. N. T., captain, is sure giving the rest of the boys some race, and unless something unforeseen happens, will bring home the pennant.

Mr. Oliver, former welding shop foreman, paid the boys a visit Saturady morning.

Joe Thiel, the handsome pretzel bender, would like to see some new road maps. He started for Starved Rock a short time ago in his Saxon and, after driving 108 miles, found himself in West Hammond. Them Saxons know their way home, don't they, Joe?

Jim Febeck is preparing for the hunting season, having purchased a dozen new hatchets.

Ross Clanin is eating nothing but liquids and mashed spuds account of having worn out his teeth.

The new pressure still office was dedicated last week and a great day it was, L. C. Moore and P. J. Sweeney doing the honors, assisted by Joe Howard, Peter Koch and Jas. Spanier. Speeches were made by Chas. Dailey, Al. Dimmock and Bert Thwing. H. K. Bierman laid the cornerstone. The S. O. band serenaded the boys in their new home. The superintendent's office is decorated in a beautiful pink and green combination. (Green on account of the Irish.) The foreman's office is a sort of baby-blue purple. It is heated by hot air. A wonderful bathroom has just been finished, decorated in a darkish black.

The election is now over and we can all settle down and work. Al. Dimmock and J. J. Delaney were elected to represent the pressure stills. Good luck to them.

Dailey and Banahan are running yet and Braley and Imler haven't been heard from.

See Bubbles for cheap insurance.

Bert Thwing has moved into his new home in West Park. M. L. Lawrence has bought a new home on New York avenue.

Chas. Mueller is recovering from his operation. He had some owl glands inserted so he could stay awake nights.

Is Jerry McCarthy getting stout? No, he just swallowed an olive.

Bierman is fishing again.

If you want a good laugh, watch McMean ride a bike.

Pat Lynch got turned down by his girl. Did she give you back the ring, Pat?

Fred. Meiers is looking at furniture. Stay away Fred, it costs like h——.

Don Daegling, of the machine shop office, spent one certain evening in October at the Owls Club in Whiting. Along about midnight, when starting for home he stepped (and kept stepping) on his starter, trying to get his roadster started, but finally the starter would pull no more. After grinding away for an hour and not even getting a cough from under the hood to encourage him, he finally abandoned the "blankety-blank-blank" after exhausting himself of all the pet names known. Next morning he got up early and repeated the same routine of the previous night, but finally gave up in disgust after hearing only two "plops" and a "cough". At noon hour, Geo. Moffett visited the roadster, gave only one look under the hood, turned the crank over just once and away roared the engine. Daegling has finally concluded that his roadster is a pretty good one after all.

Geo. Brunner, one of the machine shop football players, was recently obliged to spend a short vacation at home through injuries received when trying

to drag nine men to his goal with the ball in his possession, during a game at noon hour. Geo. Brunner also plays on the Gallistel School football team of the east side.

Frank Klemm claims that we're a fine bunch at the machine shop for forgetting that he got married a few months back. The mistake lies not in that we forgot, but that we never found out until now. Take our best wishes and congratulations home with you, Frank, and just mention that we will be Johnny on the spot the next time you win such good fortune again, which we hardly think possible.

In a recent match among machine shop bowlers, the following scores were made:

Ehlers	126	158	166
"Spike"	126	153	185
"Mutt"	166	152	198

Total pins 1430

vs.

Gadish	148	179	196
"Jew"	167	150	107
Hanusin	187	168	165

Total pins 1467

In the above match Matis was conspicuous by the absence of his usual dope ball, and Schaeffer nearly wrecked and ruined the alley with his speed balls and kicking pins.

Art Wade, machinist, has stepped up in the world and calls himself "daddy" now with great pride over the arrival of a nine-pounder, just chock full of pep, and a boy at that. Wade says he'll make a football player of him. Congratulations to you and yours.

The machine shop, except for its modest nature, could boast of a strong football team this fall. One Mike Gadish possesses a great likeness to the impact of a locomotive when its path is obstructed while speeding along. Another, a certain "Larry" Moore, recently tried to stop Mike, and on waking up was hleased to find himself, still on earth among his friends.

WOOD RIVER, ILL.

The race for Joint General Committee honors at the Wood River refinery this year was featured by some warm and up-to-date methods, personal work, tank epigrams, and printers' ink. The campaign boosters seemed to be affected by the ruling of the Stanolind editor as regards the cartoons, the campaign bringing out a smaller number of artists than usual. In one division a candidate reported that he had personally interviewed everyone in the division, and judging from the scoreboard, this method produces fine results. Other candidates had personal workers who did the talking for them, but by far the most popular method was for everyone who had an idea to get a piece of chalk and write it on a tank, and it looked as if everyone must have had an idea and some must have had several. The "tank talks" were without frills and to the point. They reminded us of the teacher's remark to the boy who let a bad word drop while making his recitation: "John, you make it SO plain." It was well worth the price of admission to walk through the yards and read the inscriptions. It seems to be the unanimous verdict that No. 1 Division furnished the most exciting race and it was watched by all the plant. These boys certainly waged a mean campaign. It was replete with climaxes, thrillers and pep. The bulletin plan was used and the excitement grew to the point where the issue of a new bulletin was greeted with as much interest as a bulletin on the world series. It is said they put on a night force to get the bulletins out on time. On the old Joint General Committee, Evans and Stephenson were elected, Pilcher and Hemphill did not run, Kelly and Emmel ran, but ran second best. After the smoke of battle drifted away with the acid and the south wind, we found among the elected: Joe Evans, George Wilken, J. W. Stephenson, Dwight Stafford, Harvey Davis, Earl Scott and W. R. Hefner. Mr. Stafford, who represents Division 4, started learning the boilermakers' trade when 13 years of age. He is married and has been with the company since 1911. Division 3 is represented by Mr. Stephenson, who is serving his second year on the committee, and he has been elected employee's chairman for the year. His work in the labor department and on the extra firing has given him experience that should prove valuable to him in his duties as chairman. He was born in England in 1883, is married and has three children. Earl Scott, of the Sixth Division, was born at St. Elmo, Ill. He is a carpenter; has been one all his life, and his forefathers for three generations have also been carpenters. He is a good cook, if fat and jolly, is married and has two children. Harvey Davis, of the filling racks, and also of the Fifth Division, is the youngest member elected so far on the Joint General Committee at Wood River. Harvey is a distinguished member of the Standard Oil Octette, is married and has been a valuable reporter for the Stanolind Record. Harvey was born at Bunker Hill, Ill., 23 years ago. Bunker Hill is a small place and Harvey said he spent most of his boyhood days on the farms nearby. George Wilken, stillman at No. 2 pressure house, takes the place of George Pilcher. Wilken says he came from the farm and Pilcher is quitting to go back to the farm. Wilken was born at Rolla, Mo., in the year 1894 and says he spent some time on a farm at Bethalto before coming to Wood River. George is married but still has a lot of liberty and says what he thinks. The new division, No. 7, is being represented by W. R. Hefner. Mr. Hefner was born at Bethany, Mo. He is married and has two children. Mr. Hefner is a pipefitter and is working with the tube cleaners. Joe Evans, of No. 1 Division, came from Sunbright, Tenn., where he spent his early days among the cotton and the corn. Joe is serving his second term. He went through a mighty hard campaign and although his head is bloody, Joe says it is unbowed. Joe is stillman at the acid works. He is married and has two children.

The management appointed the following members: C. M. Shook, superintendent of the filling racks. Mr. Shook is serving his second term. He is married and has been with the company since September, 1907. Mr. S. A. Montgomery, assistant superintendent paraffine department, was born in the sunny south in the State of Mississippi, at Osborne. He is married and came to the company after leaving the army in 1919. John Flanagan, our First Aid director, is serving his second term and has been re-elected secretary. Mr. Flanagan is an Irishman, born at Ashton-under-Lyne, Lancashire, England. This was in the year of '79. Doc is married. A. C. Slater is the only single man of the committee. That is due to Art's shyness, of course. Art is pressure still foreman. He first saw the light of day at Vandalia, Ill., in '89, and he has been with the company since April, 1912. Mr. W. A. Tipton, master mechanic, has been with the company since 1900. He is married and has one child. He has always been a strong supporter of the Industrial Relations Plan. John Halloran, office manager, and all around good fellow, was born in the "City of Brotherly Love" 32 years ago, is married and has

one child. Mr. J. G. Jones is one of the two chairmen. Jones was born in the "Buckeye" state in 1866 and came to the Standard Oil Company in 1909. Mr. Jones has had a varied experience that will prove valuable to him in his duties as chairman. He is a boilermakers' foreman. The new Joint General Committee has taken charge of the work. The old committee was a fine committee and the new committee promises to be just as good.

Tom Stahovick, of the paraffine department, and one of the Standard Oil old timers, is a proud grandfather now. A mighty fine girl, the baby of Tom's daughter, Mrs. Weaver, is the youngster that has caused Tom to assume that proud and patriarchial bearing.

Diphtheria has caused several men to leave their homes for a limited time so that they could be at their work while members of the family were ill. A son of our paraffine superintendent, Robert Parks, has recovered from the diphtheria and Mr. Parks was glad to get home again. Emery Hunt, stillman at No. 4 crude battery, had a like experience.

Joe Jackson, fireman at No. 3 crude house, has "reported off"on account of an illness that may keep, him away for some time. The doctors tell us that Joe has tuberculosis and it will be necessary for him to leave Wood River. Joe came to the plant after his service in the army and has made a host of friends who are hoping the ailment can be cured soon and that Joe will get back to his old place.

It is said that Fred Johnson has made the last trip of the season to Kane, Ill. The last trip was made just before the cold weather set in and Fred enjoyed himself with hunting, fishing and helping out at the dinner table. Fred uusally charters a refrigerator car to carry back the flour, bacon, potatoes, ham, etc., which the folks give him.

William Witthofft was promoted to class "B" of the intelligence bureau lately. This puts him in line with "Spark Plug" Miller, who, when a boy, couldn't be made to believe hay grew in stacks; Bill Stoneham, who sat on the wrong end of the limb he was sawing off, and O. D. Graham, who hit his finger with a hammer because it felt soothing when he quit hitting it. Mr. Witthofft made a startling discovery and got busy. He thought he saw elderberries and hired a man to pick them; then went to tell Jule Kocher about it. Jule at once assumed the smile that rarely comes off, but it came off this time when the berry picker drove up with a barrelful of pokeberries.

Sam Williams is a genius at utilizing first hand supplies. In installing his radio, he put one coil in an oatmeal box and another in an epsom salts box.

Quite an item for the Safety department is the new walk being laid from the north gate to the laboratory.

J. White, leadburner, knows now why they call his car the 490. It develops that many different kinds of trouble every month. He will be driving something else by the time this is printed.

J. Rankin, formerly head lead burner at the Wood River plant, and also at Whiting, but now in charge. of the acid works at Toledo, Ohio, refinery of the Standard Oil Co. of Ohio, was married to Miss Clark of Toledo in October.

Judge Parker and Garret Lewis made one of their occasional trips to St. Louis on one of the Judge's thirty-twos off. After enjoying a fine show, limburger cheese and home brew were the most alluring diversions. The judge avers they made the intercity trip in thrity-five minutes.

Henry Monken spent a "thirty-two off" recently with his mother, who is in a hospital at Belleville. He reports she is improving, which is good news to Henry and his many friends.

The Brummer Race Horse Co. is making several entries in the great contest at Litchfield. Amiel has turned from his administration of the St. Louis Browns to worshipping horses. The dope sheet says that Bunker Hill should win. If Amiel lays off a week, the dope will have been correct; if he drags in cussing and raving, we shall know Bunker Hill met his Waterloo.

Curley Andrews had all the details of a certain escapade which interested the police; knew every man implicated and could give the color of the eyes, the shade of the hair and all kinds of information. A deputy marshall of the U. S. Government asked for Curley. Then what he knew, he had heard, and in reality he had heard nothing of any consequence "Circumstances alter cases, you know."

Mr. C. F. Hall, our Safety man, has requested everyone, when in a car with anyone else, to caution his companion about high speed in the school zone; also about turning around within the block. Mr. Hall is for Safety and wants everyone else to be at all times.

We neglected to mention in the last issue of the Stanolind that Uncle Tim Van Camp won a doll and a box of candy at the S. O. picnic. Leave it to Tim.

Mr. S. A. Beach, refinery superintendent, enjoyed a hunting trip recently in the lake region of Northern Michigan. The hunting ground was in the vicinity of Lake Van Etten, a lake about six miles in length and four miles wide, near Lake Huron. The trip was made to hunt duck and partridge, but more particularly partridge. Although the partridge is a mighty elusive bird, living in the woods and flying low and fast like quail, the hunting was so good that Mr. Beach said he had no trouble getting the limit each day. The days were spent hunting and the evenings around a blazing, crackling pineknot fire in the cabin. Deer tracks were seen while on the trip and Mr. Beach was told by his hunting companions if he would come back they would promise him the pleasure of killing at least one deer.

Two appointments have been made recently in the paraffine and lubricating departments. S. A. Montgomery is made assistant superintendent of the paraffine department and E. H. Payne has been made assistant superintendent of the new lubricating department. Both are chemists. Montgomery attended the Mississippi A. and M. and Payne attended the University of Virginia. Both men saw service during the World War in the chemical warfare division. Mr. Payne came to the company in 1917 and Mr. Montgomery came here as soon as he was discharged from the army. They have made many friends who wish them the best of success in their work.

Wanted: One good-natured old lady to watch and care for me during that period of my life when all the vampires in this vicinity are liable to molest me and drive my course of travel from the straight and narrow path to the one that is full of pitfalls and has no boundaries in any direction. Apply to Preston Chalk in person. An ad similar to the above was published in one of the many newspapers published in Wood River. Only one application was filed and it was duly accepted without much consideration and Preston is now walking the straight and narrow under the guiding hand of Myrtle. Myrtle promised to fill the position of grandmother and Preston also made a promise. He promised to stop smoking, drinking, chewing and flirting with all the little vamps in our vicinity.

Three questions predominate the minds of certain of the employees of the S. O. Co. of Wood River. WHERE (did those bedbugs come from)? WHY (should they pick on me)? WHEN (are we going to get rid of them)?

The filling racks are not without their Radio Ralph. The Ralph in this case is Harold Schneider. Harold said there was too much noise at home so he installed his radio across the street in the home of a fine-looking little girl.

Mose Boyd, the new addition recently added to the lab., has also been making extensive additions for himself. Mose took unto himself a wife, or rather, Miss Sue Jackson, of Cuba, Ill., took Mose for better or worse, more likely the latter. But at present writing they are existing as one, eating out of the same spoon, as all young married people will, and doing their best to live up to the good wishes of their many friends.

The Wood River refinery bowling teams are showing good form this year and a greater number have taken an interest in the sport. The lab. girls have a team and a number of the men in the plant have organized teams of their own.

After receiving his pay check, Mr. Fred. Redmond had the bad luck to lose it, but the matter was settled easily enough by having a new check issued. Some time later Mr. George Streeharick, pipefitter, found the first check in a washroom and returned it to the company. It looks as if there were still a few honest people in the world.

Radio enthusiasts enjoyed another concert by the Standard musical organizations when our musical director, Mr. I. L. Stocker, made another trip to the St. Louis Post Dispatch broadcasting station with his musical wizards. A request was received late Saturday evening and the concert was arranged and given Monday evening. It was *service* that upheld the best traditions of the company, and from the joyful reports that came in, we would judge the quality was even better than the service. The string sextette, the orchestra and soloist were used.

An unusual experience occurred to Mr. Jackson, colored still cleaner at No. 4 pressure house. Mr. Jackson had started home from work when he was stopped by three armed men who climbed into the machine just as if they owned it and ordered Jackson to drive on. After a while one of the men poked Jackson in the ribs with a young cannon and asked for more speed. Jackson gave her more gas but not enough to suit his guests, who proceeded to give him more pokes in the ribs and ordered him to get more speed, but they were informed with an apology by Jackson that she was going as fast as that particular Ford could possibly go. He was then ordered to stop; they got out and that was the last seen of them. We hate to think of what might have happened to Jackson or where he might be now if his car had been good for say 150 miles an hour.

We all like to hear stories told by the old timers, how they did it in the old days and how it used to be. Mr. Frank Braseir of the canvas room is one of our old timers. He was born at Pike County, Mo., in 1857, and started working for the Standard Oil Co. of Kentucky in 1893 at Alton. For some time he drove a wagon and later was made agent at that place. The only time he was fired was when the Standard Oil Co. of Indiana took over the Alton field. He was called on the wire by the Decatur office and told about being released by the Standard of Kentucky, but the connection broke and it was not until the following afternoon the news was received that he was to be employed by the new management. Mr. Braseir tells about the pride he had in a certain team of white horses with their harness buckles all polished and a fine new tankwagon to cart about. This was before Red Crown became a household word and at that time our filling stations were causing very little excitement. In those days the company would send instructions to the agents to get the names of the auto owners and the list was so short that the report would not take much time. At first the distributing station was at the foot of Monument street in Alton, but after the Wanda disaster the station was moved just out of the city limits. The demand for gas was not heavy. However, there was a large demand for coal oil and Mica axle grease. One of the products that had a good sale was Miner's oil. There was a large up-the-river trade and they would make a big shipment each year on the last boat that went to Calhoun county for the winter supply.

Albert Ritter is with us again after having been away from the plant for six weeks. Three weeks were spent in the hospital getting rid of a carbuncle. Albert thinks the neck is the finest place in the world as a head support but a darned poor place for a carbuncle.

We wish to take this means of expressing our sincere thanks to our many friends for the kindness and sympathy shown us during our sad bereavement in the loss of our dear daughter and sister, Ruth Mamie. We especially wish to thank the pall bearers, and the friends who donated their machines and the donors of the many beautiful floral offerings —Mr. and Mrs. Herman Oetting and Daughter Marie.

We appreciate the new sidewalks leading from the north gate to the laboratory building and wish to extend our thanks to the management. We have a few suggestions to offer that were overheard while certain of the laboratory girls were talking. They think some flowers should adorn the new walks, and Miss Mooney suggests dogwood; Miss Powell, cat tails; Miss Exton, cow slips, and Miss Halloran thinks elephant ears would be just the thing. There are others too numerous to mention. Get busy.

Mr. Mose Boyd of the laboratory was quietly married to Miss Sue R. Jackson, Saturday, October 21, at the home of the bride's brother, Joseph Jackson, of Penning Ave. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Andrews of the Presbyterian church. They were attended by Mrs. F. Stanke and Mr. H. J. Efnor, sister and uncle of the bride. Mrs. Boyd is the charming daughter of Mrs. and Mr. O. L. Jackson of Lewiston, Ill.

Hugh Christy has joined the corps of water drawers at the main pump house. We take it he is handling watered stock.

The nice weather in October brought a resumption of Harry Harrod's trips to Auburn.

W. A. Miller is back to the steam stills again after a severe illness. Some say that is the reason, others have other reasons, but one thing is known; his radio is in good receiving condition now.

Mrs. Ben Robinson, wife of our friend at the new boiler house, won the touring car given away at the grand raffle of the annual bazaar given by the St. Bernard parish.

Louis Hoffman has been very busy locating the timer and other parts essential to a rattling good Ford.

Bill Soliday reports picking up a message from China on his radio. He could not understand it and it sounded like Chinese, so it must be. As the "Chink" puts it: "Can happen."

Thomas now has a finer appreciation of the traffic laws and sundry ordinances of St. Louis, having come out second best in an argument about one of these. He brought his checked slip home as a momento of the occasion.

Several of the laboratory girls have organized a bowling team. They are Myrtle Exton, Kathleen Halloran, Helen Powell, Mary Stoneham and Mrs. H. Johnson. They will go under the name of Red Crown (lots of pep). So far they have not been beaten. These girls are going to make a winning team.

Ray Sears of the carpenter department has quit driving nails and will engage in the cigar business. Good luck, Ray. Smoke up, boys.

Dan Watson, of the carpenter department, better known as "Windy Dan," says there is only one thing necessary to improve the ash blowing system and that is for him to get behind it.

Wm. Bergan says "if you want your life reviewed, get into the race for division representative."

The boys of the sixth division want to instruct their new representative, Earl Scott, that their needs are easily filled. "Take nothing we don't want and get all we do want."

Anyone with a kodak is welcome in the vicinity of Doc. Wagner's new home. Doc has moved away from the smoke and noise of the city. Now will someone get a picture of him on a three legged stool milking the old family cow?

Mr. Art Greeling, alias Miscellaneous, alias Art Dow, has offered his services to Claude Burris in the operation of his new car. Art has hit so many lamp posts he knows how it ought to be done.

The Millionaire Fishing Club has turned in its charter and disbanded. After furnishing material for many conversations and food for very few meals, the angling efforts of Matthew Freeman and Albert Hall are set down in history for the envy of competitors. While in the life of the average man, the formation and disbanding of this club is only an incident of every day life, in the judgment of these two English Tommies, those events are as important as the signing of the magna Charta or the destruction of the Armada.

Tom Edsall had the misfortune to wrench his back while wheeling out a load of ashes. This accident occurred the latter part of last month. Protruding ash lines, which are always dangerous, become more so in wet weather. Slippery walks and runs with obstacles furnish difficulty at night and are some of the things shift workers have to contend with. As rapidly as possible, these are being eliminated, but the necessity for personal observance and carefulness on the part of each individual, will never be removed.

William Hoffman spent a recent Sunday in Belleville. Did you ever read of boys unexpectedly happening into an orchard of apples and how they had filled everything available with the fruit? Men are only boys grown tall. It is reported that Bill filled his gasoline tank with home brew. A prominent business man of Wood River was called on the phone and asked if he knew William Hoffman. Yes, it was the Chief of Police of Belleville who called.

Albert Hall has finished his sidewalk after much patient labor and digging out two feet of sand to get to the walk grade. Now he has his walk but is still walking on sand.

Tom Close, one of our old timers in the boiler maker's department, has accepted a position with the A. V. Moore welding concern. Tom and family are moving to Springfield and his Wood River friends regret to see such a genial companion leave. Tom has the best wishes of the boys in his new venture.

The plant has been re-divisioned, and for the coming year, there will be seven representatives on the board instead of six.

Immediately after the coal strike, most of the crude stills were put on coal but due to shipments not being steady, oil burners were put in again and later these were taken out and coal used again. It makes good business for the pipe fitters anyway.

Roy Thompson has invested quite a few dollars in a bird dog that was trained under the direction of Henry Ronneburg. Roy expects his share of the birds now.

Matt Freeman was seen wearing a ten dollar hat and the smile that won't come off except when a fellow workman uses profane language, while doing a day of extra firing at No. 2 crude house.

William Obermiller is having his troubles. He employed a carpenter to build a cow barn and the carpenter sawed all the four-by-fours too short. Will had to lay off the next day to watch the carpenter.

Charles Hubner enters the race against Geo. Buck for garden honors. Buck got in the lead with a fine picture but Huebner is there when it comes to growing radishes, carrots, parsnips, beans, beets and tomatoes. Charles has beets and carrots that weigh more than two pounds. On the growers and builders depends the success of the world, and Charles is doing his part.

Bert Smith is walking no more. The lure of the paved roads captured him at last and he fell a victim to the "Greedy Goddess of Luxury" and her consort, the Demon of Speed. It is a Ford, but to see Bert "rared back in 'er" one would think it a Packard at least. We understand that Camfield and "Mayor" Swope are afraid to appear on the streets now with their velocipedes.

William Watts, fireman at No. 2 pressure house, has left for California. Bill has a leave of absence and expects to be with us again. The trip was necessary on account of the illness of his daughter.

The son of Archie Bowman suffered a painful accident. A fall from the new home while being constructed resulted in having a leg broken at the hip joint. Archie installed amusement for the lad's comfort during the weeks he was in bed by having a fine radio handy for the boy.

SUGAR CREEK, MO.

Mr. G. V. Hackett, boilermaker foreman, announces that he has harvested his crop of peanuts and anyone wishing to lay in a supply for the Winter months, may leave their order at boiler shop office. We have been expecting him to bring some of these peanuts down to the plant for display, wired to the sprout, like he did his potatoes last year.

Now that there has been another cut in Fords, there is no excuse for Mr. Carpenter and Alex Nylund driving those Maxwell relics. For Nylund's information, we might say, that perhaps he can dispose of his car by selling it back to the Maxwell manufacturers at a very high figure for display purposes at the next automobile show, along side of their latest model—"The first and last".

We want to know if Alex Nylund will furnish us with his home brew recipe. If it has enough kick in it to cause him to come to band practice without his horn, it must have some wallop.

Mr. A. E. Hauptley, wizard of the storehouse, has returned from his vacation and reports that his

assistant, Mr. Kenneth Jacques, had everything in fine shape, even better than when he left. He didn't know that Jake worked overtime every day and Saturday afternoons in order to fill his Majesty's position.

It has been reported that Jess Reeder and his "Tootsie" have had another split-up. DeLand says that the girl told him that she found moth balls in a box of candy Jess gave her for her birthday. Must have been the same box that Jess intended giving her last Christmas. Jess walks up and down in front of her house every evening whistling her favorite tune, but she refuses to put the light in the window and it looks as though she has given Jess "the bird" for good, now that Fairmount park has closed for the season.

Bill Decker says that times are getting so hard in Sugar Creek that he has to borrow enough money every fall to lay in his winter's supply of coke, and then it takes him all summer to pay it back.

H. L. Broughton, of the drafting department, must be expecting a hard winter as he spends his Saturday afternoons and Sundays trespassing in the pursuit of big black walnuts. From the looks of the stain on his hands he no doubt has a good supply laid in for the winter months. Herb says he is going to spend the long winter evenings munching walnuts and listening to DWAF.

Bill Beatty has been proclaimed the Champion Hand Shaker of the Sugar Creek works. He has worn his trousers to shreds wiping his hands off before shaking hands with the white collars who drift into the tin shop.

We have found out M. V. Hancock's' menu for reducing: Read the paper for breakfast; smoke a camel for lunch and play a game of pool for dinner. A. E. Hauptley—take notice.

The end of the world will come on that day when: Clifford Howard no longer cares to go hunting; Joe Breuer wins a checker game; G. W. Thompson is in a good humor early in the morning; Wetmore quits bucking Wall Street; H. O. Roth lives in one house at least two months; DeLand quits drinking perfume; Stover hits the 100-pound mark; Al White buys a package of cigarettes; Frank Lee buys an AUTOMOBILE; Mae Weatherford pays her baseball bets; E. J. Cox admits that he can't play horseshoes; A. S. Hurt wins an argument; Three-ball Hindes spends his money for amusement.

Mr. Ed. Richmond has been called to his old home in Philadelphia, account the serious illness of his father.

Bill Ashcraft has taken up night school for the purpose of learning to operate our old CLE-E-TRAC tractor. We don't think that the schooling will do Bill any good as he understands how to operate the tractor now, but he can't make up his mind to stay in the seat when it begins to buck a little.

Mr. Johnnie Waller, Jr., is back at his desk after a trip to New Orleans to the American Legion convention. John says that the town was pretty lively but not as live as Kansas City was when they held the convention here last year.

Kenneth Jacques is at last a Papa. It is a boy and the two or three cigars were certainly enjoyed by the lucky ones receiving them. A. E. H. doesn't smoke but he took one anyway.

The rumor has gotten out that L. C. Howard, the vllage sport, and huntsman is about to take the leap. We have not heard who the unlucky girl is, but will say for Clifford that he would better rush the date or she might come to and change her mind.

Sugar Creek is the lucky employer of one Herbert Fraher, who entertains the S. O. Co. followers with his high-strung voice at some of our band concerts. Several days ago he had the pleasure of singing at one of the Kansas City Star's radio concerts and also at the Liberty theatre, and those who have been entertained with his wonderful voice state that they believe he will outshine any of the former grand opera stars. Herbert is assistant to Mr. E. L. Rolfs, efficiency engineer.

Frank Phillips, cart driver, has agreed to "take on" any man in the plant for a ten-round "set to". Frank recently bruised two of his fingers on a "hard boiled guy" and became so elated at getting away with it that he figures he can do it again to others. Here's hoping Chief Hancock sees this so that real lovers of the manly art will see two real he men in action.

Miss Blanche Remington, nurse, who occasionally substitutes for Mrs. Taylor, is in "Dutch" with Miss Weatherford. She offered to lend May one of her pink garters for a belt and now the dear girls give each other the "go by."

No, Ignatz, that was not a sham battle going on; just Bill Decker in his final spiel to the Joint General Committee. Bill had a few in his craw that were hard to swallow and had to spit 'em out and as he afterwards said his shots were fired without regard as to where they hit. We are pleased to notify our readers that the combined personnel of the retiring and present committees came through without a puncture. Circumstantial evidence of mis-directed aim?

Who ever heard of Brown Wyandottes? Ask Fred Bergin, he knows. We've put ours in bluing water to make them white but iodine is too expensive coloring for our biddies.

Roy Porter may not be a speed demon at work but he sure can shake a wicked foot in a hundred yard dash.

S. M. Fann, pumper at the intake, has been thinking of buying a car, but says he is afraid it would keep him away from home too much. Nothing to it, old man; look at Charlie Lawless and L. R. Snow and see how theirs kept them from work.

R. G. Cannell, veteran pumper and engineer at the power and light plant, says he didn't know he was so popular till he got his new Buick. R. G. has been "picking 'em up," but B. B. Wiler of the same department says if he will only go out with him a time or two he'll show him how to "pass 'em up," B. B. is becoming friendly with the K. C. Kops, who seem to want him to "step on it" so they can enrich their treasury.

O. W. Terry says he just can't understand his "Lizzie" at all. She is always complaining about some of her joints, though he feeds her well, he says, oils her up, rubs her down, gets out and under and then looks her over but it's no use; she's lost all her ambish.

Albert Akers, tinner, is the proud daddy of a daughter born September 28. Albert says he thinks her name is "Elnora" but is not quite sure. We'll bet it's Ellen Lenore and like another young lady bearing the same name, it's father had absolutely nothing to say about it.

Clifford Howard, P. I. investigator, is a bold hunter. Recently Clifford donned his hip boots, shouldered his gun, whistled to "Sport" and trekked down to the Big Muddy. The next we heard of him was when he was being unloaded from a mud scow, the owners of which had rescued him from the ooze he was wallowing in, Clifford claims the water ran over the top of his boots and weighed him down; but the water, like his story was too shallow for that.

Lloyd Gibbons, of the pipe department, said this plant would be like heaven to him if he could only get to hold Blanche's hand once a day. Well, he had about seven days of heaven recently, for Miss Remington was with us just that long and Lloyd was in the very first day with a scratch on his finger and Blanche very enticingly (to Lloyd) suggested he come back tomorrow for a new bandage. This was repeated every day for a week, or until Mrs. Taylor's arrival, when the first-aid room lost all its attraction for him. We never knew that "heart balm" was applied to a scratch, but she sure can spread the salve.

Jess Reeder bought an army shirt recently and a few days later inquired of our nurse if she knew what was good for "cooties."

Carl Johnson recently returned from a three days' vacation with the smile that won't come off. We don't know what luck he had, but here's hoping his elation over changed conditions is lasting, as Carl would be a real nice boy with proper tutelage.

Willie Hickey's recent visit to Montgomery Ward & Company was a considerable source of comment and speculation among the other sample boys until he let the cat out of the bag when he tore his trousers and had to wear his new ones to work. Fred Bergin said he would have bought the same pair if they hadn't been too large for him. Fred might pick up a little weight so as to take advantage of such bargains if he ever gets over the Rubberitis, or Everbounce, which he developed on a trip to the Ozarks in his flivver.

Arch Hicks and Bill Hickey are looking very blue since Ford cars have taken a drop in price. No, they didn't have any to sell, but they had just purchased stock in Mike Cauley's Ford bus. Mike has been driving a Ford bus and he told his passengers that if they rode with him they would have to buy at least one share in the bus. We'll have to give it to Mike; he knew Fords were going to come down.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth F. Jaques announce the birth of a six-pound boy, born October 17. Mrs. Jaques was formerly Miss Annie Lober.

John Grinter has just returned from his vacation, spent among his shrubs and incomparable evergreens.

Jess Nivens has returned to work after a long siege of sickness.

Believe it or not. Dan Hinthorn caught Harry Tesch drawing water off No. 209 water tank on the Crawford tract.

Fred Evinger has finally recovered from his wild tractor ride. Fred's tractor, which seemed to have the disposition of a Missouri mule, left the road and tried to climb a steep embankment. The law of gravity functioned as usual and the boys had quite a time getting the tractor off Fred.

Herbert Hogue was sent to Kansas City this year (an annual occurrence) to purchase "valve packing." Possibly Herbert was tired of the job, anyway he never came back but went to work for another concern downtown. We hated to see him go, for the old boy was pretty well liked, and we guess Herbert thought twice before he quit, as he says he will always have a tender spot in his heart for the SOCO.

Quite a scandal developed during the last election for representatives on the Joint General Committee. Joe Strako in Division No. 5, has been accused of accepting money from all three nominees in Division No. 5. Bill Decker says he gave Joe 18c to vote for him. Fred Gore says he gave Joe 20c, and John Dooley says he gave Joe 15c.

"Murder will out," and so will hypocrisy. Of course, you all know that Alex Nylund is the superintendent of a popular Sunday School, and also, that he is an enthusiastic pupil in a Bible class at a night school. But do you know the kind of refreshments Alex hankers for? Doc. McCoy, who is attempting to form an exclusive foremen's club, recently sent out notices for a get-together meeting, to find out what the foremen thought of the proposed club. This notice was a ballot also, and each foreman was expected to vote on the kind of refreshments to be served at the meeting. This is what Alex voted for: "limburger cheese and old fashioned lager."

Shorty Burns, our bow-legged pipefitter, has at last consented to tell us about the fishing trip he attended with Mutt Fleishman and a few other rookies. Shorty says never again with that bunch of stags! The only game captured was a few small carp and turtles. The main event was the cutting down of a bee tree and Shorty was on the wrong side of the river so Mutt yelled for him to bring the boat over. When he got within ten feet of the shore, part of the tree that held the bees and honey seemed to be falling down on him, so into the water Shorty jumped, but remembered after striking the water that he could not swim, so down he went. He was lucky, as the water was only about three feet deep at this point, so Shorty started to run or wade, but he was not fast enough for the bees. Shorty began to yell and the bees began to sting and if you don't think a bee has a stinger, ask Shorty. Shorty says that his share of the honey was not worth one-half of the bee stings he got. He says he is off of Mutt for life and if he wants to go fishing any more, he will seek new mates.

The tin shop gang is wondering what Boss Nylund and Pete Akers have got up their sleeve. Every morning Pete waits for Alex at the clock house. If it is what we think it is—that Alex really is trying to make a Christian out of Pete—then we are for him, but we don't think there is any chance of him pulling Pete away from the church in Independence where Pete now takes up the collection with one arm tied behind him.

Lee Bolger believes in showing the girls a good time. He took one out the other night and purchased her a chance on a nice new Ford which was being raffled off at a Montgomery-Ward blow-out. Lee's girl won the Ford and now all that Lee is asking for is half interest in the Ford. (Stick with her Lee, you might get all of it.)

We are very sorry to lose our old standby, Virgil Caldwell, who intends to go back to his old railroad game. "Virg" has been in our employ for a number of years and is one of the best outside timekeepers we have ever had. Clifford Howard will succeed "Virg" but Clifford will have to cut out some of his all night coon hunting, as he will need lots of sleep if he intends to hold this job down in the manner it has been in the past.

Every year about this time, Bill Craddock gets in bad with his wife. She wants to know who put that "Lily of the Valley" on him. Take notice Chas. Hogue.

The shift men would like to know where Joe Bostian gets his pin-money, now that the baseball season is over.

Herbert Van Smith is back after a three weeks' vacation in Florida with his father. Says he took on a little weight and is in good trim. He got back just in time to save Martin Grinter from a nervous breakdown.

CASPER, WYO.

H. F. Glair, well known citizen of Whiting, paid Casper a visit. First we got him to try a little barnyard golf. Next Andy and Company took him out duck hunting with one duck out of a thousand shot at, for a percentage. Harry learns fast, though, for already he is able to beat our "tail enders," Heinze and Dunn, at our favorite pastime out here behind the Industrial building.

A few days ago Mr. Post purchased an oil well in Arkansas and this morning received word that it was yielding 2400 barrels of oil daily. Mr. Post, it is said, intends to banquet the office force in celebration of this good news. This will be a godsend to some of the boys in the office who haven't been eating regularly of late due to the outcome of the world's series, a recently established bootleggers' collection agency, etc. It is expected that at this banquet Mr. Post will announce the result of his negotiations for the purchase of the company's holdings in Casper. Mr. Post is a bright young man and we are happy to hear of his good fortune.

Attention, Greybull! Why is it that Mr. Lobdell is sick every time he returns from a visit to your refinery?

John Rice, acid separator pumper, went back to his old Kentucky home to bring his wife and three children to Casper. May they find health, happiness and everything to their liking in our community.

Ed Gilmartin, No. 1 boiler house fireman, is back at work after being off a week with the mumps. Geo. Walden, press. still cleaner boss, Jess Ferrell and Walter Bowman, press. stillmen, all announce the arrival of new baby boys.

Ed Briscoe, Joe Dilso, L. G. Hirschferger, Floyd McDowell, Bill Herron, Jack Tremain, A. E. Messing and Tom McCoy, all from the refinery department, have reported back to work after spending their vacations in *different parts of the country.*

H. E. Kelly, Jess Bowman, M. G. Fortier, Robt. Jones, B. O. Hastings, C. W. Coleman, Owney Devert, Harold Moore and Geo. Allen, all of the refinery department, have left the service of the company.

Henry Steinfadt, press. still helper, has traded his Ford for a Durant.

Harley Atwell and Harry Grondel, both from the pressure stills, are back at work after a short illness.

Earl Dowler, steam stillman, has bought a new Columbia Six.

Clarence Robb, tower stillman, was married last week. Good luck, Clarence.

G. F. Johnson is spending two weeks vacation at Whiting.

John Shaffer and Harry Cushing are back at work after a two weeks vacation spent in Yellowstone Park.

Roy York, Warren Watson, John Bost and John Doherty, of the refinery department, are back from their vacations.

Wilbur Wright, pump repairman, Plants 1 and 2, is trying hard to look pleasant. Mrs. Wright and baby are visiting in Marlin, Texas.

The treating department, Plant No. 1, is considering seriously the purchase of an alarm clock for William Matson, treater's helper. Ask the treaters why.

H. P. Fishburn is having plenty of worries these days. Mrs. Fishburn, John, James and Junius have departed for a visit with Grandma in Idaho. The trouble consists in taking care of ten quarts of milk a day besides grooming old Bessie and her little baby bull.

C. A. Miller, No. 1 Plant, reports a successful hunting trip. Besides one buck killed there were several dead soldiers of pre-war origin left along the road. Some of us did not get any of that buck; maybe we will have better luck next time.

Smiddy, the politician, managed to get elected without the usual distribution of correctly measured rope.

Our timekeeper, Walter Jourgenson, and family had a very narrow escape on Saturday, the 21st of October. Having just returned from Garden Creek Falls, they were crossing the railroad track. Walter never saw the engine or the flagman. He made it all right, but from now on he is preaching the gospel of not "Look and Listen," but "STOP, Look and Listen." He is lucky that he learned his lesson so cheaply.

H. W. Archibald, stillman, No. 12 house, left for his vacation to be spent at his homestead seventy miles north, near Ross, where he expects to spend two weeks hunting and fishing.

Waldo (our dear old friend Doc) Roberts, foreman on tower stills, had a successful hunt in the Big Horn mountains, bringing home a deer. While on the way back, ten miles north of Arminto, at ten p. m., the gas gave out. Not wishing to risk leaving his game in the car he carried it to that little old burg on the old Yellowstone highway. Then he carried gas back to the car. He says his speedometer must have something the matter with it for it registered only ten miles and shank's mare registered a hundred and ten.

George Spalding, plumber: "Say, Edelmuth! You want to buy a dog?"

Edelmuth: "Go on! You think I want you hanging around here all the time?"

Charles Hirschfeld, of the electrical department, has returned from the big game country with a fine elk: When asked what kind of a set of teeth he got, he said: "Teeth! I forgot all about elk having teeth, but I don't think the guide did, for they are gone."

Arthur Llano, our newly elected representative from Division Four, was married at Douglas, Wyoming, October 18, to Miss Ruth Apel of that city. Cigars were not only plentiful and good, but served a double purpose.

Paul Harris, still cleaner, 21 and 22 batteries, became a benedict October 18. Our congratulations to you, Paul.

Louie Lund, stillman, has gone into the sheep business. Good luck, Louie; if we get it correctly, the wool will pay the keep and the increase is all profit. Here is holding out thumbs for you this winter.

What will the Athletic Association do now? Our newspaper reporter, Ray Williams, inside helper, No. 11 receiving house, leaves November 1 to become a Texas oil promoter. If the headlines show anything of the snap of the advertising for last Fourth of July, then we don't need to wish Ray any good luck, for that will be a natural result.

It is strange what some preachers will do. Hartzell and Osborn, Casper's Safety Duo, took Safety Smith to the Muddy mountains October 22 on a bear hunt. They chased the elusive grizzly until dark, then proceeded for home. The ignition went on the blink. The equipment of these sportsmen was complete, even unto a little thing like a flashlight. "Safety" himself, flashlight in

hand, rode the fender, without hand rails or toe boards over those mountainous roads for six miles to the usual halfway house, Chamberlain's, at Glenrock.

Mr. and Mrs. Doc returned October 23 after having spent about three weeks in and around Big Chicago.

The weak acid lines to the acid works broke one day saturating the sand about without changing its appearance much. Chas. Castle was called from the "bull gang" to help the lead burners repair said line. He sat down in the sand during the day with consequent results known to many refinery men. The next morning, he informed his fellow-workers as follows: "That lead job is a poor job to loaf on. It costs you money every time you do it".

T. S. Cooke, the man who went on two bear hunts in one week, spoke to the employees and their friends at the big mass meeting. He seemed to be quite elated over the fact that he got his stock so cheap. Why shouldn't he be that way? We are, too, and we all wish we could buy as much as he does.

There are great improvements going on out at the Country club. Herman Trowe is building a new stucco garage. Next month we shall probably announce that all of Spicer Dale is busy stuccoing houses and garages. It is remarkable how the industry of one man will start so many people on the right road.

F. P. Allen, sales manager of the asphalt department, paid Casper a visit during September. When he landed here he noticed the big fellows wearing regular army officer's shiny leather puttees. Believing that when in Rome one should do as the Romans, he migrated to the best store in town and purchased one pair of shin guards as described. We'll give Mr. Allen credit for trying to do as the Romans, but we hope someone in Chicago will be bold enough to tell him which side of the puttees goes to the front. We all liked him too well to be that bold. We enjoyed his visit and hope that he will come back often.

Mr. B. Parks, of the Board of Directors, visited Casper during a part of October. It is remarkable the way he learns to know Bill, Pat and Jerry by name. He spoke before us at our big mass meeting, congratulating us on our splendid results out here. He gave us full credit for having "did" it ourselves, for, as he says: "I have been unable to come out here very often". He spoke some about the big opportunity many of us are letting slip by when we fail to take stock. Ten thousand employees are taking advantage of the Stock Purchasing Plan. According to that information, a large proportion of Casper's employees are not as shrewd as their fellows in the other refineries.

Our boss, R. M. Andrus, was given a very hard task. First Mr. Parks told us everything he could think about. Then Tom got up and mentioned everything that Mr. Parks thought unnecessary to touch upon. But you can't fool R. M. A.—he covered himself all over with glory. His knack of telling the same thing a little bit different is beyond compare. He told about the representatives when the Industrial Relations Plan was first introduced—he told how they asked for votes on the promise that they would get everybody Saturday afternoons off with double time—how they were going "to show 'em". He explained that when everything finally got started the plan was so fair that all the representatives became imbued with the real spirit of fairness, and fellowship. He brought out a real laugh when he said that the Directors at the first Chicago conference ate their soup with as much relish and with as much noise as the rest of the bunch.

When Bill Tolhurst called the roll of W. A. Hardin, A. D. Johnson and Charles B. Pierce, only Pierce was on hand to get third prize in the S. O. A. R. A. emblem contest. We aren't sure yet whether Hardin and Johnson stayed away out of modesty or whether they were afraid that the sight of real gold might hurt their eyes. Tolhurst made a good substitute for Bill Eads. Many of us feel that if there is not a sudden reformation on Bill's part he will never need a substitute again. There might be a "de-horning" party some day.

Tom Leahy made a wonder speech. He explained about McClellan's teeth and tongue. Then he jumped right in and explained the attitude and fairness which any employee's representative should bring with him when he comes to the Joint General Committee. With pains of stage fright and nervousness coming on, he said a hasty "thank you" and left for his seat. He received a hearty round of applause.

When H. W. Eberstein got up to speak, he asked: "When I go to the Joint General Committee meetings, am I afraid to speak as I think?" Then he answered firmly, but quietly, "No!" He said the spirit of fairness was evident at every angle. He made a plea to the management to consider the limited capabilities of the employees, asking that wages be the very last place where economies in expenses be inaugurated. He finished with the hope "that the name of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana will be written across the pages of history for so largely having solved the question of the ages with the Industrial Relations Plan nd with the Stock Purchasing Plan".

Dr. S. K. Loy set an example for all future masters of ceremonies that will be hard to beat. His story about the short line to Baltimore went best of all.

We, the people of the S. O. Co. Plant No. 3, Casper, wish to express our thankfulness for the return of Mrs. Robt. V. Heinze from her long visit to Whiting. In the first place, Robert isn't like the other department heads, who plan ways and means to give the various wives long vacations away from home, for there was deep gloom shadowing the acid plant days before Mrs. H. left for Whiting, and after her departure, the acid fumes coming from over the hill gave evidence of this constantly increasing gloom—we ventured once or twice to ask whether or not Mrs. H. had returned, with the result that the acid fumes increased to such an extent that we began to fear for our safety. We ask you, Mrs. Heinze, if you have the wellfare of the employees at Plant No. 3 at heart—please, please take friend husband with you next time, OR STAY HOME!

Why does Adelaide Dodge her Ford these days? Ask Andy; maybe he knows.

Time was when one of the offices on the top floor was the most lively and cheerful office in the building, but since Tuesday, October 24, deep silence reigns there. Upon questioning various department heads, they attribute the cause to any of the following reasons: either, Clara has lost the gift of speech, Lucille has become suddenly deaf, Etelka unable to climb the stairs, Betty found other attractions, or because Lucille has moved to the chief engineer's office for better light.

One of the social events of the season was the pretty dinner given by Miss Adelaide Gilbourne at the Palace Inn on the evening of the Harry Yesness'

ball, after which the guests adjourned to the ball where a most delightful evening was spent.

We are wondering if Clara has gone into the second-hand automobile business. First we see her in a 1918 Essex, then an 1890 Nash, and then in a 1776 Dodge, and yet she claims she has a 1922 Stude.

Poor Gillis is lamenting his social blunder. It seems he asked "Speed" at the filling rack if he was Etelka's brother-in-law, whereupon Speed answered in the affirmative, to which Gillis then added: "You sure used good judgment when you picked the other one." Now this little conflab reached Etelka's ears—and what followed is only known to Gillis and Etelka. Gillis denies ever having made this statement to Speed; says someone "hatched" this one on him. However, he still claims that Speed really did get the best one.

Notice, to all cigar box owners: do not leave them where Clara Warren can get her hands on them. For particulars, ask D. J. Smith, Plant No. 3.

Anyone interested in baseball, ask Miss Etelka Boling for the score. She is a real sure-enough fan. For example, the other day she rushed madly to one of the offices on the second floor announcing: "The score is 2 to 0—2 to 0." Upon being questioned as to whose favor: "Why, I don't know—they just told me the score was 2 to 0."

Adaline, we hear Mrs. Richards was very kind in remembering the girls of the office with a box of chocolates. When may we expect them to be passed?

Lucille has moved—it is true—to the chief engineer's office for better light. But she complains already of the increasing hilarity in the drafting room and finds it necessary to keep the door closed most of the time.

Will someone be kind enough to have Mr. Rouse change the hour for smelling wax from 5 p. m. to 4 p. m. Lucille of course is the official wax smeller and performing this duty at 5 p. m. proves to be very inconvenient for the rest of the girls, for it forces the car to wait, w-a-i-t, WAIT.

Mr. Lake, you are to be congratulated. You are well liked by the other secretaries of Plant No. 3 office. They approve of you.

Mr. Hanson is like an ant—he works on the sand hill all the time.

A mystery to be solved: Where did Betty and Lucille go on the night of September 22? There was weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth Saturday morning when even Clara Warren didn't solve the mystery. Finally in desperation "Brother Bill" was questioned. He didn't throw any light on the mystery, however. We were afraid to question J. A. R. and J. E. R. for fear they would tell us to go to——where we could start a mystery of our own. The only light so far is that "Bother Bill" was on hand to take 'em to breakfast on the morning of their return.

Fathers: If any of you are in doubt regarding the ages of your children, see Mrs. Warren. She bets 'em up two to one. For particulars see Sof Hanson.

We were visited by the auditor a short time ago, who, in the course of his investigations, found that we had a number of camel's hair brushes but no Camels. Somebody said that the Sprague and Nisely Construction Company had one, but that proved to be very unsatisfactory to the auditor, who could not be pacified until the office boy came in with a pack of Piedmonts.

Robert David resigned the first of October and John Lyttle has been transferred to the labor distribution department. John has kept all of his books up to date with the exception of the Little Red Book.

George Wood, the walking delegate of the shipping department, was transferred from the storehouse. George improved his time in the German annex and speaks the language fluently.

We've had three office boys in one month. They evidently were not acquainted with the history of the Board of Directors.

Mr. Kirk has come up from Denver to help with the stenographic work in the main office. Mr. Kirk is originally from Texas, and his initials are ASK. In view of the fact that TAKE is now engaged elsewhere, ASK may get along all right.

The legal adviser to the Old Men's Club, M. S. Smith, has moved his desk to a quieter place. Smith recently presented a bill for professional services, but was denied by these old gentlemen. They later decided, however, to pay him out of their next pension money.

Plant No. 3, Casper, celebrated the closing month of their first year under Standard Oil Company rule by making a no-accident record of 1000 percent. Entire credit for this achievement is due to the close cooperarion and intense interest on the part of every foreman and every man on the plant. This plant was the old Midwest Refining Company plant, and they have made this record after but one year's hard work under the active supervision of the safety department. This is a record of which any refinery would be proud to boast, and they insist they are going to do it again, just to show it was not all luck.

A general get-together Safety banquet, sponsored by members of the Safety committees for both plants at Casper, was held at the Henning hotel on October 5. A splendid dinner was served, with plenty of good cigars and cigarets, followed by ten-minute speakers on the subject of Safety from different view points. The key-note of the evening was sounded by the talk of Mr. Andrus on the subject of Industrial Safety, and other phases of the subject, such as School Safety, Railroad Safety, and Municipal Safety, were handled by several other prominent men who attended the banquet by invitation. The spirit evidenced by the fact that the Safety committee members paid their own expenses in this occasion is proof in itself that they have done their Safety work cheerfully and with a will. Watch out for the Casper refineries in the coming months, as they are just beginning to see what can be done for the advancement of this work.

On October 7, at the Elks hall, the charity committee of the S. O. A. R. A. gave a splendid and well attended dance for the purpose of raising funds for charitable purposes. The response on the part of the members of this organization and all others who contributed to its success, is a matter of gratification to the committee. The Elks club donated the use of the hall, except the actual running expense for the evening.

We can't see how Bill Loden can be such a good musician, as we are told. He sat down to play with some of the boys and got up $4.60 loser.

W. S. Allen, boss truckman and horse wrangler, left for the big game country on October 10, claiming he would be back in 10 days with one deer, one elk, one mountain sheep, which is the game limit, and as many silver tips as possible. Here it is 13 days and not even Allen back. Possibly he

has had trouble with the bears. (continued next month.)

Please; if you value your life don't get in an argument with Ted Holtkamp, engineer at the power plant, for if he is half as big as he feels he could crush you with his little finger. Hush! October 21, little Irene arrived. Mother and child doing fine.

J. J. Morgan, press stillman, 20 and 21st batteries has joined the benedicts. You would think by the number of marriages that this was June instead of October.

LARAMIE, WYO.

A. S. Winchell, employed as inside helper, took (what he intended to be) a short layoff. He was visiting friends and relatives in Nebraska. But, alas, Winchell met with hard luck and received a broken arm. This has meant a very extended layoff for Winchell.

R. L. Grout, still cleaner, is back on the job after having an extended layoff due to a severe attack of typhoid fever. More hard luck.

A. F. Wiley has been promoted to fireman on stills.

H. E. Bessey, cleaner, made a rather "costly" trip to Denver.

Claire Tucker, employed here but a short while, received a very good position with the Westinghouse Electric Co., East Pittsburgh, Pa.

J. L. Robay, repairman, purchased a new Ford two or three months ago. The Ford is typical. When bad weather comes "Henry" must be fussed with, jacked up and finally cranked before he will show the least signs of life.

Ivan H. Read, still fireman, also all American big game hunter (?), took a several days' layoff to act as guide for some of the prominent men of the city. The results of the hunt were: dirty guns, empty shells, tired hunters, but alas, no deer. Read says: "Better luck next year".

The boys that represented us at the Industrial Relations Council held in Chicago, are getting over their stiff necks. Nuff sed.

C. W. Smith, director of the Safety division, Standard Oil Co. (Indiana), has been visiting in Laramie for several days. With him was R. A. Hartzell, Saftey director of the Casper refinery.

C. T. Bergeson, auditor from Chicago, visited the Laramie plant on business the latter part of October.

Roy Scofield, of the labor department, recently took the fatal step and passed the cigars. We wish Scofield much happiness in his new adventure.

Harold Buck, reputed to be a famous hunter, got buck fever on a recent hunting trip and failed to get the buck at twenty-five yards. The story is told that Buck shot so fast and the barrel of his gun became so heated that when he arrived home that night it had taken the form of a half-circle from resting over his shoulder.

While we are telling hunting stories, we might relate this one: Pat Gray and Banty Rouse, two other famous hunters of the Laramie plains, made a bold attempt at goose hunting. They wiggled for miles on their stomachs, boldly stalking their prey, and at last they arrived at the point where their game lay. When the smoke had cleared from the terrible cannonade, lo and behold, another hunter's trained goose lay dead opon the placid waters. Banty and Pat admitted there were still two live geese in the crowd.

George Goodman's daughter, Ello, will go to Denver the last of October to have her eyes treated.

Ed. Gathercole is still getting good service out of his 1912 Ford.

I. T. O'Neal has sold his house in the Midwest Addition and has purchased one on Clark street.

James Bogie has resumed his duties at the refinery after a week's layoff due to an injury. Mr. Bogie goes back to his job at the "Old Men's Home"—the river pump house.

Leslie Bilyeu took a stillman helper's job and H. A. Hanson joined the detective force under James Dolan, the pugilist.

Harold Desch, stillman helper on Nos. 1 and 2 batteries, recently traded in his Ford on a Nash Six touring car. Desch, being a single man, was desirous of showing the merits of his new car to one of the fairer sex, so started one morning on a trip through the Lion's Trail. They had gone only about two miles from the Lincoln Highway when hard luck overtook them in the form of a broken axle. What luck! A new girl; a new car and a broken axle! After a few hours of *pleasant* waiting a car arrived at the scene and towed them safely to town.

Mr. J. F. Cullen, superintendent of Plant No. 2, and Mr. Morris, superintendent of Plant No. 1, attended the Rocky Mountain Division conference at Greybull, October 23 and 24.

Messrs. Moudy, Knight, Buck and Webster attended the Utah-Wyoming football game Wednesday, October 25, 1922, and saw the Mormons defeat the cowboys 20 to 0.

Mr. F. O. Blair and A. G. Burckert went deer hunting the last day of the season. Fifteen minutes after leaving the car Burckert killed a young buck. We prefer to let the future mayor of Laramie tell you about the one he did not get.

Barclay W. Webster has been appointed correspondent at Plant No. 2 for the Stanolind Record.

CHICAGO SALES DIVISION

Mr. A. Kern, who was well known in the Standard Oil family, has left the service of the company and gone in the service station business. We surely were sorry to see him leave, but nevertheless we wish him success in his new undertaking.

W. A. Louttit, who is connected with the speciality sales department, quietly stole away on Friday, November 3, and got married. Up to the present day the name of the lucky bride is not available, but we are still anxious to meet her.

Miss Dorothy Albrecht, who recently had the misfortune of having an accident, is again with us. Her smiling face at the remittance desk is very noticeable.

Mr. W. McCann, who is cashier at our Jefferson Park station, recently underwent an operation to remove his tonsils. He is again back at work.

Frank Wente surely is the "cat's meow" these days. Did you see the nice mustache he has?

Mr. "Dyke" Wendt motored into northern Michigan on his vacation. When asked to call on a party in one of the small towns, his prompt inquiry was, "Is this person a girl?" We've got his number, all right. However, if he handles the ladies like he does stock—oh, gosh! oh, gee whiz!

Mr. A. Smith, tankwagon driver at our Lake Forest station, was married on November 28, 1922. He has our best wishes for a happy married life.

HOME OFFICE, CHICAGO

We now have a watchman in the person of Jimmy Volmer Reehoff (Mr. Murphy). He watches to see that everyone is on time; he watches the girls; and he's always watching the clock. It is just Jimmy's

dish to see one of his friendly enemies coming in late, as he knows that it means reporting to the officials for an explanation as to why he or she is tardy. We would suggest that you late birds walk in backwards, which will make it appear as though you were walking out.

We also have a watchlady in the person of Miss Clara Foote. She checks in the girls, hands out their dictaphone work, checks the number of letters, etc., etc. She's a good one at it and the girls all like her.

Do you want to get into a *good* argument? If you do, go in to E. C. Daly and knock the eastern division. The good part about the argument is that Daly will give you a smoke after everything is said and done. Never mind, Daly, with all your faults, we love you still.

Mr. Chester Jackson, when interviewed, stated that it was absurd to ask him if all his children were good looking. "Of course they are," said C. A., "they have my good looks." Glad you told us, Chester, who had them.

Our friend, John Bowes, is taking up a course in advertising, three nights in the week. Good for you, Bowes, it pays to advertise.

There was a young man named Bowes,
Who wore some pretty swell clothes.
All the girls cried: "How sweet!
Ain't he awfully neat?
But he'd better watch out
When it snows."

Attention girls: Are you looking for a good-looking husband, one who has plenty of money to spend and is not afraid to spend it? If you are interested, see Mr. Fred Petersen, of the general manager's department. He has the smile that won't come off, is a little bashful, but, of course, that can be overcome with kind treatment, and we are sure he will make an ideal husband. Applications may be sent in by mail, radio or telegram, or if you are in town, come in and look him over.

Steve Kuczynski, of the appropriation department, is an authority on any topic, whether national or international. He is always sure of himself (in fact, surer than the rest of us are of him) and he admits he's good. If you are in doubt about anything, whether it's in regard to marriage, building a house, buying an auto, or feeding a baby, ask Steve and he will straighten you out.

Mr. F. J. Carr, the well known fisherman, spent four days of his vacation during September at Melang's Resort, Minocqua, Wis., accompanied by T. W. Cahill and John Bell of the "Barrels." Owing to the inclement weather which prevailed at the time, Mr. Carr could not stay outdoors long enough to catch a fish, despite the fact that he had taken with him a number of blankets and his red flannels. He states, however, that he will return to the north next August, provided he can secure a North Pole uniform.

Mr. I. C. Tarler succeeds Mr. K. T. Wenger as our eastern representative, Mr. Wenger now being stationed permanently in the Chicago office and doing work for the western division. We're glad you're with us, Katie, but better watch your step as one of the girls said she could go crazy about you.

One of the bright lights these days is Commodore Jones carrying his bright burning lantern up and down the aisle to the general manager's office. Come along, Commodore, you can't come too often, we all like the bright lights.

Apparently the doctor has told Geo. A. French to keep away from cigarets, judging from the length of his cigaret holder.

Some evening when you want diversion call up Nevada 4261. Maybe you will be greeted with a "hello" by John E. Bell of the cooperage department, and maybe it will be the voice of Mrs. C. C. Erickson. "How come," you say? Why, don't you know they have been married a couple of years and it's a secret no more.

We wish you cake eaters, lounge lizards or whatever name you go under, who take pleasure in reading the Record every month, would contribute some articles towards it. Practically the same ones contribute every month and the others sit back and take it easy. Let's see if we can't have one contribution from everyone in the general manager's department for the next edition of our magazine.

Gee! Ain't them "La Coalgas" seegars Bruce Smeed smokes awful! He gets a nickel's worth every morning.

How cum nobody don't write things about John Jeremiah Curtin, better known as "Jerry on the Job?"

Mr. John Washington Widney has just returned from St. Louis, where he went for a well-earned rest. Whatcha mean, "well-earned?"

Miss Carey has had a come-down, having been transferred from the Fourth floor to the Third floor. She is now in the lubricating department.

Have you noticed A. E. Person's chest expansion since he received notice of the birth of a grandson out in Tulsa?

Mr. Jawn Casey, a descendant of a very fine Yiddish family, is now a member of the traffic department family.

Vernon Griffith, known to his familiars as "Bones," denies he was named Vernon because of his terpsichorean ability.

Billy Van Buren has collected a supply of wild grapes, his explanation being that they make fine jelly. We have reason to suspect, however, that these grapes will not be made into jelly. Now, we know exactly what you're thinking—wild grapes—wild women—but Bill isn't that kind of a guy.

It is now generally conceded by the movie-mad public that Rodolph Valentino is the "World's Greatest Lover." We don't like to be contrary, but merely wish to opine that Rodolph hasn't got a thing on our bachelor friend, Ernie Stranger. It isn't his fault he's a bachelor.

It is rumored that the boys of the traffic department are going to present to Mr. James Chester Tyrrell another "loving tub," slightly larger than the one he brought away from the golf tournament, in recognition of the extreme gracefulness with which he performs in our daily calisthenic class; and it is probable that "Clif" Tyler will get a still larger one of those things because his gracefulness is "extremer" than J.C.T.'s.

DEDICATED TO E. DOCKENDORFF

From the many lies upon the links,
St. Andrews guard me still;
From the lie in the sand and the cuppy lie,
And the lie on the steep side hill;
From the lie in the grass and the stymied lie,
And the lie of the golfing bore;
But of all the bad lies I pray the grace
From the lie about the score.

Mrs. Knight has returned to the office, after an absence of one week, during which time she parted with her tonsils.

Miss Lillian Pearson, of the stenographic department, believes in keeping in touch with the S. O. Co., even though absent herself. On Oct. 28 she was presented with a chest of silver, with best wishes for a long and happy wedded life, by her fellow-

workers, and on Nov. 4 was married to Mr. Frank Doten of the Fifth floor.

Mr. Nelson, formerly of the cost department, has been transferred back to Whiting, much to his delight. He says he missed the sweet aroma from the refinery while here, and was glad to get back to Whiting to fatten up. Mr. Quinn is the new member of the cost department. Notice his adorable curly locks, girls.

Miss Anna Baar is away for a month's rest and we expect we will not be able to recognize her when she returns. She expects to gain at least twenty-five pounds.

Our friend and co-worker of the equipment department, Frank (Quinsy) Doten, is contemplating stepping off of the Fifth floor into the unknown abyss. As is the custom, we wish to present a small token of condolence showing that we feel as bad about it as he does. We understand the victim in the case is an employee of the manufacturing department.

Professor Johnson Legenza, of the Fifth floor, is conducting a riding school and has a large Monday evening class. This probably accounts for the numerous trips to the Army Store by John's right hand bower, Henrici Tierne. Hank has been shopping for the girls in the class. Some of them look pretty good in the army style.

We couldn't think of creating a scandal, but, how come? Heart Winner Gleim recently escorted a "South Side Belle" to a dance in Chicago Lawn and appeared in the office next morning with her change purse. Again, we ask "how come?"

Coleen Gertie Moran, of the Fifth floor, is an expert in the new game of "Chase the Nickel." We found her practicing recently on the "L" platform at 63rd and Loomis. After sprawling all over the floor, she was assisted to the street by three of her ardent admirers.

Ella Sells, of the Fifth floor, lives in West Chicago. Didja ever hear of the burg? Neither did we until recently. Investigation has now been made and we find that Ella and her mother are two-fifths of the entire population, which also enables us to arrive at a solution of the puzzle, "Why does she wear that red waist?" You see, she rides to work on the train, and the trains only stop in that town when flagged. Ella isn't taking any chances of not getting to work.

Dear Editor: I got another idea. I got it from out of a Chicago newspaper and it works pretty good. All you have to do is go around and ask questions and let the other bird do the work. So I asked them, "What little oddity has your neighbor?" and lookit the answers I got: George E. Nelson has the first felt chair pad ever manufactured—that is, he has the outside rim of it. A. L. Rich has a sponge marked plainly with eyes, nose and mouth. (Remarkable, but we've seen some with arms and legs). John Smith has funny ideas about prohibition. So has J. C. Tyrrell. H. T. Zaremba has a petrified egg. Rose Engel has an iron doughnut. Do you remember the vanity case Florence Johnston had? Just the right size and shape for a pint flask. We haven't seen it lately and wonder if some bootlegger swiped it. Henry Bonniwell has his first dollar—that is, if the bank cashier is honest. Jeanette Shea has red beads. Why? Earl Devaney still has that funny waistcoat. (On being interviewed, the aforementioned gentleman affirms he discarded said waistcoat some time ago and will gladly donate same to Wannie Allen if she will agree to use it to lengthen one of her skirts to comply with the present dictates of fashion.) R. C. King has a lock of hair which he claims grew on his head. Art Sandstrom has remarkable views about women. A. R. Wetterburg's whistle. Ernie Stranger's little playmate. E. C. Pritz has an idea he can play "five hundred." Art Nelsen still wears those so-called "cream colored" sox. Fred Craver's notion that he owns "our" shears. How about Hugo's gum? He's got the first stick Wrigley ever made. King's bowling ball. Been carried only 200 miles. Schaeffer has quite a few old alibis. (To be used when bowling and playing golf.) Wonder when John Smith is going to bury his "undertaker sleeves?" And where does Ferdie Sehrt conceal all the coffee he drinks at noon. Zaremba's trick mustache. Now you see it, now you don't. Daredevil Tyler carries his eggs through the homegoing crowds in a paper bag. Walter Hartley has a pompadour that doesn't pomp. Gertrude Potter still loves her husband. Hubert Schmit's penchant for enormous lunches. A. E. Persons just loves pastry. Jim Tyrrell's fondness for blondes.—*Traffic department correspondent.*

The cooperage department has been so busy all summer looking for barrels lost by the other fellow that we haven't had any time to air our doings. It might be said, "Life has been just one barrel after another this summer." However, better late than never, so here goes:

Found: A can of tobacco in the vault. Wonder if our enterprising office boy, Lynn, is hitting the pipe on the sly.

Barney Sroka had his tonsils removed recently. He suffered no inconvenience, and said it was a pleasure—for the doctor.

We all join in extending our deep sympathy to Martin Hassold, whose father recently passed away.

Miss Kreiza, after a year of batching, is going to move into the new bungalow erected in Cicero by her parents who recently returned from California. Them rooming days is gone forever. Oh, you buckwheat cakes!

We know a party who knows a party who said they met a charming stenog. at Buffalo, Michigan, this summer. Come on, Miss Kaiser, how about it?

Notice one of our young ladies sporting a diamond on the proper finger of the left hand. Gee, we hope we are not going to lose one of our best girls. Better put it off for a while—flats sure are high right now. Ask Mrs. Nelson, she knows.

Miss Collett says a very weighty problem to be solved by the girls this winter, is how to create harmony between the long dresses and the goloshes. She declares that the destruction to panels will be considerable, but she should worry because she doesn't allow 'em to flop.

Our obliging file clerk, Miss Swenson, is in training for a marathon walker. She challenges all comers to a contest between 910 South Michigan Avenue and the North Western Station. Come on, some of you Fourth floor bunch.

DAVENPORT, IOWA

May we suggest that our legal man, Mr. Hanser, try permanent waving as the marcel doesn't prove to be very satisfactory.

If anyone wants to know how to use finger bowls ask Tillie Miller.

Lillian Kruse insists that the S. O. Co. has installed radio outfits in the Davenport office. She now concedes, however, that it is an Ediphone.

Miss Florence Anderson, our switchboard opera-

tor, when asked as to the outcome of one of the world series games, stated that the score was 3 and 3. One of the clerks being very enthusiastic, and in suspense, requested Florence to ascertain who was in the lead. Florence responded, and to her surprise was told that New York was ahead.

Benjamin Wells, our new warehouse clerk, wishes to announce that he can now be seen by anyone having business with him, at the Standard Oil Co.—creditors excepted.

Messrs Newt. Sage and Ed. Day, proprietors of the "Bees Knees Co.," recently filed a petition in bankruptcy, giving old age and poor health as the cause of their failure.

Mr. A. H. Kroeger, Davenport tankwagon salesman, recently underwent a transfiguration when he appeared in the main office in a white collar and close shave. Mr. Kroeger is now a full fledged station examiner.

Mr. Bragg, chief clerk, went duck hunting last month, but as yet we have heard nothing of his catch.

Mr. Hughie Briceland and Mr. Hedburg, of the accounting department, have at last met their better halves, recently hitting the trail of matrimony. Both of the gentlemen opened up liberally and distributed cigars and sweets.

Clarissa showed up for work this morning with a sore lip. It seems that while riding home from a dance at Silvis the other night her "Sheik" forgot to keep his eyes on the road and hit a big bump. Vance, you villain, you shall pay for this.

John Dana, the Dancing Demon, will attend the game in Iowa City next week.

Someone advises us that the Manufacturers Bowling League is going to put a red light on the head pin to accommodate Howard Clark.

Does anyone know how Bud Clark got her wrist watch? If not, ask A. E. Sindt.

Miss Miller and Miss Kruse are now back on the job after spending their vacations in Chicago.

Girls, what seems to be the matter with you? Three fellows from the office got married within a month and all the girls are still single.

Iva Berg is some looking young lady when she wears her Mae Murray dress and her Poli Negri earrings; but she better take them off if she goes on the farm.

Hugh Briceland, kindly be notified to remove the articles from the light above your desk. Better do it, you never can tell.

Mr. R. E. Westmeyer was recently transferred from the warehouse office to the main office, succeeding Mr. Nays in the auditing department. Mr. Nays succeeded Mr. Sayer in the Waterloo territory as station examiner, Mr. Sayer going back to the Cedar Rapids territory.

Miss Rebb of the record department just returned from a trip to Learie, Wisconsin, and from the photographs taken it sure looks as though she passed through a scenic part of the country.

Mr. Amos Damp and Mr. Rogers took in the Grotto affair that was held at La Salle, Illinois, recently. From what was told the next day the boys had the time of their lives.

Noon hour recreation for Valley Smith is dealing cards and dealing the low to Howard Young.

Mr. John House, assistant warehouse superintendent, has added four new tankwagon salesmen to his force. They are G. I. Burrows, O. L. Leftrich, R. R. Snyder and I. V. Brewer.

Mr. Ed Day, of the warehouse, entertained a few of his friends at his home with a very delicious supper followed by a card party. Those present enjoyed a perfectly good evening. The only thing that was unpleasant was when it was time to leave.

Fred Ritchie of the warehouse is sure showing up his work in great style. He just recently joined the force and looks as though he'll climb fast.

Mr. Petersen, our purchasing agent, cares nought for the price of working a punchboard. He tells us he enjoys punching numbers.

DECATUR, ILL.

Our items this month seem to be a record of sickness and death more than anything else and it is with considerable sorrow that we report them.

The employees in the Decatur division were all greatly shocked to hear of the death of our chief clerk, Mr. F. S. Larimore, which occurred in Chicago October 19. He had gone to Chicago on company business, and while there was taken suddenly ill with pneumonia, and all efforts to save him were futile. His funeral was delayed pending the arrival of his daughter from the state of Washington. The funeral was held here Wednesday, October 25, and the large number of friends who attended testified to the esteem in which he was held. Mr. Larimore had been with this company more than 20 years, about 18 years of this time being spent as chief clerk in the Decatur office. In fact, his 20-year period of continuous service ended April 10th, 1922, at which time he was presented with his 20-year service pin by Manager Clifford. We, who had worked with him had learned to know and value his true worth, not only as an employee, but as a man. He was kind to, and interested in, the entire force over which he was the head and the many expressions of sorrow and regret which were heard on all sides in the office were indications of the love and esteem in which he was held by his co-workers. He was a true man in every sense of the word and he has left a vacancy which it is going to be hard to fill, not only in the position which he occupied with the company, but also in the hearts of his fellow employees. Every employee in the Decatur division wishes to take this opportunity to extend their deepest sympathy to the bereaved wife and daughter.

It is with great regret that we announce the death of Betty Jean, infant daughter of Salesman Wiley and wife, of Mattoon. which occurred October 13. You have the sympathy, Mr. and Mrs. Wiley, of the entire Decatur organization. in your hour of trouble.

Mr. P. H. Habich, who was for several years our agent at Breese, Ill., passed away October 19, after a long illness, which brought him a great deal of suffering. We take this means, Mrs. Habich, of extending to you and your family, our sympathy in your great sorrow and trouble. You have lost a good husband and this company has lost a loyal, trustworthy employee.

Frank Clark, of the office force, is back on duty after quite a severe illness. We are glad to have you back with us, Frank, and hope you will soon regain some of that avoirdupois you seem to have lost. You know you did not have any too much to begin with.

Garfield Axline, of the warehouse force, who has been laid up in the hospital for several weeks, was taken to his home Monday, the 23. Glad to get such a favorable report from you, Gar, old boy, and hope you will soon be able to be back on the job again. We miss you, and particularly your artistic ability when there happens to be a change in service station prices.

Mr. H. F. Warren has been quite ill for the past

few weeks, spending part of the time in the hospital. We are pleased to learn that he has improved to such an extent that he could be taken home, and at last reports, was doing nicely. We all wish for you, Mr. Warren, a speedy recovery, and hope you and your good wife will soon be able to start for the sunny southland, where you can recuperate in the "balmy breezes" you have told us so much about.

The other day, Merle Cline became very industrious, and upon closely investigating the matter, we found him busily engaged picking the ticks out of his watch.

Doc Patterson, subbing for Carrie Delaney during the latter's vacation in the wilds of South Dakota, received a call for Irene, and told her to get on the wire. Irene replied, "What do you think I am, a *bird?*"

Don Hinton has recently discovered the very latest methods of becoming acquainted with unknown parties. His procedure is thus: The other night while sitting next to one of the fair sex, he received a jab in the leg and was under the impression that somebody was sticking him with a pin. Investigation revealed nothing, and again he felt the point, but was at a loss to understand where the discomfort was coming from. Going deeper into the mystery, he discovered that the young lady who was sitting beside him, had by some unknown cause, failed to remove a needle in the hem of her home-made garment. It is not known whether Don removed it, but anyhow, from information, we judge that the friendship is of a "sticking" kind.

Now that vacations have started, there is a lot of buzzing around the office, some in anticipation of, and others due to returning from vacations. Carrie and Bessie Delaney have been visiting up in the wilds of Mitchell, S. D., having left here Tuesday, October 17, and we are very glad to note that both of them have evidently benefited by their trip, as Carrie says they have both gained several pounds. And Bess can give any one all details about those queer looking Russians who seem to flock around that part of the U. S. Anyway, she says she didn't consider marrying any of them.

Florence Walters has also been taking a vacation, spending about two weeks in Chicago visiting friends seeing a few good shows, and the town of Chi in general.

Not to be outdone, Katherine Minor spent a week of her vacation in St. Louis, Mo.

DETROIT, MICH.

Hazel Koehler, one of the girls in the accounting department, has found a new use for the radiophone. She didn't know the price of Red Crown had dropped until she heard the news broadcasted the other evening.

Our Chelsea agent, M. L. Knickerbocker, is the proud daddy of a bouncing baby boy born September 2.

Mr. H. A. (Gus) Lewis, Chicago manager, paid us a short visit the early part of October and after knowing him we feel quite reconciled in losing the banner to him and his organization. (What! We didn't suppose Detroit could be reconciled to second place in anything or under any circumstances.—Ed.)

Mrs. G. E. Hartman, wife of our Brighton agent, is recovering from an operation which she underwent at their home recently.

Mr. E. F. Patterson, district superintendent, says there is only one car in the Detroit division that can pass him when his car is working good—and that is the Paige driven by Mr. Keating.

Mr. Bert Rose, service station attendant at Jackson, gave a party recently in honor of his wife's birthday. The evening was spent playing cards. Mrs. Nelson winning the first prize and J. B. Hoyt, mechanic, the booby. Some artistic "shimmying" was done by Hiram Sims, warehouseman. All present will vouch that Bert and his wife are royal entertainers.

Robert Arvidson, of the refined oil department, believes that if a thing is worth doing, it's worth doing just a little better than the other fellow. Consequently he was awarded a scholarship for this year's tuition free because he earned the highest standing in the freshman class in the evening school of Commerce and Finance at the University of Detroit.

J. D. Thorne, watchman at Jackson, and wife, have just returned from a trip to Lincoln, Neb. Dick looks twenty years younger, but says Michigan looks good to him.

Newsmonger, to Walter Rosenau of traffic department: "Give me an item for the Stanolind Record about Walter Sattler."

W. Rosenau: "Don't know anything bad about him."

Newsmonger: "Do you know anything good?"

W. Rosenau: "No."

Joe Palmerlee excitedly telephoned into the office the morning of November 7 and the first thing he said was "Congratulate me, Louie—we have a nice baby boy at the house." He'll have someone now to go around with him and hold the tape.

Mr. Dean Treat was in the office November 7 when all of his old friends showed how glad they were to see him.

All our "A" station agents were in the office November 6 attending a meeting and we never noticed before what a good looking bunch they are. Maybe it was their new clothes or something; but we would put them up against any other similar bunch of men in the entire organization, both for looks and results accomplished.

The sentiment of all of us was ably expressed in the brief, well-chosen remarks our manager, Mr. H. R. Cochran, made when, on behalf of his co-workers, he presented to Mr. George Knapp a watch, chain and Masonic charm as a friendship token upon Mr. Knapp's leaving our midst to take up the duties of chief clerk at Grand Rapids. We are thankful that Mr. Knapp remains in Michigan because it will enable many of us to renew old acquaintance whenever the opportunity permits.

In the few days that Mr. Kirn, our new chief clerk, has been with us, he has already won for himself a host of friends and we have all pledged him our unqualified support and cooperation.

FARGO N. D.

Realizing that no sale is complete until the money is at hand, the management placed the Fargo sales force on collections for one entire week during the past month.

Mr. H. H. Hathaway, sales booster, was seen roaming about the office with tape measure in hand. It is rumored that he was looking for a suitable place to hang the Red Crown banner which is passed to the division showing the largest percentage of gain on Red Crown Sales. The banner belongs here—let's get it!

Sherman Almenrode, Fargo's well known musician, is again back on the job chasing 06s, after enjoying a vacation.

Mrs. R. H. Dodd, wife of District Superintendent Dodd, was a Fargo visitor during the past month.

Mrs. Dodd was formerly employed at the Fargo office.

Mr. Einer Bjorge, head of the record department, is the proud father of a bouncing baby girl.

Mr. I. R. Olson has taken up his duties as station examiner. The girls sure miss him and the Dodge roadster. What say, Miss Solie, Henderson, and about a half a dozen others?

Clerks in the order department report that Miss Axa Henderson is quite a gambler, she having won all the baseball pools during the recent world's series. Shame on you, Axa! We thought Rose Meyerlie was the only girl gambler.

It is with regret that we announce the departure of Miss Margaret Cruickshank and Miss Marvyl Larson. Both young ladies have been with the company for a number of years and have always taken a leading part in the social acticities of the company. Miss Cruickshank leaves for Kansas City, where she will take up Lyceum work. Miss Larson leaves for Minneapolis where she will study music under one of the leading artists. Those who have been fortunate enough to hear the young ladies in their respective arts, feel confident that they will, in the near future, be heard of as leaders in their respective lines.

Manager Packard, who made a circuit of the western part of the field during the past month, reports exceptionally good crops in some districts. He states, however, that farmers are experiencing a great deal of trouble in moving their produce, the elevators being filled to the roofs and no cars at hand to move same to eastern markets. In a great many places the grain is piled on the ground without protection from the weather.

Miss Agnes Kelly spent a week's vacation at her home in St. Paul during the past month. You can always tell when "Kelly" has been home for she is sure to have something new—something that has not reached us out here in the "sticks." She is now introducing the broad lace collar.

Following along the lines of Safety First, a "Court of Inquiry" was recently formed in Fargo division, consisting of H. H. Hathaway of the Sales department, chairman; H. H. Kinciad of the equipment department, vice-chairman; K. E. Burleigh, secretary, and Paul C. Thomas, assistant secretary, both of the tax, legal and accident department; H. F. Mielke, superintendent of construction, sergeant at arms; E. H. Steffarud, superintendent of equipment, C. E. Gerrells, blacksmith, Thomas Bock, warehouse foreman, L. E. Viets, motor truck driver, A. E. Asleson, assistant chief clerk, and F. J. Lawrence, district superintendent. Two accident cases have already received consideration by this court and have been disposed of. We were fortunate in having Mr. F. C. Singleton, safety director from our Chicago office present at the organization of and first work of this committee, and he was of great assistance in getting this important work started right.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

A third son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Leo Flesher on October 5. Mr. Flesher is motor tank driver at Cadillac. Congratulations!

We sometimes wonder how such small men can do the heavy country driving—for instance, we have Loren Wartinger, country driver out of Three Rivers. He weighs but 240 pounds, a mere midget, and does his work well.

Mr. F. M. Robinson, agent at Stanton, is the proud father of a baby boy born October 16, 1922.

Mr. Bill Gay of Three Rivers has a hobby of eating at the 2nd Ward restaurant. We haven't as yet ascertained whether the food is especially desirable, or whether Bill is especially fond of the waitresses.

Mr. Harold Bramer, truck driver at Three Rivers, believes in being accomplished along athletic lines. He recently played a game of football with a Marshall team. Harold said it was a good game. It must have been—he came back with a nice black eye. We don't know whether he got it during the game, or during a fistic battle afterward.

Mr. Paul E. Austin, service station attendant at Three Rivers, is the proud father of a 7-pound daughter. They have named her "Barbara Jeanette."

Mr. Paul Hagenbaugh, service station attendant at Three Rivers, has taken unto himself a wife. Mrs. Hagenbaugh was formerly Miss Mabel Prutzman of Centerville. May happiness be yours your whole life through, Mr. and Mrs. Hagenbaugh.

Mr. Kirby Miller, driver at Three Rivers, holds the honor of being father of the largest family in St. Joseph county. Four boys and four girls call Mr. Miller "daddy."

It was with sincere regret that we all said goodbye to Mr. A. A. Kirn, chief Clerk, who has taken up his duties as chief clerk at Detroit. All Grand Rapids has to say is: "Detroit, you're mighty lucky."

We believe that Roy McCarthy was playing the role of "Mr. Jiggs." He came down one bright morning with a deep gash over his left eye, neatly "adhesived." Mac didn't admit it was the result of a rolling pin match, blaming it on a rough automobile ride.

We understand Jane Janereth made an attractive boy at a Hallowe'en party. We didn't see her, but don't doubt a bit that she looked nice in "Ken's" clothes.

Carl DeVries is now downstairs in the order department. Too much "traffic" upstairs, Carl?

HURON, S. D.

Mr. Allan Jackson, fifth vice-president of the company, was a guest of the Huron division, October 21 and 22. We wish that he had arrived in Huron early enough so that he could have seen the office "under steam," and been able to get acquainted with the "bunch." We hope he will pay us another visit soon so we can show him how a REAL office works. He visited Aberdeen and all stations to Waubay, then to Watertown and stations to Huron, Mitchell and on to Sioux Falls.

In the garden that Manager Dodsley had on the new block this summer, he grew a crop that doubtless never before has been seen in South Dakota. Mr. Garrett, our building janitor, got some cotton seed, which he planted, and the plants were of great interest to the people. Very few of the people had ever seen cotton growing. Of course the early frost we had in September nipped the bolls before they broke open, but they have since opened up. Now will you say we have no REAL climate in South Dakota!

We are very sorry to see Frank Heinan leave our midst. He was promoted from assistant chief clerk here to the capacity of chief clerk at Decatur, Ill. Decatur is to be congratulated upon receiving so valuable a man as Mr. Heinan. Both Mr. and Mrs. Heinan leave many friends in Huron. Here's luck to you, Frank.

We are also very glad to congratulate Mr. E. L. Hanson, who has been sent to Minneapolis as assistant chief clerk. He had been for some time

general clerk in this office. We know that Mr. and Mrs. Hanson will enjoy living in Minneapolis. When they want GOOD men they have to come out to South Dakota to get them—this makes two calls on our force within a month.

Mr. Campbell, of the tax, legal and accident department, feels highly complimented. A little girl came to his desk recently, and asked "Is this Mr. Bailey?"

Assistant Manager Bailey (to telephone operator): "Will you please call Mrs. Bailey."

Telephone Operator (on the job over a month): How do you spell it?"

Our agent at Florence, upon returning from Medicine Lake, where he had made a delivery, while driving along a lonely part of the road, was stopped—the next thing he knew he was in the ditch with his hands tied and had been robbed of the money he had with him. The next day the Indian Oil Company driver was held up, but he managed to get away without being robbed.

Junker, the credit man, went out on a collection drive of his own and claims that he traveled almost seven thousand miles. Now we would not say that Junker would prevaricate—BUT—that looks like a long way to go after collections ALONE. He made the remark that all he would have to do was pass the cigars—is it so or did she just kid you along?

Mr. A. H. Dodsley gave Salesmen Ryan and Schaefer a good deal of credit for getting out early in the morning until he noticed that their early spell began about the same time that hunting season began.

Some time early in the month the Pied Piper began playing a wedding march, and four of the force have already joined the marchers. Ole Olson, sales promoter, Elsie Erickson, Julia Anderson and Ed Wagner—and more to come.

Peggy was so thrilled a few days ago she almost had to go home. Cause—a beau-ti-ful sparkler from California. When does it happen, Peggy?

Everyone seems to be getting married. Now, to make things more exciting, Ella Irish (H. H. M's stenographer) has purchased a white dress. She says it's for Grand Lodge, but just the same it looks mighty suspicious. How about it, Ella, you aren't planning on skipping out from us, without letting us know about it, are you?

Julia Anderson, Alice Gunn and Irene Olson were hostesses at Julia's house to the rest of the "office girls." They did everything from having a whistling contest to ducking for apples.

There was also a party given for Elsie at Madora's home. Whenever you want Lucille to do anything that requires a lot of brain work, etc. (for instance dressing a bride) all you have to do is give her a cigaret or two—no! no! candy ones. At that the little "clothespin" brides were very cleverly concocted, the old fashioned one made by Elsie and the very up-to-date one with the big picture hat being made by Irene Olson.

For some reason the girls seem to have the party "bug." Besides the two mentioned above, they had a wienie roast down at the river one nite—they wore their knickers—but never told us about it till afterwards.

WATERTOWN NOTES

Service Station Attendant Ran very materially assisted in securing a new account on Perfection from a grocery store.

Service Station Attendant J. M. Wilbur has been having a battle with pneumonia for two weeks but has been dismissed from the hospital and will soon be delivering his usual efficiency at S. S. 302. Everyone in the Watertown district is glad to see Mr. Wilbur on the job again.

Mr. Hardman recently spent several days in Watertown under the nom de plume of "Carburetor Adjuster." It would be impossible for Mr. Hardman not to enjoy himself in Watertown and a return call is expected.

Manager Dodsley, Assistant Manager Bailey of Huron, and Mr. Jackson of Chicago made us a very short call on October 21. We hope to see you all three back again.

Truck Salesman G. H. Kent of Florence has started a sales campaign on No. 2 force pumps with 110-gallon steel drums, and without a doubt he will hang up a record that will be hard to equal.

E. A. Parks was the capable assistant at S. S. 302 during Mr. Wilbur's illness and we were very fortunate in being able to secure such a capable and pleasant assistant to fill the vacancy.

Truck Salesman C. J. Smith has made some very nice sales of Semdac in Krangburg.

Truck Salesman Fred Johnson is not satisfied with the Semdac orders as taken by Salesmen Croft and Banks—so he delivered double the amounts originally sold.

The Watertown mascot, "Brer Rabbit," will soon have to go under a rigid inspection before going into winter quarters.

The annul duck dinner of the Watertown district was held Tuesday evening, October 24, in the "Blue Room" of Hotel Grand. Fifteen plates were laid and all employees were present with exception of Warehouse Assistant Bailey, whose place was filled by Mr. Larmer, lubricating engineer. While the cigars were being enjoyed a social club was formed, and while no name was decided on for the club yet, Truck Driver Zerfas made the suggestion which may be accepted at the next meeting. Watch future copies of the Stanolind Record for reports on the new club.

Service Station Assistant A. O. Borns has moved his place of residence next door to S. S. 302 so as to further increase the sales and service.

Mr. Larmer, lubricating engineer, spent several days in this territory the latter part of October. We trust Mr. Larmer will call on us again soon.

H. C. Antonides, auditor, was seen recently on the streets of Hayti wearing his overcoat—and the day was very warm. He may have been afraid of losing it, as it is near winter now and overcoats are not being given away.

Manager Dodsley and Chief Clerk Miller made a short call at Brookings on September 30. Come again, you are always welcome.

Ward Lambert, specialty salesman, is sure picking off the specialty orders. That makes it hard for the rest of the salesmen as that was their only hope of getting home on Saturday.

J. G. Larmer spent a few days the later part of the month in this territory.

M. W. Plowman, our hustling agent at Arlington, has been promoted to country salesman with headquarters at Arlington.

T. H. Le Valley, who was country salesman on the Lake Preston territory, has been promoted to the position of agent instructor with headquarters at Huron. Ted is the Semdac salesman—that's his meat (or rather was). Salesman Pat Ryan is now claiming the crown.

Ole Jermstad has taken charge of the Brookings territory as country salesman. We are sure pleased to have you with us, Ole.

Arthur Hillestad, agent at Elkton, is quite often seen in the city of Brookings, especially on Saturday evenings. There is no doubt something very attractive about the place—let us in on it.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Weighing all of the evidence, the only point that saved B. R. Fleming, Union City agent, from hanging at the end of a rope for horse stealing, was that nobody has claimed the horse.

At a recent educational meeting at Columbus, Salesman M. M. Moore was trusted with a sample Yuletide candle, which he proceeded to guard so jealously that it was up to our leading clown and tractor expert, E. J. (Brick) Hicks, to do his duty. What almost ended in murder was the said Yuletide flickering radiantly on a shelf in a billiard parlor where these "tired business men" repaired for a little recreation after the meeting. As the paramount question in District No. 2 has been "Who lit Moore's candle?" Brick Hicks will, no doubt, confine his visits to night driving down there to avoid complications.

Paul Wilkinson, New Castle, almost rings the bell as a forger as his freehand drawing of the well known "POLARINE" lettering on his forms 452 about eliminated the need of "de-calico-maniac" transfers.

No doubt the warm weather can be traced to the fact that Elmer Daniels, construction boss, had an extremely painful blowout to his flivver's left hind support 'steen miles from nowhere, an admirable location for Elmer to orate to an indigo blue contentment.

Louis Wahl chaffs under paternal repsonsibilities, having executed several marathons recently in getting his children back to school when they persist in playing "hookey."

In line with the ravings of John McCullough, some near attempts have emanated from the Ediphone annex lately. Listen to this: "In order to disclose our files" or "losing this letter as your authority."

Now what would you think of anyone, in these arid times, who would set her wrist-watch by the time shown on an elevator indicator? The pointer registered at the seventh floor and, "bing!"—*Hattie* set her bracelet ticker accordingly. No blame is attached to the leading local hotel, unless they agree to post a sign at the parlor floor reading: "This elevator does not run on east of Greenwich schedule."

The other noon, Ruth Wolf, starting in reverse, sedaned back against a telephone pole. According to the frightened passengers if it hadn't been for the pole they would be going yet.

Every time us folks get all set to discard our goggles, Al Vehling springs that same old pink shirt on us.

Tony Kirsch, stake truck driver, is carrying a bank roll of $40 every day—looking for a somekinda Ford to fill his shed, which has cost him around $4,000 worth of spare time to put in condition as parking space. Every time Tony hears of a wreck, he hotfoots it to the scenes of disaster—so far he has always ran a few minutes behind the professional auto boneyard keepers. Tony might invest a few hundred in a motorcycle to beat the professionals' game.

Last week a fire was discovered in a box car on a siding near the plant, and our volunteer fire-eaters acted with true movie dispatch. After being called together by Fire Chief Chester Tryon, who put on an elaborate before-the-battle oration, the "department," consisting of Willie Ryan, Cyclone Warren and Ira Batts, proceeded cautiously toward C. C. C. & St. L. 398452, putting on the necessary reconnaissance to support a successful attack. After a minute inspection of ordnance, which consisted of one hand extinguisher, the "department" *done their* duty without further delay. No casualities were reported, although several spectators are still suffering from a nervous breakdown.

A knockout—Al Mathias and his new fall hat.

In his hurry to beat the 8 a. m. lock-step signal, E. H. Bridges, equipment department, failed to entirely excavate his "French brier;" plenty happened on the coat rack a few minutes later, including a no small fire, a badly burnt coat and several real screams from Pearl Holliday.

William Lichtsinn, longer than his name, is our new mail-shooter, replacing James Harvey, assigned to other duties.

Introducing Harold McNevin, our latest specimen of messenger boy. Harold made a strong bid for recognition as a fair sample of young America, by claiming the first day out that he had four-fathers (forefathers) as ancestors.

Irene McCurdy, football fanist, and rooter for the fast Riversides in particular, got by pretty well with her line of dope until it was discovered she did not know which end of a football should be kicked.

"If you want to have some fun, take a trip to Turkey Run." Following this lead, an auto party from the Indianapolis office spent a very enjoyable week-end at the above mentioned park. Being quite unattached, Harry Bomford was chosen to act as chaperon for the crowd, which consisted of the following Misters and their "bosses:" Galbreath, Bruce, Ashman, Carrington, Serrin, Mathias, Gant and Hanna. Early Saturday evening was spent in singing, which featured the technique of Al Mathias and Bob Carrington. The men were going big at their jokefest at the expense of their wives, but they were interrupted when the K. K. K.'s (the said ladies) dropped in for a call, carrying switches instead of the customary rolling-pins, which they use with such telling effect at home. On Sunday morning the ladies staged a near sunrise ball game, with the score not given for publication. Later in the morning hikes were taken down the ravine, which is the most picturesque in the state. Everyone reports a huge appetite at the chicken dinner which followed.

Turkey Run Notes (too jumbled and true to classify). The going trip was made without mishap, although Mrs. Hanna delayed the schedule somewhat by insisting on getting out and wiping the dust off the Willys Knight every few miles. When the men separated from their wives to take the long hike, they left Chaperon Bomford behind; on their return they found he had been adopted by the ladies, who were calling him "BOMMY, DEAR"—and worse yet, he was favored with all of the choice cuts of chicken at the dinner! R. M. Gant proved a punk guide, getting himself and fellow mountain climbers (amateur) completely lost, which accounted for a lot of extra miles and Lawrence Hanna's collapse under the spreading oak (see picture).

The Polarine Social Club held its first Hallowe'en party on Saturday night, October 28, at Spring Lake, to which both members and non-members were invited. Some went in their Rolls Royces and the rest piled into a couple of the large trucks. All present agreed it was some party. A huge bonfire was furnished for those who wanted to burn their faces and marshmallows; a pavilion for the fantastic trippers, and a real little lake to drown

sorrows in, if necessary. The tankwagon men put on an "Old Settlers" sketch, with John Stoner, the paleface, about to be burned at the stake (not that he should not have been scorched long ago) and the rest of the gang acted as bad, bad Indians, kicking up hunks of perfectly good grass. Al Mathias tried to rescue the victim, but the REDSKINS didn't take to his line of spiel, which was muffled by the presence of an over ripe, over smoked stogie. Mrs. George Russell tried her stone melting tactics and the Indians couldn't resist her winning ways and the Stoner guy was signaled to beat it. Pauline Kline of the order department won one of the prizes for nibbling apples suspended from the rafters and incidentally stretching her neck four inches out of plumb. Several games were played including the "Gathering of the Nuts"—modesty forbids the mention of those who were chosen as squirrel-dessert. The prize waltz brought out several surprises. "Gibby" Gibson and his wife, Libby Lee Turner and her best beau, "Brick Hicks" and Pauline Kline, and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Judd showed such perfect rhythm and "figure" (as Bill Anderson said) that it was difficult for the judges to determine the best, but Mr. and Mrs. Frank Judd were finally awarded the prize. And you'd never think it to look at him! Hot dogs, potato salad, baked beans, coffee, doughnuts, and cider were on the menu, and a good time was had by all. Betty O'Brien was chairman of the refreshment committee, and Bob Carrington was chairman of the entertainment committee, and to both of them the club is indebted for the success of the party.

Hay Ride Chaff.—Freddy Matkin, chauffeur to the bank book, regrets the cider didn't last till he got there. Safety first precautions were taken, by providing a special car for his Elephantine Highness, Cupid Christman, fearing an overload of the company's truck. Libby Lee Turner won the cut-glass washrag when she was found still nibbling at an apple stem tied to a string and everybody ready to go home. Libbie admits she thought the apple contest was to run until Thanksgiving. Brick Hicks won the hot-dog eating contest without a struggle. This was one "blow-out" where Brick didn't have to wash the dishes, so he put his leisure time to some use. The party was quieter than expected, due to the absence of Louis (Fog Horn) Albrecht, who passed up the event, fearing he would have the creases taken out of his much cherished raincoat.

JOLIET, ILL.

Special to all Standard Oil employees—Freeport station now has a well equipped and modern "best man." To all those people who are considering getting married we would refer them to Mr. Malcolm McKinley, warehouseman at that station. Abe just bought a new Jordan Sport Model Touring Car. Last week, tank wagon salesman, L. B. Coomber, made use of Abe's services and he and his wife are at the present time on their honeymoon touring Minnesota. Coomber vouches for Abe being an efficient, honest and modern best man. And he didn't give the bride away either.

Work before breakfast—that's Sub-station Examiner Crawford's idea. Whenever he gets around for the monthly inventory he makes arrangements to get a good start before breakfast. However, last inventory he met with a little delay by having one of his inventory squad tear his trousers on the fence getting around too early. Crawford has made arrangements to have the fence fixed, but that doesn't pay the tailor for mending the trousers.

What part of the army did Mary MacMillan belong to? We notice she salutes Roy White every noon upon her return to the office. Rather tricky, Mary.

We have been informed that Mr. E. B. Gray bagged a wild goose while hunting along the Kankakee river Sunday, October 22—the souvenir can be viewed we understand.

Mr. W. O. Patterson has been appointed service station attendant at Joliet; Chas. G. Buckingham, agent at West Chicago; Louis Stoffel, at Wyanet, and Chas. Byers at Kirkland, Ill.; Mr. H. Lindblade, clerk at Rockford; J. Brady, tank wagon driver at Mendota; J. M. Alderson, at Sterling, and R. H. Aufters, at Morrison, Ill. L. B. Lee and Harold McCartney are new additions at DeKalb as service station attendants and motor tank wagon driver, respectively.

Mr. Ralph Dickey, one of our rural drivers at Sterling is confined to his home with scarlet fever.

We hear a lot about people falling asleep in moving picture shows, etc., but Ray Nelson of the order department pulled off an unusual stunt by falling asleep on the Cass street car while coming to work and was surprised to hear the conductor call out Youngs avenue. Better stay home, nights, Ray.

Mr. Charles Voight was appointed superintendent of service stations and equipment, effective October 1.

Things look pretty prosperous at Kankakee. Mr. Jackson, tank wagon driver, was seen purchasing a diamond ring. Mr. Cartier, cashier, who was just married, says Jackson is doing all right.

Mr. W. D. Smith, agent at Geneseo S. S. 9, is "sporting" and "supporting" a new Ford coupe.

The village of Hooppole misses W. C. Schauland. Everyone is asking when he's coming in again.

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sorrows in, if necessary. The tankwagon men put on an "Old Settlers" sketch, with John Stoner, the paleface, about to be burned at the stake (not that he should not have been scorched long ago) and the rest of the gang acted as bad, bad Indians, kicking up hunks of perfectly good grass. Al Mathias tried to rescue the victim, but the REDSKINS didn't take to his line of spiel, which was muffled by the presence of an over ripe, over smoked stogie. Mrs. George Russell tried her stone melting tactics and the Indians couldn't resist her winning ways and the Stoner guy was signaled to beat it. Pauline Kline of the order department won one of the prizes for nibbling apples suspended from the rafters and incidentally stretching her neck four inches out of plumb. Several games were played including the "Gathering of the Nuts"—modesty forbids the mention of those who were chosen as squirrel-dessert. The prize waltz brought out several surprises. "Gibby" Gibson and his wife, Libby Lee Turner and her best beau, "Brick Hicks" and Pauline Kline, and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Judd showed such perfect rhythm and "figure" (as Bill Anderson said) that it was difficult for the judges to determine the best, but Mr. and Mrs. Frank Judd were finally awarded the prize. And you'd never think it to look at him! Hot dogs, potato salad, baked beans, coffee, doughnuts, and cider were on the menu, and a good time was had by all. Betty O'Brien was chairman of the refreshment committee, and Bob Carrington was chairman of the entertainment committee, and to both of them the club is indebted for the success of the party.

Hay Ride Chaff.—Freddy Matkin, chauffeur to the bank book, regrets the cider didn't last till he got there. Safety first precautions were taken, by providing a special car for his Elephantine Highness, Cupid Christman, fearing an overload of the company's truck. Libby Lee Turner won the cut-glass washrag when she was found still nibbling at an apple stem tied to a string and everybody ready to go home. Libbie admits she thought the apple contest was to run until Thanksgiving. Brick Hicks won the hot-dog eating contest without a struggle. This was one "blow-out" where Brick didn't have to wash the dishes, so he put his leisure time to some use. The party was quieter than expected, due to the absence of Louis (Fog Horn) Albrecht, who passed up the event, fearing he would have the creases taken out of his much cherished raincoat.

JOLIET, ILL.

Special to all Standard Oil employees—Freeport station now has a well equipped and modern "best man." To all those people who are considering getting married we would refer them to Mr. Malcolm McKinley, warehouseman at that station. Abe just bought a new Jordan Sport Model Touring Car. Last week, tank wagon salesman, L. B. Coomber, made use of Abe's services and he and his wife are at the present time on their honeymoon touring Minnesota. Coomber vouches for Abe being an efficient, honest and modern best man. And he didn't give the bride away either.

Work before breakfast—that's Sub-station Examiner Crawford's idea. Whenever he gets around for the monthly inventory he makes arrangements to get a good start before breakfast. However, last inventory he met with a little delay by having one of his inventory squad tear his trousers on the fence getting around too early. Crawford has made arrangements to have the fence fixed, but that doesn't pay the tailor for mending the trousers.

What part of the army did Mary MacMillan belong to? We notice she salutes Roy White every noon upon her return to the office. Rather tricky, Mary.

We have been informed that Mr. E. B. Gray bagged a wild goose while hunting along the Kankakee river Sunday, October 22—the souvenir can be viewed we understand.

Mr. W. O. Patterson has been appointed service station attendant at Joliet; Chas. G. Buckingham, agent at West Chicago; Louis Stoffel, at Wyanet, and Chas. Byers at Kirkland, Ill.; Mr. H. Lindblade, clerk at Rockford; J. Brady, tank wagon driver at Mendota; J. M. Alderson, at Sterling, and R. H. Aufters, at Morrison, Ill. L. B. Lee and Harold McCartney are new additions at DeKalb as service station attendants and motor tank wagon driver, respectively.

Mr. Ralph Dickey, one of our rural drivers at Sterling is confined to his home with scarlet fever.

We hear a lot about people falling asleep in moving picture shows, etc., but Ray Nelson of the order department pulled off an unusual stunt by falling asleep on the Cass street car while coming to work and was surprised to hear the conductor call out Youngs avenue. Better stay home, nights, Ray.

Mr. Charles Voight was appointed superintendent of service stations and equipment, effective October 1.

Things look pretty prosperous at Kankakee. Mr. Jackson, tank wagon driver, was seen purchasing a diamond ring. Mr. Cartier, cashier, who was just married, says Jackson is doing all right.

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Herbert Wagen, salesman, claims to be a pool shark, but he has found one better.

C. A. Ross, of Freeport, is acting agent at Stockton, due to Mr. Cheeseman being ill.

What is the matter, Roy? We certainly do miss you. Come on up to see us once in a while. Maybe we can fix it up.

Part of a beautiful pearl earring was lost last Wednesday evening during a wild party at the S. W. by modest little Miss Kane. Oh, Catherine!

Harold Hartley has been made office boy, succeeding Louis Verhuntz, who resigned to go back to the farm.

Leo Pesavento, traffic department, spent part of his vacation getting prepared for the winter. Some place, Lockport.

As to being the busiest person in the office we hand it to Sylvia Hubel, who spends all her lunch hour knitting, etc., Looks like something is coming off. To see Leslie Meyers last Saturday, we thought it was all over, parading the streets all slicked up.

Miss Evelyn Reece, of the dictaphone department, after spending two weeks with her little nine-months-old niece, Martie, has become so thoroughly acquainted with the care of children that she anticipates conducting an orphanage in the near future, after returning from Florida.

Bill Ziech, of the stationery department, has returned from his vacation.

The office enjoyed the visit of Mr. Ralph Reed, who formerly was auditor at this station.

Do you remember way back in the winter of 1908 when Pete Radigan stopped the crack California Limited on the Santa Fe with four mules and a tankwagon? The mules evidently had it in for Pete, as they stopped just when the wagon was on the rails and the flier coming at 65 per. Pete is still on the job, but if the conductor of that train had his way Pete would not be.

Wm. Maher went nutting one Sunday afternoon and gathered about two bushels of walnuts. Just as he started for the road and his car the farmer came up and ordered Bill to dump the nuts on the ground. After an hour of arguing the farmer convinced Bill that his word was law. Bill says the only thing that kept him from fighting was the "No Accident" button he wore on his coat and the "No Accident" campaign. Who do you suppose Bill figured would get hurt?

If anyone wants to know how to install a gasoline pump and tank, ask Pete Radigan and L. O. Brehm. They know how to do it with only half the parts the warehouse sends out. Of course, they don't guarantee to pump gasoline.

We are glad to hear that Mr. and Mrs. Parks are becoming so popular in and around Wenona. They say that nothing is complete without either or both of them on some committee. We hope they will like Wenona as well as Wenona likes them. More power to you, Parks.

When Bill Anderson was checked in as agent at LaMoille he thought it more important to be out delivering Red Crown, Perfection and Polarine than going thru the formality of being installed as agent. Let's hope he keeps on wanting to deliver these products day and night. He received an order for 50 gallons of Red Crown before his truck was complete and wanted Brehm to loan him his Ford runabout to deliver it with. That is what Bill calls service.

Everyone is sorry to learn that John Hughes, our popular Earlville agent, is going to leave us. At the same time we hope some day to see him a lawyer of national fame. Mr. Hughes takes up his studies in Chicago, November 15. We all wish you success, Mr. Hughes.

Saturday, October 21, Mr. Milton Partridge, our Cornell agent, attended a Sunday school convention at Champaign. Mr. Partridge's brother is attending the University at Champaign and is on the football team. Milton says the game Saturday was a fast one and that he enjoyed the trip but did not give any report whatever on the meeting of the service station convention. How about it, Milt?

Charlie Singphiel, our Minonk Oil King, is becoming prosperous, judging from the looks of the very fine front porch he has just had put on his home. Suppose next summer they will move from the inside of their home to the front porch. Looks very inviting to us.

Mrs. Partridge, wife of our Cornell agent, is under the doctor's care. We hope it is nothing serious and that she will soon be up and around taking care of that little Partridge. The little one is a "bird," but not the kind with feathers.

Eddie Cordon, sales force, has been transferred to Ottawa, while W. B. Rodman takes over Eddie's former territory.

Mr. Clyde Creagan has been appointed salesman at Rockford, Ill. Mr. Creagan was a former employee and has returned to the SOCO.

J. L. Smega, Robert Fraser and C. P. Robbins have been added to the clerical force. Mr. Robbins has worked in the offices at Keokuk, Davenport and Peoria. We trust that he will like Joliet and will consider staying with us.

Just as we were getting our final dope we received a surprise when told that Clifford Brown and Bob Antram had announced that they were leaving for the Golden West, California being their destination. We are wondering if they contemplate entering the movies. At any rate we wish them success in their future undertakings; also good luck. What is the attraction, Brownie?

KANSAS CITY, MO.

At the present time we are in the midst of a Polarine cartage campaign. Great enthusiasm is being displayed in the fast racers entered by each district superintendent. The entries are Dusenberg Special, Micarine Special, Lightnin, Polarbear Four, and Polarburg Special.

During our last Polarine campaign, Ed. West sold a carload of Polarine in the city of Kansas City. And this, after we had abandoned all hopes of a carload order in K. C. After everybody says a thing can't be done somebody goes out and does it. How about it, Ed?

Elmer Staples ran a close second with a half-carload order. Some neat little order, too, and we sure like to see them roll in like this. Fine work, E. P.

Some new salesmen on the force: Mark Nichols, J. S. Shearer, E. E. Boston, J. M. Sullivan and T. J. Curry.

The following gentlemen have been transferred to the sales force: A. R. Ware, from credit department; Clifton Cargile, from service station; and O. L. Scott, from agent at Nevada.

Carl Nichols has been appointed district superintendent, succeeding H. G. Erzinger, resigned. This promotion is a tribute to hard work, good salesmanship, and enthusiasm. The whole Kansas City office extends congratulations, Carl.

Mr. Chas. A. Lewers, our new sales manager, is a live wire, and we hope he likes us as well as we do

him. Mr. Lewers came here from the Quincy division.

The Quincy division produces good ones, and Kansas City gets them. Mr. Pott, our new traffic manager, comes from there, too.

F. A. Marxen has assumed duties in the auditing department. He is a fine fellow and well liked.

We wonder if L. Y. Stephens, hustling agent at Emporia, Kan., had any time to play baseball this summer. How about it, Red? This also goes for Charlie Moore at Warrensburg. How's the family, Charlie?

We missed Roy Curmutt's customary smile last Monday morning when he came into the office, and upon inquiring, found out that the rain had spoiled his chances of turning in a 75,000 gallon report for the sales of Red Crown at Kansas City service stations for Saturday and Sunday. More good weather coming, Roy. We'll make it yet. With that fine bunch of men working for and with you, you can't fail to put it across.

Jerry McGowan took the fatal leap on the 18th However, we knew it was coming. He was so nervous for the previous week he couldn't carry his tray in the lunch room. The next time you do this, Jerry, why not look around the organization? Sure you didn't miss one? We have no detailed report of the wedding, but know it was a grand success; and the whole Kansas City office extends best wishes to the happy young couple.

Mr. F. L. King was a visitor last week. We don't see much of him. Come again, Mr. King.

Miss Wells, of the credit department, spent her vacation in California. She says the weather out there is all that is said of it and more. Glad you enjoyed yourself, Miss Wells. Also glad you're back.

Miss Carpenter is vacationing at the present and Miss Martin is taking her place. Charlie Markert was very nervous at first, but it gradually wore off and they are getting on famously now. Better hustle back, Miss Carpenter.

Radio fans—Ole Olson, Burt Hudnut, Buss Yankee, and Leon Fagala.

Now that the worlds series is over we are able to talk a minute or two occasionally with Buss Yankee and Reverend Billy Merrick. Harry Branditz was also a warm Yank supporter. Next year, men.

R. M. Patterson, C. A. Doctor, and Ed Foley were recently promoted to special tank wagon salesmen. This is also a reward for hard work and all the rest. Good luck, fellows.

Ed Fraher, self-styled "lace curtain Irish," takes Foley's place. Congratulations—up the ladder we go!

Shorty Ruch has stopped chewing tobacco, we are informed, and Guss Hobbs is so busy we never see him.

The greatest surprise of the season was the announcement of Miss Koerner's marriage. Once again the Standard Oil Company lost out. She married a professor, but we are glad to have her with us still. She retained her position. Best wishes for a long and happy life, Mrs. Pinkney. But, tell us all about it beforehand next time.

LA CROSSE, WIS.

Salesman R. E. Jones has his field covered nicely with roadside signs. People traveling the highways thru his field cannot help but know that the Standard Oil Company is on the map.

Salesman E. E. Friess has taken quite a step in putting up our roadside signs. He says, "Well displayed advertising is a great promoter of sales, and the time occupied in putting up the signs is made up in their lessening the sales arguments to the customers."

The new service station at Black River Falls is doing very nice business. Mr. Johnson, attendant, is very much interested, as is evidenced by the way he explains Standard Oil Company products to customers.

Mr. Thompson at Viroqua has moved his family to Viroqua and is making things hum in his new field.

From the way Mr. H. W. Beuthin at Prairie du Chien burns up the roads between there and Westby, Wis., it looks as if he were trying to steal some of the fair sex up that way.

Jas. Gleeson, Mondovi, has finished an attractive drive-in service station. He is handling Red Crown and Polarine. Says it suits him.

The new bulk station at Arpin, Wis., is coming along fast.

When you think you have cleaned up your station and put things in order so you can operate the station as you would like to, just take a trip to Loyal, Wis., and see how Anton Loppnow keeps his station. A place for everything and everything in its place! Oh, yes, and he makes things hum, too.

Bob Zank, our live agent at Fairchild, is indisposed. He has a carbuncle on the back of his neck.

W. P. Unser, our agent at Durand, Wis., has a new I. H. C. speedwagon. "For the good of the service," Bill says.

Mr. Emil Burch, truck driver at Rochester, Minn., was made agent at Elgin, Minn., on October 2.

Mr. A. O. Enderson, salesman in the western district, who was operated on for appendicitis at St. Mary's hospital on October 8, is getting along very nicely, and he expects to be back on the job November 1.

Mr. J. A. Walker, truck driver at Rochester, was married October 10. We hope that married life will keep "Al" as happy as he has been for the past two weeks.

Ewald Otto is the new agent at Allen, Wis., station.

Elmer Johnson has taken a position with the Drummond Packing Co., Eau Claire, Wis.

W. F. Juno, agent at Marshfield, Wis., tipped completely over with the 2½-ton Master truck. Hard to convince the Safety Court you were going only 5 miles an hour, Bill.

Workmen are busy wrecking the old Bonnell Carriage Works buildings at Eau Claire to make room for a new Red Crown service station.

W. H. Sandmann, salesman, has moved to Chippewa Falls. He now lives at 45 East Birch street, that city.

W. F. Gaulke, city driver at Wisconsin Rapids, Wis., was laid up for two weeks, but is O. K. again. Each doctor had a different name for it.

S. O. Co. was the only oil company represented in the Industrial parade at Wisconsin Rapids, October 18. Bill says he didn't get a prize, but then it was a question of judges.

Jos. Juel has left the Eau Claire office to take R. E. Cahill's place as station examiner. Mr. Cahill goes to La Crosse office.

Two more of our young men fell, and fell hard. It was reported that Bill House committed suicide, but upon investigation it developed that he was dead only to his former "single blessedness." He was married at St. Paul, September 8, and kept us

in ignorance of that fact for two months. Fine work, Bill.

The following will prove that romance is not dead at this office: Leonard Dupee, whom we thought a confirmed bachelor, eloped on the night of October 27, and when we again saw him at the office he was tied up for life.

Forecast for next month: Matrimonial epidemic!

MANKATO, MINN.

We joyfully welcome another benedict to our circle. Jacob W. Armstrong was united in marriage to Miss Anna Catherine Kober on October 17, 1922. The Red Crown Club presented Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong with a beautiful remembrance and Jake performed the honors in elegant style. Congratulations!

The Red Crown Club put across its annual Hallowe'en party on Saturday evening, October 28, in the company offices. 'Twas some party, during which black cats, ghosts, jack-o'-lanterns, and witches vied with each other in making the night hideous. Prizes for costumes were awarded to Mrs. Sophia Anderson and Earl Johnson. R. W. Pinney, as chief receiver, sent shivers of fear stealing down the backs of the guests when he greeted them at the door dressed as a skeleton. Ben's orchestra supplied snappy music until 12 o'clock, when mess call was sounded with the usual disastrous consequences to the food. The decoration committee, with Vice-President Clem Neubel in charge, is to be congratulated on the splendid manner in which it put across its share of the entertainment.

Three years in the U. S. navy is Frank Bartyzal's record. Frank shows the effect of his training. His station, No. 34, New Prague, shines like the deck of a cruiser ready for inspection.

Practically all department heads are making use of the opportunity offered by Mr. Chesbrough to get out into the field. Every week two or more pack their grips and steal silently away, only to come back in a few days with thrilling tales of agents routed out of their beds at low twelve, early morning rides through the frosty air, and brimful of vim and pep. There is no doubt but that this closer association of the office with the field force will be productive of excellent results for the entire organization.

Ed Bluemle, mechanic, astounded the proprietor of a restaurant when he demanded "another meal just like the last one." The second meal followed the first one, but Ed felt real aggrieved because the restaurant man didn't charge enough for the repast. Some eater!

The Red Crown Club opened the fall social season with a regular dance the last night in the month of September. The whole bunch was there and a "good time was had by all."

After an absence of about one year Miss Mary Wackwitz is again back with the Standard Oil Company. The same old smile is still there and we are all glad she's back.

J. R. White, Worthington agent, and W. E. Schultz, Owatonna agent, are engaged in a mortal Mica combat for the supremacy of the Mankato division. Worthington is the home of Truck Driver Johnson, who holds the exalted title of Mica-king of the Mankato division. Schultz is after the crown, and thus the battle goes on, with both combatants selling Mica right and left. Take your pick and place your bets early.

J. P. McCall, lately truck-driver at Worthington, has been transferred to the Adrian station as agent. We predict a glorious future for Adrian from this time forward.

Miss Angeline Hunt, stenographer, has been confined to a room at the hospital for some time. She writes the Red Crown Club a snappy letter and proves that she has lots of the old pep even if unable to move. We hope that "Angy" comes back soon.

Silas M. Packard, whose father was for some years our agent at Sherburn, is now our agent at Marshall. Several people from the office have visited Marshall lately and discovered to their joy that everybody in town knows Mr. Packard. That means that they know the merits of Red Crown gasoline and Polarine oils, because he talks the full line.

E. L. Randall, former agent at Marshall, has been assigned to the sales force. He is hitting the ball all over the lot. His batting average would make Babe Ruth look sick.

C. J. Humm, late of the equipment department, has been transferred to the sales department as salesman in the St. Peter field. We predict for Clarence a brilliant record as a salesman.

R. E. Scott, district superintendent, resigned his position with the Company on October 15 to engage in the automobile business. Undoubtedly sales of Buick automobiles will receive a decided impetus and Red Crown gasoline and Polarine oils will have another loyal booster. We regret to see "Scotty" leave us, but join with hosts of friends in wishing him success in his new field of endeavor.

The Red Crown bowling team is knocking 'em cold in the Mankato handicap bowling league. The team is at present leading the league and the dope says that they are not likely to be headed.

District Superintendent A. L. Struthers was considerably up in the air when the ladder broke under Ed Bluemle of the advertising department, while engaged in hanging a disc sign. Struthers was up on the roof with no visible means of descent. Luckly no one was injured, and when a new ladder was requisitioned, Mr. Struthers safely reached terra firma ably assisted by his friend and supporter, F. M. Luff, of Albert Lea. Of course, the camera was miles away while Struthers was on the roof. (Mankato: Read last paragraph, Page 8, Volume 3, Number 12, Stanolind Record.—Ed.)

We regret to chronicle that Wm. Taylor, service station attendant, Mankato No. 5, has again been confined to his home. Mr. Taylor's many friends miss his cheerful smile and all express their hope that he will soon be able to greet them at his old stand.

George Schauss, gasoline salesman, journeyed to the American Legion convention at New Orleans. He reports an excellent trip and a fine time although we are forced to admit that he doesn't look greatly refreshed following the week's relief from duty.

Mrs. Harriet Kircher, stenographer, accompanied her husband to New Orleans for the American Legion convention. Of course, the real reason for taking the trip was to act as bodyguard for Al, who is of such diminutive size as to be unable to take care of himself in a crowd.

We apologize to Manager Chesbrough for insinuating, in a recent issue, that he was a bum shot. He not only can shoot straight, but shows rare discrimination in choosing his birds. We can only echo the sentiments of our bright young son, who, after sampling pieces from the two ducks Mr. Chesbrough gave us to prove he really can shoot, remarked: "Dad, tell the man to shoot some more ducks."—Editor, Standolind Record.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

On Friday, October 20, the R. C. S. Club gave a dance at the Royal Arcanum. Everybody had a good time and had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Klebba and Mr. Cameron sing. Just wait until you hear about our next party. Oh, boy!

On Monday, October 23, the Standard Oil Bowling League took to the alleys with the following teams: Renown, Red Crown Polarine, Stanolax, Perfection and Solite. Mr. Cochran rolled the first ball. We had been previously informed by the "Boss" himself that he was *some* bowler. Well, in the vernacular of the alleys, he certainly has one mean double hook, reverse English, gutter ball that would certainly demolish the maples had they been set in the nicely grooved gutter instead of on the highly polished center. Watch out for him before the season is over, however. When he strikes, he strikes.

Arch Cameron, as a member of the Renown, is trying to show us how they would like to mow the pins down in Chicago.

Jost, of Perfection gang, hit the high average of 58 for his three games.

Mr. Ofstie recently smoked his first cigar. It was at the S. A. E. meeting and Arthur got along very nicely.

At last the history of J. H. Connolly's name is solved. He was in an unusually talkative mood today and that is how we learned the sad but true story. Many years ago he was christened Jasper Hector Connolly. But when he grew up he wrote it Jas. for short. Of course the abbreviation was taken for James. So that is why we call him Jimmy. But from now on we will strive to correct this grave error, and he will now be known by all as Jasper Hector.

Herbert Beste, service station attendant at Melrose, done went and did it. On October 10 he took the solemn vow to honor and obey. Congratulations, Herb! Our best wishes are with you.

Salesman John Hentschell came into the office the other day with the proverbial smile. Jerome Joseph Hentschell was the reason and he's some boy! Weighed in at 10 pounds, 15 ounces, and John nearly named him Jack Dempsey.

Agent Bill Heinrichs at Hutchinson wants to know if L. M. Klebba saw Roy Sandman shoot any wild ducks this fall.

Frank Becker, the S. O. dispenser at Waconia, is beginning to talk about two trucks instead of one. Atta boy, Frank, old boy.

H. C. Little, agent, Young America, promises a nice beefsteak and fried spuds for a certain party the next time he is in town. All right, H. C.

Roy Larson, rural salesman, isn't much bigger than a minute, but did you ever see his right arm? The punch is there, isn't it, Roy.

If they don't know Zeb Eaton, it's because they don't live where he goes. Zeb is like John McCormack; he's an institution.

Alfred Knick, rural salesman, insists on a hair cut every Saturday, and still Alf combs a bushy bunch.

Who said Chaskee? I claim that's the cat's meow.

If you don't believe there's a cabaret in Jordan, ask Eckman.

There's a fellow down in Shakopee who wears a No. 14 shoe. Step forward Harold D, and defend the honors that are rightfully yours.

G. A. Syverson, rural salesman, killed a 7-foot rattlesnake near Annandale with his bare hands. That beats killing a wolf by two points.

A certain district superintendent recently signed up a big garage account for Red Crown gasoline and Polarine. The signature was secured in a stock yard and the dealer used a cow's back on which to lay the papers. Even a cow can play a part in securing new business.

Henry Kubesh, agent, Olivia, claims to be related to 50 tractor owners around Olivia. In that event, Hank, we won't worry about business at Olivia.

Since Mr. Vincent moved his desk directly opposite the main entrance there has been a wonderful improvement in the street car service throughout the city.

The World's Hard Luck Hunting Title is claimed by a few of the mechanics of the Minneapolis machine shop. After anxiously waiting for Saturday afternoon a few of the mechanics, W. J. Zimmerman, Charlie Clark, Charlie Steelglove, Ray Erickson and George Alberts, in the latter's Winton Six with poor tires, took the opportunity to drop a few ducks this fall. As the week grew old they became nervous and impatient and Saturday afternoon they started for a well press agented duck pond. Sunday they got up about 2 a. m. and drove through fog and mud for about 35 miles to be in the grass along the shore a half hour before the official sun-up. They laid in the chill damp morning air and shivered expectantly, but like the Minneapolis mechanics the breaks were against them. They haven't had a shot at a duck this season. Once a flock of Brant came over, but another hunter across the lake shot and the birds started for the stars. By the time they crossed the line of vision they couldn't have reached them with an anti-aircraft gun. It is reported that on that occasion they passed a few remarks about the hunter who caused the disappointment. After they had decided the ducks weren't working yet they had to be satisfied with a few mud hens, the only game that came within range. So it has been just one discouragement after another. If ever anyone obeyed the old maxim, "Try, try again," it was they, and still there isn't a single duck bone in their garbage cans. Besides, Charlie Clark fell in the pond and almost froze to death coming back home until the Winton started blowing out tires and Charlie was kept warm pumping air in the 37x5's with a hand pump; and Lord, we are telling the truth when we say there were 24 blowouts and six mud hens.

We are all very happy that Mr. Dahlquist of the credit department is rapidly recovering from his automobile accident and is now able to get around without the use of crutches, excepting on the days when he is expecting an interview with the claim adjuster. John has promised all of us a feed when he gets a settlement from the reckless driver who temporarily incapacitated him for service. He has retained Mr. Moran as his legal adviser, which assures beyond question a favorable verdict. Harry first came into prominence as campaign manager for Miss Mary Gleason when she was a candidate for vice-president of the Red Crown Social Club, and Mary attributes her success largely to his efforts in her behalf.

Miss Gladys Monroe is back on the job after a month's leave of absence, which was necessitated by ill health. We're glad to see you back, Gladys, and you're looking fine.

Welcome to our city! Mr. Hansen, our new assistant chief clerk, has been transferred from the Huron division to join our ranks.

On Wednesday, October 18, Walter M. Peterson, station examiner, was married. Good luck, Walter, and by the way, the candy and cigars were fine.

Stand back fellows! Have you seen Miss Etrulla Lane in her new riding habit? She surely will hurt Henry Ford's business.

PEORIA, ILL.

The Peoria SOCO Club, under the ministrations of its indefatigable president, Frank Lindenfelser, blew the lid off the fall and winter social season on October 21 with a "hard times" masquerade dance at the K. of C. hall. While the attendance was perhaps not what was expected, considering the summer atmosphere, it was excellent. Anyway, those who stayed away missed an evening jammed full of mirth, melody and general enjoyment. John Linneman's Own Orchestra offered a brand of harmony that kept the floor crowded from eight to eleven, the only counter attraction being the refreshment corner. Some of our bibulous males partook of more than their share of the cider, seeming to find that amber fluid, for some unaccountable reason, more than delectable. The irrepressible "speedsters" from the mailing department, Jack and Eldo, kept the hall in an uproar with their terpsichorean demonstrations, particularly late in the evening, when the latter's onslaught on the doughnut table began to handicap him. Bill Flanagan furnished the feature with his calling of the circle two-step (whatever that is; ye scribe's ignorance in such matters is appalling). Bill's intentions were good, but listen, you wild Irishman, ain't it kind of contrary to the constitution when when you call "Grand Right and Left" (more ignorance) when the males and females are in separate circles? But what's the odds? The tangle only added to the merriment.

Our globe-trotting vacationers are scattering weekly to the four winds. Mrs. Naylor put in her time at La Salle. Kathryn Lyons motored to Chicago. Likewise Mrs. J. Alice Munea. Cletus Wagner, at this writing, is somewhere in the wilds of southern Illinois, to-wit, Mt. Sterling, knocking the natives cold with his tales of the Averyville ball team. Walt Reyburn is "down on the farm" at Metamora. He's a demon for the cow and chicken stuff. Joe Simms is still absent, winning doughnut eating contests, we understand, at numerous county fairs. Frank Lotts put in two weeks at home, stewing over how bad Gram would "ball up" his job in his absence. He returned on the 23rd, and Ed's been getting lectures ever since.

Attendant Frank Schmidt, at S. S. 1, Peoria, recently found a purse containing the fair owner's name and thirty-five dollars. Being an honest soul, our genial "Schmittie" returned the find, and was rewarded with a box of cookies. Question—who ate 'em?

Correspondent Wilson, Springfield, submits with his quota for this issue an explanation of its sparkling wit and humor to the effect that he returned the night before from an out of town trip to find the fires dead, and was obliged to rebuild at a cold five a. m. with neither kindling nor axe. What's the matter with matches, old man?

Ask Ann Prager to tell you about the Masquerader.

Agent Webb, Springfield, has a new Ford roadster, starter n'everything. His vocabulary is losing lots of exercise.

Here's a tip from Springfield for future club showmen: Bert McCready, pianist par excellence and "coon shouter" extraordinary, will shortly burst upon the startled public as a saxophone artist. (Maybe we might coax him to put on one of those "Mecca" dances).

Agent Elmer Moore, Farmington, tackled Salesman Bowton recently, his genial countenance all a sunset glow, as to when he could get a day or two off. Inquiries developed the fact that Elmer proposed to forsake his state of single blessedness, and required the time for the performance of the necessary rituals. When a chap gets up nerve enough for the plunge into double harness, a little thing like business is never allowed to interfere, so on on September 28 Elmer "stepped off" while Bowton captained the truck. The latter showed himself to be the right sort of a guy when he went out and grabbed some new business and turned it over to Elmer as a wedding present. Whereat the newlywed, being already in the seventh heaven, was elevated still higher. Bowton shamelessly neglected to tell us the young lady's name, but anyway, Brother Moore, we wish you and your bride long life and the best of luck and happiness.

Versatile Jane Higgins, filing department, swings a wicked needle. For particulars see Jack the mail boy. He tore his trousers recently.

As this is written our mental cogitations are interrupted by a volume of strange reverberations, drifting upon the balmy October air, thru the open windows. Low mutterings, startling detonations, occasional staccato fusillades, all interspersed with continuous sizzling sputterings. Fireworks? No. Let us look. Ah! Merely Salesman Hanbeck, black of countenance and mood, doing proper penance upon his car after being caught with said "Henry" in a state of unwashed blessedness.

Ask Salesman P. R. Hinds how he enjoyed a recent dark, stormy night out in the sand hills of Mason county with a balky Ford. Oh, how the cuss words flew! You should feel bad enough keeping Lizzie out so late and unchaperoned too, without teaching her bad words, P. R.

Agent Madison made an afternoon call on Salesman Hinds one Sunday recently and caught Rainey in overalls doing the labor act, painting his house. Call again, Edgar, Next time, perhaps, Rainey's dividends will enable him to have this work done.

We hear that Agent Chester of Havana has a brand new Gardiner. He hardly speaks to the common herd any more.

Peter Hinds, who in his serious moments drives a tank wagon at Ashland, was seen at the Auto Inn dance floor in Jacksonville cutting some mean steps. Why all the attention to just one girl, Petey?

Friday, the 13th, lost its dour significance when the Peoria office was surprised by a visit from Chief Clerk Marion Worley of Quincy, not so long since one of our fellow workers. He is waxing fat and prosperous, except for the growing need of cranium upholstery. Is it worry over "unauthorized," Marion, or does the wife pull 'em out?

Reporter Brooks, of Watseka, relates a recent unusual happening to Salesman Gones. The latter's faithful "Henry" balked the other day on the Dixie Highway. Six months in service, good tempered, never known to bite, and warranted to stand without hitching. And then she suddenly went sulky and quit work. Cram full of RED CROWN and POLARINE, and all curried with SEMDAC, too. Gones completed his diagnosis and scratched his head. He's still scratching, and will till Brooks consents to unravel the mystery. We don't know the answer ourselves, except that Brooks promised never to do it again.

It is whispered that before the eastern district picnic of 1923 is pulled off the manager of the

Go-Get-Ems will coach his team and the umpire in the rules of the national pastime, the game to be a seven inning one, with a square deal for the Peoria Red Crowns, not to mention Tom Johnson. We have this on authority of Agent Brooks of Watseka.

Agent Brooks recounts an exceptional tale of publicity. The Methodist Sunday School Board of Iroquois county lately held a business session and banquet in Watseka. Brooks, being present, was duly elated when the speaker of the evening, a missionary from India, remarked: "When I came across a Standard Oil sign in India, I said 'Praise God.' When such corporations as the Lord Almighty and the Standard Oil meet out here in India, the whole world will soon be reformed.' "

In connection with the above, Salesman Gones wants to know how in thunder Brooks got into a Sunday School meeting.

Chris Wyss, Peoria warehouse, spent his vacation attending card parties and winning the booby prize.

Leo Seitz, shoe cobbler, has discovered a new nail for attaching half soles. The thumbnail.

Phil Hoeft played "groundhog" while Wyss was absent.

Why does Don Suttie, auburn locked truck driver, phone on all the want ads of the Star?

William Vernon Phillips, Peoria warehouse, spent his vacation with his parents in northern Michigan. We understand he had company as far as Chicago.

Sunday, October 1, witnessed at Paxton the first annual picnic of the eastern district. Two hundred strong, the scions of Standard Oil gathered, with wives and families, for a day's merrymaking. The occasion was graced by a goodly number of visitors from Peoria, and those in charge wish it known that the presence of these guests was appreciated, in view of the considerable effort involved in making the trip. By noon the assembly was complete, and in the city park the "feed" was spread. Fried chicken was the piece de resistance, bolstered with other delectables too numerous to mention. The way the chow disappeared was ample evidence that all present were "feeling fit." Following the dinner came the day's big event, the ball game between the eastern district "Go-Get-Ems" and the Peoria Red Crowns. And it WAS a ball game. How those two crews put on such an exhibition after slaughtering all those chickens is a mystery, but they sure did. The Red Crowns trailed, 3 to 2, clear up to the ninth, and then demonstrated how they acquired their Peoria fame by falling upon the Eastern's pitcher with gusto and ramming six runs over the dock in short order. Following the game a program of special events, races, etc., sped the time until the gathering darkness, when the multitude scattered, homeward bound, with nothing but hilarious appreciation of the environment provided by the hard work of District Superintendent W. H. Caldwell and his assistants.

Scene—S. S. 17, Peoria. Stranger drives up in car. Attendant, proceeding to function. "You are with the Standard Oil, are you not?" Stranger—"Yes. I'm Agent Crosby of Princeton, Joliet field. Howdja guess?" Attendant—"By that friendly and satisfied smile."

We print the above just as it reached us. How come, friend Wieland? Psychology, or some of the stuff the Flints used to pull?

EXTRA! Springfield, Ill. Salesman Britt is passing cigars again. It's a boy. Eight pounds. Whaddaya think of that bantam? Eh? Shake, you little runt.

Our idea of harmony is Waugh paralyzing the dictaphone at one end of the office and the Victrola going at the other.

Tank Truck Driver Joe Kennell believes in keeping the bakeries going. Joe says it is Mother Hirt's bread and a dozen cookies.

Ben says to Charlie, "Give me the measurements on No. 3." And then Ben parades thru Peoria's warehouse singing his ballad of "Red-Red-Red."

Salesman Hanson made his first trip down a mine with Engineer Broadbent recently. When they reached the bottom the miners inquired regarding the earthquake. Broadbent explained that it was just Hanson's agitation.

Salesman Fred Knight was selling a farmer recently when he chanced to glance at his Ford, and saw a goat on the turtle-back starting on the top for breakfast. Yep. A real goat, and breakfast. According to the farmer, ten minutes more and Fred would never have known what became of the Ford. Wonder if he could have made that explanation stick? Fred says the next time he needs a new car he'll just gather plenty of witnesses and turn the goat loose.

Ed Kinser, Peoria tank truck driver, offers a new method of ejecting shells from his gun. "Don't take 'em out," says Ed. "Just shoot 'em out."

Would you imagine an old head like McCready toting home a car full of hedge balls under the impression that they were walnuts? Yep. Ask Mr. Phillips.

Bill Batting put on a movie actor publicity stunt in the Custer House at Galesburg the other day. Bill had his breakfast served in bed, himself pajama clad. He makes a wonderful sheik, girls. By way of explanation, will say that Awerkamp was out scouring the town for Battin's daylight attire, a negligent bellhop having failed to retrieve the "scenery" after turning them over to the mercies of a pressing establishment. Sorry we couldn't provide a picture.

QUINCY, ILL.

Miss Ethel Doerr, sales writer, has been in an awful physical anguish lately on account of a stiff neck. Questioned, Ethel said THAT GUY has some grip.

C. C. Smith, our Maywood agent, underwent a minor operation recently and after a week's stay in the hospital left the institution contrary to an order from his physician. Smith told the doctor that it was impossible for him to remain any longer, owing to the heavy oil business at the time, a part of which he wanted to share.

Miss Blanche Perry, order clerk, has told a friend that a certain Mr. Fletcher is contemplating the purchase of a new Studebaker. We understand that she has taken time "by the forelock" by recommending Red Crown and Polarine.

Mr. C. P. Johnson, salesman, lost his grip while speeding over the Payson road last week and same was found by one of the Payson natives and brought to our office. Some speed, Johnson, some speed, we shout!

At a recent gathering of members of the Red Crown Club, George Sohm won all honors at the table. George weighs 210 pounds and vowed he could eat his weight in fried chicken. He nearly fulfilled his promise.

Little Alma, sales writer, has finally finished her tonic, but her heart is no better. She now admits the TROUBLE is in California.

On October 3, the wedding bells rang out for J. E. Briscoe, service station attendant at Hannibal,

but since he has been hearing cow bells. 'Tis the way of our earthly life.

George Beil, former stationery clerk, is now superintendent at the Quincy warehouse, the position held by him before his transfer to the office. Thus he is thoroly familiar with his present duties.

Agent O. F. Oitker at Barry, Ill., is preparing to handle increased business in the future, a son being born on October 24.

Salesman L. G. Bramblet has caught the eye of one of our stenographers. Guess who.

Assistant Chief Clerk B. Radtke started out last month to teach one of his sons how to run his car, but the "school term" was brief indeed. Ask him why he called a recess so soon.

Henry Hardy, of the equipment department, declares he lost seven pounds during his brief confinement at Blessing hospital, following the removal of his tonsils. Their weight alone made them worthy of exhibition. But Henry says he is going to pick up a little "avoirdupois" now that his almond-shaped glands are gone to the bow-bows.

Assistant Manager T. P. Jones started a game of rummy at the Red Crown Club social, and nailed the best scores. He evidently ate too many chicken wings, nevertheless, for he was up in the air most of the time.

Miss Margaret Ernst, general stenographer for some time, is now shorthand writer for the refined oil and gasoline correspondent.

Miss Johanna Jenkins, of the record and marketing department, after being on a diet for four weeks, learned at the end of that period that she had gained four pounds, and then quit the diet.

At our recent social, Manager A. L. Martin sampled a pipeful of Carl Slack's smoking tobacco. After three drags on the brier he dumped the contents into a cuspidor and in a convulsed effort to catch his breath struggled out of a cloud of deep, blue smoke.

E. F. Carlson is buying a lot of candy lately for Miss Marg. Ernst. But later we heard it wasn't so.

W. J. King, formerly of Chicago, has been transferred to this division as district superintendent.

During last week, Walter Neuer, of the credit department, chewed a box of cigars and masticated his fingernails and a brand new handkerchief, all of which made the collections come in better.

If W. A. Howell, agent at Moberly, doesn't come across with some news very soon, we're going to tip his wife off to some gossip about him that is being circulated in Quincy.

Miss Alice Dapper and her fop no longer sit out the noon hour in Washington park. We can't imagine with certainty just where they spend the lunch hour now. We should like to know.

The Misses Helen Hall and Edith Graham vacationed in Chicago for a few days and elevators being a novelty to them they spent an entire afternoon riding one in the Marshall Field building.

Bill Snyder, service station attendant, Quincy, is hoping no one attempts to rob his station while he is on duty—'cause his heart is bad.

If R. R. Hedrick, our Hannibal agent, submitted all the news items he has promised to give us, Quincy would require the whole magazine to print its gossip.

Recent additions to the S. O. family in Quincy include E. D. Bagby, service station attendant at Macomb, Ill.; C. P. Johnson, salesman; C. E. Foreman, agent at Memphis, Mo.; J. B. Bennett, agent at Pleasant Hill, Ill.; P. A. Melton, salesman.

Mr. M. F. Power has been transferred from position of salesman to that of agent at Canton, Mo.

SAGINAW, MICH.

We understand that L. E. Patterson, service station, prefers not to get into Cheboygan the regular way, so he arranges to have the train take him a couple of miles past that city, and Pat walks back, We never knew before that there were revenue officers at the depot in Cheboygan.

Carl Buchbinder, head station examiner, celebrated the 13th anniversary of his advent into the Standard Oil family on Friday, October 13. The only unlucky thing that happened to Carl that day was that he had to come to work. (Detroit, please note.)

A letter was handed us the other day dated September 15, informing us of the fact that H. E. Dickinson, service station attendant at Cass City, has taken unto himself a partner. We don't know what the name of the young lady was, but it is evident she wasn't satisfied with it. The best of wishes, Mr. and Mrs. Dickinson.

Karl W. Bublitz, agent at Pinconning, and Miss Mildred Reeves, of Standish, were put through the "love, honor, and obey" degree on September 5. We wish them a happy married life.

Our sympathy is extended to Clifford Bronson, in the death of Mrs. Bronson on September 12, after a long illness.

We regret to report the death of Mrs. Solomon Malt, wife of our attendant at S. S. 3, on October 23 of heart trouble.

L. E. Younkman, assistant chief clerk, narrowly escaped an enforced vacation in the "coop" recently, when he left his Ford sedan in a "No Parking" zone, while he hastened into a near-by bakery to replenish the family larder. When Roy explained, the officer said he couldn't see why anyone with so much crust needed to go to a bakery.

Joe Dierich, our popular Flint salesman, was recently married to Miss Hazel Wallace, of Saginaw. They have the best wishes of the employees of the Saginaw division.

"What's in a name—a rose by any other name would smell as wheat. Please take an oat of that" —E. R. Soop, assistant manager, on a recent tour of the Thumb, telephoned the Bad Axe hotel for reservations, but on arriving at the hotel, could not find his name on the register. After considerable discussion with the clerk, it was discovered that "E. R. Food" was booked for the night. When E. R. explained that his name was S-O-O-P, the clerk said, "Well, I knew it was some part of a meal."

After leading the Commercial League in baseball all summer, the Standard Oil Bowling team has started out to do the same thing in bowling this winter. At the present time six games have been won, and three lost. The following men make up the team: R. W. Kern, L. E. Younkman, Ed F. Symons, F. E. Bryson, "Ace" Pringle and "Bob" Zahn. (Er—what we want to know is, how does a bowling team lead a baseball league?—Ed.)

Dear Ed:—Not much news from the Saginaw field for the past coupla months, eh? Well, with Charlie McKinney leaving us the middle of July, 'neverything, your humble correspondent has been a pretty busy little boy, and almost forgot that the Stanolind Record was going to press minus the "Jitneyville" Jottings; however, we have reformed, and from now on we expect to get home without a black eye whenever the Record arrives. Between you and me, ED, I think a lot more goes on in the Saginaw field than the bunch tells me about, and so between now and the time the news for the next Record comes to you, I think there'll be some

increase in my daily mail, if I have anything to say about it. Just watch us, and see.—The correspondent. (Hurrah! We had begun to suspect the G. M. had discontinued Saginaw as a division without issuing an announcement of it.—Ed.)

SIOUX CITY, IOWA

A fatal accident occurred at Hartford, S. D., when our agent, J. R. Moses, in attempting to prevent an oil can from slipping out of the truck, jerked the steering wheel, lost his balance and fell out. In an attempt to again board the truck so that he might stop the engine, his foot slipped and he fell under the rear wheel, suffering injuries which resulted in his death. He is survived by a wife and three children, to whom our deepest sympathy is extended.

The recent coupon book drive brought in good results. The office force was divided into teams with Herb Mann, Ed Elster, Irv Landeck, Grace Carter, Mabel Kelley and Helen Cain as captains. Irv Landeck's team secured first honors, they having sold the most books, Willoughby, the traffic man, walking off with first prize, $10; Paul Gooch came in second, Melvin Ness, third, and Doris Beaubien, fourth. The drive was topped off with a dance in the Standard ballroom, which was profusely decorated with cornstalks and balloons, and a generous supply of serpentine crepe and confetti on hand. Favors were awarded the ladies, caps of every color. Assistant Manager Leonard presented the prizes, complimenting the force on the good work done. The refreshment committee saw that the frappe bowl was brimming full, and Mrs. Weidel completed the evening's entertainment by reading palms in a most interesting manner.

We enjoyed a short visit with Mr. Allan Jackson recently, and are pleased to welcome Auditor Platt, who is now checking us up after an absence of about eleven years.

The employees have organized a club to be known as the Standard Oil Social Club, which is starting out with a membership of sixty-five. Officers were elected with Jack Carter, president; Mabel Kelley, vice-president; Clare Donegan, secretary, Paul Gooch, treasurer, and A. H. Chilson, historian. Rules and regulations were drawn up with a twenty-five cent entrance fee and dues of ten cents per pay day. A prize was awarded for the most appropriate name turned in, which was won by Herman Ellerbush. Considerable enthusiasm prevails and it is hoped that the social activities will prove to be the peppiest of any club in the division.

Mrs. Cowles, our restaurant superintendent, was called to Huron, S. D., owing to the serious illness of her son, who we trust will have completely recovered by this time. We have been somewhat handicapped in regard to lunches, some bringing theirs while others made the trip into the city, thus reminding us of the great convenience of our very own cafeteria.

The first entertainment to be given by the Standard Oil Social Club was the card party in the dining hall, and it was a good one. The spirit of Hallowe'en was carried out, the hall lighted only with a pumpkin, and the guests, as they timidly entered, welcomed by ghosts and weird music. Naomi Swanson and Buelah Erickson rendered a pretty Hawaiian selection on ukeleles, at the close of which lights were turned on and everyone entered into the game of 500. Manager Thayer out the prizes, the first going to Mrs. Reuschling, wife of our assistant credit man. Mr. Cutler, of our stock department, won the prize for the men. Refreshments, apple pie and coffee, were served by Doris Beaubien, Virgil Link and Eleanor Grouhosky, who really were quite bewitching in their black dresses with aprons and caps of orange crepe. Everyone had a good time, and the club extends its thanks to the committees in charge, Mr. Dyer, Melvin Ness and Ed Elster whose intentions were good; Marie Tinder, Edna Morrison and Clare Donegan, who welcomed the guests and selected the prizes; Mabel Kelley, Kathryn Barnable and Irv Landeck, who handled the refreshments so capably (Irv washing all the dishes—yes), and Mrs. Cowles, who spent a whole afternoon baking the best of pies.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Mr. Skinner's winning smile is very much in evidence these days, due to the advent of a little daughter, who has been named Mary Louise. Her arrival was properly celebrated by the office force, cigars for the men folks and candy for the girls being Mr. Skinner's treat. Here's hoping good things for the little girl.

The E. O. C.'s started the season's festivities by meeting at the home of Katherine Armstrong on Sunday, October 8. The personnel of the club is the same as last year and a very enjoyable afternoon was spent and many other such meetings planned for the winter months. Prizes were won by Katherine Armstrong and Helen Coughlin; Helen is improving in her playing. The real part of the day was the lovely luncheon Mrs. Armstrong served, and they all surely did justice to it.

As an added attraction at the meeting of the E. O. C.'s Katherine invited a very wealthy bachelor to meet the girls. Honors seemed to be divided for a while between Sadie Gallagher and Margaret McCarthy, but the latest reports indicate that Margaret has the lead. We hope that this will cause no unpleasantness in the ranks as all has been so peaceful and pleasant to this time, but you never can tell what jealous women will do.

If Joe Lanigan fails to appear some morning at the appointed time it's a safe guess that he has started to try out his latest batch of home brew. Joe says according to the recipe it should make you forget hours, minutes and nearly everything else.

We are all glad to see Harry Sommers back with us after a full recovery from a recent operation.

Specialty Salesman O. H. Gerard has left the company to spend the winter in the south on account of his health. All the Standard family wish him well in his new location.

Ann Wecka, one of our smiling young dictaphone operators, left us recently to manage a household. We understand she is not to be married, but rather surmise she is taking an apprenticeship for something to happen in the near future.

The time will come, so it now appears, when the Standard Oil will be well represented among the stage stars in the person of ex-employees, that is, if their present ambitions pan out as expected. A rival of Caruso is predicted in the person of "Our Benny," whose manly tenor is effective on records or in the stationery room with the windows all open, treating all tenants of the building, and whose stage presence is effective (experience on the Orpheum Circuit).

Another is our genial salesman, "Afternoon" Gash; if he nearly rivals his brother, who already has made a name for himself, he will be heard from. Mr. Gash's brother was at one of the local theaters

SMALLEST RAILROAD ENGINE IN THE WORLD

Kansas City, Mo.—This, said to be the smallest railroad engine in the world, pulls a small train of cars at Electric Park. The sign on the engine tender tells the story.

last week and many of the Standard family heard and enjoyed his offering.

Everyone was pleased to learn that Mrs. Katherine Harper has sufficiently recovered from her recent operation to return to her home, and we all hope to see her smiling countenance at the office shortly.

Cotton Cowherd was compelled to take a few days off for a minor operation. Hurry back, Cotts, as the girls are waiting for some of those persimmons you always keep them supplied with.

The new baby must have caused Papa Skinner to lose some sleep one night last week and he reached the elevator the next morning at the last minute; in fact, time was so close that he had just time to reach the eleventh floor when the clock struck, so he accordingly got off there instead of riding to the twelfth floor. Of course, he could make the stairway in two or three steps, and so reached the front door with coattails flying, but in time. However, some of you short, fat ones better not try to save time in that way.

Wonder what it is about Jefferson City territory that causes all the salesmen in that district to take unto themselves another to share their burdens. Both Salesmen Crain and Foster were married recently.

Employees in the vicinity of Johnny Schell's desk were dazzled by the rays of a beautiful diamond on her left hand. We do not know when the happy event will take place, but hope it's not too soon as we surely will miss Johnny's pleasing smile around the office.

SOUTH BEND, IND.

When Howard Morris, from the stock department, was married a little over a year ago, he assumed the responsibility of taking care of two and now it is three, but he says the cost of living is the same—all you make.

Miss Elsie Couteaure, our genial comptometer operator in the check department, seems to be religiously inclined. The other night she did not realize she was praying so loud when she was heard to say: "Dear Lord, I ask nothing for myself, only give mother a son-in-law."

Lester Hug, our busy tank car clerk, will have a hard time trying to explain how fire started in his coat pocket.

Walter Fretz, stationery clerk, has been nursing a broken finger for several weeks. It is improving very nicely and before long Walter will again be able to perform his duties in the regular way.

Putting up a "front" lands many a man through the back door.

Bet on the talker for the first heat, but put your money on the doer for the race.

Mr. Vaughn Patterson, service station attendant No. 20, Elkhart, left work for a few days and brought home a WIFE.

Vern Congdon, clerk at Elkhart, went to the lake for fish last Sunday, but where are the fish? We would like to know.

D. R. Wright, service station attendant at Elkhart, says he does not want any more single partners, as he has to work double shift while they get married.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Indiana)

General Sales Department

ALLAN JACKSON, *Vice-President*

T. J. THOMPSON, *General Manager*

Assistant General Managers

N. R. GRIMSHAW, Northern Division
AMOS BALL, Central Division
H. R. COCHRAN, Eastern Division
H. A. LEWIS, Western Division

Lubricating Department

B. T. THOMPSON, *General Manager*

C. O. WILSON, *Assistant General Manager*

Asphalt Department

F. P. ALLEN, *Manager*

Branch Offices

CHICAGO, ILL.
C. F. HATMAKER, *Manager*
P. A. RAUPAGH, *Assistant Manager*

DAVENPORT, IOWA
GEO. M. WHELAN, *Manager*
T. V. WARREN, *Assistant Manager*

DECATUR, ILL.
T. B. CLIFFORD, *Manager*
JOHN H. BUDDE, *Assistant Manager*

DES MOINES, IOWA
H. A. MONSON, *Manager*
R. H. THOMAS, *Assistant Manager*

DETROIT, MICH.
E. P. GALBREATH, *Manager*
R. F. MCCONNELL, *Assistant Manager*

DULUTH, MINN.
I. J. SHIELDS, *Manager*
G. E. WEBB, *Assistant Manager*

EVANSVILLE, IND.
W. J. LANG, *Manager*
EWALD BRAUNS, *Assistant Manager*

FARGO, N. D.
F. I. PACKARD, *Manager*
JOHN BEATON, *Assistant Manager*

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.
L. J. THOMPSON, *Manager*
C. H. WAGNER, *Assistant Manager*

HURON, S. D.
A. H. DODSLEY, *Manager*
C. L. BAILEY, *Assistant Manager*

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
J. C. MARSHALL, *Manager*
P. H. SERRIN, *Assistant Manager*

JOLIET, ILL.
C. C. LAKIN, *Manager*
CARL MONSON, *Assistant Manager*

KANSAS CITY, MO.
H. C. GRIFFIN, *Manager*
J. W. WILSON, *Assistant Manager*

LA CROSSE, WIS.
H. E. BRUCE, *Manager*
J. E. MONEGAN, *Assistant Manager*

MANKATO, MINN.
M. H. CHESBROUGH, *Manager*
J. CLAY LEE, *Assistant Manager*

MILWAUKEE, WIS.
T. H. LANG, *Manager*
IVAN PRATHER, *Asst. Mgr.* (Operation)
H. J. BEMIS, *Asst. Mgr.* (Sales)

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
F. L. COCHRAN, *Manager*
E. N. SHALLENBERGER, *Assistant Manager*

PEORIA, ILL.
J. R. COLEMAN, *Manager*
G. F. PHILLIPS, *Assistant Manager*

QUINCY, ILL.
A. L. MARTIN, *Manager*
T. P. JONES, *Assistant Manager*

SAGINAW, MICH.
H. H. KEATING, *Manager*
E. R. SOOP, *Assistant Manager*

ST. JOSEPH, MO.
L. W. CAMERON, *Manager*
R. S. ORR, *Assistant Manager*

ST. LOUIS MO.
A. P. ROBINSON, *Manager*
C. R. EWING, *Assistant Manager*

SIOUX CITY, IOWA
D. B. THAYER, *Manager*
J. N. ELKERT, *Assistant Manager*

SOUTH BEND, IND.
D. L. GUILFOYLE, *Manager*
E. P. WARREN, *Assistant Manager*

WICHITA, KAS.
P. J. QUINLAN, *Manager*
W. C. VAN HORNE, *Assistant Manager*

Employee Partnership a Big Factor In Efficiency

IN its issue of Oct. 1, 1922, the Chicago Tribune says, "In this field (industrial peace) there is much to be hoped for from intelligent effort to induce investment by employees in the industry or business in which they are employed. * * * * If the millions that have been lost in ill-advised strikes could have been invested in shares in the enterprise, the workers in many cases would have accomplished the benefits they sought."

The acknowledged efficiency of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) is due in no small measure to the fact that every employee of the Company, if he will, may become a partner in the business by taking advantage of the stock-purchase-plan. To the amount of stock subscribed for by the employee, the Company gives one-half, and the employee is allowed to pay in small monthly installments. Thus he has an excellent investment which he can watch and help make more profitable.

The Standard Oil Company (Indiana) employees are insuring through investment, the present well-being and future security of their families, an end which every man is striving to accomplish. These men and women know that the Company is genuinely interested in furthering their welfare. Their energies, therefore, are re-released from worry over the future and are turned to increased efficiency that comes with enthusiasm.

Whole-hearted co-operation is essential to the conduct of any business. The management of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) recognizes this fact and believes that no better way to secure this co-operation can be devised than by giving every employee an opportunity to become a partner in the business. The enthusiastic response which the employees have given to this plan proves conclusively that the Company has solved a problem of importance to the Company, the employee, and the public.

There is no idle time nor decreased efficiency due to disputes, discontent, or misunderstandings to be charged into the consumers' bills. Every employee of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) is delivering full time and energy to the performance of his task, and this work is to him a pleasure, not a task.

It is submitted that this is another item in that cycle of service which the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) renders the public.

Standard Oil Company
(Indiana)

910 S. Michigan Ave. **Chicago, Ill.**

NEWMAN MONROE CO., CHICAGO